

The Dream

-Miami, Florida-

Madison Square Garden was amazing. New York City was everything it was ever stated to be. I think it was all too painfully apparent to everyone around me that I was a tourist; I couldn't help but stare up in awe walking the streets of Manhattan struck dumb by the scope of everything around me.

Miami was different and just as thrilling to now be a part of for the first time ever in my life. I was however simply there to watch. I wasn't booked, I was just there. Hopeful. Dreaming. I had nowhere else to be.

You're a star now, darling. Get used to it! The big cities, the flooded arenas. Those bright lights before those masses there to see everyone here compete for their glory. So I say, to myself. Truth is I was a nobody still, a small fish in an ocean of every would be larger than life personality that had set up shop home in Supreme Championship Wrestling.

I had spent the afternoon watching the staff setting it all up. It was so different, staring out across an empty fully lit up arena. Comparing it to the actual production you get every week, it all just felt so exposed.

Sitting in those stands, watching this was... Different. Special in it's own way. I felt in a small way, involved with it all.

I could have stayed home but, if the option exists otherwise that'll never be the case again for another episode of Breakdown. Watching it from my television was but a thing of the past.

I was just now going to be using their monitors to do it from catering.

Watching Selena open the night, carrying her newly won World Championship, couldn't help but reflect on where the Snow Queen began her fateful career.

Debuted at the End of the Year Special, she was runner up to the **GREAT** El Vengador! Although was he really that great looking back on it in 2021? Especially when you compare their trajectories from that point onward. Selena then debuted on Breakdown against Auclair. After a freak fall she would be knocked unconscious much to that big brute's delight. Even then she wanted people to believe. Who would have believed from those days she would move on to become what she has?

I believed. I always believed. It was fun, she was always positive in the face of adversity. Compared to anyone else on the roster, she had changed the least. Always had a sense of honor. That was rare to say the least. Even when her adversaries would bring out the worst in her, she was who she was. Considering I was thirteen at the time, obviously I had her t-shirts. Working now in this company with her? Surreal. Cid being back and feuding with her? **Surreal**. He could have at least dressed up in his former glory as the King.

I even began to boo when the chorus to Holly's theme kicked in. I peered over quizzably at a crew member sipping away at coffee to see if the bastard was judging me.

I couldn't help it, Housewives is the stupidest thing on television.

It occurred to me Selena would be coming down the hallway like, thirty feet away from me very shortly before Breakdown went to its commercial break as they had a talk about their match.

Grabbing the box I had carried with me into the building I rushed out hoping to catch her. I mean, I need to make connections or whatever but I kind of got the feeling from everyone else I've tried engaging more with there is **no interest** on the part of those who have *been around the block*, so to speak. Still, I was at least allowed to mark out in private, being a wrestler could maybe afford me that luxury.

I saw Deanna before Selena. Excitement admittedly was beginning to quickly turn into nervousness. I mean what if she was secretly a primadonna when the cameras weren't chasing after her?

She had a camera on her at this exact moment, I assume just out of principle. Likely in case Holly or 'GiGi' attacked her, we were traffickers in a show of human suffering. What a business. Meanwhile I could probably flash the camera crew and get nothing. Dues, paying them. Right.

Deanna and Selena were both conversing, Selena looking charged and optimistic. I tried smiling while figuring out what I am supposed to say to her. It's to the point they almost walk right by me before I have the gumption to quickly turn.

"Hey!" I practically whisper. They turn and I just find myself holding up the box.

"Yes?"

Oh my God. She spoke to me.

Gathering what little composure I could I opened the box.

"Sorry, I am just a bit *starstruck*."

Selena laughed gently before smiling.

"You don't have to be! What do you need?"

I was about to ask for an autograph but I already have four.

"I am Amelia! It's a pleasure to meet you two. Would you care for a cupcake?"

I wanted to say **meet you again** but figured it would be rude. Or unbecoming. Or something. I guess the offer hit them odd. What am I going to do, just fatten up everyone I work with?

"I-I mean, just as a friendly gesture. I am just so **happy to be here**." Glory's words came to me but they were true. I just wanted so much more.

Selena continued smiling softly.

"I appreciate the gesture, sure! Thank you, Amelia. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

She delicately reached in and took one. That's when it hit me.

Selena Frost is going to eat my cupcake.

Extending the box toward Deanna, I tried to think of something else to say but there wasn't much to say. Pretty sure most fans had more. Questions, requests, something. I was content with just having something to offer back.

Standing there dumbfounded as the camera crew continued on their merry way, that's when it returned to me. I really wish I was booked. I am accomplishing nothing standing out in the

hallway giving out baked goods no matter how good the moment felt. I didn't dream I was a baker. Peering around I tried making my way toward the offices hoping I'd catch Cian. There had to be something I could do.

"Amelia! Nice to see you, what are you doing here? You're not scheduled for anything this evening." I am at least feeling more confident at that moment.

He wasn't a major part of my childhood.

"Hey~. Yeah, so, I just so happened to be in the neighborhood-" Bought a bus ticket all the way from Arizona. "- and figured it'd be worth a shot, you know? I am sure I could do *something*."

"Bad night I am afraid, worried for time as is, girl. Thunderdome tend to run long and get nasty."

Staring down while hiding my disappointment, I try to remain determined.

"What about a dark match? Something after the cameras go off the air? You know? Something free to send the fans home with."

"Anyone who goes in after the dome, the crowd will be dead tired as is. Wouldn't be fair for anyone to go in after that I'm afraid."

"I am sure we could do something- there has gotta be someone looking for a fight, right? I mean- I'll wrestle a broom if that's what it takes. Trust me, I know my way around a stick-"

Shuttering, I cover my face awkwardly.

"Okay, that came out wrong. Not the point. The point is-"

"Amelia, I appreciate your enthusiasm but maybe focus on when you're scheduled? We haven't forgotten ya. Still got an open invitation you're more than welcome to participate in to cap the year off."

I smile and nod. Disappointed but not defeated. I was planning on entering that anyway. I am distracted by a very loud hammering behind me. Muttering Cian stands up and goes around me, ignoring my existence once more.

As he opens the door he mutters profanities under his breath. He closes the door most of the way, just leaving it ajar allowing me to make out the conversation.

"SPIT IT OUT! Who the hell am I facing at the End of the Year Special?! Is it Nate? That stupid jackass who is with Lexy? He keeps saying it."

Is that Konrad?

I don't know. Sitting there awkwardly, I reached down to pull at a loose bit of something that had got caught up on my pants.

"Maybe I'll just let you stew, Konrad. You said you wanted a fight. Who does it matter who it is?"

I mean, I'd be willing to fight Konrad if it got me on the air.

Sighing, I sit there awkwardly as they go back and forth a while more.

It didn't last long before Cian walked back into his office, continuing to mutter horrible profanities.

“Alright. Amelia, be on your way. Enjoy the show, might as well while you’re here. And be careful, you’ve got plenty of nuts out there that may try to get outta line.”

I wish someone looked at me the way Konrad looks at everyone. Fully intent on bloody murder. I’d mark it on my personalized calendar to mark the occasion for the rest of my life; my first rival.

“Thanks!” Standing up I take the box of cupcakes with me, opting not to give him one. Turn around, immediately dropping the smile. The bastard. Stepping into the hallway I peer around to see Konrad further down the hallway throwing something at the wall.

“Hi Konrad!”

He turns and stares at me suspiciously as the camera crew is leaving. Surrounded by them, just never on me. Walking over I open the box in my hands and reach into the box to pull out a cupcake by the cup. I don’t think I particularly want to be Minerva’s replacement but I mean, he seems fun. He really likes blood. Not the first person in SCW. Probably won’t be the last.

“Would you like a cup-” I am within three feet when the man suddenly lunges forward and smacks the cupcake from my hand. It flies into the wall, leaving a thick glob of frosting.

“I don’t want your Goddamn cup cakes. I don’t trust anyone, least of all you. Whoever the hell you are.”

Rude. He used to be so nice.

“Are you sure? They are really good!”

I think? I don’t know, I am not eating them.

“I am vegan anyways, get that shit away from me.”

He turns and starts walking off leaving me to feel awkward. I don’t remember putting meat in my cupcakes. What’s the difference between vegans and vegetarians again? I don’t know. I am assuming if I was anyone else on the roster this would have immediately triggered a steel cage, ladder match. For me it just left a mess someone else would have to clean up.

He was such an oddball. Loved it.

I understood the concept of waiting. It was just such a *drag*. I was two matches in against people no one outside of the locals had ever heard of. As exhilarating as that was, I had spent my life as short as it was building up to this. I wanted *more*. Wasn’t the mantra here everything here is for those who take it?

Making my way back to catering, I was greeted to the sight of Marie Caedes facing the *BEAST* Tsunami on the television propped up there.

See, they were both new and they weren’t facing nobodies! I mean, except for themselves but it was in that endeavour they were striving to *be* somebody. They had connections I didn’t unfortunately, maybe that was all it came down to.

Sadly I never was great with people. I mean I wasn’t that shy, I don’t think?

More if it wasn’t beneficial to my goals I just, never really cared. Could probably blame my mother in part for that. Might just be a loner.

Watching Holly and good old Gio wrestle the stuffed animal and the guy with the mask I tried pretending it was Autumn and Cid teaming and just couldn't. Still though... Everything was so gimmicked, maybe that's what I needed?

I mean, I can tell you how many bones are in the hand and wrist and how to break them all but does that really put you over? I wanted to think so but, I don't know. Everyone else is so over the top.

Plenty of people have been less than and yet, how long did it take each and every single one of them to really reach a level of success warranting the world's attention?

I didn't want to be everyone else though. I wanted to be me! Just often have to speculate how much of a person is the real them when you see them on this screen. I don't know yet.

In any case I was still kind of just there. Watching. Waiting. As the tag match ended in short order I was pleasantly surprised when the Farmstead made their way into catering. Until the fat one started raiding it. The fit shirtless one that doesn't look anything like an actual penguin in the slightest, stood idly by judging him along with everyone else in the room. I drank water in morbid fascination.

I should be patient I guess. Hopeful, appreciative.

I asked Cian for a match. A dark match, something for after the show, filler. **Anything**. It just wasn't meant to be.

As appreciative as I should be to be in this position, not doing anything while employed here felt worse than not having the opportunity at all somehow. Yes, it had been a week since my last appearance. It changed nothing in regards to how I felt no matter how many times I told myself this.

I never was patient. I was trying to be nonetheless.

Just not very well.

Watching Knight talk passionately about ripping Ace Marshall apart. Those eyes, that utter disdain, that was part of the magic. That fire. That vigor. I fantasized about my opponents hating me that much. That epic showdown between heroes and villains, or often villains and villains as was the case here, you just had to pick a favorite.

I wanted to be liked sadly. No matter how fun being bad always seemed to be. Pity really.

Watching Syren come out, Xander would inevitably follow out or be on the big screen or who knows?

She was another icon. A face I worshipped at the altar of for so long. How I wait for the day I can be the one fans look up to. To inspire and drive. Until the inevitable comes and they rise up to take my place as the next Queens and Kings of wrestling.

I kind of miss the valley girl side to her if I am being honest. The business had beaten the California girl out of her but shaped her into a monument to the sport. I could be like her. I dreamt. Although that wasn't really a quick path either was it?

I suppose fast tracks tend to burn out the fastest anyway.

"Hi Amelia."

Blinking, I turn to see Glory walking by. Did she just acknowledge me?

“Glory! Hi! How are you?”

Rushing up with the box in hand, I seriously needed to do better. I wished I could say this woman personally trained me but I got it from her subordinates nonetheless. She had such an impact on the sport, I don’t think anyone in SCW truly appreciated just how much.

If anyone had worked their way to deserving to be standing here more than anyone it was her. I was here on day one. I didn’t deserve this, I was just not letting that opportunity go to waste. Half the roster over the years made their debuts here.

“I am great, thank you. Fitting in well?”

Not at all.

“Yes, it’s been wonderful here. I am just- Just meeting some new and interesting people.” If that counted as meeting Konrad then sure!

“Just be mindful who you engage with. Don’t want to get associated with the wrong crowd. I have no reason to doubt your judgement, just, don’t want to find yourself being used like Cookie Dreams.”

I nod understanding/not really understanding. For as much as I dreamt of this moment, being here, it never occurred to me to seriously consider more beyond the actual spot. For as much as many treated it like there were constant games to be played, people were being used, I currently wished someone would use me. Cid wants to take advantage of a human cow? *Hey baby, right over here!*

Being a pawn often helped lead to some fantastic matches! Epic rivalries!

The very best.

“Thanks, I get what you’re saying. Just looking forward to doing more, you know?”

“You’ll get your chance. Just have to work hard for it and keep your chin up.” She smiled and nodded before her body language began making it clear she was about to turn and walk away from me.

“Oh, Glory! I made these cupcakes, would you like one?”

Glory peered down and smirked before closing her eyes and shaking her head.

“That’s cute but I really must decline.”

“Oh. Are you a vegan too?” I try to hide my disappointment.

Glory shakes her head and laughs.

“No, but, I used to do this too where I’d give people cupcakes. I was also a prankster and would add a special ingredient known as a laxative.”

Oh. Well that’s mean. Funny but mean.

“Really?” I giggle a bit at the thought.

“Yes. So, on that note. There’s another bit of friendly advice.” She winks mischievously. “Never trust a pretty face offering sweets. If it’s too good to be true, it probably is.”

I nod. “Thanks! I’ll, definitely, keep that in mind!”

Glory nods while smiling and turns to leave.

“Behave now. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

This woman has done everything.

I suppose that was something to consider. I mean, you could be a *little* mean and still be beloved, couldn't you? Maybe the crux of her statement was I needed to go to a drug store and find some laxatives?

I think it was more likely don't accept gifts from strangers but I'd rather pretend otherwise. She was inspiring to be her grandest pupil after all. Even more than her own daughter. Melinda was something else.

I would be lying if I didn't state I was absolutely jealous of the girl.

Which means I'll lie to anyone who asks.

No matter the stories I'd have taken any family structure over no family at all. Especially hers. Her boyfriend had been gunned down earlier in the year. Archie? He seemed nice.

Unfortunately no sympathy in the world would stop me from trying to be the best graduate of the Glory Academy.

As I continued sitting there, watching the show, dreaming away in my own thoughts, listening to the thundering crowd, I peered down at the box in my hand before turning and throwing it into the trash.

The Thunderdome was coming on which always promised to be a spectacle.

So many names and faces. They used to just be images on my television screen but it was always so much more to me. Just as I grew up to them I watched them grow, watched them fall. I knew their every move, practically their every word. The range of their statistics, personalities, their every crisis, clash, dilemma. When they fell, when they bled.

They were my family. Of course, I was invisible to them.

Doubt I'd ever be truly close to any of them. It just wasn't that kind of family. I was obsessed, I wasn't stupid.

Had my own dreams. Aspirations.

As the show went off the air, I stayed longer to watch it all come down. As Ace was carried off unconscious on a stretcher, as Christy walked past clutching onto her head, staring off into the distance, I dreamed a little of what could be. There wasn't much else to do, the show was over. The fans were going home.

Maybe next time, Amelia.