



“So... should I start by crying my little eyes out, is that how we’re meant to be do things these days?”

The video is another plain and simple affair as it begins to play, and we open on El Lucho Trenta in front of a simple set that looks vaguely like a coffee shop, with Trenta leaving on the counter that he stands behind, with his green apron on that proudly displays the Lucho Coffee logo on the front.

“Wah, wah, woe is me, a curse upon the house of all those who wrongs me blah, blah, blah... grow the fuck up please! I am sickening of the way this business can be at time, so self indulgent and self pitying. Are we not being grown adults in this business, yes? El Lucho Trenta is know he is a grown man anyway, he is long since dispensing of the diapers and pacifiers and wearing big boy pants to work! So why are some in business of professional Wrestling’s so unable to act like grown adult too? This is question that El Lucho Trenta is currently pondering.

Let me begin by say congratulation to James Evans, heck of achievement to be walking away from End of Year Special as world champ, in match that El Lucho Trenta debuted in.

Yes, Trenta is being little sad that he did not win himself, but is that not way the cookie is crumbling in professional Wrestling’s? I get it my best on New Years evening and I am like to think that I put on a solid performance but in the end it wasn’t good enough. What Trenta

won't be doing is bawling like little baby about not winning and claiming that the board or the owners of the damn universe is being against him!"

Trenta shakes his head emphatically; with facial features hidden from the world, body language is overly important after all.

"Wrestlings business, like life in general, is be full of ups and downs, you are having to take the rough with the smooth, are you not? And to see our former champion act like brat, throwing toys from stroller and then rubbing trios contract - that she is not earning by the way, despite everything she is say about people not earning shot at End of Year Special - in faces of people, wanting to take short cut of her own back to Championship gold? Trenta is being ashamed for her, yes he is. Which is probably good, because he is thinking that Sienna Swann is having no shame of her own so every little is being helpful, si?"

Speaking of Trio contracts though, I am want to go on record right here and now that El Lucho Trenta is being sad panda today. He is aware that mask is make it difficult to show just how sad he is being but believe him, there is a frown underneath this material right now, because Trenta was hoping to be teaming up with his cousins in El Lucho Brothers in order to be team in this years Trio's tournament!

Being honest - which is always super important in life, honesty is most admirable of qualities he is sure you will agree - Trenta was being sure that he and his familia would be shoes in as team in this years trios tournament, because we are be one of few actual natural trios teams in whole of SCW. Si, there is being Infamous and there is also being other trifecta of women that El Lucho Trenta will get to shortly, but we did not think that Trio's tournament would be ignoring us as team even if there are other teams in company!

But El Lucho Trenta is not MoanyMcMoanface, he is one to pull up socks and do best with what he is have, and now we are get to said trifecta that Trenta was not mentioning a moment ago, because while the Lucho Brothers are not being part of Trio's unless we are being lucky as rabbit's foot crossing in front of path of black cat to be chosen and or randomly drawn to join someone's team, we are having match at Day of Infamy against loudest woman that Trenta has ever had pleasure of meeting since his wife on their wedding night."

Trenta falls silent and moves his head in a way that suggests he is winking beneath the mask, giving a thumbs up to the camera before he continues to speak.

"But aside from jokes, yes mi amigo's, at Day Of Infamy, we are to be facing another familia here in Supreme Championship Wrestling's, when the triplicity know as the El Lucho Brothers go head to head with the trifecta known as The Brat Pack, Maggie and Gigi and mentor and mother figure, Katie Steward! Now..."

...El Lucho Trenta has to admit that, secretly, he was sort of upset when the booking of this matches was confirmed. He was seeing that the Lucho's were booked against the Brat Pack and he was being excited because he thought he was getting to be facing members of the

Breakfast Club! Si, Trenta is having visions of fighting Judd Nelson, who we are all knowing is an ultimate badass! Or maybe Trenta is getting to tussle with Molly Ringwald, which he is very much something which El Lucho Trenta would be interested in doing, si he would, very much!

But then superstar manager and all round swell guy Nate Patrick is being bad news bear because he is telling El Lucho Trenta what Brat Pack is actually being and Trenta was once again having sad faces. But then he is brightening up, because he realises that he has chance to teach Steward familia some important lessons, after recent events taking place on Breakdowns and house shows where Stewards are being bigger jackasses than El Lucho Trenta could ever be!”

Trenta nods his head with enthusiasm once again, physical movements serving as substitutes for facial expressions.

“Now Trenta is knowing that SCW fan base are being most attentive fan base in all of professional Wrestling’s, so he had no worries about whether you are seeing he and Venti running out to the ring last week on Breaking Down, but even if you were being tempted to take nap during a Katie Steward matches, he is confident that bird like a screeching of the Steward with most wrinkles would be making sure you could not be snoozing anyway, so he is more than positive that you must have be seeing the pitiful tactics employed by Mrs. Katie when facing off with adorably wholesome and cute as button Kelsai Adamson-Mason, who I must say is having very attractive manager if you are asking El Lucho Trenta’s opinion, though now he is going off on a tangerine so let us be getting back on track.

Last week, Katie Steward is defending El Lucho Grande’s Championship of all television after the wrinkled wailer happened to be taking it from him most unfairly the week before and during that match Stewart is being most unbecoming of her status as hall of famer and current bastion of all television by trying to cheating her way to victory. This is not fly with El Lucho Brothers, we are not be enjoying such abuse of rules and attempt at taking easy way out! No sir, we are be most unhappy with this, Venti and I in particular. Grande is not so concern so long as he is one cutting corners, which is why you should never be playing Monopoly with him because he is always trying to take shortcut to Park Lane or Mayfair... but again, I digest, where was Trenta?”

Trenta looks down at his hands for a moment and actually appears to be reading notes written on his palm in pen, before looking back up at camera.

“Ah, si, that was it. Katie Steward is a big cheating moose and last week had to be confronted after she ate attempting to get Amy Catstaine to be hitting her in her face to draw disqualifications! And Mrs Amy, she is not having any of it because she is being smart as well as a hot tamale and is being wise to what Katie Steward is trying to do. But Lucho’s is not prepared to be taking that risk when we is having personal vendetta against this women and her pretend sixteen candles wannabe brat’s, so we is going out to ring in order to ensure nothing untoward is happening during remainder of champion of television match! And now

we are being here, with fun three on three match between Lucho's and Stewards and si, this is going to be a knocking slobbery of a match!

And who is knowing, maybe Katie Steward is going to be walk into Day Of Infamy as champion of television still, but maybe she is going to be being ex champion by then too, when rematch between Katie and Ms. Kelsai is take place on Breaking Down this week and who is knowing what future is holding, hmm? But El Lucho Trenta can tell you what Day of Infamy is to be holding, and it is not deez nuts!"

Trenta pauses for a moment, his head cocked to one side before he grabs a bag of mixed roasted nuts from one of the trays on the counter of the coffee shop, which he holds up to the camera and points at before placing them down again.

"No, what Trenta is talking about is no immature joke referencing testicles and then producing innocent bag of roasted confectionary, Trenta is talking about the lesson the El Lucho Brothers are going to be teaching at pay per view! You see, Lucomigo's, there is great lesson to be teaching at Day of Infamy; this is all beginning many weeks ago when El Lucho Grande was book to face Casteroil on Breaking Down but he was too scared to be turning up! That night, Gigi Steward was being selected to compete in place of Castor Oil, and Katie was walking out to ringside with her and then got all entitled, demanding coffee from the Luchomobile, which ended badly for her, did it not?

Katie Steward was creamed that night, but it was not being enjoyable for anybody, definitely not Katie because it did to her what is worst thing in world that can be done to Katie Steward... it bruised her fragile ego!

And Grande was being victorious that night, but this is being when the vendetta began. So one week later, the very next Breaking Down, Katie sends her next sacrificial lamb to the ring when it is Maddie's turn to try and take Championship of television from El Lucho Grande and again, El Lucho Grande is being successful and again Katie is screaming about injustices and not understanding why she is not grovelled to like Queen of Sheba. Lucho's two, Stewards zero. If this was best of three, we would have been victories already!"

Trenta holds two fingers up to the camera then turns his hand into a zero, because emphasis?

"But it is not best of three, so next it was Katie's turn after Grande is heading into twenty twenty as champion of television, on first Breaking Down of year and finally, the Stewards pull a point back in this Great War that is developing between our two trios now, but here is where I am having issue because despite the fact that we can all be agreeing that the book of records will be showing that Katie Steward defeated El Lucho Grande to become champion of television... it will not be reflecting that she needed help to do so and that she cheated too!

Si, El Lucho Trenta will accept no argument to the contrary, Katie Steward is a big cheaty cheater who cheats to get what she wants and she as rewarded for that on January 8th! Our

superstar manager and all round good egg, Nate Patrick, has his very life threatened that night, when Gigi and Maddie pinned him down on the outside of the ring and held a tea kettle above his face! They threatened to scold his beautifully smooth skin, to cause him potentially life threatening burns! And more importantly, they threatened him with tea and not coffee! Yuck!”

Trenta shakes a little, as if chuckling to himself, before pulling himself together again.

“Outside interference is one thing, and yes, it was a distraction for my cousin Grande... but if only it were only that simple. Katie Steward is a cheat, her feet were on the ropes for extra leverage when she took advantage of that threatened scolding to take Grande down, she used the ropes to ensure that Grande could not kick out and the referee did not see! I am not go to blame match official on that night, Luchomigo’s; officiating professional Wrestling’s is not an easy task and there is much to do. I am not simple looking to make excuses or lay blame on anyone, what is done is being done, si? But this is not why El Lucho Trenta bring this up. He is bringing it up because on Sunday night in Chicago, this is where The Stewards shall pay for their cheating ways, oh yes! We not not get victory, we may lose when all is being said and done, because anyone can be beating anyone on any night. But that will not stop us from educating the trio of Katie, Gigi and Maddie!

This is our promise to you, our loyal Luchomigo’s. We are honorable men who are doing what is right week in week out. We are doing what is good for company, not what is easy for ourselves. At Day Of Infamy, you see the true trio’s clash, not this which is ignoring a true trio’s team like Lucho Brothers and hopefully, when match is all said and done, it will be celebrations with coffee all round for those who are wanting to celebrate with us. Big things are be happening my friends, and it is all beginning when the El Lucho Brothers face the Stewards later this week!”

To that, Trenta gives one big positive nod of the head.

“And now, one more important question... who is wanting a coffee?”

Trenta grabs an empty coffee cup from the counter in front of him as a group of people flood into the shot and with that, the scene fades to black.

LONGEVITY PART 1

In the words of the great stalwart of eighties teenage fun and adventure, Ferris Bueller, life moves pretty fast. If you don’t stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it.

Or perhaps it is the great writer behind them, John Hughes, that should get the credit. After all, it was him who penned the movie, the character is fictional. Either way, it is a sentiment which stands.

Enjoy the moments, take time to stop and enjoy yourself. Have fun. Live, laugh, love. No, wait, scratch that last one. This isn't the bedroom wall of some absolute Karen who thinks she's still young despite being a good few years past her prime. The rest though? Sounds perfectly logical, right?!

But when do you draw the line? When do you have to say that enough is enough and that you have to actually get on with your life? There has to be a finite amount of time one can spend on having fun before we have to get on with life, do adult things - in the more pure meaning of the word than what someone such as Kelsai Adamson-Mason would use the time - and generally continue on with life.

For El Lucho Trenta, this was an issue that was already troubling him as he began his fledgling SCW career.

It was difficult for the Mexican wrestler, because in his home country, the antics that he and his cousins got upto were seen as part of the business, it was to be expected. Things were showier, the 'characters' for want of a better word, were more exaggerated. Yes, he and his cousins were being themselves, but it amplified, turned up to 11 as Nigel Tufnel would say... But Trenta knew this wasn't necessarily the custom with the American fan base. He knew that people like he and his cousins were in the minority in the business and it wasn't without worry that he contemplated their shelf lives, even if Venti and Grande were convinced that the three of them would have long, long careers in SCW or if not this company than another major one in the country.

Trenta wasn't sure that was the case, but what could he do? He was the youngest of the three, and he was the least experienced, with fewest achievements. What could he possibly do to convince his cousins to change their approach and try and tone down the antics in order for them to actually be taken seriously in Supreme Championship Wrestling?

It couldn't be lost on his cousins that they didn't exactly get much attention from members of the roster, even if a good portion of the fanbase had joined the Lucomigo's in their droves. Free coffee and a willingness to do silly things to entertain will do that. But as for their colleagues and co-workers, the trio of Mexican's barely got so much as a tweet, let alone invitations to soiree's and garden parties and bukkakke parties! At least that is what Trenta assumed they were missing out on anyway... his mind could be very much in the gutter at times.

But even if there were no foaming arcs of jism in the majority of get together's between the rest of the roster members... was it too much to ask that they at least have a little interaction with the people they worked alongside or opposite from, huh?

Was it too much to ask that perhaps someone would go out of their way to tweet their congratulations or commiserations after matches? For them to be considered cool enough to include in plans or even just acknowledge their existence? Trenta did not think it was and he was usually right on the money with his beliefs if previous experience was anything to go by so had no reason to believe that wasn't the case this time too.

All Trenta wanted was to be a success. But that wouldn't be much easier if they had people in the company that he thought actually wanted to help them if needed.

Could the Lucho Brothers say that? Could they say that there would be people ready to have their back if they were backed into a corner? So far, he wasn't sure they could. They were more likely to annoy someone than end up friends with them and that was a concern for Trenta because he wasn't sure that it exactly promoted the idea that they were doing things right. Far from it in fact.

"Alrighty boys, here we are." Nate Patrick had them booked into another cheap motel before Day Of Infamy, and like usual Trenta had drawn the short stick as usual and had to share a room with Nate while Grande shared with Venti. "This one's you, guys." Nate pointed to a door as he handed Grande a small key on a ludicrously large keyring made of wood. "And this one is us, next door. How about fifteen minutes to settle in and then we can head out for dinner. Sound good?"

"Oui. Dinner. Fifteen minutes!"

"Dinner is sounding good!"

And before Nate or Trenta could say another word, Grande and Venti were heading into their room and slamming the door shut behind them. "Alrighty then..." Nate shrugged and turned to walk to the next room on the landing, which he unlocked with another key similar to that which he handed to Grande.

The room was small and stuffy, exactly what you'd expect for a motel that a penny pincher like Nate would book them into. At least there was no sex-starved lunatic on the reception tonight, maybe Nate would get some sleep! "Smells in here."

"Yeah, it's... well, it's nothing an open window won't fix?" Trenta shook his head before walking over to the first bed to drop his bag down. "Should be comfortable enough to let you rest up for the big match on Sunday anyway."

Trenta just shrugged. He didn't want to talk about Sunday, not with the complex trains of thought that were currently occupying his mind. "Probably."

Nate looked over at Trenta, curiously. "Everything okay, T? You're not your usual sunny self this evening. Anything ol' Nate should be troubling himself about?"

"No."

It wasn't exactly the most convincing of responses, in fact it was a piss poor attempt at avoiding the conversation in all honesty and Trenta knew that just as much as Nate did.

"Now come on there sir, you knows ol' Nate ain't that stupid."

Trenta sighed. "Trenta worries."

Now that was enough to perk ol' Nate's ears up. "Trenta worries about what? The room? I mean, I know it's a bit musty and the decor is very seventies, but I'm sure the sheets are clean and-"

"Trenta worries about us. In SCW."

This caught Nate off guard, he wasn't expecting someone so normally chipper as Trenta - perhaps the most optimistic of the Lucho's - to be worried about his career. "Is this about your match on Sunday? Because I know you're new to SCW and you've only had a couple of matches, but-"

"Just stop talking. Okay?" Nate clammed up immediately. "Trenta is worrying about people taking us seriously. How are we going to be success if people think Lucho's are just joke?"

Nate was flabbergasted. "You think people look at you as jokes?"

Trenta nodded. "Yes, Trenta thinks that is how people are seeing us. And he isn't exactly complaining at that, but... he doesn't want us to be just that either."

"Okay, Ol' Nate is following... so you're worried that because people see you don't take things too seriously, that they'll never take you seriously, is that it?" Trenta nodded his head. "I can see the concern, and I'm definitely hearing you T, but I think it fair to say that you boys are new in the country. New in the company. A lot of these fans, a lot of the people you are working with, they're new to the type of entertainment that you boys bring, that's all. Give it time; the fans have already taken to you and are buying the merchandise, the rest of the roster won't be far behind, I'm sure of it."

"This is being all well and good." Nate didn't particularly like the tone of that despite the suggestion that Trenta was in agreement. "But how long can we be testing the theory but we have to accept it's not working? Isn't that what Epstein said? The definition of insanity is do the same experiment and expecting different result?"

Nate gulped. "I uh, I think you mean Einstein, T?"

"Oh, si, not Epstein. He is the guy who did not kill himself. Yes, the other one, with the frizzy hair and the theory or relatives and things!"

"Yeah, Einstein. And yeah, he did say something along those lines, that's true." In truth, this conversation was making Nate uncomfortable; he wasn't expecting such a serious discussion, he was used to the exact thing that Trenta was discussing, the jokes and messing around. He was more like a babysitter than a manager at times and finding himself in the current situation was unsettling to say the least. "But Ol' Nate wouldn't say we're reaching that point yet, T. You boys have only been here for six months, you only made your debut last month. And to be frank, a lot of the SCW roster are simply not good people. Bitchy, arrogant, always plotting against others, thinking of themselves... if you're expecting universal appreciation then I think maybe that is in the definition of insanity ballpark."

Trenta sighed heavily again. "It is not that Trenta is wanting to be universally liked, Mr. Nate." He shook his head for emphasis. "But he is wanting some level of respect. He knows he has to earn that, but as a collective the Lucho's have lost so few matches, yet we are being disrespected most weeks, which is what concerns me. Look at people who have had problem with us so far; Las Bandidas de Gata Negra, Regan Helms, Jackass and Big Ass Connection, Ms. Cheese on twitter, Sienna Swann on twitter... the Steward's recently. Now how many friends have we been making? How many people have we chatted with backstage during shows? You cannot tell me this has gone in a direction we should be appreciating!"

It wasn't that Nate didn't appreciate where Trenta was coming from with his concerns, but it was Nate's job to look after his boys and he was trying to cook up any explanation he could to soothe these fears that the youngest of the Lucho's was expressing. "Friends come and go in this business, Trenta. This is an industry that ruins friendships, relationships, you know that. Someone could be your friend now and then in a few weeks, you get an opportunity they want and suddenly you're eating canvas."

"The same can easily be said about family, Mr. Nate, yet you have no worries about Venti, Grande or myself?" It was a fair point; in the business and especially in SCW, there had been many occurrences of family turning on one another for personal gain, yet Nate had no worries about that happening. "I am not saying Trenta would consider doing such a thing, but

it is as likely to happen, family turning on one another that is, than friends turning on one another. It isn't unseen in the business..."

And how could Nate argue with that? In his time in the business he had seen it happen. Frequently in fact. So what could he say to argue against it? He couldn't. So he didn't. "You're talking about new friends though, T. People you are yet to befriend, respect from people who don't owe it yet. You can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs, and you can't have friends without making them."

Nate was hoping that the fact that English was Trenta's second language would cover for the fact that his idiom didn't particularly make sense. It didn't work. "Now you are just throwing out platitudes, Mr. Nate. Trenta appreciates that you are try to soothe his concerns, but you do not have to try and fit square pegs into round holes to do so."

"Duly noted. Ol' Nate is sorry about that, he just doesn't want his boys to worry."

"And Ol' Trenta is sure that two thirds of team are not doing so." He sighed again. "And maybe Trenta is feeling different next week, who knows. But that doesn't make it easy to be shaking the concerns in this moment. I am just thinking that maybe it is okay to be taking things seriously from time to time, this is all."

Nate nodded his head. He understood what Trenta was saying and why he would be doing so. "Fair concerns, my boy. I-" Nate was interrupted by a heavy pounding on the door. Grande and Venti ready to go to dinner, no doubt. He stood up and moved to open the door before turning to look at Trenta again. "Tell you what. We'll discuss it over dinner, how's that sound? No reason we can't at least talk about the idea of maybe being a little more serious from time to time. And maybe putting it out in the open will be good for you too. Cathartic. How's that sound?"

Trenta thought about it for half a second before nodding. "Okay."

And that drew a big thumbs up from Nate before pounding on the door, the sound of two sets of fists now, once again ruined the quiet of the room and Nate remembered himself, turning to the door to go answer.

"Alright, Alright, hold your hoses, Ol' Nate's a comin'!"



FROM THE PEN OF el lucho venti

Disclaimer:

The following is a written statement from El Lucho Venti, written in his native language and translated into English for the benefit of the Supreme Championship Wrestling audience. Any mistakes in translation lie firmly at the hands of the translator, who probably just used google translate out of sheer laziness, and should be taken purely as unintentional. Thank you for reading.

Hello SCW!

It is me again, your best buddy friend pal in the world, El Lucho Venti of House Lucho! First of his name, king of the coffee machine handles and the first men... to bring a Tuk Tuk to SCW!

See, El Lucho Venti is down with the children, making Games of Throne reference, he is cool and hip just like all of SCW fans, oh yes.

But it is not being pop culture references that Venti pens his love letter to you today, because it is being 24 hours until Infamy Day... which now Venti comes to think about it, could be good name for some sort of superhero movie.

Avengers: Infamy Day. Catchy, si? Starring El Lucho Venti as Captain Mexico! Oh, I can imagine fanfare now as I throw shield adorned with Lucho's Coffee logo at little gray man from outerspace. Quick, somebody get Mickey Mouse on the phone, I'm sensing big box office figures here!

Okay, seriously now, no more pop culture reference, this is being enough for one love letter. And really, El Lucho Venti does not want to be making this into funny ha-ha letter anyway, because this week is a big week for the evolution of the El Lucho Brothers. Yes, El Lucho Trena was unfortunate on Breakdown three days ago, but there is being no shame in losing to a Supreme Champion and Halls of fame resident like Jake Starr, and if anything, this was be just

warmup for Infamy Day tomorrow, where we hopefully bring about end of feud that has been building for several weeks now!

And of course, El Lucho Venti is aware that Katie Steward is thinking world is revolving around her backside, so Venti would not be wanting to disappoint by talking about a multitude of other things in his love letter - to the fans, NOT to Katie Steward who Venti is not in love with at all - when he should be giving Katie what she so desperately craves: attention.

This was easy conclusion to draw for El Lucho Venti though, my Luchomigo's, because you can plainly see from watching ANY edition of Breakdowns to see how self-centering Katie Steward is. She is having her... actually, what is Maddie and Gigi being to Katie, are they related? Sisters? Cousins? Nephews? Venti is not knowing, other than a shared surname. But he is knowing that Gigi and Maddie are being the entourage used to plump Katie's ego! They, along with TJ Johnson are the entourage that pander to Katie's every whims, her every needs. El Lucho Venti is sure that Katie Steward is living very pampered life indeed! But let us take the last week into account for more proof, shall we Luchomigo's?

Venti is not wanting to reel off laundry list of facts and figures, he is thinking that will be making his letter as boring as a calculus lesson on a hot summer's day while all your friends are at the beach... but please be baring with with me for a minute, because some of these things are needing to be said. It is be obvious that Katie is wanting to believe that world is revolve around her just from listening to words she is speaking to Kelsai in her promotional video earlier this week, yes? Talking about how she is seeing what's going on, how life in SCW is turning into Everyone Loves Kelsai... what, you mean instead of being Everybody Hates Katie, you mean? Well, everybody apart from Maddie, Gigi, TJ Johnson and, most importantly Katie herself, anyway. But why wouldn't Katie be upset about this, if she is feeling threatened?

Is that not what her reaction is?

Oh yes, Venti is only guessing he admits, but does this not feel like an issue of Katie feeling threatened by younger up and coming wrestler possible pushing her down the pecking orders? Venti is only postulating yes, but is Katie Steward not one of SCW's longest running servants at this point in time? And to be see young, fresh faced and hungry wrestler like Kelsai, not only is this be worrying because it is another face to possibly be stealing most prized possession of limelight from Katie, but also, maybe it is reminding Katie what SHE once represent in business of wrestling!

El Lucho Venti is knowing that he is no spring chicken and maybe he is having no place to talk, having been in business himself for more than twenty years, but maybe Katie Steward is not wanting to fade away? And if this is case, maybe Venti is feeling little sad for her if truth is being told. And that is probably make Katie Steward very angry, which is not being intention of Venti,

just unfortunate byproduct of him having something known as an opinion. Which is something Katie is not liking people having because most of them disagree with her...

...apart from Gigi and Maddie and TJ obviously, because some people are willing to believe whatever they are being told to, si?

Cheap shot maybe, probably even... but is this being all that inaccurate? Giovanna and Madison Steward are very, very capable wrestlings in their own rights, are they not? They have had their successes in this company that are not just being tied to their... aunt? Evil stepmother? They have their success, have been winning gold during their career and are just as able as elder member of Steward family... and yet they are being subservient to Katie in every which way she demands, even fighting matches SHE was be booked to compete in on her behalf because she is not want to be fighting them! If Katie is saying someone is horrible, then Gigi and Maddie are hating them. If Katie is saying someone should be taken down peg or six, Gigi and Maddie are leading charge. If Katie asked them to jump, what do you think the question they asked would be?

This is why El Lucho Venti is loving being part of El Lucho Brothers, dear Luchomigo's. There is being no power struggle in this familia, no head honcho is giving order and expecting others to follow! If Venti is telling Grande to jump, Grande is not be asking how high, he is be asking which hand he would like to be punched by. He would pick left by the way, this is being Grande's weaker hand. Put not the point! See, for team to truly thrive, yes, you need leaders to a point. Someone leading way is an advantage yes... but when three people are ALL being capable in a ring, capable of getting a job done, you are also expecting some sort of parity. Some sort of equality... but not in the Steward household it seems!

I guess Venti is just lucky to be part of a familia which is on the same page. No power struggles or arguments, other than who gets control of television remote now that Grande is now longer champion of television that is, hehe.

As Venti was saying earlier though, this weekend is a major step in a good direction for all involved with the Lucho Brothers, be it myself, my brother, my cousin OR our manager to the stars, Nate Patrick. It is being fair to say that we have had fair amount of success since we are coming to America, but the world is being our mollusc, if we only begin to apply what we are be capable of in long term. We are successful veterans of this business, many years under our belts and this is why we can do more in this company. Wednesday night we are having a bit of fun, hanging out with Luchomigo's and taking in a match at ringside, handing out some free merchandise and generally having a good time... but Sunday, we are not just bystanding, we are active participants in match and this is where it is be time to shine!

None of us were good enough on New Years to win big one. We were overlook in Trio's tournament despite be a trio... but on Sunday we can be the trio that is picking up the win! We can be the familia who beat the Steward Family. We can help shut Katie up and show her Brats that her word is NOT being law! And if Katie, Gigi and Maddie want our masks then they are be welcome to try... but they are not find it will be easy feat to manage, Luchomigo's, because many have tried and failed over the years and The Stewards are being no different!

So there we are having it. Another payin to view is here, another chance for the Lucho's to be shining on the grand stage and I sign off my love letter to our dear Luchomigo's with the knowledge that you will be cheer us on tomorrow night when we are making our way down to the ring in our Tuk Tuk, fresh coffee for all who want it, served up by our superstar manager and legendary Tuk Tuk barista, Nate Patrick!

But until tomorrow, my dear Luchomigo', I live you as always, with one final and EXTREMELY important message to consider before planning just which type of cookies you will be complimenting your coffee with tomorrow night, and that of course is this:

DRINK COFFEE AND WATCH WRESTLING!

Hugs and kisses,

Venti

xx

LONGEVITY PART 2

With Nate Patrick being the frugal individual he was, the motel they were staying at had no catering options beyond a vending machine in the lobby that sold egg and cress sandwiches which seemed to appear as if they had been there as long as the motel had! And the motel had clearly already run a couple of decades past its sell by date to say the least, so Nate didn't even suggest simply using the facilities available which meant they had to travel for food.

Fortunately, the motel wasn't too far out in the middle of nowhere and a short walk down the road brought them to what was probably a truck stop. On one strip there was a gas station, a more traditional diner which Nate suggested they tried out, and at the end, a McDonalds, which was exactly where Venti and Grande decided the foursome should be spending their hard earned money rather than sampling the delicacies of proper homemade affair in the local run diner.

But who was Nate to argue with his clients? Yes, he was responsible for them being in the country in the first place, but it was them who paid his wages and they were the bosses, when push came to shove. If they wanted McNugget Happy Meals then who was he to argue that a good old ribeye and taters would be a better idea?! Not that he was bitter about that fact, obviously.

And so there they sat, Venti and Grande playing with their happy meal toys, silly plastic robots that were currently engaged in a battle and covered in ketchup 'blood' as Trenta simply looked at his own food, barely nibbling at a few fries beneath his slightly loosened mask while Nate tried to get his charges to settle down and eat their food.

"Alright guys, come on, put the robots down. Let's get dinner done with and we can head back to the motel, yes?"

Grande and Venti ignored Nate and continued their battle, splashes of ketchup flying all over the place as they waged war on one another. Trenta shook his head. "And you want to have a civil conversation right now? During this?"

Nate gave Trenta an awkward smile. "I'm sure we can bring things up once they've had their fun?" It wasn't much of an answer but at least he was trying.

"Bring what up?"

The voice was Grande's and Nate was surprised to find that he and Venti were actually and somewhat suddenly paying attention. The manager gulped theatrically before looking at Trenta who nodded encouragingly. "Well boys, Ol' Nate and Trenta, we were doing a little talking when we got into our room." The manager sounded unsure and that was because he kind of was. All three of the Lucho's had their eyes trained on him now and were waiting for him to speak up, though in the case of Grande and Venti, they had no idea what this was going to be about. "... well, he... it..."

The groan from Trenta was so loud that the cooks in the kitchen could have heard it. "Your belly is yellower than my ring bear Mr. Nate, you know that?" He turned to look at his cousins and prepared to level with them himself too. "I was telling Nate that I worry that we don't take things seriously enough. That we spend a lot of time and energy on being funny, when at times we should be concentrating on being good."

"Grande is always good. He is good all-round swell guy!"

Venti nodded. "Apart from when you're being a dick?"

"Oh, yeah, apart from then!" Grande's head booped up and down in agreement with a point well made. "When I'm being a dick, I am kind of bad."

"You two are doing it again!" Trenta sounded irritable already, which wasn't exactly a great start to a difficult conversation as he expected this to be. "You can't take things seriously, even when it's important! We have a huge match tomorrow, a chance to be proving how good we are and you drag us to McDonalds for our dinner and get Happy Meal's! You've been throwing ketchup around fighting with toy robots!"

"We like robots..."

"Yeah, they're cool..."

Trenta sighed. "You can't do it can you, you can't take anything seriously?!"

Grande rolled his eyes, just visible through the slits in his mask and Venti made a motion that seemed to indicate he was feeling similarly. "Okay, what is it you think we should be doing differently?"

"What do you think we should be saying or doing, if you think we're doing it wrong?"

“Not treat every moment of every day as a joke would be a start?” Trenta didn’t know how much of this his older cousins would tolerate, but they were listening for the time being so he was going to make the most of it. “We can be having fun, we can play a few jokes and entertain the fans, but we also need to be taking our matches seriously too.”

“Grande always takes matches seriously. He is never goofing around when bell is ringing.”

“But we as a collective cannot always say same thing. Look at stuff with Katie Steward, cream in her face for a few laughs! Chaos at ringside instead of concentrating on the match.”

Trenta wasn’t letting Grande or Venti make excuses, he wanted his cousins to see things his way. “This weekend is a huge match for us. We are facing a member of the SCW Hall Of Fame, three people that have been in SCW for many years, and a victory could be extremely huge for us if we can pick it up. We can do that if we actually concentrate!”

Grande and Venti looked at one another, sharing a look before both nodding. “Okay.” Grande nodded at Venti’s confirmation, an unspoken agreement having passed between the two. “If it makes Trenta happy, tomorrow we go out and make big impact. We have great match and really blow fan’s socks off, okay?”

“We will leave every single fan in awe of what they witnessed. SCW will not be same once our match is over with. Happy?”

Trenta looked at his cousins skeptically, eyeing them both with apprehension before sitting up in his chair. “Wait. Are you saying-”

“It is time. Time to take things to next level, to do extraordinary things... to become a nightmare for members of SCW roster and take our places at top of the ladder. You want us to be serious? Then serious begins tomorrow night!”

Nate watched the entire exchange pass between the three Lucho’s, not really sure what was going on. “Boys? Guys, tell Ol’ Nate what’s going on, what are you planning, huh?”

The Lucho’s ignored their manager, Trenta looking from Venti and Grande and back again before he punched the air and the three seemed to get overly excited over something that had completely gone over Nate’s head. “They’re not gonna know what hit them!”

“Si.”

“Si!”

“Oui!”

Trenta and Venti both turned to look at Grande, gawping at him for a moment before the three burst out laughing. Nate was more confused than ever though and he turned exploringly to each of his clients in turn, wondering what on earth was going on. “Boys? Trenta? Venti? Seriously Grande, what’s funny? Boys? Boys?!?”

It was pointless though. The laughter had set in, and once that happened, there was no talking to the Lucho’s. What their plans were... well, it was anyone’s guess...