

(The screen comes up and we find ourselves outside in the dark of night at the infamous Saint Louis Cemetery Number One in New Orleans and this is where we find none other than Dante Slayton, dressed in a dark suit and holding a burning piece of incense as he stands before one crypt in particular with his head lowered and eyes closed for a few minutes before Dante opens his eyes and places the incense into a spot before stepping away and turning to face the camera for the first time, his dark eyes seemingly glowing in the low light of the cemetery)

Dante: Once, when I first joined SCW, I spoke of choices and how we all make them...hundreds upon thousands of them each and every single day. Some for the best and some for the worst, some so trivial that we really don't see how they would actually really matter to us in our every day lives and others...we don't truly understand how they will come to impact our lives in the days and weeks to come.

Choices such as how a singular member of the European Fiery Nation who was leaving after losing fairly in his match against Chris Dumont, suddenly choosing to simply turn around and return to the ring to hold back Chris' girlfriend in Aisling Reed when she tried to help Chris who was being ganged up on by Gavin Taylor's little circle jerk.

Now the choice becomes for the Foundation to see if this one member of the EFN's choice was made only for himself....or if the entirety of the EFN wishes to join in their newest members choice of self career suicide?

Now personally I chose to believe that the esteemed Konrad Raab, Dakar Theron, Ludvig Erikson, and Okar Theron would allow their newest member in that kid, Kemal Yilmaz, to make a decision for the greater good of the entire EFN...especially not to the look of horror that was on Ginny's face as she watched Kemal's actions last week on Breakdown, and honestly I pray that Kemal's actions does not reflect on the Nation as a whole because while I would love to partake in such a War Games match against such an august group of talent, right now is not the right place to do so.

No, this is about the first encounter between myself and you, Oskar Theron, right here in the Big Easy this week on Breakdown. It's about how physically intense this match is going to be because you have two of the hardest strikers that this company has ever had on its roster squaring off in a four way dance for no other reason then pure and simple *VIOLENCE* for the fans to enjoy en mass.

And you really can't fault the people for that, now can you?

Because it's one of those simple choices that all people make that I mentioned to earlier, Oskar and myself choose a much more particularly physical and vicious form of professional wrestling, one that allows us to showcase why and how physical we can be inside of that very ring of ours each and every single night that we fight.

But Oskar, here is the thing that I want you to think about before our match at Breakdown this week and I need you to fully understand this when I say that your chances of beating me down and keeping me down is slim to none and that's not arrogance speaking, my young friend, that is simple mathematics because look at the last several matches that I have had recently, look to how hard those people all had to go, look at the distances that they all had to run to even keep me down for the two counts, and you need to notice the desperation on their very faces when they got me down for the two but couldn't finish the job for that ever so elusive three count.

That's not me claiming that I'm unbeatable, Oskar, that is me simply stating that I'm not like some people in this company with a glass fucking jaw that goes down without a fight after one good solid punch.

No.

No, I'm the kind of striker that you wish that you were already because I've been doing this for a number of years now and I've earned every single scar among the others that criss-cross this body of mine, just like I've earned every single title in my career and that is by throwing myself into each and every single match that I'm in like it's going to be my last one and that is the singular reason why you're not going to come out of this match on Breakdown as the winner, Oskar;

Because you lack that killer drive to make it into a proper instinct.

But you, Clyde Stutter, you on the other hand ***DO*** possess that very thing which I have just talked about and you have it in spades....which means out of respect, I have to take you out first thing, but not just out but ***DOWN*** in a way that you can't get back fully into this match.

You see after you teamed with him in the Trios tournament, Alex spoke highly of your skills in the ring and he is a hard man to impress because of the background that he comes from, and to be honest if I had to find someone to personally recruit into the Rogue Horsemen, the larger entity that the Foundation itself is a part of, you'd

be a first draft pick simply based on your skills in that ring, Clyde.

So people like Gavin can of course accuse me of trying to suck up to you when in both fact and reality, I am simply acknowledging one's talent, pure and simple and it's a level of talent that I'm looking forward to putting to its most purest test in this four way match because like my father before me, I enjoy a really damn good fight almost as much as I enjoy winning titles.

So, Clyde...don't think that I'm going to go easy on you, instead I want you good and pissed, but not pissed enough to make mistakes, no.

I want you good and pissed to give me a banger after banger after banger after banger of a fight, I want to feel like we are two men from opposing sides of a British footballer match, you know the infamous football hooligan fights that happen over there? That's the kind of pissed off that I want from you, I want you to hit me hard enough that I bleed, I want your stiffest shots and everything because one only becomes greater in this industry by testing themselves by the best in any given promotion;

And from what I've seen of your work, that's what I'm wanting.

But Clyde, I want you to trust me when I say that even with all the respect that I have for you and your talents that still won't keep me from tearing through you to win our match at Breakdown isn't a freaking joke because it isn't one. I have every single intention of tearing down the house with you and Oskar one way or the other, but that still will not stop me from winning this match because while you might be one hell of a wrestler, I still have the pure advantage in that while you've been training for matches like this your entire career, I've been born to wrestle these kinds of matches.

I mean it is the pure and simple fact that I am a ***SLAYTON***, which means that I was naturally born tougher because my father was an Iron willed **BASTARD** with a determination to match which he instilled into me when I started my own path to becoming a professional wrestler.

And it is that level of determination combined with the fact that I was born to do this that's going to carry me the day during our match at Breakdown, not just one or the other but **BOTH**, and that is something that you cannot handle fully now can you Clyde.

But now we come to the third man of my opponents in this four way and the one that I'm least concerned about and with good reason.

(Dante's eyes narrow sharply)

Dante: Gavin Taylor.

Gavin, I want you to actually stop and listen to me before you say or think a singular damn word because I'm only going to say this one time and one time only.

You done goofed.

(Dante smiles briefly for the briefest of moments before going back to his dark, cold expression)

Dante: For weeks now, you've been sending your little goonball Wright after me and mine and it has cost us the SCW World Tag Team titles, but not only that but you're little pussyfoot tantrum has constantly caused us problems by shoving yourself into affairs that do not concern yourself;

Which is anything called "*Professional Wrestling*", actually.

Because you are not a wrestler, sir, no you are nothing more than some hopped up on Baja Blast Mountain dew and paint thinner little bastard with big dick syndrome and you know it.

But it really doesn't stop you because you are too busy trying to fucking cosplay as one of ***THE* WORST** god-**DANED PEOPLE IN THE HISTORY OF THIS ENTIRE DAMNED WORLD!!!**

But not only have you done that, but you have also gotten yourself so worked up into a self absorbed tizzy that actually went out and actively broke one of the unspoken rules of being a professional wrestling and you don't even fucking care, but soon enough you are going to fucking care when you are made to come to task for your fucking actions, Gavin, Religious Wright...he's going to be made to choke on his word, while you...what's being planned for you is going to be something bloody and fucking excessively ***VIOLENT**, and Gavin....there won't be any singular way to save you from what's coming because you didn't just cross just anyone last week with your pure stupidity.

You actually broke the very last person that you should have ever done...and not only did you try to permanently break him, you fucking ***MOCKED*** him as you did it and

you didn't care about it because in your pathetic little twat of a mind, it was the right thing to do.

News Flash, Gavin.

It wasn't.

It wasn't in the slightest.

And the worst thing is that in your fucking little diseased mind, you actually thought that you were doing the right and only thing that you could to try and make an impactful statement...and to hell with the consequences, no matter what.

But instead you have awoken the last fucking thing that you were least expecting, so if I win this match at Breakdown or what, in the fucking end when everything is said and done, it really won't matter who will win tomorrow's match, because what is about to happen to you is going to be fucking biblical.

So get ready for your biggest challenge yet, Gavin, and there isn't a singular god damned thing that you can do to stop it.

So bring that you sorry hide of yours, and pray that you will be left to fucking bury.

And that is that, I will see you all the show, everyone....enjoy the match.

(The screen then goes to black)