

She is not herself. Her bright green eyes have a steel-ness to them. She sits here now, in the cold of Denver, Colorado. It is 38 degrees Fahrenheit which isn't all that cold for the Mile High City, especially this time of the year, but every single person that has passed her by whilst wearing a mask has received a cold stare from her. She shivers herself, despite being dressed fully in thick black jeans and her dark purple winter coat. Her face is quite pale, paler than usual. From time to time she looks down at the contents of the folder that is in her hands. We can now see why she offers so much coldness, as in her hands is an official copy of her father's will, signed by her father.

The only good news, the only shining light in this, is that her father has not yet passed away. But he is in the hospital, back in Panguitch, Utah. Polly looks down at the paperwork, absolutely glaring, her eyes gaining even more and more coldness as she reads the words "Once I do pass I do wish to have Mr. William Compton look after my daughter, Miss Polly Pingotti, while my own wife Mrs. Susan Pingotti is away from home performing job duties. I do wish for Mr. William Compton to provide for my daughter in any way that he can, to the best of his abilities."

Those words are an obvious death nail to Polly, as she has made it extremely clear that she wants nothing to do with that man. If eyes could kill, everyone that has passed by Polly in these moments would be dead on the sidewalk, in an instant.

How did she receive the news, and when? Well, let's just say Polly had a very recent trip back home, once her mom called her and told her that her dad wanted to see her...

Thursday, January 14, 2021
Panguitch, Utah
2:31 P.M.
Garfield Memorial Hospital

~There is true fear in my eyes. I can't help but to be morbid, knowing that he will soon be gone. I will no longer have my best friend in this entire world. I will no longer have my dad. So solemnly I walk down the hallway, carrying the most beautiful bouquet of flowers I could find. I'm escorted by one of the nurses into the correct room, where my father lies on what most likely could be his deathbed. He looks even more pale than I remember him from when I last saw him.~

Polly:

"Oh dad! I'm here. I'm here for you. I- I brought you these."

~He does light up a little, which does make me happy inside, even though I'm not showing it on the outside. I place the flowers on an empty table that's to the left side of his bed.~

Mr. Pingotti:

"Thank you pumpkin. I- I wish I felt a whole lot better than I do."

~He's even talking a lot slower than normal. I know the day is coming, and I dread it. He beckons me over to his bedside with a finger wave. I make the short walk so he can look up into my eyes.~

Mr. Pingotti:

"Polly, I've been writing out my will."

Polly:

"Dad..."

Mr. Pingotti:

"I have to. I want you to be well taken care of once I'm gone."

Polly:

"Please don't talk like this. I know. But talking about it only makes it worse. You know I love you more than anyone or anything."

Mr. Pingotti:

"I know, and I love you too pumpkin, but I need to hand it over to you. I've already signed it, but I want you to trust me on it. Before you get mad and blow up, as much as you hate him, I want Mr. Compton to look after you. Your mother is just simply not around enough to help you out when you need it."

Polly:

"Dad, you didn't? Look at me. I'm a woman now and can make my own decisions. You've seen me in that wrestling ring. You know I can hold my own and then some. Why? Why would you do this to me?"

~I am almost to tears, hearing this from my dad.~

Mr. Pingotti:

"I know. It sounds bad. But I wanted to safeguard your future. Also you have studied to be a lawyer. You have all the skills to do what needs to be done should he try anything foolish or illegal."

Polly:

"But- but this puts me in an awful situation dad. You know full well he is going to go after me at every turn now. I won't be able to go out into that world and be me. He won't let me wrestle. He won't let me continue my studies. Now I will have to be at his beck and call. Do you want to know what he told me not long ago? He wants ME dad! I'm his obsession, and you're feeding me to him as bait. How could you?"

He freezes in the bed now, not moving even a limb. He must realize now that he has made a huge mistake.

Mr. Pingotti:

“I wish you had told me sooner. There’s nothing I can do. I’m so sorry pumpkin.”

Polly:

“I’ll have to have it undone. I will never be able to live my own life. But... But I don’t want to go against your wishes either.”

Mr. Pingotti:

“I truly am sorry Polly. Maybe just give him one chance and warn him that if he takes advantage of you that things will not end well for him?”

Polly seems to think about it for a moment before replying.

Polly:

“I guess. I really don’t want to think about him right now. I want to be with you. I just hope this isn’t the last time.”

She can’t help it. A tear drops from her cheek, right down onto her father’s face. Her father moves in a little bit and Polly takes that as an invitation to sit at the edge of the bed. The two of them aren’t left alone for long though as a nurse comes in.

Nurse:

“Sorry to interrupt, but you need your daily afternoon meds Mr. Pingotti.”

Mr. Pingotti:

“Of course.”

~I roll my eyes but do stand up and back away while the medication is administered. Once the nurse is gone I sit back down where I’ve just been.~

Mr. Pingotti:

“The papers are in my briefcase over there. Please take one copy before you go. It’s the last time I’ll mention it.”

~I just nod before just simply spending a bit more time with my dad. Neither of us say anything else. I just look down into his eyes and he looks up into mine. Before I get back up again I give him a gentle hug. Keeping to one of his dying wishes I do take a copy of his will, but I don’t look at it word for word. I just put it in the manila folder that I’m carrying inside my travel bag. Knowing that it’s there though is obviously not comforting me. It has me on pins and needles, because I know once that Mr. Bitchface aka Mr. Compton finds out about it and receives his own

copy, he will fully take advantage of it, and me. Yet no one will care. Maybe that's why I want everyone to lose all the time. Maybe that's why I always want to curbstomp every opponent that I face. I want every single last one of them to remember that they will NOT take advantage of me!~

As Polly leaves her father's hospital room it's clear she is feeling more troubled than when she walked in. She walks down the hallway and eventually back out into the open air. The fresh air does not soothe her however though. Not even getting back to the home that she grew up in helps her. It was this night that she could do nothing but cry herself to sleep.

Saturday, January 16, 2021
Panguitch, Utah
8:41 A.M.
Pingotti Home

The news has traveled fast. Mr. Compton is at her door, a copy of Polly's father's will in his hand. It's crumpled a little, probably from his excitement, knowing full well that he will once again get to be fully in Polly's life, and that she can't do a damn thing about it. He pounds on the front door several times to no answer. The pounds get louder and louder until finally a groggy, and obviously still sleepy Polly comes down the stairs to see that he is at her front door. It comes out squeaky and scratchy from her lips.

Polly:
"Go away!"

He talks back to her through the door.

Mr. Compton:
"No can do Polly. I am allowed to watch over you and make sure you are doing okay."

Polly:
"I'm perfectly fine and dandy here... alone! My dad's will says nothing about you making house visits, nor trespassing. Go away, before I call the police!"

Mr. Compton:
"Fine. But I am allowed to look after you. His will made it very clear. Besides, you may hate me for what I've done, but I only did it because I truly do care that you get what is best for you. Wrestling is not the best thing that you have to offer the world."

Polly:
"Oh trust me. It is."

Mr. Compton:

"You aren't always going to win in that forum though. On my stage, I can guarantee that you ALWAYS win. I know you loved that, and that you still do."

Polly:

"I don't trust you! Not after the utter crap you've tried!"

Mr. Compton:

"I get it. I do. Maybe I was approaching this the wrong way."

Polly:

"Ya think!!! I'm not even going to give you the chance to get at me again! I know you have always seen me as a hot commodity, but you're going to keep your filthy paws off me!"

Mr. Compton:

"I can live with that. I'm not going to touch you ever again. You have my word. But about your father's will, it says I will need to provide for you, and the only way I can do that is if you agree to at least some appearances on my stage once again. Look, we need one another. Just come to the show tonight. I won't even have you modeling or doing anything tonight. There is someone I want you to meet though."

Polly:

"Oh yeah? Who?"

Mr. Compton:

"That I'm keeping a secret Polly."

Polly:

"Maybe I won't come. Tell me. Who."

Mr. Compton:

"The person doesn't want me to say."

Polly:

"Then no. Tell the person that I need to know who they are before I meet them. I am trusting no one. Especially you, asshole!!! Now seriously. Go away!!! I want more sleep!"

Mr. Compton:

"I see I am getting nowhere with you right now, but I want to make sure you are safe. If you don't mind I would like to just sit out here on the porch. Is that fine with you?"

Polly rolls her eyes, knowing full well that he is never going to go away now.

Polly:

"Fine. But don't you dare try to break in! Otherwise I don't care about my dad's will. I will kick the ever loving crap out of you and curbstomp your head against the floor SO HARD that you will be bleeding! Then the cops can have you for breaking and entering."

Mr. Compton:

"I got it. I just wish you would reconsider coming to the show tonight."

She offers no reply and stomps her way back upstairs. Mr. Compton waits outside on the porch, now moving to the swinging bench that is on the porch. He stays there all morning. Even after Polly has had her little extra sleep and taken a shower, he is still there. Polly again just rolls her eyes and groans as she makes her way into the kitchen to fix herself lunch. She doesn't need him or want him around, but he won't understand that. She wants to live life on her own, but now with the circumstances, it's unlikely that he will allow her to do so.

Saturday, January 23, 2021

Denver, Colorado

10:33 P.M.

Down The Street From The Pepsi Center

~Normally I would not want a stage laid out for me, but it's of Mr. Compton's doing. I am not going to make a scene here out in public. So far so good with him keeping his hands off me at least. He better continue to do that if he doesn't want to be behind bars for the rest of his life.~

~Tonight he has even brought the lighting and a couple cameras to shoot at different angles. He even told me this was all just to provide for me, in order to make my SCW promotional video more... out in the open as a special exclusive. I allow him these moments to set up as I just stand at the back of the stage, wearing my purple winter coat until it's time to film my last message before Last Grasp of Reality.~

~At this moment I can only think about how everything will all go moving forward. I hope my father can turn around and fight the illness he has. But it obviously looks very grave and impossible at this point. This new... uh, unwanted presence in my life... is not something I want to deal with at all. But it's one of my father's dying wishes, and I don't want to take that away from him. Not after all he has done to raise me and get me to where I am. So I'm stuck. But make no mistake about it, I will NOT allow myself to get stuck in the quicksand of mediocrity as far as my wrestling career goes. Thank GOD the SCW Tag League is over! I no longer have to do all the dirty work while Holly sends pics to Twitterverse. I can now go do what I do best... and what's best about it is I get the chance right away to do it right to her!~

~I turn my head around and just as I do I hear Mr. Compton speak out loud towards me from the darkness.~

Mr. Compton:

“Ready? I’m ready to go Polly.”

~I can’t help it but to mutter it under my breath, as I have my headset microphone currently shut off.~

Polly:

“I’m sure you are, perv. I can’t believe you came all the way here to Denver just for this.”

~I turn on my microphone and then slowly unzip my purple winter coat to reveal my knee high black halter dress that he has asked me to wear for the occasion. I look through the darkness and see him at one of the cameras. He flashes me a thumbs up and I roll my eyes. What a perv. I don’t allow the cameras to get a shot of my back at all. I just face forward and even though this is nerve-wracking knowing he is here, I put out my message to the world.~

Polly:

“I wish... I wish I could have all weights and burdens off my shoulder, but alas the world just doesn’t seem to be like that. I’ve heard the words of Holly Adams and I’m not surprised that she’s blaming both me and Jay Gold for what occurred during the SCW Tag League. Maybe, just maybe if she hadn’t been posing for all her Twitter whores, we might just have won or at least tied for the lead in our block. It’s not like Asher and Cid mowed us over. It’s not like Aaron and Owen destroyed us. And of course I had nothing to do with what happened against Bree and Sienna as I was not yet in the picture. So honestly with me in the fold we could have went 6-1, which would have been enough to earn our place in the semifinals. But noooo, Holly had to make everything about herself. I mean, I’ve made quite a lot of things about me too, but at least I showed I can be a team player. So Holly, since I’ve come right into you, why should I stop? You’re truly the one to blame for all three losses, because you didn’t want to pull your own weight. That’s what a teammate does, but let’s face it, you just can’t do it. You’re a solo act, as am I. The only difference is I gave you a chance. Now that we get to be out on our own, that one chance I gave you... is gone. I am not just going to roll over and allow you to weasel your way into an SCW United States Championship match. You don’t belong in that position, as both Regan and Xander would just steamroll you anyways. Look what happened against Owen and Aaron. We were up against two guys that we should have beat, and you folded like a house of flipping cards.”

“What’s worse? You came up with an excuse for why WE didn’t win and why YOU lost it for us. You’re NOT undefeated Holly since you’ve returned, and it pains you. You know the truth. Infamous knows the truth. We ALL know the truth! The truth hurts, but get the hell off your high horse, close your phone for two damn seconds, and actually compete to the best of your ability and not just hope that you’ll steal a win at the end of this match just because you’re Holly Adams.”

“News flash Holly, I don’t care if you don’t take me seriously, because it will be so, so, SOOO sweet when I stomp that blonde head of yours right into the canvas. Perhaps then after you wake up from your little nap your opinion of me will change. You will have that humble pie moment that honestly many people around here desperately need to have.”

~I pause because I need it. Holly really has been an exhausting uh... person to deal with. It’s not surprising at all, because from what I’ve heard through the grapevine that not many liked her much in the past either. I at least tried to form a partnership for the Tag League, but you know what? Never again. I showed years ago that I was a hard act to deal with in singles competition, and that’s what I’m going to do here. Tomorrow night I truly get my first chance to shine and dazzle. I’m going to make the most of it! You know, despite all the critics out there...~

Polly:

“Now, before I turn my attention to my other two opponents tomorrow night, speaking of humble pie. Owen Cruze. I see your dodge and raise you an “I know you don’t want to face me after shittalking me”. Since you’re going away, I would suggest STAYING away. Notably I am about to take your place in getting to the top of SCW. It’s pretty bad that you’re marooning what is supposedly The Perfect Pack. It just goes to show that you don’t want to deal with the consequences for when you talk crap to the wrong person! I guess we can wish you luck in your future endeavors. But I won’t. I think it’s funny that you’re dodging me and it goes to show that in the end you’re just like Holly Adams... a coward.”

~I look out and see Mr. Compton peer out from behind the camera. He swings the camera around, trying to get an angle so he can see my half exposed back, but I don’t allow him to perv his way into getting what he wants. Instead I immediately move on, getting back on topic.~

Polly:

“Hopefully you Gavin Taylor won’t be a coward. I mean you do have three wins against SCW Hall of Famers. That is something to be proud of, even if they are all past their prime, which they are. Even still it does count and I do not mind sharing that ring with you tomorrow night. But make no mistake about it. You’re not pinning me. You’re not going to make me submit. And most importantly you’re not going to take this victory away from me. This is MY moment to break out and once again get even more people talking about me consistently and non-stop. I am not going to stop leaving marks as it’s what I do best. Everyone will eventually remember me, even long after I’m gone. Oh don’t worry though, I’m just getting started here in SCW. I know everyone will think it’s a “surprise” when I earn the opportunity to wrestle for the SCW United States Championship in the near future, but in the end you will see that it isn’t that. You will see that I was BORN ready to ascend quickly yet gracefully to the top of the food chain. I’ve done it before a few years ago for Sin City Wrestling, and I’m going to do it again. I don’t care who I need to stomp on to get there either. So my advice to you Gavin? Don’t get over-obsessed with taking Katie Steward out, because if you do, I will be waiting right behind you, ready to chop you down from the back and stomp your head into the mat!”

~Another pause, but only because it's still quite chilly out here. I think about going to reach for my purple winter coat but I don't want him recording any movements from me, so for now I'll just have to take the chill to the back for just a little bit longer. At least I know I can and have taken quite a bit of shit, somehow without over-flipping my lid, unlike a certain "queen".~

Polly:

"That brings me to you Katie. Honestly it sucks that neither of us got a partner that we wanted for the Tag League. I'm not going to stand here and downgrade your talent, because from what I've heard you're the one that broke the glass ceiling for us ladies. You made it to the absolute top of SCW and became the first female SCW World Champion. No one can ever take that away from you, much like no one can take away my quick ascension to the top of Sin City Wrestling's women division either. Just like no one will be able to take my imminent meteoric rise away here."

"But Katie, I also have read up on how you have taken big falls too, and then screamed about it when you didn't get your way. It's those that "surprise" you that have been your undoing. You once held the SCW United States Championship over a decade ago, but when a new face appeared in SCW she immediately took it all away from you and you got desperate to get it back. The difference this time is I'm not even going to let you get a chance to get to what you want. It's already known that you're not the queen that you used to be. You're past your prime, but I know that you're still dangerous. I'm not dumb. All four of us in this match do have our strengths, but all four of us also have our weaknesses. The point I'm making is, with the way I feel, I am NOT going to let mine show! I want the shot at the United States Championship. I NEED the shot at that United States Championship! My path to that goes through Last Grasp of Reality, and I don't mind at all having to work really hard for it. Anything to not have to think about what's going on away from the ring right now. ANYTHING!"

~I see Mr. Compton give me a "zip it" sign, but I shake my head "no" at him. This is my time to speak. This is my time to be heard. He can simply continue recording... and go fuck himself.~

Polly:

"So Katie, Gavin, Petty Holly... Sorry I have to roll my eyes. None of the three of you will be able to stop me from getting to the next step in my wrestling career. You're going to realize that the reality of it all is that I'm here to stay, whether everyone likes it or not. You're all going to say that I'm not some joke. You're all going to see that I have what it takes to be a star once again. And you're all going to see that tomorrow night... YOU LOST!!!"

~I scream it out, not being able to control myself. I do carefully look around but there aren't many people hanging around, being it's quite late at night. Some are around though, but it's "whatever" as far as I'm concerned. When there's a will, there's a way, and I really needed to speak out. Tomorrow night though is of the utmost importance to me. It's my one chance right now to do what everyone out there probably thinks I can't do, and that's earn my way to an SCW United States Championship match. Mr. Compton will no doubt be watching, but I don't know if he wants me to succeed or fail. Probably fail so he can say "oh look Polly, you lost, you

and your pretty self should come back home with me to my stage". But I'll prove him wrong. I'll prove Holly wrong. I WILL prove EVERYONE wrong!!!~

~Grunting I walk forward with my purple winter coat in hand. At the edge of the stage I quickly slip it on. Mr. Compton shuts off the cameras in disappointing fashion. I stand off to the side now and just wait for him to pack up his stuff. I only move once I see he is ready to go. Of course I make him lug all of his stuff off the scene by himself. He didn't have to come, nor did I ask him to do so. He made the choice by following my dad's will, so that's on him. For now I'm heading back to my hotel room. Being he has promised not to follow me or lay his hands on me, he better hold to that promise, or he will have hell to pay. The will would no longer matter.~