

As Martin surveyed the living room of his house slowly he tried to decide what to do next, which honestly should have been easy. His wife was no more and although he knew exactly what had happened because he saw it happen with his own two eyes it was really so hard to believe. As his wife was laying limp in the middle of the carpet, he looked at the boy, his boy, as he was playing with his toys as any boy his age, Martin knew that he would do anything he had to do in order to keep the boy safe. Never mind the fact that at only 8 year of age, the boy had done something so unspeakable that the child at his tender age could not fully comprehend what he had done. Martin knew what had happened but the authorities wouldn't listen to him, unless he was going to confess to a myriad of crimes that they had been trying to pin on him for several years.

Right now though Martin had something much more pressing to concern himself with than his relationship if you want to call it that with law enforcement officials. He had to decide what to do with his wife, because as he looked her over more slowly now there was one thing like it or not that was crystal clear: she was not coming back from this. Sure he and Shannon had the issues now, being married for over ten years at this point. If Martin were being completely honest he had thought about hatching a plot to get rid of her himself in the last year or two, but he never really thought about it seriously. No matter how much she nagged, moaned, and bitched about various things in their home, Shannon was still his wife and it was still hard to imagine he would be waking up everyday without her from now on and yet that is what he had to face.

Martin thought things through carefully, because that was just what he had always done. He was one of the best attorneys money could buy. Thinking things through and considering every possible scenario just goes with the territory as an attorney and that was just his legitimate business venture. There were several, much more sinister things that Martin did with his time away from the courthouse. That was the side of Martin Howe III that made him have such an adversarial relationship with law enforcement, that made him such a ruthless and yes even feared individual. Tonight's events though, they had really caused the tables to be turned for Martin because instead of inspiring fear in other people, he had something to genuinely fear himself and he could not decide how he wanted this situation to be handled.

Rest assured though he would find a way to get this situation resolved, and he would do so with the least number of people knowing about it because it was clearly where the less people that know the better. He had those kinds of resources at his disposal in order to do it. Continuing to watch his son play peacefully by himself, an idea was forming inside Martin's normally devious but right now over protective mind. He knew that if he could get Shannon's body downstairs that he could then call someone to have the problem taken care of while he and his son were away. He knows exactly who he can call too. This man asks very few questions generally speaking and just gets the job done, which is just the type of individual that would work perfectly in this instance.

Looking down at Shannon's body which was directly below him right now, Martin was struck by the fact that she just appeared so peaceful, more peaceful than she had in years. He also realized that Shannon was in a word tiny, as in 110 pounds soaking

wet tiny. The more that he thought about it, the more he realized that someone like himself who does not have the most upper body strength could move her pretty easily. Glancing over at his son he was still preoccupied with his toys the decision had been made and Martin scooped up Shannon in his arms one last time. He hadn't considered how much she would weigh as quite literally dead weight however. Martin almost dropped his wife until he was able to steady himself and throw Shannon over his shoulder much like a sack of potatoes.

Finally Martin was just about to take Shannon downstairs when he was stopped in his tracks by the one person that could in this instance. "Daddy, where are you and Mommy going?"

For a second Martin could have sworn that his heart stopped, but he decided to just be honest. "Mommy and Daddy are going to the basement because Mommy is going away for a while, and Daddy is going to help Mommy get ready for a trip."

"But Daddy, don't you know that Mommy went to sleep when she was playing with me earlier and I don't think that she has waked up yet."

Noticing that the child's burrow was starting to furrow while he has not taken his eyes off of his Mom, Martin knows he better say something quickly unless he wants to risk his son becoming angry with him. "Don't you worry about anything, my son. Daddy loves Mommy just as much as Daddy loves. You don't think that I would let you go anywhere before you are ready, do you?"

The smile on his son's face was unmistakable and Martin was thanking his lucky stars that the boy trusted him so thoroughly. "Yes Daddy, I know that you could never do anything wrong to me Mommy. I just wanted to make sure that you know Mommy is still sleeping."

Martin smiles right back at his son, finishing to put the boy's mind at ease, even giving him a little laugh. "Now that is a good boy my son, making sure that Daddy has all of the information that he needs. Yes though, I am aware that Mommy is still sleeping. I'll tell you what, I am going to take Mommy downstairs into the basement and get her ready so she can leave. While I am down there, why don't you clean up your toys and wait for Daddy to come back upstairs. Then you and Daddy can go and get some dinner, alright?"

"Mommy likes to go out for dinner too, Daddy. Do you think when Mommy wakes up you can ask her and maybe she will want to go to eat dinner with us before she goes away?"

The child was smart and inquisitive too as any child would be especially at that age. Therefore, Martin needed to choose his words carefully, because he did not want to create any suspicion in his child. "Such a smart and thoughtful little boy you are, thinking of your Mommy first. No, Mommy really needs to get ready to go on her trip so

she is going to need to skip dinner tonight. Maybe she will be able to go with us in the future. For now though, just pick up your toys and wait for me."

"Okay, Daddy."

Watching his son for a few fleeting moments until he is certain that he is picking up his toys and will not try to follow him down the stairs, Martin then starts making his way to the basement. The conversation with his son, despite the fact that it was short, made his wife's body that much heavier and Martin nearly fell down the steps with her. Once he got down to the basement he deposited Shannon's now increasingly cold, lifeless body on the rug in the middle of the basement floor. After several minutes that he used to catch his breath, Martin then took out his cell phone and started in motion the plan that he had devised upstairs to get rid of Shannon's body and make sure that his son was going to be okay. As he placed the phone up to his ear, he hoped that the problem solver was home and that he would be able to get rid of his wife's body quickly and quietly while he had his son out of the house.

"Yes, are you home and free right now? Good, I was hoping that you would say that because I need you to do a job for me, and the sooner you can get to it and finish the job would be greatly appreciated. I am in my basement along with a dead body on the floor. I am going away with my son who is already starting to ask a lot of questions so we will be out of the house for a couple of hours, and I need the body to be disposed of during this time so my son will not ask anymore questions. Can you do this for me in the time that I have asked you to? Good. Now as we know from previous experience it takes you a half an hour to get from your house to mine so I will be sure to be out of my house by the time you get here. The body will remain on the rug on the floor until you arrive at which time you are to use the rug to take up the body and dispose of it as quickly as possible. Don't call me until the job is finished. You will as always be paid handsomely for your time and trouble."

Martin clicked off his phone and after a brief pause with a huge sigh, he leaned down and kissed Shannon on the cheek one last time before returning upstairs where his son was waiting patiently for him. "I see that you have picked up all of your toys, good job. Are you ready for us to go get something for dinner then?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"That is a good boy. Here, let's go."

Martin took his son by the hand, and headed out the door stopping by the closet in the living room for Martin to grab their raincoats on the way out. It was not raining when they went outside however, so of course this led to more questions in the car while they were on their way to dinner. "Daddy, why did you bring our raincoats when it is not raining?"

Smiling again at his son's inquisitive nature, Martin was quick to answer while keeping his eyes on the road during the drive. "You are correct son, it is not raining right now. I was watching the weather forecast earlier though and the weatherman said that it might rain later on, and so I decided that grabbing our raincoats was a good idea just in case it does rain later on."

"Daddy, what is a forecast?"

The question itself made Martin laugh a little, because of how people generally view weather forecasts to begin with. Martin decides though when answering the question from his 8 year old that no is not the time to answer with a snide comment, instead opting for the truth. "A forecast is what men use to try and tell us what the weather is going to be like in the future, but they do not always get this correct. So a forecast is just their best guess."

This seemed to satisfy his son, and then something else caught his eye which gave him great joy. "Ronald McDonald's!!"

Martin laughed again as they pulled into the parking lot and turned off the car. Grabbing his son by the hand again Martin takes him and they go into the restaurant with their raincoats on now as it had finally started to rain. Once inside, Martin and his son go to the counter where Martin orders their meals. Quickly they get their food and sit down to eat after which Martin's son asks him a question that he already knew was coming when they first pulled into the drive, and they go so that Martin can watch while his son plays in McDonald's PlayPlace. He was watching his son for about five minutes when his phone rang. Looking at the number, he already knows who it is when he picks it up. "You know sir that I am with my very traumatized son right now, so you had better have a great reason for calling me."

Although saying that his son was very traumatized was a stretch, he did not like the fact that he was being called so soon, because to him that meant there might be an issue or issues with finishing the job, and he could not risk an issue or issues finishing the job. "Mr. Howe, I arrived at the place where you told me to sir, but there is an issue that needs to be resolved first, before I can complete the job."

Yep, there it was he thought, an issue. "What issue is there that would prevent the job from being completed? Because when I left the basement, the body was right there in the middle of the rug on the floor, so I don't know what could be stopping you from finishing the job, unless of course there is something that you are not telling me."

"Mr. Howe, everything is in place, just like you said it would be here, except for the fact that there is no body to dispose of in this room."

That was the one thing that he never could have expected, and although he would never let it show in his voice, Martin was suddenly very panicked as he realized while he and his problem solver continued to talk, this job was going to require a lot

more time and thought to get this job finished after all. Unfortunately time and thought were two things that he did have a lot of currently.

### Preparations

*Finally, this is just the type of night where my Son can show the world what he is really capable of.*

*More about that in a few minutes. First however, I do not wish to be rude so My name of course is Mr. Martin Howe III, primary partner and Chief Legal Officer of the Legal Firm of Dewey, Cheatum, and Howe. It is my esteemed privilege to discuss with all of you the man that I am the CREATOR of the most awesome force in professional wrestling today, tomorrow, and quite frankly every day. He is a man that gives more opponents the runs than Ex-Lax, the one, the only, the fierce...*

### *TSUNAMI!!!*

*Now as I was saying, this is exactly the type of night that I was waiting for ever since I decided to have my son start wreaking havoc over the Supreme Championship Wrestling roster. Not saying this has been going on for too long to begin with, but with the opponents that he is being fed on Breakdown so far, I was almost tempted to say that I could go in the ring and win a match myself. I wanted an opponent who would really push my son a little bit so that he would get angry and show everyone some things that even I have not seen so far.*

*I will give the powers that in SCW credit too, because they tried to come up with that worthy opponent for Tsunami, someone that would inspire the kind of performance from my Son that would make everyone stop and say "Oh Shit, look at what the new guy just did!"*

*They tried so hard to find someone that could do exactly that. They were not able to find such a person of course, at least not one that did not already have a match for this event because it is quite possible that person simply does not exist. In fact, I would argue precisely this, that 1-on-1 there is nobody that can touch my boy. SCW however, perhaps realizing that very thing already at this early point in his career, decided to do the next best thing and stick him in a contest where he has THREE opponents.*

*Many people would think that I would be upset by this and I will admit that was my initial reaction too. After all, why should Tsunami suffer having to defeat three people just because SCW can find one person who is suitable enough to face him alone? Just the thought is outrageous to consider, and when the match was first announced my initial reaction was to march right into Mr. D's office, a place that I have been very*









