

## **Let everything die**

If you live long enough, you find you get to die more than once. At least, I hope so. I hope everyone wakes up to find a piece of themselves dying off with each and every fading day. It's not even out of malice, at least with that I could say I could relate to others in some regard. I've always felt alone, company with puppets and idiots doesn't really do it for me. They exist to have their strings pulled and eventually I do grow bored playing with my food. I have to eat it eventually and no matter what everything just so happens to taste like complete and utter shit. Can't play with anything for too long. It doesn't give you the same satisfaction it did the first time. The second time. The feelings fade with each repetitive motion until you're left with nothing. When I consider this, even when the possibilities are there, puppets are there to play with, it just doesn't cut it anymore. I am finding more and more on some days I wake up instead of try I'd rather just fucking starve.

I feel like I certainly have reached an end more than once. I can't ever really remember a time where I felt anything good in my life. Not real good. There are rushes, they come and go and honestly I forget them within hours if not minutes. I wake up and often will try to repeat what created this momentary bliss only to find it far less effective. Before long it does nothing, nothing at all. Then I feel nothing again. Maybe nothing isn't the right word.

Not sure what is. I used to think I was perfect. Not sure whatever drove this mentality, I now just think perfection is a fantasy, an illusion. A subjective standard that now means little to me. Everyone has their idea of what that means but I could really care less what anyone else thinks. I shouldn't even use that term there, people aren't capable of real thought. It's what made them so easy to manipulate. Through money, through words, sometimes through brute force. I am what they aren't. I think. They are driven by emotions I don't really have unless it's anger, they are driven by what they've been taught to care about, to strive for. At times I wanted those things too, it's propaganda, the masses following their shepherds.

I have to remind myself that I am not perfect sometimes. I have to remind myself that even the illusion of being such is a weakness and it brought great pain when faced with the reality that I was not. When I was younger I had the will to ignore my own flaws, to cast them off and pretend otherwise while chasing whatever I thought would make me feel more, something. Anything. More time went on though. After a while, as things changed, I changed, I grew older, slower, I enjoyed feeling hurt for a spell. I didn't think I did but it brought about its own consequences. The more pain I felt inside, the more I lashed out and found ways to hurt others and that was very stimulating.

I look at myself in the mirror now and see nothing but an old man. Broken, worn, used, whatever else you can expect to come for us all in time. My health isn't the greatest. Years of drug abuse and injuries doesn't seem that big a deal when you're in your twenties and through most of your thirties.

I am not a young man anymore and then I died again. This world with all of it's puppets, it's fools, it's insufferable maggots that think they matter in any grand schemes, it was all meant for the young who could believe such nonsense. You live long enough, your life ends and what you could call a second one begins. Where you watch yourself slowly break down with each and every passing day, where outside of close family and life insurance ad agencies, no one gives a damn about you.

You're not even the target audience for the things you used to think you enjoy anymore. You're not going to be a legend, you're not going down in any books. You live and no one cares, you'll die and no one will ever even know you existed. There were no contributions, there was nothing. It's a childish fantasy you spent that time getting behind and for nothing. It means nothing. You are nothing.

Just like me.

I can see why people go on suicide runs in hotel rooms with sniper rifles, just seeing how many worthless sacks of meat and shit they can shoot from a window before law enforcement can finally stop them. Let's go on Facebook live and shoot up some mosques. We're playing for numbers here. Realization kicks in for them, those that are capable of getting a thought in their skulls.

I get the appeal, it's Grand Theft Auto for people who are wanting to take destiny into their hands and roll the dice. Play the game. When it ends it ends, at least enjoy the final couple minutes of this sad shit show that is life.

People find solace I guess in what they tell themselves makes them happy. I don't get entirely bitter over that one anymore. I am convinced people fake it. They fake everything else. This world is built on lies and fantasies.

"It's so good you're in the gym," Bianca says from the doorway. Never stepping in fully, just sort of staring at and through me. She was fantasizing. She always does, always did. She lives in her own stupid head, that quality that always made her the perfect puppet. Until she wasn't and now I feel somewhat stuck with her. I can't get rid of her, I'd have no one else to take my frustrations out on.

I've been spending more and more time in the room dedicated to my personal fitness for the last two months, trying to convince myself I can be twenty again. Ripped up and ready to tear some poor bastard's head off. Know what suddenly began to get a lot harder? Breathing. God, where did all my strength go? No matter how much cardio I was building up to doing, there was just a set portion of my gut that wasn't going anywhere. Two months ago it was kind of horrific just realizing how far I had let myself go. Had done it and never noticed. Amazing. Disgusting. Maybe traumatizing. I don't know. These are just words to me, they mean very little.

Every day has pretty much become the same as the last. No matter how much I try to differentiate between them, they are all forgetful in the end. The most joy I've felt was going into that office and beating down that meat suit the man once known as Cid Turner refers to as a sibling. I can barely get high anymore, I've likely short-circuited all natural means of feeling pleasure. I can't even remember the last time I've fucked somebody. They weren't Bianca, that's the only thing I get solace from out of the ordeal.

I suppose this is why people as they grow old focus on their children and their children's children. They focus on their poor genetic clones, hoping they can carry on a torch, a legacy; the means of doing more and doing it better. It's a last ditch effort and delusion that you will have existed and meant something as you're long turned into dust blowing in the wind.

I have no use for imaginary deities resting on the clouds, looking down at us with judgement. A primitive coping mechanism for the harsh realities of this world. I do believe in God however. He is merciless, cruel and as best I can tell there is no focus or concern on me or any of the other insects that infect this floating rock orbiting the sun. There is a God and his name is Time.

I remember when that boy would follow me around. I remember when that boy seemed to think the world of me when no one else could. Is that why I care? Is that why it stings? They say I am bitter. I guess I should be, I am a joke in the company where I had all the chances in the world to be the biggest name in the industry and I took all of that and threw it directly into the trash.

All I am left with is bitter. It's all I taste. Through the sweat I am forming, the memory of being able to take far more than what's on this barbell now and lift it like it was a pillow, all I taste is pain. It blends well with rage. There will never be a tomorrow for me again worth having. I can squander every other dime I have left, I can flat out murder Lexi- and you know what? I will. I fucking will one day.

I will take that obnoxious, stupid child and drown it in the sink. Right before I finally get the courage to just say to hell with this world and pick up my revolver. The bitch who smirked at me at the supermarket will get it right between the eyes. I can watch the blood roll down her nose as she just stands there looking dead at me with a bullet burning what few brain cells she may debatably be in possession of. Stop by a church on the way back from the store with a fifth of vodka and light up the building. Hallelujah! Halle-fucking-lujah.

It's only when I think about massacres or watching the life drain from Lexi's cold dead eyes I am able to focus and push through more reps. It's the only time I can get hard anymore too.

Those were different times. Was I really different then? What happened? What changed? My ability to cope? My ability to-- I don't know. I don't know what changed. Time changed and that God stops and waits for no one.

That boy wasn't a boy anymore. Whatever adoration I appreciated in his efforts to mimic an idol, just look at him. Look at this pathetic son of a bitch. Look at Cid Turner and tell me, please, tell me what good you see there. You'd think the man shits himself every time he is faced with a challenge. You'd think the right shadow on any given night sends him running for cover.

You'd think he was a small child. It's like what you see isn't just a man who can't let it go, it's a man who devolved into something worse than any poor imitation. He isn't even trying to be what he was. I don't know what he is trying to be when all I see is pathetic.

Just like me.

I glance over at Lexi to see her now playing with the baby's arm. God, just snap it. Kill yourself, whore.

I am so lost and pathetic. Wandering through this existence just wanting an end but being too cowardly to just do it. I have a goal now I guess. I would thank Cid, or whatever he is supposed to be. But why give him that satisfaction?

The best thing I could ever do for either of us now is take us both out of our miseries in the middle of that ring. It would be poetic really. Just let it all end where our supposed legacies started.

I don't have friends. I don't have family. I was a bastard child and I became a bastard of a man. Nothing in this world means ANYTHING

But this does. I just want it to go away. If I am just a bitter angry fuck than so be it. I start imaging my hands around that worthless degenerative fuck's throat and I just feel inspired once more. My limbs are weak, my body is done for the day. I don't care. Just do it again. I don't care about winning or losing. Cid once told me he was the New God. A worthless moniker meant to incite rage. All it ever was.

I'll make a martyr out of him. If that's what he thinks he wants. There needs to be an actual dose of reality somewhere that wakes him up.

# NOVISSIMA

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*Memories, what are they in the end but the only thing in this world you  
could ever claim as your own?*

*I speak of real life experience, something you fat worthless pieces of shit  
pretend to understand. Lost in time, you all just exist. Until you don't.  
You don't care and no one else will either when you're buried in the  
ground to rot and feed the maggots and worms.*

*I have plenty of bad memories but they are still mine and they are still  
real. They are kind of like people like you. Your siblings. Your cousins. The  
friends you imagine you have. People who just, pain me from existing.  
You'd think them too stupid to breath but somehow they manage.  
Somehow they get by.*

*If you, you personally exist right now, if you're breathing against all odds  
set by your struggle with thinking and doing things, you most likely, pain  
me. This world would be a far more pleasant place if you just stopped all  
of that. Insufferable, repugnant. Smelling of shit crusted assholes and  
dying flesh.*

*The good memories will always be the ones where I am the one happy.  
Those moments in time primarily consisted of me smashing someone's  
head in. Someone like you. There is nothing quite as arousing, just and*

*Fulfilling. I encourage everyone to try it at least once. Go bash your head  
in.*

*Looking back over my career in SCW, there are memories where maybe  
that wasn't always the case. It's weird reflecting so far back, to  
remember I wasn't always this way.*

*The me this old man remembers. He never had to meet this side of me  
and truth be told, I didn't ever want him to. He saw it. I always like  
getting down to business.*

*Seeing him back now it just breaks my damn heart. This pathetic son of  
a bitch is taking something away from me and needs to be reacquainted  
with reality.*

*When I watch the programming now, I am reminded that the young  
poorly imitate their predecessors but it is their time. Sports are always  
going to be for the young, regardless of how stupid and less talented they  
may prove to be from the people they are coming in after.*

*This is a lesson I've been trying so desperately hard to get through this  
poor man's head. It's a lesson I will clearly have to bust his head open to  
insert manually.*

*Once upon a time, we were the young rebels, hellions, stallions ready to seize the world by the balls and squeeze. Make it ours and to hell with what anyone else thought of it, we weren't going to ask for anything.*

*Everything was for the taking.*

*Know how long ago this was? How many other worthless creatures have literally stopped existing since then?*

*Look into the figures, Cid. It's quite fascinating how much just happens in your life that you're never really aware of until you just look. We made these memories for ourselves and man were they good.*

*Was it not enough? Is this what you wanted?*

*All those good times, locked away in your head, all there to cope with that realization, that haunting reality where you have outlived your purpose. That your time in the sun is up.*

*We were never meant to live this long. We were never meant to make it through our thirties. Yet here we are, a couple of old men getting by. The difference is I've accepted the times for what they are. There is never*

going to be the reemerging and uprising of Chad Evans' shining star. I will never step foot into that ring and have another crowning moment.

*This isn't it. It's simply an execution.*

*I am the greatest could have been there ever was and I have to live with that haunting realization that with all the talent in the world, I squandered it. I threw it all away.*

*But that's in the past. I can't recapture my glory. I can't just wish and make believe and things will suddenly be different.*

*No Cid, Those days, those great days are long gone.*

*Even with me coming out here now, fighting you sure as hell won't be crowning. It's to help us all just move on.*

*All attempts to break out again are just being done in vain and do nothing but taint the memories I have that I actually treasure.*

*Memories of me. Some memories of you.*

*Memories of a man who I once considered a friend. Maybe friend is a strong word, feels like it. Someone I could tolerate. How's that?*



*You being here destroys my image of you. It destroys everyone's image of you, fool. You had a legacy worth celebrating apparently. You have the ring to prove it. I was the one that awarded it to you.*

*Now?*

*You spit on it, you jackass. You embarrass me, you embarrass yourself along with everyone that ever came from that era.*

*And for what? Nostalgia? You selfishly wished to come out and think you could relive the good old days? That, that stupid twit you call a partner was going to bring about your fourth coming?*

*Is that it? Do you like tens of thousands of autistic monkey's shrieking their approval? Did you miss that so much, you'd just throw everything else away and risk permanent maiming in the center of that ring?*

*The injuries you get now, they won't heal. Not like they used to. I promise.*

*Will you like it just as much when those tens of thousands of blithering idiots cry and moan and feel pity upon the carcass that is your remains?*

*Even if it wasn't by me, your entire existence in that ring now is to be a mild stepping stone for someone who probably isn't half what you were in your prime., they'll just be half your age.*

*The point is, you're not in your prime. You're not the man you used to be. You're barely human anymore, you've forgotten things like basic hygiene, shaving and knowing when to cut your losses and run.*

*You think I don't miss things? You think you're the only one? I miss being young too. Hell, I miss a lot of things.*

*I miss feeling important. I miss feeling things matter more. I miss that sense of accomplishment too. I even sometimes miss that crowd, when they are telling me how much they hate me, because we all know how I feel about them. Their suffering was my joy.*

*But it's in vain. Everything about this is out of vanity.*

*You stupid old fucking has-been. You're everything we used to mock. Now I am coming out to be just like you with the difference being there won't be an after. I am not pretending, I am not kidding myself.*

*I will do us both justice. I will do what Asher doesn't have the balls to do. What your boss doesn't have the balls to do.*

*It all starts with just being honest with you and when we go into that ring, I will put you out of your misery. You won't have to fantasize anymore. Then you can grow up, be a man of your age and learn to cope with reality. Or kill yourself. I don't care which.*

*One way or another, you will fade back into the past where you belong locked away in my memories. You will not tarnish them any further.*

*We're coming together one final time, just two old men going at it. Neither of us are in our prime which is the only thing working to your benefit. Because we both know who was better between us.*

*That isn't changing now. This is it. Just stop. Seriously, stop already. You're the one making me hurt you. I didn't want this. This is your fault, you only have yourself to blame for what I am going to do to you.*