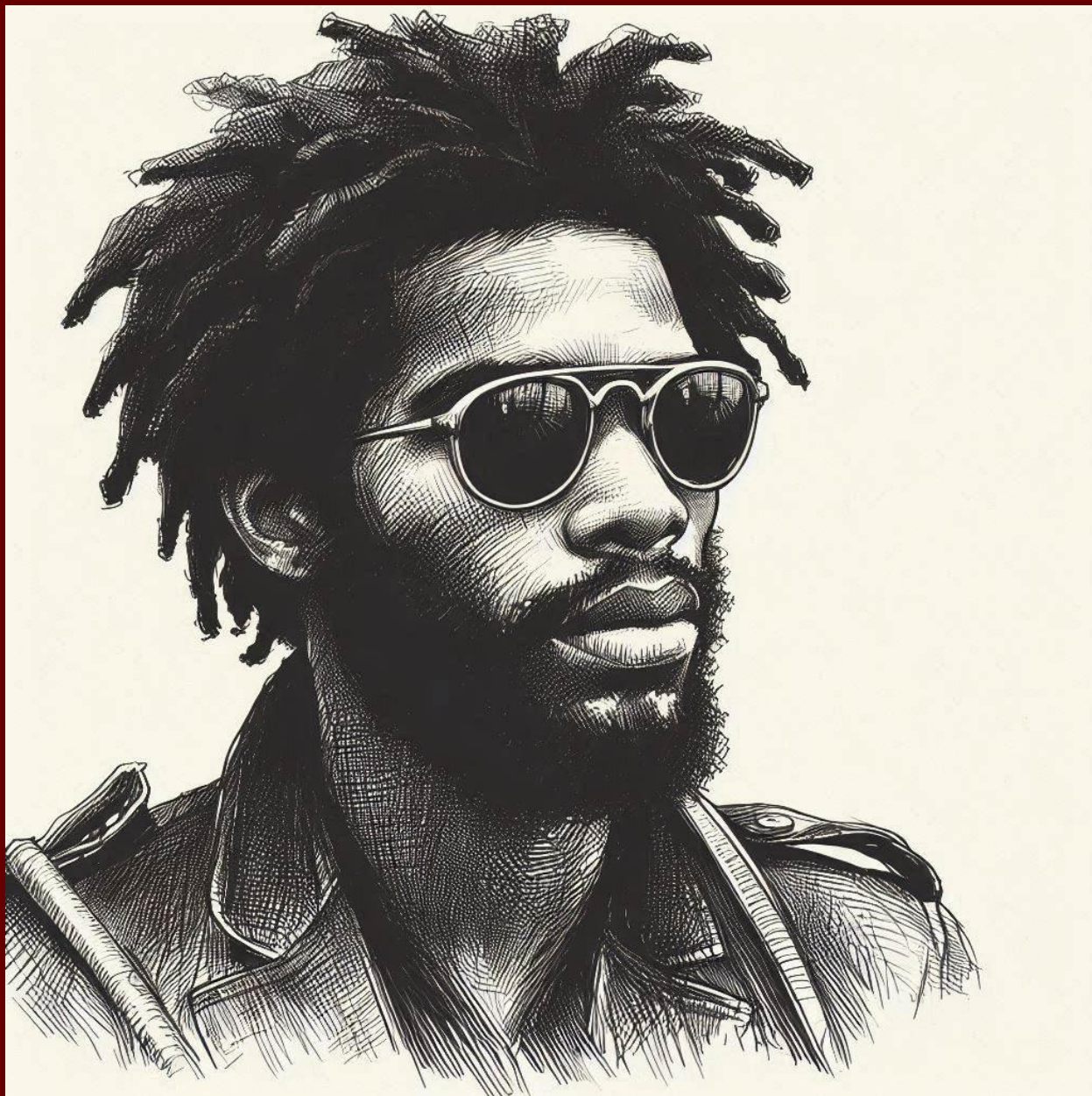




Looking up towards the top of the redwoods really helps paint a picture of where we are in the grander scheme of things. I can't help but escape the feeling of smallness in context, a feeling that I'm sure applies more to some than it does others. For me, it's humbling. For others, likely stuck on their knees with a few chin scratches and a question of which direction they came from. Spinning amongst them is either disorientation or clarity and some don't get the right to choose. Badmon on the other hand? I see clearer now than I ever have before.

"Soulja of Nuthin"

With a championship that reads your name, but a name that doesn't read as champion.

Congrats, there's technically a belt holder in you, but every defense adds to the weight of it all, doesn't it, John? Everytime that we have to see you trotted out with the Revolution strap slung over your under-defined rotator, it evokes a little more of that feeling of "How has it gone on this long? How has John Black been enabled to drag his way from defense to defense?" and the fact of the matter is you don't have the slightest fucking clue on what makes John Black "a champion" and goddamn, does it show.

You drift through this industry the same way you do through life and that is WAITING for the moments and seeing whether or not they come to you. It's the big difference between a John Black and a Spencer Adams. You've gotten so used to just shrugging your way from bell to bell that when it was time to roll out XWF's newest shiny thing all you could do was shrug once more and play the nonchalant "also here" character in the story, even when you found yourself slapped with inaugural status.

It's sad, John.

You...are sad, John.

Don't worry, the overtones aren't lost on me. I know what this means on a surface level, but our similarities run no further than skin deep, because underneath your hide is a bitch cosplaying bravado. You're not quite a villain and definitely not the hero in a world facing a deficit. YOU, John, are a footnote in the overarching story of the Revolution Championship. Much in the same way that The Office or Always Sunny needed additions and character shifts, that belt needs someone to put the "champion" in the word "championship".

Now...just who the fuck do I think I am? Coming to Anarchy, puffing chest, dropping proclamations like dick on your forehead about how I'm going to turn the page before I've had so much as a minute in the blue brand's ring? I've personally watched others fire the same claims my way when it was Badmon who was positioned at the top of a division or promotion and I rolled my eyes as hard as I'm sure anybody else in an established position would at the time. The difference between them and myself is who has ambitions and who brings results.

Taking down vets as a rookie in WCF.

Launching the careers of future stars in UCI.

Every title and accolade under the sun in [redacted] Wrestling.

WarGames winner in WGWF.

BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE.

World title.

World title.

Pride Champion.

Rumble takeover

Prince Adeyemi upset.

Revolution Champion.

I'm not here with warnings, but as a man who makes good on promises.

It would've been better for you if this ended with Michael Graves and it were him that I had to do this to instead. At least then, you could be John Black. Now, you have to be the other guy as history is made. Call me selfish, but you won't find a motherfucker more giving. While you bleed for absolutely nothing and fail to appreciate the spoils, I know that Anarchy should be a little bit more than Sean Parker, Centurion, and some other guys. I'm here to give Anarchy fans a viable competitor to get behind in what is currently little more than "that other division".

Oz may look to handicap you, but he's the least of your concerns. While you NEED Xtreme Rulez as an equalizer to even the playing field against better competition with actual athletic bones in their body, it's still giving Spencer Adams more and when you give me more, I produce more. Be it bits of flesh in the braids of barbed wire or tacks stuck along your spine like a pin cushion, I respect the art more than you've ever been able to. It's why I've gained as much veteran status as those ten and twenty years my elder in this industry while your Andre Ingram ass has been the aging rookie with no real upside since you first put boots to canvas.

You are not safe.

I want something you have and Anarchy needs something I've got.

When the lights burn brightest and you find yourself squinting to make out a viable path forward only to get flattened in less time than it took you and I to enter the ring, don't beat yourself up too bad over the end result. It was always going to be this way, because there's no changing who you are just as there's no changing who I am. Sure, you'll walk away from Monte Rio a few pounds lighter and without a claim to fame, but you won't have to pretend any longer. You don't have to play champion, because the real thing is here to let you enjoy being a contract-haver. You never gave us nothin' to believe in, because you had nothing to give, but don't you worry, brother.

Even though John dies at the end, you still come out a "winner" as Badmon bears your burdens.