

**Stardate: 20220521**

Marshall sits alone in the PT Space Cruiser heading to a place he never thought he'd go, looking for someone he never thought he'd see again. Terry Marshall is headed for Tatooine, more specifically The Mos Eisley Cantina. Marshall is heading there to find the man that can help him in the war with the Space Pirates, and the man that could help him find and rescue Space Lord and the Desolater crew.

Many things had been running through Terry Marshall's head, not just the upcoming T.H.O.T.G rumble, but also who could help him save Space Lord and the Desolater Crew. Maybe his old friend Harry "The Hairstylist" Hotcakes, or he remembered major Helmet had said that Boba Tea Fatone still owed Space Lord a favor, and once heard First Mate Kirk suggest a Klingon named Worf as an ally in the past. All of these men would be helpful but Marshall knew exactly who he needed, and he knew where to find him.

As Marshall flew through space he was given time to think, and when he starts to think he starts to monologue, and Marshall is never one to waste a monologue.

**Monologue:**

That's right, starting off with a monologue, throwing you a curveball. Just when you think you've got all the answers, I change the questions. Marshall is currently flying under the radar, and I don't mean the radar detection systems of the Space Pirates, I mean the radar of the other competitor in the Taking Hold of the Flame rumble.

Marshall had been streaming the words that the other contestants had been sharing about the T.H.O.T.F. What, do you think there isn't wifi in space? All the satellites Elon & Bezos are popping off there is bound to be at least 3G up there. At the time of this recording, no one has yet to mention Terry Marshall's name, which doesn't deter Marshall but fuels him.

Ya know dudes, I thought old Thundering Terry Marshall coming to Sup Cee Dub was going to cause quite a stir on the Worldwide Web, but no one is even talking about how Thundermania has been running wild all over Breakdown. At first, it hurt me, brother, and made me think the sport had forgotten about me. But then I thought about how I don't need the approval of the other members of T.H.O.T.F because I got all the Thunderamaniacs backing me up dude.

The Thunderamaniacs were out there fueling me, singing my praises, and talking about the glory days. Well, brother, those glory days aren't over yet, and the best of Thundermania is yet to come when I take hold of that flame and move on to Rise of Greatness to achieve the highest

high in the history of Thundermania, winning not just A world championship, BUT, THE world championship, the Supreme Championship Wrestling world championship.

I know the odds are against me in T.H.O.T.F, just like they are against me in rescuing Space Lord. But, just like the Thunderamaniacs have my back, I'm headed to get some help from a brother I know will have my back. When I'm in the rumble I may be in that ring by myself, but all the Thunderamaniacs are with me in spirit, and they'll all be surrounding the ring and cheering me on as I rock and roll, and toss thirty-nine other superstars over the top.

Marshall sets the coordinates for his destination on the and grips the controls of the ship tighter. He grits his teeth as a new wave of focus and determination rushes over him.

Some people may think I'm in Sup Cee Dub and T.H.O.T.F to make a name for myself, but those people are wrong. I've been a name for longer than some of the dudes and dudettes in the rumble have been alive. This isn't about fame and glory for me brother, it's about my love of the sport and my burning desire to compete, and do so at the absolute highest level possible. I could be in Hollywood filming smash hit movies. I could be doing the reality TV deal. I could hit the convention scene and sign autographs, or I could even open a Karaoke bar and a beach shop. But I love this sport, it is a part of me and I can't leave it no matter how hard I try.

I don't have anything to prove, because I've proven I'm the best more than once. But this new generation seems to need a reminder of who The God of Thunder is. They need a reminder that it isn't safe to stand in the eye of the storm. They will learn all of those things at T.H.O.T.F. Most importantly they will learn what it is to be... THUNDERSTRUCK!

With the coordinate now locked in Marshall sets the PT Space Cruiser to ludicrous speed, a speed so fast it can do the Kessel Run in 11 parsecs, ah, suck it, Han Solo. Marshall straps his safety harness on and cranks the throttle wide open and jumps through space to a galaxy far, far away. It is not long until Marshall arrives at Tatooine. As bad as the harsh desert world of Las Vegas is, this was even worse. After the fall of the Hutt Cartel, several other smaller cartels had been fighting for control of this small planet, only causing the twin sun orbiting planet to become harsher.

Marshall parks the cruiser and turns on its cloaking device to hide it from the view of others, and has disguised himself the best he can by putting on a hooded robe. Marshall doesn't want or have any time for trouble, and he knows to be revealed as himself would bring forth challengers for his supreme intergalactic duo's championships he holds with Space Lord. Marshall pulls the hood of the robe up to cover his golden skullet and Fu Manchu as he heads into the cantina. As Marshall reaches the cantina, he notices the wall where Space Lord had once big banged Death

Lord through, and there he can still see the outline of Death Lords' body. Marshall's mind becomes flooded with memories of his best friend and partner, the adventures they have had together, and the danger and uncertainty of what he may be facing at the hands of the space pirates.

Marshall feels his fist tighten in rags as he thinks of the damage that the Starship Desolater recently received from the Space Pirates, but Marshall is able to swallow his rage before he causes a scene. Marshall enters the cantina, and it is as wild and crazy as legend has said. Not even bringing in Patrick Swayze as a cooler and Sam Elliot as a bouncer could calm this wild dive bar. Marshall pushes his way through the crowds to the bar, and with his head still hidden saddles up to an open barstool.

*“What’ll it be darlin?”* the female Gamorrean bartender asks, well I think she was Gaemorrean, could have just been Curtis's momma. *“Fuzzy Tauntaun”*, Marshall replies with a low voice. As the bartender goes to make his drink Marshall looks around the bar but does not see who he came looking for. As the bartender returns with his drink Marshall asks her, *“is the Cowboy here?”*.

The Gamorrean leans on the bar and says, *“sweetie, that’ll cost you more than that drink”*. Marshall grumbles and tosses a sack of money onto the bar top. The bartender picks it up and feels the weight in her hand, she smiles and says, *“last I heard the Cowboy was on Arvala-7, wrangling Blurg”*.

Marshall says nothing, stands from the bar, and begins to walk away, but unbeknownst to him, the Ewok beside him was standing on his robe. As Marshall walks the robe stays under the little bear's foot and pulls it off of Marshall, revealing his identity to everyone in the cantina. We hear an audible record scratch, which is weird because there isn't a record player around. The cantina falls silent. Marshall readies himself for an attack, as he looks around the bar trying to spot any would-be attackers, but instead, a voice rings from the back of the bar, *“IT’S SPACE LORDS PARTNER!!!”*. The entire bar then begins to cheer and toast Space Lord, using Marshall as his proxy.

A few hours and several fuzzy tauntauns later, Marshall removes the cloak from the cruiser, and prepares to blast off from the desert planet, but was too buzzed to fly. Never drink and fly starships kids. After sleeping off the fuzzy tauntauns Marshall blasts off from the desert planet to another desert planet, apparently Cowboys like deserts. Soon, Marshall finds himself on Arvala-7, which is an out-of-the-way world, frequented by criminals and mercenaries. The perfect place for the Cowboy to retire too to wrangle and raise Blurg.

In his search for the Cowboy, Marshall climbs a mountain and peers out over onto the sandy landscape looking for any sign of life. As Marshall spots what appears to be a ranch, he hears an Amban rifle click behind him. Whoever this is, they were good, because you have to be really good to get the drop on Terry Marshall. Marsha raises his hands, and hears a familiar voice ask, “*what’s your business here?*”.

Marshall would know this voice anywhere, it is the Cowboy. With his hands in the air and his back still to the Cowboy, Marshall says, “*what do you call a Bantha with no leg?*”. The Cowboy says nothing but begins to lower the rifle a bit, but still holds it steady. “*Ground Bantha*”, Marshall says as he looks back over his shoulder with a smirk.

The gun is lowered and Marshall’s eyes are now locked on The Cosmic Cowboy Andy Wylde. The Cosmic Cowboy’s colorful cowboy hat is pulled down covering his bearded face, the sleeves of his shirt are cut into fringes that show off his massive biceps that drip with sweat. The cowboy’s entire outfit is quite colorful and even contains fringes around his boots, apparently this cowboy, just like Space Lord, likes his fringes.



"*MARSHALL...you son of a b\*tch!*", the Cowboy says as he lowers the gun and steps toward Marshall. Marshall turns to him, both men looking extremely serious march toward one another until they finally meet in the epic high five, handshake, bicep flex combo that Carl Weathers and Arnold did in Predator, yeah I know Marshall and Space Lord did it earlier, but seriously has there ever been a cooler handshake in the history of handshakes?

The two men spend time catching up and with Marshall explaining to the Cowboy what had happened with the Space Pirates. As the night turns into day the two men are sitting around a fire

in the Cowboy's backyard. *"It sounds like you have a war brewing, how strong is your army?"* the Cowboy asks.

Marshall sits up in his chair and leans forward resting his arms on his knees and replies, *"brother, right now I'm a one-man army, which is why I'm here asking a friend to come help me save one of our brothers."*

This piques the Cowboy's interest, causing him to sit up and say, *"oh yeah, brother?"*

Marshall replies, *"brother with just you and I, those Pirates it would find out what happens when mega powers explode."*

The Cowboy smirks and shakes his head, and then says *"so, you're here to recruit me for a suicide mission, you need a soldier for your army"*.

Marshall replies with a very serious look and tone, *"I don't need a soldier, I need the former supreme intergalactic champion, I need an absolute savage, who knows what it takes to be a king, I need someone who can harness the madness, I need a brother."*

The Cowboy takes a slow drink from his mug, and changes his view from Marshall to the fire, *"I'm not that same fighter, I have retired since our last run since I lost the GCWA tag team titles. If you came to recruit me for your war, I'm afraid you've wasted your time, I'm not a warrior anymore."*

Marshall stares at the Cowboy for a moment and then says, *"the fighting spirit you had, the skills you had, the passion for the madness you had... it never truly goes away"*. The Cowboy does not reply and continues to stare at the fire. Marshall swallows the rest of his drink and stands up walking away leaving the Cowboy staring at the fire.

Marshall returns to his Cruiser and prepares to head back to Earth, it's a long trip back to Earth, and the Johnson Space Center is pretty strict with its arrival window times. Marshall sits in his pilot's chair, baffled by the fact that his old friend had given it up, and contemplating how he would save his best friend, and of course, his mind was never far from the Taking Hold of the Flame rumble. Marshall's mind was racing like the USSR and the U.S. raced to the moon. He needed something to take his mind off of everything, he needed something to help him focus, he needed to...monologue.

**Monologue Part Deux:**

Time is ticking away, minute by minute, second by second, as the grains of sand in the hourglass drop. That time is not only the time until I step into the T.H.O.T.F rumble, but also the grain of sands of my career. I...

Marshall pauses for a long time, closing his eyes and deep in thought. He shakes his head and sighs with a slow exhale as he opens his eyes.

My best friend and tag team partner is being held hostage, I've got no idea how I'm going to rescue him. The Cosmic Cowboy has given up on me. I'm responsible for keeping the Uranus youth juice safe and by doing so keeping King Candy and all of his people safe. So, I have to admit I feel a little selfish focusing on the T.H.O.T.F rumble at all. Well, brother, I know that Space Lord would want me to not only compete in the rumble, and not just win it, but absolutely dominate it.

Space Lord is a warrior, maybe the most ultimate warrior I've ever known. So, for the T.H.O.T.F rumble, I'm going to channel my inner Space Lord, and I will take no prisoners.

Marshall pauses for another moment. He lowers his head for only a few seconds, but as he raises his head back up his face is now covered with the same face paint that Space Lord wears.

As I, Terry Marshall travel the cosmos... TO TAKING HOLD OF THE FLAME...by the most unconventional of methods. I realize what started out as a simple trip to get some Uranus juice has been totally FUBARed!

TOTAL MALFUNCTION!

All that is left is total destruction. NOT OF SELF!

NO SELF DESTRUCTION, BUT DESTRUCTION OF ALL OTHERS WHO DESIRE TO HOLD THE FLAME!

While I travel by these unconventional methods, filled with unconventional challenges and hurdles, the normies that also desire the flame, travel in the easiest and stress-free conventional methods possible. They travel by American Air, by Delta, by South West, and even some by Spirit Air. Do any of those thirty-nine realize ALL THAT IS LEFT IS TOTAL DESTRUCTION!?!

Do you, Owen, show self-pity? DO YOU, ACE SKY, try to reason why? Do you, Hairless Penguin, try and comfort the normies that surround you and have even more fear than you? Or, do you, Braddock, kick the doors out? Kick the cockpit door down? Take the two pilots that have

already made the sacrifice so that you can face this challenge. Dispose of them, Braddock. Assume the controls. SHOVE THOSE CONTROL INTO A NOSEDIVE, BRADDOCK!

Push yourself to total self-destruction. AS YOU REALIZE, Sarah Cross, you are about to enter a world close to Parts Unknown. Ah, smell it Thunderamaniacs. DO YOU, Kimberly Williams, look for a place to hide? Or do you, Kimberly Williams face that challenge that IS more powerful THAN EVEN YOU KIMMYMANIA IS!?!

You, Adam Alloco, must self-destruct. So that you will know, HARDStyle, who is... the chosen one. FOR KIMMYMANIA, I am not the chosen one that you speak of. I am not. I, Supreme Championship Wrestling, am the only one.

THE ONLY ONE CAN, AND WHO WILL TAKE HOLD OF THE FLAME!!!

Marshall snorts and growls so loudly he appears to pass out from lack of oxygen with his head dropping. Marshall is only out for a moment before shaking his head side to side and saying to himself "*whoa dude, that was weird*".

Marshall raises his head, and now the face paint is gone. Once again Marshall shakes his head from side to side and blinks a few times before continuing. \*

Not exactly what I was expecting when I channeled my inner Space Lord, but then again I wasn't sure what to expect. Just like everyone in the T.H.O.T.F rumble doesn't know what to expect from me. Oh, I know what they think they are expecting dudes. They are expecting a broke down old man, that is too slow and feeble to even make the final four of the rumble, let alone win it.

Well dudes I'll tell you what to expect. Expect the unexpected brother. Expect Terry Marshall to come down to that ring and run wild all over all thirty-nine of the contestants in the rumble, or I guess what I should say is this brother. Thundermania is going to run wild over ANY and ALL who stand in way of taking that flame and rising to greatness.

So, that only leaves one question for everyone who has entered the rumble. That question is, what are you gonna do?

What are you gonna do when Thundering Terry Marshall, the largest arms in the sport, a burning desire to compete at the highest level, a lifetime of experience, and the greatest fans in the world known as the Thunderamaniacs enter that rumble and run wild on you?

I'll tell you what you're gonna do dude. You're going to be... THUNDERSTRUCK!



Marshall sees the giant blue called Earth (not to be confused with giant blue balls), and he feels a smile creep across his face. He would take his annual summer pilgrimage to the beach with his family, recruit an army and forge a plan to save Space Lord, and of course dispatch the thirty-nine other superstars that stand in his way of taking hold of the flame.

Marshall reaches for the thruster handle, and as his fingers begin to touch the lever a laser blast skims the nose of the PT Cruiser.

Marshall looks over his shoulder to see four Kamikaze space pirates, that had been waiting to ambush Marshall as he tried to return home. Marshall is a lot of things, a real ass-kicking man's man, who is a living legend, and the soon-to-be Taking Hold of the Flame Rumble winner, but... he isn't an experienced pilot.

Marshall tries to evade the Kamikaze Space Piragts but is under heavy fire. He tries making his way to Earth but knows the Space Force troops haven't quite been deployed yet. Marshall is on his own and unlike his chances of winning the T.H.O.T.F rumble, his chances of survival do not look good.

Marshall finds himself staring down the barrel of the Kamikaze Space Pirate's guns. Marshall clutches the good crucifix that hangs around his neck, then bows his head and begins to say what he believes to be his final prayer.

Then Marshall hears it, the sound of phaser cannons blasting as if they were the trumpets being blown by an angel army. Marshall opens his eyes and sees the Kamikaze Space Pirates being shot down by a sleek and fast-moving ship. Marshall knows the ship, and the sight of it brings a smile of joy and confidence across his face.

Marshall hits the comms button and as soon as he does he hears the voice of the Cosmic Cowboy.

"OOOOOHHHH YEEEEAAAAHHHH! LET'S FREE SPACE LORD, UH HU!".

**To be continued after I win the rumble and move on to Rise to Greatness...**