

Behind the Mask: 12.17.2014

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WITH APOLOGIES TO OTIS REDDING

Yes, I know my music history.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T, find out what it means to me.

There's a word that gets thrown around quite a bit in professional wrestling: respect. Everyone wants it and nobody gives it to them. Everyone deserves it and nobody provides it.

That's not hyperbole, by the way: I guarantee you that if you put a random sampling of wrestlers into a room, every single one of them would complain that the others aren't showing them the proper respect.

Everyone deserves it, and noone wants to give it. The Spectre even openly talks about how he's "suspicious" of me because I offer a handshake to the opponents that I respect.

I'm not afraid to give someone respect; it doesn't lessen my abilities or how dangerous I can be, and it doesn't automatically mean that I'm plotting a long con on how to destroy this company from within.

His proof: I mirror the disrespect he showed me right back on him, and I'm able to find things to admire about the people in Dynasty that I despise.

Respect is a tricky thing. As a newcomer to this sport, I knew I was starting off at the bottom of the respect barrel. Nobody had any reason to give me any and it was up to me to change their minds.

Like soldiers during Vietnam - the entrenched wouldn't bother to learn the new guys' names for several weeks or months, so it wouldn't bother them when they died.

For that matter, I did show Spectre the respect he says he deserves. Right after I was moved up to the main roster I reached out to him privately to tell him I supported his war with Dynasty and would back him up where he needed it, and he said thanks but no thanks, I don't need you.

Fast forward to my first impolite back and forth on the Twitters with Katie VD and Spectre is encouraging me to 'pipebomb' her. I declined, considering the fact that she was aligned with the group that seemed to stir the pot in the UTA and included the (at the time) undefeated World and Internet Champions.

Spectre decided that he had 'given me the chance' to prove myself and that I lacked his convictions.

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That was the moment that I knew Spectre was full of shit.

For the record, 'Defending the UTA against cancerous growths' means defending the UTA against cancerous growths. It does not mean 'Do it Spectre's way, when he says to, or you're the enemy.' Just like patriotism is love of country, not blind loyalty to whoever is currently sitting in the oval office.

(Decipher that statement to guess my politics and I guarantee you've gotten it wrong.)

However, it's been a blast ever since, watching Spectre seem to react to everything I say, for some reason. It's as if he's become obsessed with being right about the fact that I'm about to go off the rails and destroy this company.

When the moment comes that I face off against him and put him down, he'll claim that he was right. Despite the fact that the entire arena will be chanting my name.

But the main bone of contention he seemed to have - at least, the one that started him off as the Second Coming's Biggest Fan - was the fact that I can find things to respect about just about everyone.

Why wouldn't I shake Zhalia Fears' hand after the match? Or Conrad Teller? Or even Bobby Dean, who earned my respect with the way he brought it at Wrestleshow?

Like I said about Spectre on another occasion - disrespect is a two way street.

But he did have a good point one time: nothing is black and white. That's why I can find things to admire about the individual members of Dynasty while finding them, on the whole, to be worthless as human beings.

Except Perfection. Ol' Jimmy W can suck a used tampon out of a large, hairy twat.

Regardless, you can respect the efforts of a hated enemy or a painful boil while still rooting for their demise, which brings me, properly, to Dynasty.

This is a group that claims disrespect. This is a group that claims to be persecuted and held down by the office, even though all five members are in the Top Ten of the power rankings, and three of them are in the Top Five.

(Spoiler alert on who's the other Top Fivers: One is the World Champion and you're reading the other's words.)

Think about it, though. This is a group that has shit on the UTA ownership and business practices. This is a group that not only thinks they deserve to own everything (which is not bad, in and of itself), but thinks that they deserve to own everything, specifically over everyone else.

Idiots. You shit on James Wingate and he shits back on you, and you have the gall to feign surprise?

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I've gone back and forth with most of them on social media so it's no surprise that they don't like me. What surprises me, though, is that not only do they not like me, but they're actively trying to pull me down.

As I type this, I'm sitting in my bedroom with the UTA Wildfire Championship belt on my lap and the VCW Heavyweight Championship belt on a hook in my closet. I worked hard to get this belt, and I intend to work just as hard to hold onto it at Wrestleshow 29.

"Let's see you defend your gift," said La Flama Blanca, "I hope you're the first one out."

He hopes I'm the first one out. Sure. He's going to be sorely disappointed on that front, but the Little Fucking Bitch is entitled to his opinion, even his opinion that this belt is a gift.

Cue record scratch.

How is this a gift?

Granted, Conrad Teller seemed to have his head elsewhere the other night. Conrad Teller did not give me nearly as tough a fight as he did when we locked up in our non-title match. None of that points to this title being 'a gift.'

I had to win this title just like everyone else has: I beat the Champ.

When I say I grew up in this sport, that's not lip service. I have literally spent my entire life surrounded by professional wrestlers and professional wrestling, and I've known the main event players and the champions and the athletes who have mattered, and I know the difference between professional rivalry - slash - jealousy and untoward disrespect. And the fact remains, despite my personal feelings toward the various members of Dynasty, at no time have I ever stated or implied that they hadn't deserved their title reigns.

Championships are sacred to me, just like they were sacred to my father.

Perfection may be a talentless hack with nothing constructive to offer this sport, but he still pinned Madman Szalinski to become Champion.

CBR may be an arrogant asshole, but he still pinned Yoshii for the Internet title.

Jimmy W and the Little Fucking Bitch... Well, they didn't pin the champions per se, but they're holding the titles based on the rules of the match.

Jimmy can spin my record all he wants, it's useless. The offices decided that my VCW record held water when I came into the UTA, so my record stands - officially - at nine wins and zero losses. Jimmy and the bitch can downplay my title win all they want as some kind of "You were handed this" punk card, but the fact remains I won this belt like any Champion worth their caliber does: by defeating the former Champion clean in the middle of the ring.

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Did I earn it? Everyone with a brain would have to agree that I have, and the outliers in Dynasty would at least need to concede that I earned my shot.

And when Jimmy W still won't concede that, it won't matter since nobody's listening to him anyway.

And when you've twisted all logic and worldly facts and irrelevant opinions to somehow show that this championship reign doesn't belong to me, you've been outed as a tinfoil - wearing conspiracy theorist who isn't and should never be taken seriously. And we don't.

More to the point, we don't respect you.

You haven't earned it.

I am The Second Coming.
And I am your Champion.