

On Camera

“Please allow me to introduce myself, or reintroduce myself as the case may be. Because you need to know before this goes any further, before I walk out from behind the shadows and let you see that I am the man who really stirs the Tsunami’s drink so to speak, all of you know who I am. More than that though, I am so very fond of all of you in the SCW universe. I will always have a place in my heart for each and every one of you.

What’s that, do you mean to tell us, oh mystery man, that you know the SCW universe already and a more important revelation is perhaps that you and not his father Martin Howe III is in control of Tsunami?

At this point, I want to make one thing perfectly clear and that is this: Nobody controls Tsunami, alright? The man is uncontrollable to anybody. Martin is his father, the man who is best suited to calm him, if in fact we want him to be calmed. Sometimes it is just best if you stand off in the distance and let the river rage rather than get caught in the undertow yourself.

As for me and what I am to Tsunami, I guess you could call me an advisor sorts, or maybe more of a guide. But I do not give Tsunami direction as much as I am there to offer him options.

It is a very delicate balance that Martin and have worked years to achieve despite the fact that Tsunami’s career has just started. By now of course I am sure that you must be wondering who am I? You will get the answer to that and many other questions all in good time. Everything happens for a purpose after all, and the question of my identity is not any different.

By the time we finish our time together this evening my identity will no longer remain a question that is unanswered.

First though, let’s continue our story, Tsunami’s story, shall we?”

Off Camera

Everything looked absolutely perfect to Martin and you would have to think that it should be because tonight was a very important night for him. His problem solver Ronald had called him this afternoon and told him that he had some pictures to share with him which to Martin meant only one thing;

Shannon was dead.

Just saying those words to himself made Martin feel positively giddy, in a way that a man should not feel to be honest. Shannon was the Mother of his son, and

privately, but only privately he would admit to still having so sort of romantic feelings for her also. The fact is, while the two of them had separated in their minds for years, he and Shannon never actually did get that divorce. Many of their friends used to wonder why there had ever been a marriage to begin with, though they would never say as much to Martin's or Shannon's face for that matter. The last thing that anyone would want to do was find themselves on Mr. Howe's bad side, so it was best to leave disparaging thoughts about either the couple or their marriage to oneself.

But now Shannon Howe after all that she did to deceive Martin and their young son was no longer with us. That was a fact of course that was going to cause Martin some problems with his son, because it could be guaranteed that no matter how you tried to explain this to him he was not going to be happy about the fact that his Mom had passed away. The boy was only eight years old and there would be no denying it, there would be plenty growing that he was going to lack because he would now be going through his formative years without the woman who had brought him into this world. But Shannon's betrayal was not one to be tolerated and because of this her demise was one to be celebrated.

Oh how Martin knew that it was wrong to feel this way but he just couldn't help it, Shannon was dead and because of it Martin had the ultimate reason to smile. The last time he had felt this good where there was a woman involved in the equation he was zipping up his pants after handing her a \$100 bill as she walked out of the door of his hotel room. Now he was getting ready to look at pictures of her demise by cleaning up his home as if he were a teenager getting ready for a date.

No, he would worry about the boy later he thought as he watched Ronald's car pull into the drive and the engine was cut off.

Tonight was a night for celebration and as Ronald knocked on his front door, and celebrate was precisely what Martin Howe III had planned to do as he sat down in his La-Z-Boy sipping a martini.

Life was good, life was good indeed.

"Please let yourself in, Ronald." The front door to the home opens and Ronald steps inside and closes the door quickly behind him. Martin watched as the man took off his jacket and his ever present black cowboy hat before turning and looking at him through his sunglasses, which he wore even at night. There was a time when Martin had considered asking why Ronald never took his sunglasses off, but as time went on it just didn't seem important in the grand scheme of things. Ronald would always solve whatever problems Martin always brought to him, so Martin didn't care about something so trivial as whether or not Ronald wore sunglasses inside of the house and why.

"Hello, Mr. Howe sir. I would ask how you are doing this evening, but I think that I already know."

"You definitely ought to know Ronald, given the news you gave to me earlier this evening. Now before we get into particulars of your payment however there is a little matter of some pictures that I asked you to take for me as proof that your job was completed, not that I don't trust you implicitly.

"Absolutely Mr. Howe, I understand."

Despite the fact that Martin did trust Ronald more than any other adult on this earth, Ronald still had not moved a muscle since taking off his hat and jacket, a fact that was starting to make Martin very nervous. "Well don't just stand there Ronald, come over here and show me what I expect to be shown damn it!"

"Right, sorry sir."

Ronald comes to the side of Martin's chair and takes a knee before handing him an envelope. Martin reaches inside of the envelope and finds several photographs of a woman dead inside. Martin does not even try to hide a smile as he looks over the photographs. "As always, this is good work done, and in minimal time to have it done as well as usual, Ronald. No matter what situation might present itself, I can always count on you, Ronald."

"That is what I am always looking to achieve sir. Complete and total satisfaction with my efforts, no matter what the job may entail."

"And I am once again completely happy with those efforts. Now with that being said, you did say that there might be something that I could help you with, so I am wondering what you have in mind? Because you are the one person who right now I would do almost anything to help."

A grin slowly takes form across Ronald's face, knowing what he was going to ask for and knowing that at this point, Martin would eagerly agree to help him.

"Mr. Howe sir, do you remember about the little community that I have been trying to form, the community that I would need your help when the time is ready for things to start happening for me?"

"Of course I do Ronald. It would be my distinct privilege to be of assistance to you any way that I can."

Ronald laughs to himself, knowing that things are going better for him than even he could have imagined and that now because of it after this night nothing is ever going to be the same.

For him.

For Martin

For anyone

"I am so glad to hear you say that Mr. Howe because....

It's time to plant the seeds."

On Camera

Oh my word, who could have guessed that Martin Howe III's problem solver Ronald was really none other than Lester Damron, patriarch of the Damron Family?

Who?

WHO?!

I would, that's who would have guessed it.

Coming into the light is none other than Lester Damron himself.

You see it was me, I told you that all of you knew who I was all along. You see, my parents named me Ronald, Ronald Lester Damron. Martin Howe and I have been workin' together for one very long time.

Hi, have you missed me SCW?

It's time to plant the seeds!

Pride

Autumn Valentine, I wonder how well you have been able to sleep at night recently?

I'm sorry if you believe that is none of my business, although I can assure you that the reason I am asking is not because I am being offensive in any way. The last thing I would want to do is give you that impression and upset because I have been a fan of yours for several years. You started out beside Christy Matthews but quickly became a manager for Dark Fantasy and Infamous as well. Both Syren and Ravyn Taylor have gone on to have Hall-of-Fame careers that have included multiple times for each of them as SCW World Champion.

