

There are times that I remember that I wish I could forget. I know I am not the only one. All of us have those times, those instances, those moments that we wish had never happened. In fact, it is crystal clear that my opponent for Apocalypse, despite his attempt at poisonous words, has had them too. He came right out and said it to me in his own words. Do I feel sorry for him? Do I have even an ounce of pity inside my soul for him? No. No, I don't.

As The Soul of SCW, I only show any morsel of sorrow to those who deserve it. I don't feel bad for him in any regard as he clearly made his choice a long time ago. He wanted to be "of the above" and not "of the below", but when the pits of the Earth came calling to him, he couldn't resist their call. He wasn't strong enough.

Lo and behold, we now have this brand of Enigma standing before us, acting as if he is a monster and a machine that we should all feel frightened of. But he has not yet gotten his one true wish, and he won't be getting it at my expense. Not to sound cliché or "motivational" here, but the only thing to fear is fear itself.

Knowing this to be true pains him, deeply so. Knowing this makes him angrier. Knowing this makes him desperate. You think he isn't experiencing any of these emotions? Take a look for yourselves.

It's true and you all know it. Just like you should all know by now that I always march to the beat of my own drum. I'm not going to say something or do something just because you want me to. I have never been anyone's puppet, nor am I right now, nor will I ever be. Even if I do go on in life to have a partner that I live with until the day that I do die. That person will know me and accept me for who I am. To me, that person will always be worth remembering, even when we are miles and miles apart. When I meet that person at the Final Gate, I will go with them gladly.

Never though will The Monster Machine get what he truly desires. He said he didn't want the SCW Underground Championship, that it basically came with the territory, that he received it only because he felt the depth of the Earth wanted him to have it. Basically he is saying that when he loses it, he will probably do his best to forget that he ever had it. That is not just disrespectful to me, but it is disrespectful to all of those who came before me. Everyone that has held that championship has made their own mark on it. Yeah, even YUSA did. But Enigma is not looking to truly make a mark on its rich history. He only cares about one mark.

Go on. Tell me I'm wrong. Tell me he truly cares about something else besides the Spiral that he strung together in his own mind, the Spiral that has come to be the only thing that motivates him. On the contrary, there are many things that motivate me to be at my absolute best. Things that he will never be able to understand.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 14, 2018
Unable To Forget, Unable To Forgive

She had already eaten what Mr. Compton had laid out on the table for them both. It has only been a couple of months since he took her in, after her parents had kicked her to the curb, literally. Already though she was growing even chubbier than she had already been when she was first hired by him to serve as a game show model whenever he called upon her. This evening he took notice and even told her “Colleen, it’s going to be hard for me to give you assignments if you don’t take care of yourself. I’ve noticed that you have been sneaking second helpings and have had quite a lot of ice cream in the middle of the night while I’m asleep. Look. I understand what you’re going through, but this isn’t good for you.”

Upon hearing his words, Colleen rolls her eyes and stands up for herself.

“I want to see you try to go through what I have. I’m sure you would never do that to your own son. They treated me like I was nothing to them. Food doesn’t judge you. Food doesn’t berate you. Food doesn’t throw you out in the trash can.”

She glares up at Peter Compton’s father, her eyes darkening even more than they already were.

“Okay. I’ll get you some help. It’s the least I can do considering the circumstances.”

“I don’t want your help.”

“But you DO need it. Right now I’m the closest person you have to a father. As long as you live under my roof, I will do my best to take care of you. Understand?”

Colleen takes her glare away from him and just looks at the back door to the house, but doesn’t take a move towards it at all.

“Yeah. Sure. Are we done here?”

“After you help me clean up, yes.”

“Fine.”

Colleen clears the table of the dishes. Mr. Compton takes the empty glasses and puts them up on the counter. Colleen takes over sink duties and does a very good job of cleaning all of the items that they had just used. She leaves everything in the drying rack that is on the right side of the sink and then heads for the basement door, not looking back at the man of the house. She is fast to close and lock the door behind her so that he could not follow her down. Back in the kitchen Mr. Compton just sighs.

“I don’t know what I’m going to do with her. At least she isn’t my main model. Polly’s gorgeous and will always be number one in my book.”

He looks like he is trying to put Colleen out of his mind and focus on other things. Meanwhile at the bottom of the staircase, it's Colleen's turn to sigh.

"I don't know what I'm going to do. I want to be out on my own. I want to forget. But how can I? This shit is not fair. I'm only fucking 19 and I have to deal with this. Mr. Compton isn't going to help the matter any. But... I really have nowhere to go. No one cares about me. Maybe I should just find some way to perish. No one will miss me. No one."

Colleen looks around her. She doesn't see anything noteworthy in her living quarters right away, but as she inspects closer, she sees a folded up piece of paper tucked under the small lamp that Mr. Compton had given to her, telling her it was old but it would do enough to provide her light. She picks up the lamp and takes hold of the piece of paper. When the lamp is back down on the table, she turns it on, unfolds the paper, and reads its contents quietly to herself.

"Colleen. There will come a day when you look back and remember what I am telling you. It won't be tomorrow. It won't be the next day. That day could be years away. Just know that I won't care what you look like and I won't care what anyone else thinks about you. The only thing I will care about is that you get the happiness that you desire. I can't give it to you, but I hope I am there to see you get it. Peter."

She scoffs at the letter, but does fold it back up and shoves it into the pocket of her black shorts that she has on.

"He's his son. There is no way he means what he says."

Colleen watches television for a short bit on the old small television that is down here in the basement before she changes for bed, choosing to wear a set of a black bra and black panties, along with her navy blue pair of booty shorts. She stuffs her daytime clothing into her suitcase. The moment after she feels comfortable enough, she looks to the silenced baby monitor that just sits on a table in the corner of the room, clearly not having been used since Peter was a little tyke.

"At least he has cared about him. I was always ignored."

She sighs and takes her eyes off of it and slips into the single person cot bed and rests her head facing to the right, which leads her to only look at the mostly bare basement walls, with only a couple of her posters adorning it.

She was hoping to fall asleep at this point, but she ended up staying awake for hours, knowing full well that the road ahead for her will probably never ever be smooth.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 19, 2025
Able To Remember, Able To Forgive?

Being by her lonesome is something that she is very familiar with. That is how she finds herself again, in very familiar attire. As she sits on the lavish Queen Size hotel room bed, she is wearing a black bra that does its job, holding in her very sizable breasts, black panties and her pair of black shorts. It is almost like a light bulb turns on in her head as she digs into the pockets of the pair of shorts, acting as if she hasn't worn them in a very long time, which she hasn't. This pair of shorts has been harbored at the very bottom of her suitcase. Her dark eyes go wide as the folded up piece of paper, the unwanted note from Peter Compton from seven years ago, is still there.

Colleen slowly pulls it out and even in slower motion unfolds the piece of paper. The words are still completely legible. Every single one. She reads it and has her eyes work themselves aimlessly around the room before she places her hands on her legs, just above her knees. After thinking for a few more moments, she gets off of the bed and without even remembering that she isn't wearing a proper top, she heads out of her room with purpose and walks a couple of doors down the hall and knocks on the door.

"Polly? Are you still up?"

Colleen knocks harder. When that doesn't get a response, she gets ready to pound on the door. It is at this point that she looks down and realizes that it is better that she doesn't draw attention to herself. She ends up not having to knock again as the doorknob turns. On the other side to answer the door is indeed a very familiar sight to Colleen, a troubled Polly.

"Sorry to wake you, but can I come in? Please?"

Polly's green eyes drop right to Colleen's rack. Colleen clears her throat, which draws Polly's attention back up.

"Oh. Yeah."

Polly backs away from the door to grant her best friend free passage into her room. Colleen closes the door behind her and locks it before turning her attention back to Polly, who is back to sitting on the edge of her chosen bed, wearing a pair of blue shorts and her baby blue tank top, things that she has worn to bed before.

Colleen keeps her distance, knowing how Polly has been recently. She does however unfold the note again and this time holds it up for Polly to see.

"I kind of forgot I had this. It's from seven years ago. I understand if you don't want to read it, but I think you should."

Polly looks curiously at Colleen.

"Who's it from?"

Colleen is a little hesitant but does say “Peter” as clear as day. This gets Polly’s attention. She stands up and walks over to Colleen. Polly takes the note and examines all of its words. When she is done she faces Colleen directly.

“He... Did he mean what he said?”

“I think so. Polly, I know you don’t think so highly of him right now, but maybe you should give him another chance. He could have told me six years ago in that note something far different that would have demeaned me and my situation. But he didn’t. He could have given me nothing. But he didn’t. He’s a caring man. You’re lucky to have him. Besides you, and maybe David, I have no one. I talked to David by the way. He wasn’t sorry because in the end it’s what we do. We wrestle and take advantage of opportunities when they present themselves, you know? But he does understand what you are going through. Please. Don’t be so hard on him, and don’t be so hard on Peter. That’s all I have to say. It’s up to you on what actions you do or don’t take.”

Colleen slowly turns and looks at the door. She takes one step before Polly from behind her says “Coll.”

This makes Colleen partially turn back around, peeking her head over her left shoulder, enough to acknowledge Polly with a “Yes?”

“Thank you for sharing this with me. I’ll think about it. May I keep it?”

“Yeah. Sure. Night.”

“Goodnight Coll.”

Polly doesn’t hold Colleen up anymore and lets her leave the room. Colleen quietly makes her way back to her own room, not getting seen in her current state of address or somewhat the lack thereof. In her own room with the door once again locked, she tells herself “I guess sometimes remembering things is good. For now with Polly and Peter, it’s a wait and see. As for me, Peter was truthful seven years ago. At least he wasn’t hard on me, unlike his father. Unlike MY father.”

Colleen rolls her eyes, sighs, and looks at the bed in her room. Probably realizing she isn’t in the sleeping mood right now, she turns her eyes away from it and goes into the bathroom. It is here where she just looks at her reflection in the mirror for quite some time.

LATE SATURDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 20, 2025

Able To Understand, Able To Remember, Able To Aim True

Open the door. Use your nose. Can you smell it? I sure can. Fear is present, but it is not coming after me. It is not settling on me like how a bee loves sitting on someone and then stinging them, forcing its victim to feel its venom at the point of impact. Nope. It's painful sting is aimed right at the man who can only issue from his lips what he wants to happen and provide the occasional blindsided attack to go with it. That night summed up his fate. He keeps saying that I fear him when it is he who fears me. If he didn't fear me, he would have never done such a deed.

Vengeance for me rolling into the ring while he was facing the great Xander Valentine? Maybe in his own mind. On that night, I did not touch him. I did not even look to lay a finger on him. Was it because I feared him? No. It is just not my M.O. to take physical action unless I am provoked. Besides, I know what it's like to be blindsided by my own flesh and blood. It makes me cringe when someone chooses to do that to someone else and not have the decency to at least look them right in the eyes.

Eyes. Mine can kill, if I let them. Mine can be unforgettable, if I let them. At Apocalypse, The Monster Machine will have no choice but to look me right in the eyes and realize that he could not do with me what he has set out to do.

Repeatedly he has stated that he will claim everything he wants for the Spiral that calls to him. Will he be true to his claims, his promises, his wet dreams? In time, we shall see. But at Apocalypse, we will not see. But the world will remember what is about to happen when he no longer has all the questions and answers. You all out there will remember. I will remember. And most importantly, he will have no choice but to remember.

Colleen is at the base of Toronto's Space Needle and has taken up residence, sitting on the ground with her legs just straight out, not looking at anything in particular. Her cell phone is sitting on the top part of her right leg. She has looked at it a few times but has not yet laid a finger on it. He is fully clothed in a pair of black cargo pants, black t-shirt and on top of that a black sweatcoat that she has partially zipped up. Her dark hair looks very clean and neat, it being in its straight locks, not a curl in sight.

She closes her eyes as she finally does use the fingers of her left hand to pick up her cell phone. She opens them, logs into her phone, and when she looks right at the screen, her face reads fully as ready to take care of business, in more ways than just one.

"I am not surprised. You have become very predictable. You wanted me to be a monster. You wanted me to be molded into your image. But I told you. I told you that you or anyone else can't change me."

"But I know why you want me to be what you desire, Enigma. You want me to make the same mistakes that I made at Rise to Greatness, the same mistakes that led to you being able to walk out of Houston with the SCW Underground Championship. It annoys you that it's not going to work this time. It makes you angry that you don't control me in any sort of way."

"It's okay though. It's okay if you're angry. It's okay if you're upset. No one has done well with keeping me down even when they have put me down. To me, in that regard, you are just the newest in the line of those people. There. Another word that I know annoys you. People. You only wish that you could dominate us, rule over us. But you can't. I am here against you Enigma because you need to understand that. You need to remember that. You need to know that this is only ONE of many times where you will have to realize that we are not just going to succumb to you or the fears that you believe you bring."

She pauses before immediately saying "Let me guess. You will say that a shield will not stop the fear of the Spiral. By saying that, by even thinking it, doesn't mean that it will just come to pass like you say it will. You are not God or some all-powerful being, Enigma. You need to work to the damn best of your ability if you want to keep what you took from me at Rise to Greatness."

"But from the sounds of it, you don't care about the SCW Underground Championship. To you it means nothing. It almost sounds like you are blaming the Spiral for giving you a chance to be relevant in our world. The Spiral didn't give you this chance. I did. It would be a good thing if you remember that, because soon enough it will be taken back away from you, whether you like it or not. When you lose it, you will feel as if you have lost power and control. After all, that is what you truly want. You want to have power and control over me. You want to collect me. You want to use me to butter the bread."

"Good luck with that. Ice is hard to break and will only break when it wants to. At Apocalypse, it won't. You and everyone else will see firsthand that the fear you are trying feverishly to instill inside me will simply NOT be a factor."

"But fear will take over you, Enigma. When I come out there and you see me, you will have no choice but to understand that I am the one coming to collect. And in the end, you will have no choice but to remember the collapse that led to you losing the SCW Underground Championship, and more importantly losing what you truly want, for me to be consumed by you. When I take it all away from you, you will have no choice but to remember my unforgettable scent. The Spiral will always have to remember it too."

Colleen slowly gets up, stops recording, and just contently walks.