

Behind the Mask: 01.12.2015

January 12, 2015 | Studio

THE OTHER SIDE

The aftermath.

Well.

That didn't work out how any of us wanted it.

I'm sitting in an airplane right now, speeding toward home. Should be back in plenty of time. Glad the company sprung for the hotel room, I wouldn't've paid for one that I was going to be in for less than six hours.

Kush remains the eternal optimist and it's inspiring, but I don't feel like being inspired right now. I don't like failure. I don't like accepting anything less than the absolute best from myself, and to me, anything short of complete success is failure.

I love you, Kush - but I don't see the three kicks. I don't see the back and forth. I don't see the fans cheering for me. I see my shoulders down for a three. I'm trying to get perspective, it's just slow in the coming.

No excuses, though. That's the biggest difference between us and Dynasty: if things had gone the other way we'd currently be inundated with complaints and whining about how they were robbed and the company is against them and the office wants to see them fall, and so forth. Basically, everything Jimmy Witherhold said after Yoshii took the UTA Championship from him. Times three.

on the Trident's end, Zhalia is characteristically quiet, Kush is characteristically professional, and I'm characteristically pissed. I keep trying to convince myself that what matters are the little things.

Zhalia and Kush took everything that the 'top two' in the company had to offer and kept on coming. They thought they'd waltz in and take two without breaking a sweat, and learned the hard way. I am proud of them: they've earned those belts.

Me?

I can take comfort in the fact that I was right.

As offensive that it is to hear someone else's name chanted during your match, there wasn't anyone in that arena with La Flama Blanca on the tip of their tongue. In the match between The Second Coming and La Flama blanca, the fans were calling for myself... and for Madman Szalinski.

Behind the Mask: 01.12.2015

Who is La Flama Blanca? He's just the guy who pinned my shoulders. He doesn't matter to the people except in relation to the athletes around him.

Even the Main Event of the evening in which the top two Champions of the company faced off with the next top two Champions of the company - we went immediately from the match to the confrontation with the 'legends.'

No time to celebrate. No time to soak up a reaction. It's as if the people running the show didn't think they could maintain the fans' attention on their own.

There was a lot of talk before Wrestleshow about 'fifteen minutes' being up.

They might have a point.

But it's not our fifteen that I'd be worried about.

I am The Second Coming.