



*[Dallas, Texas
Rise to Greatness Weekend]*

It was probably fair to say that Spirit Dansby had been rather unimpressed with her assignment over Rise to Greatness weekend. But it was also important to stress that Spirit was the consummate professional and if she was given a job, she would do that job, regardless of her personal opinion on the matter.

That was now she approached the task of interviewing the rather odd little man that had been introduced to her in the briefing pack from head office as Nate Patrick. And he was an odd little man too. He had the stick thin figure a model would aspire to and a moustache that wouldn't be out of place in porn. He was flamboyant, passionate, wore ludicrously loud clothes and had a voice that matched. Of course this was the manager of the strange new SCW tag team, the El Lucho Brothers! Why wouldn't they have someone who was just as eccentric as they were?

But in a way, despite his quirks, Spirit found she didn't actually dislike the man. Yes, he was unusual, yes, he was a little peculiar, he was loud - in terms of actual volume and in excitement - but he also seemed like a nice person.

That was the impression she got anyway.

But it wasn't Spirit Dansby's job to assess the man to find out his worth, it was her job to interview the man, so she had done just that. She had started with some basics, a little background information, and it didn't take long for her to discover that Nate Patrick appeared to both enjoy the sound of his own voice, but also, well, that he was truly proud of his clients and that he definitely held them in high esteem.

The way he talked about them, it wasn't just hyping them up to the camera that pointed and both himself and Spirit, you could tell that he truly did believe the praise he heaped upon the

El Lucho's, he had complete faith in them and saw them as superstars even if many in SCW had no idea who they were until they were signed and booked in their first match.

Spirit pushed of course, tried to get a few nuggets of real information out of the guy, but it was obvious that Nate Patrick was a seasoned veteran of the interview game because he wasn't giving anything away that he didn't want to.

Yes, he was instructed to attend the interview to help promote SCW's newest team and that meant answering the questions posed to him by Spirit with honesty... but he wouldn't betray any secrets either, because SCW may have hired the El Lucho Brother but that didn't mean they owned them. Employed then yes, but Nate wouldn't throw their entire careers under a bus just because an interviewer asked him to.

And it soon dawned on Spirit Dansby that she wouldn't be able to get anything out of him that Nate didn't want to divulge too. He may be eccentric, but he wasn't stupid. And so she listened to his impassioned speech and nodded where appropriate, and while she still did not seem entirely convinced that he had indeed answered her question, but she chose to accept what he was saying and simply move on. "Good to know. And now, onto my next question..."

"Fire away darling. Old Nick has got all the time in the world."

Spirit smiled kindly, though she looked stressed and it was obvious that she wished she had all the time in the world too. "So what would you say was the draw to SCW, given the number of offers you claim the El Lucho's received?"

"That ones easy." He shifted in his chair, ensuring his body language was open even if he had been guarded with his answers. "Supreme Championship Wrestling is the leader in sports and entertainment today. It says do at the start of every show, does it not? Yes siree, my boys darlin, they know that this company pushes the boundaries further than any other, north of the Mexican border. The time was right, the stars aligned and SCW made them an offer and they took one look at the product and didn't even have to think about it, nope!"

"But why change their minds just like that." She snapped her fingers. "If Grande and Venti have been turning down international offers for years, why the sudden change of heart now? It seems slightly out of character for them to change their mind overnight?"

"Ain't you ever changed your mind about anything, Spirit?" It was an honest question and one that got a considered nod. "As I said darling, the time was just right. You can spend your entire life not liking a food and one day decide you can, then suddenly wake up one day thinking 'today I'm gonna eat the thing' and boom, you like bananas all of a sudden. This is no different; my boys, they've spent their lives serving the wrestling fans in their home country, they've done it all. But now it's time to bring their particular brand of wrestling to the fans here in America, and I'm sure those fans will love them."

Spirit seemed sceptical. “So this isn’t just about the money then?” Mate looked upset at the suggestion. “I obviously mean no disrespect and neither am I throwing around accusations, but it has been suggested that the move comes a little late in the day in terms of their careers. Exact details are obviously scarce, but we do know that the El Lucho Brothers have almost forty years of experience between them, which makes it easy to take a rough guess at their ages, unless they started underage. One reading is that the move to America and signing with SCW is little more than a bumper paycheque before hanging up their boots. Is there anything to that?”

Nate sighed. “Why did you sign with SCW, Ms. Dansby?” Spirit looked affronted by the question. “I don’t wish to pry, Spirit, but we all have a reason for the things we do in life, so what was your reason for accepting a job with SCW if you don’t mind my asking?”

“No, I... well, I mean, this company is the single biggest company on the face of the planet, isn’t it? In the industry, it’s not just a top competitor but a market leader, broad audience that...”

Nate was polite with it, but he cut Spirit off as he’d heard enough. “Exactly, darlin’. Market leader and one of the biggest companies in the biz. The audience share SCW gets is huge, ain’t that just the thing! And now imagine you were one of the biggest draws in the whole of Mexico. You’re a national hero. You finally make the decision to jump to a bigger stage. How big you want that stage to be?” Nate holds up a finger a thumb, an inch apart. “You want it to be this big?” He then holds his arms out wide, as far as he can stretch. “Or you want it to be this big?”

Smiling, Spirit began to nod in understanding. “Okay, point taken. But you can’t say that the theory doesn’t hold some merit.”

“Absolutely. Or the possibility of merit at any rate. But listen darlin’, I know these boys better than anybody else involved with this company right now.” It was a fair comment to make, because people in SCW knew virtually nothing about the masked pair, where as their manager, he was the one who had convinced them to sign with the company in the first place. “This is a big honor for them, to get to compete on a huge stage like the one that SCW can offer. In fact, we have already arranged for them to enter things tomorrow night, though I’m not sure if that’s meant to be announced or not so you might want to edit it out. But ol’ Nate, he knows what this opportunity means to his boys, El Lucho Grande and El Lucho Venti, and it definitely is not just about money, in fact the money isn’t even remotely important, no siree.”

Spirit made a note on her clipboard. “I’ll check with the production team about whether we can use that, but I’ve made a note.” Nate smiled and nodding his thanks. “So what should we expect from The El Lucho Brothers now they’ve officially signed? Give our fans a taste of what’s to come and what they want to achieve in SCW.”

“Well darlin’, that one’s real simple for ol’ Nate to answer! The El Lucho Brothers are one of the most exciting tag teams in the business today and have been blowing away fans in Mexico for years. They have probably twenty championship reigns between them at least, and with the passion they have for the business, I am sure they will soon earn that right here too! As for what they aim to achieve... I think the most obvious aim is to win the World Tag Team Titles, their first outside of Mexico. But that is not something they expect to happen over night.” He shakes his head before adjusting his cowboy hat. “You ain’t gonna hear ol’ Nate try and petition for a tag title match or anything like that, no siree! What ol’ Nate does want though, because it is what his boys want, is for the El Lucho Brothers to get the chance to simple face the other teams in the division and showcase what they can do! They want to face Twin Magic, Infamous, The Truelove Twins, Zero Fudgsicles To Give, anyone and everyone that shares the same goal of becoming tag champ or currently holds the titles, though non-title of course.”

“And I assume you think they’re up for the job? We have some prolific teams in the division here in SCW, some teams who have done great things... do you think the Lucho’s can compete?”

Nate nodded his head in delight. “I sure do! I have seen these boys go against some of the best that Mexico has to offer and beat them! I won’t talk about them being better than anyone in SCW, but I sure as haitch ee double hockey sticks plan to back my boys if or when they get their chance! In fact, that reminds me of a story I was told, when--”

Spirit’s face drops, thinking that Nate is gonna go off on a tangent again. Fortunately for her and unfortunately for Nate, the door to the hotel room opened and a member of the SCW crew walked in, carrying a cell phone. “**Sorry to interrupt Spirit, but we’ve got a call from Sasha that you have to take.**”

“**Sorry Nate, I’ll just be a moment.**” Spirit stood up from her chair and dropped her clipboard into it, before walking over to the member of the crew and she took the phone from them before making for the door. “**Hi Sasha, sorry, I’m in the middle of an interview...**”

Nate watched Sasha leave the room before turning back to look at the camera crew. He sucked his teeth before puffing out his cheeks and blowing the air out. Tapping away at his thighs with his fingers, he looked around the room for a moment before turning to look back at the crew. “**So, lemme tell you about the time that...**”

To Be Continued...

:: SELF LOVE IS IMPORTANT ::

*[St. Louis, Missouri
Under Attack Weekend]*

As a professional wrestler, was there a time more exhilarating than a pay per view weekend?! The fans flooding into a city, the excitement of the big matches, the title defences that usually took place, the big event feeling that filled every bar and restaurant, every hotel foyer. And of course, it was an opportunity for the powers that be in a wrestling company to flex their creative muscles too, dreaming up the craziest matches possible to fit the ongoing feuds within the company.

That was something that truly made pay per views special for the fans, the matches that truly lived up to the spectacle of the occasion. But it wasn't just the fans that benefitted from that level of excitement, but the wrestlers themselves too.

It was definitely an exciting time for the pairing of El Lucho Grande and El Lucho Venti, at any rate. This wasn't their first rodeo; with almost forty years of experience between them, they had seen more than their fair share of pay per view events, even if a good number of them weren't on the scale of the one's held by SCW... but in terms of their employment with the Canadian company, this was their second pay per view since signing their contracts and their first with an actual scheduled appearance.

They had made their pay per view debut in somewhat more understated fashion, taking part in a battle royal without being announced as entrants in the match, and while they got a kick out of that, seeing their names on the Under Attack poster - as small as the print was - left a much bigger feeling of excitement and anticipation flowing through the men Mexican lucha stars and for them, the most exciting part was that this was just the beginning!

The event itself was due to take place the following day, but the crew has already been extremely busy, getting the Enterprise Center ready to hold Under Attack and while the ring was already assembled in the main auditorium, there was plenty of evidence throughout the remainder of the building that pointed towards what would be taking place only twenty four hours later.

Banners and posters lined the halls that would - in just one more sleep - be opened to each and every member of the SCW universe that had purchased a ticket for the Under Attack event and boy, had the crew done a great job. Compliments are important, the slightest one can put a smile on someone's face instead of a frown.

And the scale of the thing... Grande and Venti were absolutely staggered at how big everything felt as they walked through the merchandise area, Venti pulling two large boxes in a red wagon with '**COFFEE FLYER**' painted on the side in white lettering.

They marvelled at everything they saw: the Coffee boys may be famous in the whole of Mexico, but the scale of everything in America was just so much bigger. They say everything is bigger in Texas and that may be the case, but compared to the rest of the world, everything in America was just generally bigger regardless of the state in which you were situated!

And the merchandise! Oh boy, the merchandise that was on offer at these events; both Grande and Venti were speechless, their faces filled with shock at the vasy array of things on offer to the fans the following night, who would be queuing around the concourse to get their hands on the various keepsakes, trinkets and apparel that SCW's merch department had cooked up. They would make a killing!

And that was exactly why El Lucho Grande and El Lucho Venti were there.

<"Sir. Are you sure this is a good idea?">

<"Of course! El Lucho Grande does not have bad ideas. Just different ones. You know this mate.">

Venti looked thoughtful. At least he did under the mask. You'll have to take my word for that.

<"I'm not sure, bro."> The skeleton mask of Venti's made the apprehension kind of amusing. It also looked incredibly funny, because while the two men wore their masks, they were wearing full street clothes. Jeans, sneakers, and t-shirts with sports coats on top. Full on smart casual. The juxtaposition was a thing of beauty. <"This is our first official pay per view as wrestlers in the company. Do we really want to get into trouble so soon?">

<"Why would we get into trouble?"> Venti came to a stop, the Coffee Flyer bumping a little at the sudden lack of momentum. Grande took about three more steps before he realized the sound of the wheels squeaking had stopped. <"We're SCW wrestlers now bruv, so we should be represented. Besides, we also represent an entire country too, don't we? Can't have our own fans back home be upset because there's no Lucho Brothers merchandise for sale, can we?">

<"But our fans back 'home' still won't be able to buy it sir, because they're at home.">

Grande stops to think about that for a second. <"They can get it shipped!">

<"Not if it's not online anywhere for them to buy, bro!">

This seems to have Grande stumped again before he holds up a finger. If lightbulbs above the head was a thing, he would definitely have one. <"Then we open a store on pro wrestling tees! That way, they can get t-shirts delivered like everyone else.">

<"But that... you know what, fuck it. Come on, let's get going."> Venti grabbed the handle of the Coffee Flyer and set off walking again and Grande nodded to himself in satisfaction before falling into pace with his tag partner.

They continued along the concourse to the first of the two main merchandise areas, where piles of stock were laid out, ready for the following night. Venti pulled up the cart next to the stand and looked around.

<"You know sir, I have no idea how they think up all this crap.">

<"I know, me either. Seriously, who needs Sienna Swann sunglasses? Heavenly sunglasses my backside!"> Grande picked up the sunglasses and looks at them, a scoff escaping his mouth and through his mask. <"And don't get me started on that stuff!">

Venti looked at where Grande was pointing. It was at the Bree Lancaster t-shirts. <"Not a fan of Breemerica?">

<"It was hard enough for us to get into this country, the last thing I want to do is have to apply for another visa!">

Venti sniggered. The sound somewhat muffled by his mask. <"Okay, let's see what you got done..."> He grabbed a box from the Coffee Flyer and lifted it onto the counter. <"I hope you didn't go to Disreputable Diego again for this stuff. His last batch of t-shirts caught fire if you sat on them...">

<"I'm pretty sure that was Samsung phones, not t-shirts...">

Venti thought about that for a moment. <"Noooo... I'm fairly sure it was our last run of shirts. My uncle, Juan, he fell asleep one night while wearing one and woke up on fire!">

<"He woke up on fire?">

Venti nodded. "Sir"

<"Are you sure he didn't fall asleep smoking a cigarette again? Because he has done that many times before, bruv.">

<"Ah... you know, maybe I am thinking about Samsung phones. Doesn't matter anyway, to the opening!">

Venti looked around the merch stand, faltering for a moment, before spotting what he was looking for. There was a pair of scissors on the side, by the cash register, and he grabbed them before using them to open the tape on the box. <"Not too shabby, huh?">

<"Bro... these look great!"> Venti had taken a t-shirt out from the box and was holding it up. The image on the front was a large coffee cup but where the regular coffee company logo would go, it was the Lucho Brothers coffee logo instead. He turned them around, and the back of the shirt featured a price list, including various coffee shop items, but the last three items were substituted for 'El Lucho Grande' and 'El Lucho Venti' - both listed as 'priceless' and the final item being "One Ass Kicking - FREE OF CHARGE". <"You've outdone yourself, sir!">

<"I'm not just a pretty face, mate. Or pretty mask anyway."> Venti was in awe at the t-shirts... though in truth, the quality wasn't exactly amazing. The design was okay, but the quality of the shirts used wasn't on the same level as the usual SCW merchandise and it was evident that the stuff was more of a DIY effort than mass-produced.

<"Easily worth the thirty five bucks that SCW charges, I think!"> Venti folded the shirt back up and placed it on the counter before removing the remaining shirts from the box. <"Do you think we should sell them cheaper though?">

<"No way. They are worth every cent of the thirty five dollars that the stand charges, Venti!">

<"I know they're worth that!"> Venti threw up a hand defensively, because he didn't want Grande to get offended or angry. <"But here's what I'm thinking... if we only charge twenty five instead of thirty five... more people may buy them, because they see them as a bargain!">

Grande thought about that for a second before his eyes lit up. Again, mask, take our word for it. <"Genius!"> Grande seemed excited about the idea, and he gave his friend a big thumbs up. <"That way, we get more people wearing them in the crowd, which means more people want them... then we make more money and sell more shirts which means more people want them!">

<"Exactly!">

<"Do it!">

Venti, grinning beneath his mask, grabbed a t-shirt and climbed up onto the counter, before stepping on his tiptoes to reach the display of shirts hanging above. He removed one of the t-shirts and replaced it with the Lucho Brothers t-shirt in his hand, letting the removed shirt fall. Below him, Grande found a marker and waited, holding it out to Venti. Turning, Venti spotted Grande holding the sharpie out for him and he took it before adjusting the price tag next to their shirt, which now read \$25 instead of \$35 as it had done for the previous shirt.

Venti climbed down and admired his handy work.

<"Fits in brilliantly, don't it?">

<"Like a glove... or a shirt, I guess?">

<"Hey! Replica gloves! That ain't a bad idea!">

Venti nodded his head. <"YES!">

<"Okay, so..."> Grande began to look around at the piles of merchandise, before snapping his fingers and pointing. As he looked, Venti grabbed the stack of Lucho Brothers shirts and lifted them. <"I'm just gonna put these away for safekeeping..."> He grabbed a large pile of Syren "Greatest Female Wrestler" shirts and removed them all from the tables behind the counter, making a convenient space.

<"You know, I'm gonna have to put these down, my back is suddenly killing me!"> Venti placed the stack of Lucho Brothers t-shirt down, putting them in the first convenient space he could find... which just so happened to be where the Syren t-shirts had been, a moment previous. Venti rubbed his back theatrically before standing back to admire their handywork.

<"That'll do for me... next stand?">

Venti nodded his head and turned to pack the now empty box onto the Coffee Flyer, but before they'd taken more than a couple of steps, Grande stopped.

<"Just wondering... what do you think we should do with these?"> Grande gestured to the Syren t-shirts in his arms with a nod.

<"We should probably put them somewhere safe, sir. Do you want to put them on the Flyer?">

Grande thought for a moment. <"Actually, I think I know just the place. Come on!">

Grande set off and Venti watched for a second before following, pulling the Flyer behind him. He wasn't sure where his compatriot was heading right until the moment he came to a stop next to a trash can, dropping the shirts into it. <"There. Perfectly safe! Okay, to the next booth!">

Venti watched him head off, whistling to himself as he went. Venti shook his head, sighing.

<"We're definitely getting in trouble for this...">

Fifteen minutes later, the pair had finished 'restocking' the booths with merchandise and Venti was now pulling an empty Coffee Flyer behind him as they headed back for the doors that they'd used to enter the building.

<"I still can't believe you took a shirt...">

Venti looked down at the Regan Street tee he was now wearing under his sports coat, grinning to himself under the mask. <"What? She's hot! Besides, if they're actually upset, they can take it out of my paycheck. I left an IOU!">

<"Meh. I preferred her a few of years ago."> Venti slapped his friend up the back of the head, but all Grande did was chuckle to himself. Then the pair froze, both at the same time, their body language tense as they appeared to be listening. And it was obvious as to why. Footsteps. Heavy footsteps, ringing through the empty hallway. "Merde."

The footsteps grew louder and Grande and Venti both turned to run, but unfortunately they turned to run in the opposite direction to one another and ended up running into one another, leaving them in a heap on the floor.

<"FUCK!"> <"Watch it, dickhead!">

The pair spoke in unison, making quite the din, and the footsteps only quickened and they knew they were out of time. Knowing they had no choice but to accept their fate, the two climbed to their feet and dusted themselves down before looking in the direction just in time to see the owner of the ringing footsteps appear in view.

"There you are!" Nate Patrick rushed over to them, looking out of breath, red in the face and sweaty. "Holy smokes, ol' Nate didn't realize how big this darn arena was, yes siree!"

Venti and Grande looked at one another then back to Nate. Venti reached into the Flyer and grabbed his old t-shirt that he had swapped for the Regan Street shirt at the merch stand.

"For sweating?"

Nate looked at him for a moment before realizing what he meant. "Oh. Yes, thanks Venti!" He dabbed the t-shirt at his face to dry off the sweat then attempted to hand it back to Venti.

"Can keep, sil!"

"Most kind." Nate said, letting the shirt dangle from his hand as he lowered his arm. "Now, where was I? Oh yeah, I've been looking for you guys for hours! Do neither of you answer your damn phones?!"

Grande and Venti both patted their pockets before shrugging and looking back at Nate.

"I dunno why I bothered buying you them if you never carry them around..."

<"He knows we already have our own phones, doesn't he?">

<"I didn't have the heart to tell him that we aren't as backwards as he believes we are...">

"Come now boys, you know ol' Nate ain't so fluent in Mexican!"

"Spanish..."

"Huh?"

"In Mexico. We are speak Spanish, no Mexicano."

"Oh right. Of course." Nate then waved the conversation away, wafting the sweat-covered shirt around theatrically. "Anyway, not the point. Look, Ol' Nate has you an appearance tonight! I got you a signing at Barnes and Noble, right after Zero Fudgsicles To Give do one! They wanted to extend the signing, but Autumn and Watson refused, so I volunteered you two to step in!" Grande and Venti looked at one another then back at Nate, blankly gazing at him. "You know. Sign stuff. Autographs? Autographio? Signaturisimo?"

<"Does he mean autographs?"> Venti was hazarding a guess, and Grande just shrugged. So Venti turned back to Nate and mimed the act of writing something.

Nate nodded his head, relieved they had got the gist. "Yes! Bingo! Autographs, signing things! Boy, ol' Nate really wishes he could speak Mexican..."

"We sign?"

"Yep! Signing session, photos and stuff. That's all you need to do, sign the paper and pose for photos?"

"Sil!"

"And you're sure?" Nate seemed hesitant, unsure that they had got the point. "Ol' Nate doesn't want a repeat of Rise To Greatness weekend. Giving espresso to a six year old was not acceptable, you know that now, right?"

"Hai!"

Nate faltered. "Was that... was that Japanese?"

Grande nodded. "Oui!"

Nate rolled his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, taking a moment. Both Venti and Grande looked at one another and they were shaking slightly, evidently trying to hold back from laughing. <"This really is too much fun...">

<"Slightly mean though...">

<"But still fun!">

Nate let go of the bridge of his nose and just looked at his clients. "Doesn't matter, doesn't matter... come on, if we go quick, we should have enough time to grab some food before going to the store."

And with that, Nate turned and scuttled off in the way he had come from, leaving Grande and Venti to watch him leave. They shared a look before heading off after him, Venti pulling the Coffee Flyer behind him as they power-walked to keep up. Their footsteps and the squeaking of the Flyer's wheels merging into one cocophany of sound as the trio made their exit from the concourse of the arena. The life of a professional wrestler was never a dull one, that was for sure...



FROM THE PEN OF

el lucho venti

Disclaimer:

The following is a written statement from El Lucho Venti, written in his native language and translated into English for the benefit of the Supreme Championship Wrestling audience. Any mistakes in translation lie firmly at the hands of the translator, who probably just used google translate out of sheer laziness, and should be taken purely as unintentional. Thank you for reading.

[November 5th. 2019]

Hello SCW!

Si, it is I again, your friendly neighborhood coffee enthusiast, back with another letter of his love for all of Universe of Supreme Championship Wrestling! OLE!

And I am being happy today, oh yes indeed I am being. Because were you watch Under Attack?! We did it! Yes, El Lucho Grande and El Lucho Venti were being winners at Under Attack, defeating Cat Black Bandits in Lucha Libre showcase.

As El Lucho Grande would say: ¡Olé!

