

TNA~! created KING OF THE MOUNTAIN~! YOU~! now have to suffer because of it~! DEAN~! makes perhaps his wildest claim ever~! HARLEM BRAVADO~! is a great AMERICAN~! MR. 450~! JEFF JARRETT~! VIRUS~! KATSUHIKO NAKAJIMA~! POUNCE... PERIOD~!

HYIA~!

WELCOME TO DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW ISSUE #178

As long as I can keep finding random pieces of things Dean has written floating around the internet, these will be easier to put together. Otherwise you are going to end up with an all Rippa DVDVR and I don't think you are ready for that jelly. Anyway - all of you have forgotten you have read Dean's stuff before or never bothered in the first place. Why do you hate Dean? You are the reason he cries at night. I hope you are proud of yourself.

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RIPPA REVIEWS EVERY KING OF THE MOUNTAIN MATCH - 2004

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So because of another ongoing site project, I was like "God - I know one of those TNA King of the Mountain matches was good." Being old as fuck though - I couldn't remember for sure which one it was. So I decided that means I have to watch every one of them and figure it out. I also figured out that I hate myself. A lot. Most of these will end up being almost live blogging.

RON KILLINGS vs. JEFF JARRETT vs. RAVEN vs. A.J. STYLES vs. CHRIS HARRIS – TNA (06/02/2004 – KING OF THE MOUNTAIN – NWA World Heavyweight Championship)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

<https://youtu.be/GIQ-DouASRA?t=1h19m8s>

The video I am sharing is the entire PPV with the first King of the Mountain match on it. If I didn't embed it correctly – the match starts around the 1 hour and 19 minute mark. And if you ever need a reminder of what a fucking chore the weekly PPVs were – this is a nice primer. Vince Russo's name is said as many times as there are grains of sand in the Sahara.

Since this is the first ever King of the Mountain match, I can to pad with the comical rules of the match. Basically, think of it as reverse ladder match with as much nonsense as you can add in. Goal of the match is to hang the NWA World Title to win the match and the title. HOWEVER – you have to be “eligible” to hang the title first and to become eligible you must pin or submit a guy. The guy taking the fall is then sent to a penalty box for two minutes. Also – it is No DQ, Falls Count Anywhere.

The beginning of the match is everyone on the floor, Harris and AJ each doing their own somewhat crazy dive and Jarrett trying to sneak pins on everyone. Literally everyone.

I am still trying to figure out why, when coming up with the logistics for this match, they decided that five was the magic number. The odd number means we keep getting Jarrett and AJ pairing off with the other three constantly brawling. Someone jump off a something high and take yourself out of the match already. And no Harris diving off the top of the penalty box doesn't count.

Since AJ & Jarrett have paired off, we get to see them do the slowest Guerrero/Malenko sequence until AJ finally turns it into a Styles Clash and gets the pin. So AJ is the first eligible to win and Jarrett is off to the penalty box. Now since TNA hated you from day one – Vince Russo is there to hand the NWA Title to guys as they try to hang it up. I am sure that totally unnecessary step won't play into this match at all.

Anyway – Raven just flings the ladder into AJ's face because fuck professionalism. Harris then spears Raven and gets himself eligible and Raven can go have a pow wow with Jarrett in the penalty box.

This match really should have picture in picture or something. Mike Tenay and Don West keeping hyping up how Jarrett and Raven are plotting together yet the camera never actually shows this. Yes – this was 2004 but you would have thought someone would have paid attention to those details. Ah, who am I kidding?

God the pacing of this match is shit. We are now racing through guys becoming eligible. Harris hilariously gets himself into position so Killings can give him a scissors kick. I can accept a lot of things in wrestling but Chris Harris not being able to bend over and pick up a belt because he was standing on the bottom rung of a ladder is really pushing the boundaries. Well – it means that he gets to the penalty box as Raven is leaving and they start brawling.

I am kicking myself for not starting a stop watch to see how long the Jarrett/Raven alliance lasts. It last long enough for Styles to take a MONUMENTALLY stupid over the top rope bump after they throw him over the top rope with a ladder. Okay – I guesstimating that it was three minutes.

Yup – we have reached the first moment I lost the will to live. Harris climbs to the top. He is totally going to win. Oh wait – Raven comes to stop him. Well that is the plan. Raven fills his hand up with powder. Harris helpfully just stops making any attempt to win the watch as he waits to see what the long haired weirdo does. Raven throws the powder in Harris' face. Again, that was the plan. He shorts his throw by a good two feet. The wispy remnants of the powder barely make it up to Harris but God bless him, he sells it anyway. Evenflow DDT and Raven is eligible. Jeff Jarrett is currently the only one NOT eligible but have no fear as Double J immediately gives Killings the Stroke off the ring apron to the ring barrier. All five guys have gotten a pinfall so I sense this madness will end soon.

And Russo is in the ring. LET THE SPORTS ENTERTAINING BEGIN!!!

Russo refuses to give Jarrett the belt. So while they have a tug of war over the belt – Styles, who I legit forgot was in the match, rolls up Jarrett for a pin. We now have three guys stuffed into the penalty box (though it won't be long.) AJ climbs the ladder. Raven and Chris Harris, fresh out of the penalty box, tip over the ladder and AJ takes a terrifying fall as it is clear he was supposed to crotch himself on the top rope. However, since it was the side that the penalty box is on the margin of error is zero. So AJ can't really clear the top rope and instead just destroys every part of his body south of the border.

Harris and Raven battle at the top of the ladder with Raven eventually falling through a table in one corner. Killings – himself getting out of the penalty box – awkwardly tilts the ladder until Harris too flies through a table in the corner. Killings has 30 seconds all to himself to hang the title and win. He uses this time to do nothing but catch his breath. He then climbs the ladder sssssssllllllllloooooooowwwwwlllllyyyyyyy because we need time for Jarrett to get out of the penalty box, find a guitar under the ring, run to the other side of the ring, hide the aforementioned ladder from Killings and then waffle him with it. Well whatever. Winner winner chicken dinner.

Oh wait – what's that? This would be the point where I should insert about a dozen crying emojis. Jarrett gets to the top of the ladder and goes to hang the belt and... there is no hook to hang it on. At some point – the hook has been knocked down (or it was entirely possibly they forgot to put it up). So Jarrett waits, the ref hands him the hook and good old Double J has to try and get the hook back on first with one hand. In an amazing bit of quick thinking – AJ improvises and makes an attempt to stop Jarrett so it isn't just three awkward minutes of an old guy trying to replace a light bulb. Poor poor cursed from the beginning TNA.

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FOUND... WAS LOST
DRIVERETTE 3/5/2009
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

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NOAH 3/1/2009. I watched the first wave and it was a hoot if FLAWED as a batch of wrestling. The Kenta Kobashi match was basically a 2004 King Kong Bundy squash. Kobashi can't really move so they build the match around Inoue being in fear of Kobashi's chops. So it was actually a perfectly fine opener. You don't really need to see it.

Mitsuharu Misawa/Yoshinari Ogawa/Shuheii Taniguchi vs. Akitoshi Saito/Bison Smith/Doug Williams was perfectly acceptable bordering far more on the forgettable mid-card 6 man. Ogawa and Williams taking it to the mat was pretty fun for a second but the bloom is so fucking off the rose for young Mr. Williams these days. Bison Smith was manly in this, leaning into Misawa's fucking beautiful elbows like a MAN. Saito was far less corpse-like than he usually is. But yeah, not the essential King's Road 6 Man if you are looking for such.

Katsuhiko Nakajima vs KENTA was really fun because I like the raw energy of Nakajima. Schneider noted that Nakajima doesn't know how to sell anything and it's pretty apparent here- but I think he gets just on this side of the BattlARTS ledger to give him access to more shootstyle leeway in selling- for now anyway. When he has to actually carry someone, that's when he is gonna have to actually add something past 10 great looking kicks to the face. But he's still in my youngster allotment list so I could actually get into this basic exercise in "I kick you hard, you kick you hard, I hit my finisher, you hit your finisher" for about 9 minutes too long. I got 8 discs of Memphis to watch actual effective psychology so I enjoyed this for what it was- which was a fun little match that went too long.

The title match was strange. It was well put together, Akiyama and Sasaki were on their A-game. The meat of the match was just off, for some reason. I think the fact that KENTA and Nakajima hit all these hellish finishers and the match so fucking stiff that Akiyama's Exploiders look like a Stevie Ray Death Valley Driver now. I dunno. I watched it the day before yesterday and the finish has already faded from my memory.

Watched Ian Rotten vs Sami Callihan while SYNCHED~! up with Schneider. IWA-Midsouth is at its best when they get it to look like two truckers having a fistfight over a baggie of crystal meth. This was sooooo there. I loved how it was like a big disgusting slug sliding across the shitty looking mat of IWA-MS. Just slow and violent and nasty and gross. This is what indie should look like. It shouldn't be smooth skinned former gymnasts who spring board into shining wizards. It should be fat nasty looking bastards who have no other option in life but to kick the shit out of the repulsive societal refuse that was spat to the other side of the ring. You shouldn't want to ride on the same bus as a pro wrestler if they are really good at getting themselves over. These two are those guys. The fact that you could clean up Callihan and he could go to WWE and team with the Miz adds another level of hateful psychology to the match.

(Ed. Note: Ian Rotten vs. Sami Callihan - IWA MidSouth "Lethal Lottery '08" (11/15/08))

We watched three Dutch Mantell vs Jerry Lawler matches. The first was the Loser Leaves Town studio match. The secret part that fooled TomK is soooooo fucking violent that I think I wet pants at the sheer beauty. I got to go back and watch the finish of the barbed wire match so I can compare it to the WHAT HAS TO BE MY NUMBER ONE so far, the No DQ match- which is just fucking PREPOSTEROUS in its fucking awesomeness.

We watched the fucking BEAUTIFUL finale of the Battle Of Los Angeles with Low-Ki vs Chris Hero. The reason this match fucking RULED and the Low-Ki vs TJ what's his name was forgettable is because at no point did ever have a fear that they would base the psychology of the match on TJ What'shisname having his nose broken legit and then leaning into fifty kicks to the face, and how do would he fight out of it. Fuck, this match and the Eddie Kingston Texas Deathmatch makes me want smack Hero in the head every time he shows up doing a retarded comedy gimmick. I dunno. It feels like its a waste of what should be 50 five star matches a year.

(Ed. Note: Low-Ki vs. Chris Hero - PWG "BOLA '08" (11/2/08))

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RIPPA REVIEWS EVERY KING OF THE MOUNTAIN MATCH - 2005

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A.J. STYLES vs. SEAN WALTMAN vs. ABYSS vs. MONTY BROWN vs. RAVEN – TNA (06/19/05 – KING OF THE MOUNTAIN – NWA World Heavyweight Championship)
(by Phil Rippa)

Hey – the Youtube version I found was via board member Web Conn. Blame him that it is in two parts. The opening promo video is fun because it shows Dusty getting all angry, yelling at Jeff Jarrett and just putting guys into the match. I should also note that Jeff Jarrett is supposed to be in the match but was “arrested” earlier in the week for “assaulting a fan” so Raven was put in the match instead. God – I am not even gonna get into the whole Raven/Dusty/Jarrett/Larry Zbyszko soap opera. Just remember – for people who bitched about the confusing nonsense TNA was putting out the last few years, this was 2005!

Jeremy-BorashLet’s all laugh at Jeremy Borash’s hair.

Mike Tenay listing all the famous NFL players that Monty Brown was on the same team with is pretty funny. SURE HE PLAYED DEFENSE BUT SAME TEAM AS JIM KELLY AND ANDRE REED AND THURMAN THOMAS!!!! That being said – I still miss Monty Brown. Both as a wrestler and the fact that he was being billed as from the “Serengeti”. THE COMMUTE TO BUFFALO FROM THE SERENGETI EVERY DAY WAS TOUGH BUT HE DID IT!!! NFL PLAYER!!!!

Anyhoo – match starts with Waltman diving off the top of the cage onto Raven and Styles doing a head scissor takeover on Abyss off the top of a ladder. God this irritated me more than it should have. I mean they were up there for a good three or four minutes and none of the other wrestlers tried to get them down nor did they move when it was clear they were going to jump the fuck off of them as soon as the bell rang. It’s like how no one fucking looks at where the defending team is setting up during the setup phase of an Overwatch match. HEY MAYBE FUCKING NOTICE THE BASTION SETTING UP OUTSIDE THE DOOR INSTEAD OF TRYING TO SMASH MONITORS!!! Grr...

Focusing now – Monty Brown immediately qualifies himself as he POUNCE... PERIODs the fuck out of Raven instantly after the Waltman dive. Off to the penalty box with you Raven. Brown immediately goes for a ladder which is just a big set up for everyone to gather together for Styles to completely overshoot on his tope con hilo. Thank God he landed on his feet because that could have been ugly.

Yup, AJ definitely has a death wish in this match. He goes for the springboard forearm but Abyss pulls out his leg and AJ decides to collapse his larynx on the top rope and then horrifically crash and burn to the floor. Not sure how he is still alive.

Side Tangent – if you are going to bill Abyss as being 6’8” having him work Waltman who you just billed as 6’1” is not a good visual since there is virtually no difference in their heights. Buy some lifts or something Abyss.

First goof up with time as Raven is let out of the penalty box a good 12 seconds early (thanks to the on screen countdown). Even better Borash is doing a countdown to his release all while Raven had slid back into the ring and is brawling with Abyss. Geez – he got all the way to two before stopping. Way to work out the kinks on the fly fellas.

Brown continues to be made to look like a monster as he catches Waltman coming off the top, turns it into a power bomb and he gets another pin to send Waltman into the penalty box. So Brown remains the only guy eligible to win at the moment. As Waltman’s lifeless corpse is dragged to the penalty box, the totally Kevin Dunn AJ diving off the penalty box. They, however, don’t miss Brown POUNCE... PERIODing AJ into the turnbuckles. That was an awesome visual. Now since – falls count anywhere – Raven pulls AJ out of the ring and pins him to become eligible and AJ deserves a two minute breather since he bumping for fucking five.

Lord – one of the several reasons this match really shouldn’t be done today. Refs basically being all “I don’t care that you are dead. Your ass needs to go to the penalty box.” And then they just man handle guys there. Basically how Enzo Amore was treated after concussing himself. No need to protect anyone’s necks.

With two guys in the penalty box – they show that Waltman and Styles have come to an agreement of some sorts. Granted – that is almost missed by the camera crew which really would have been awkward given that Mike Tenay is trying to explain said alliance that none of us know is going on because Raven is waffling dudes with a trash can.

One of these days – wrestlers will learn that trash cans do not fit between the ropes.

Right as AJ comes out of the box – Abyss hits a Black Hole Slam on a clearly gassed Brown. That will be a blessing for everyone as poor Monty needs a breather. Abyss is now eligible and the match is starting to hit that “dragging” phase as you start to realize that everyone is gonna become eligible before anyone wins. This is especially frustrating when Abyss breaks up the pinfall after AJ hits a Styles Clash on Raven. DAMMIT ABYSS! I AM ALREADY REGRETTING MY LIFE CHOICES!!! END THIS!!!

As I am complaining – Waltman lays Abyss out on a table on the outside and cajoles his new best friend, AJ Styles, into doing a Spiral Tap to the floor to put Abyss threw the table (and crippling himself again). I always love subtle things like that. Sure they are working together but it is really one guy smartly conning another guy into taking himself out of the match. Think Matt Hardy conning Jeff Hardy into destroying Edge in that one Money in the Bank match that Matt really should have won. Styles at least pins Abyss to make himself eligible to hang the title.

It is not a giant cluster as plunder is all over the place and a ladder is in the ring as AJ becomes the first guy to actually attempt to win the damn thing. AJ drops the title and Waltman picks up the belt and gives it too him. But before they start picking out wallpaper for the nursery for the new family they are clearly going to start together, Waltman gives AJ an X-Factor from the top of the ladder. You can't tell me they didn't make Styles champ just to take all the crazy fucking bumps in this match. Well, Waltman is the last man to get his eligibility. Light at the end of the tunnel people.

Oh God Dammit – not before Raven turns it into a Death Match. Raven uses a staple gun on Waltman's forehead. Waltman then uses said staple gun on Raven's nuts. And then he does the same to Abyss. I should use air quotes somewhere since it is clear there are no staples in the staple gun.

Hey kids – AJ takes what is at least his sixth crazy ass bump as Waltman sets up the ladder out of position... or he is so high his depth perception is off. Waltman and AJ start battling at the top and Abyss tips the ladder so AJ flies over the tope rope through a table on the floor. Waltman may or may not have hit the ring steps but God forbid the camera work showed you anything.

YES! FINISHING SEQUENCE TIME!!! Abyss POUNCED... PERIOD!!!! off the ladder through a table in the corner. Raven immediately his Brown with the Evenflow and climbs the ladder for the win (though Abyss no-sells his giant bump to put up a half-assed attempt to stop Raven).

Raven is the new champ. Match was eh... basically it was great for bump freak AJ Styles and if you like Monty Brown POUNCING~! Fools then it is fine enough. There was very little attempt at story telling outside of the AJ/Raven alliance stuff.

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FOUND... WAS LOST
DRIVERETTE 2/19/2009
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

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BACKSTORY: I've been on a Lucha Libre jag the last two days since my boy Schneider sent me all the stuff he had been hovering over my head the last few weeks- and I have been gearing up for the oncoming Puroresu Veiwing spree which I'm hoping CULMINATES in a dorkfest at some point. I'm a bit pressed for time since it is my wife's birthday and I have a brief respite while she attends a meeting at church so this be TRUNCATED.

THE WRESTLING: Jesus, remember back when you really dug Homicide? He was awesome on the mat and his offense was all hellish and hurty and he would sell really well. I feel that way now about Oficiale 911 of Los Oficiales. God, I can't figure out which is better- 911 going to the mat with Doctor Cerebro in the IWGP Festival of Masks or HA! the winner is 911 and Black Terry

doing 700 fucked up lucha leglocks and counter leglocks in the 9/18/08 match. God, that fucking ruled. Black Terry enters my life every ten years and I always wonder what he does the other nine years. The other two Oficiales are awesome also, but more in a Jackboots+Tope=Dean Will Dig It kind of way. The Mask Fest also has a Mano Negro siting and he brawls like a motherfucker with Negro Navarro and the sons of Hermanos Dinamitas. Halcon Ortiz reminds you that not all 60 year old luchadores are Negro Navarro or Black Terry or Satanico. And I think I dig Aeroman more than Freelance, just to be contrary.

(Editor's Note: Dean is talking about the 2008 IWRG Festival de las Máscaras - August 21, 2008)

I watched the Psycho Circus and Chessman versus the Secta of Noone In Particular and it was a hoot. It was a bigger hoot watching my four year old (and biggest Psycho Circus fan) re-enact the entire match. I like how Psycho Circus uses the big clown to do all these cool Bill Kazmier But Not Suckass power tagteam spots that look like they actually hurt.

More later. I still have HUGE amounts of Lucha to watch and all that New Japan and Dragon Gate and NOAH you freaks have been uploading.

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RIPPA REVIEWS EVERYONE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN MATCH - 2006

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CHRISTIAN CAGE vs. JEFF JARRETT vs. ABYSS vs. RON KILLINGS vs. STING – TNA
SLAMMIVERSARY 2006 (6/18/06, KING OF THE MOUNTAIN – NWA World Heavyweight
Championship)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

Finally a little variety in the participants. Sting and beefier Christian (as Champ) are our first timers this year. One of these is eventually good. I know it!

This immediately has a much more... methodical pace to start. Let's call it that. I would say it is because the median age of the participants has shot up but also looking that length of the video on Youtube, this fucker might be 30 God Damn minutes.

The first big moment of the match is Sting jumping off the penalty box onto all the other competitors. I like how Abyss kinda was "Fuck – I gotta take the brunt of this don't I?" and then just taking Sting's full weight on his shoulder.

Truth becomes the first guy to qualify to win by hitting a missile dropkick on Jarrett while Sting just stands there because it actually makes logical sense to have guys in the penalty box. Sting also personally decides to escort Jarrett to the penalty box. That was great because it allowed

you to see all the things that the camera totally missed. Like how someone – I'm guessing Abyss – set up two tables at ring side. Or how someone – again guessing and this time I am saying that it was Killings – flung Sting into the penalty box door.

So far this is definitely the easiest match to track as less than 5 minutes in and they are just working various singles matches while everyone else either is in the penalty box or just sitting on the ring apron for reasons. Well anyway – Christian rolls up Abyss for a pin. Two guys eligible now. Jarrett is back as Abyss stalled enough to keep the occupancy in the sin bin at 1.

Sting manhandling Killings in the ring. Jarrett destroying Christian on the outside. This is what happens for the full two minutes that Abyss is gone because fuck trying to win. There was a pinfall attempt that WE NEVER SEE because... I don't know. Abyss gets out and he and Jarrett are best friends and legit picking out tables together. Was this during the partnership with AAA because that is the only way I can explain all the spots being missed due to shitty camerawork.

Jarrett gives Killings The Stroke off the ring apron into the ring barrier and pins him. If that sounds familiar it is because IT IS THE SAME EXACT SPOT FROM TWO YEARS AGO AND TENAY AND WEST DON'T SAY A GOD DAMN THING ABOUT IT!!!! CLEARLY I AM THE ONLY FUCKER STUPID ENOUGH TO WATCH MORE THAN ONE OF THESE GOD DAMN MATCHES!!!!

Grr.... They make it up to me as things start to get interesting as Christian and Jarrett and Sting and Abyss each brawl into separate parts of the crowd. See people used to love coming to TNA events! Someone's old lady almost gets mowed over by Abyss and you have my attention now. Abyss and Sting try to break a wall with each other's bodies and Christian – a great underrated brawler – throws lot of amazing punches at Jarrett.

Killings is out of the penalty box and tries to win while everyone else is preoccupied. Sadly that doesn't end well for him. He ends up on a ladder held by Jarrett and Abyss and thrown over the top rope. Why yes – IT IS THE SAME GOD DAMN SPOT AJ STYLES DID TWO YEARS AGO COMPLETE WITH AWKWARD WAY THEY HAD TO GET ON THE GOD DAMN LADDER!!!! JUST BECAUSE IT WAS A BLACK DUDE THIS TIME DOESN'T MAKE IT A DIFFERENT SPOT! For fuck's sake. (For the record – it was still a nasty ass bump by Truth. Don't let my rage diminish that.)

Christian tries to win by climbing an inverted ladder with Jarrett inside which I am sure sounded like a good idea in the back but was dumb dumb dumb in practice. Killings tries to win and again takes a horrific bump to the floor. I guess he drew the AJ Styles straw this year. This is all a precursor to Abyss accidentally flinging a ladder into Earl Hebner's face.

LET THE SPORTS ENTERTAINING BEGIN!!!!

The Abyss/Jarrett alliance finally dissolves as Abyss gives Jarrett a Black Hole Slam. Since Earl is dead – Slick Johnson's hits the ring. God I totally forgot about Slick Johnson. That may be for the best. Johnson counts the three and Abyss is eligible. Larry Zybysko – who is keeper of keys... err

the title hander this match – is angry at Johnson for some reason. I am bookmarking this comment in case I have to come back to it.

Abyss climbs the ladder not under the hook and sans title because I guess Abyss is stupid. Sting tips the ladder and Abyss crashes through four tables on the floor. Sting, because he is stupid, doesn't try and pin Abyss. He starts brawling with Christian. He gets Christian in the Scorpion Death Lock but now there is suddenly no ref. Jarrett leaves the penalty box early... at least that is what the announcers are claiming. I am going with it since I want this done.

Sting releases Christian because he stops Jarrett. Jarrett waffles Sting with the belt and then goes to waffle him with the guitar. Christian stops Jarrett because... sure. So THEN Sting just takes the belt and gives it to Christian and tells him to win the match why he Scorpions Jarrett (God – why do I feel like that is something I don't want to look up on Urban Dictionary.)

Christian is going to retain but Zybyzsko comes in and nut shots Christian and dump's him outside. Sting is now all WTF? Punch to Zybyzsko and a comic pratfall to the outside. Sting then turns Jarrett's attempt of a Stroke into a Scorpion Death Drop. He counts the pin using Earl's arm.

Sting then climbs the ladder but Christian stops him. BUT BUT STING'S YOUR FRIEND!!!
Whatevs. It doesn't matter because then EARL FUCKING HEBNER TILTS THE LADDER OVER AND JARRETT WINS THE GOD DAMN MATCH! FUCK YOU TNA! I WANT THE LAST 30 MINUTES OF MY LIFE BACK!!!!

BTW – the ring is filling with trash so clearly everyone involved in planning the match must have had a throbbing erection. It ends with Jim Cornette basically holding the title up and only now did I remember that Killings had to sell being knocked out for longer than Hebner being knocked out and that was over five minutes ago. God this fucking match...

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FOUND... WAS LOST
DRIVERETTE 2/3/09
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

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BACKSTORY: I've been unemployed for a month and I'm digging hanging out with my lunatic children and downloading Godzilla movies for them. I've figured out how to INTEGRATE the Professional Wrestling so I should be doing these daily for a while. By the way, the movie recommended for 3 year olds this week is KING KONG ESCAPES from Toho and Rankin and Bass. I replaced WAR OF THE GARGANTUAS in the heart of my 3 year old.

WRESTLING: I watched the best episode of UWF Abrams on ESPN-Classic yesterday. B Brian Blair and Cowboy Bob Orton went like 15 minutes before the hilariously retarded finish. B Brian Blair had REALLY fucking great punches. Orton's were Murdock lite so they ruled also. B Brian

Blair's valet- Honey- had the 80s big ole buttocks that would have launched a thousand 80s teen laundry excuses if anybody on earth ever watched this stuff when it was originally on the TV. Her hinder was AWA Medusa-esque in it's Markie Post-level lummo-bludgeoning potential. But now I am old and all she is to me now is a woman with a electrical shocking stick. So yeah, this was a great match that fought against the shittiness of the overbooking all the way to the near end. Fuck the Iron Sheikh, B Brian Blair will break your back and fuck your ass.

They also had the really solid Ivan Koloff vs David Sammartino. David Sammartino is the lost good wrestler of the 80s and 90s. Nobody- NOBODY!- remembers that he had a WCW syndie run that rivaled and SURPASSED the glorious Jimmy Graffiti bizarro run of WCW Pro goodness. But there it was and here he is trading 50/50 with Ivan Koloff. Koloff is Koloff so when he brings the brawls, he has ten different ways of busting up your joints and crushing your back that all look really good. Sammartino looked good firing back. All that was left was the shitty non-finish. And folks wondered why Abrams UWF never took off. Was there a clean finish in the entire run of the promotion?

LND continues to be the sleaziest indie on earth and gets nearer and dearer to my heart each time I watch. I watched Gentlemen Jon Ritchie vs Filthy Phil Powers and it smoked the Ritchie vs Doug Williams eight ways to Sunday- mostly because they did- you know- large sections of British mat wrestling to complement the greatness of Ritchie enraging the children with magnificently evil cheating. I also get the feeling that Powers and Ritchie have wrestled each other 4,000 times in the last twenty years, but I could be wrong. Either way, the best I've seen from the beloved LND so far.

I watched the Tex Benedict three way and he was really fun as the evil American, though as an American, I feel as though he's playing it too subtle. We were the first to the fucking MOON. You can't fucking tell us anything. And it was a 3 Way with that Greek guy who is champ and I forget the other guys name. It was actually really good for a 3 way- but since it was a 3 way, it automatically sucked ass. But this sucked less ass.

I must go now with my children and get a secondary dog to keep my primary idiot dog company. I will post pictures tomorrow if we get one today.

TOMORROW: I'll try to watch some SEM, Pro Wrestling Ohio that's on my dvr, ditto AAA, and some more LND.

NANIWA~!

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RIPPA REVIEWS EVERYONE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN MATCH - 2007

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(by PHIL RIPPA)

A.J. STYLES vs. CHRISTIAN CAGE vs. KURT ANGLE vs. SAMOA JOE vs. CHRIS HARRIS – TNA SLAMMIVERSARY (06/17/07 – KING OF THE MOUNTAIN, TNA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP)

One of these have to be good. I know it. Of course, if it isn't this one I don't know when the fuck it is gonna happen. This is BY FAR the best match so far in terms of talent so that is a start and that is with the inclusion of Chris Harris. Harris was the mystery participant revealed on the PPV. God if that was James Storm instead... alas it wasn't meant to be. And this one is for the TNA World title (which is vacant at the moment).

They show that via a text poll – the fans think Samoa Joe will win. I am just impressed that the percentages added up to 100%.

The early story is that Styles and Christian are working together as a team so much so that Styles lays down for Christian in the attempt to get Christian eligible (the pinfall is broken up). Then Christian refuses to do the same so Styles rolls him up (but doesn't get the pin).
DISSENSION IN THE RANKS~!

God – you can already tell what upping the talent poll and eliminating Jeff Jarrett did for the match as they are working like they only have five minutes. Angle has been destroyed by Joe so that keeps him out of things at the beginning. Meanwhile – Harris battles between Styles and Christian and manages to become the first eligible by hitting the Catatonic (that whirling uranage thing he did).

The two minutes AJ is in the box becomes a singles match between Joe and Angle as Angle knocked out Christian and Harris by just hurling a ladder in their faces. Simple but effective one could say. Right near the end of that two minutes – Angle puts the Angle Lock on Christian and at the same time Joe puts the Kokina Clutch on Christian. But the ref needs to get let AJ out of the box so he misses the tap (at least I am assuming Christian was tapping or was supposed to. The announcers don't say so and they had switched to that overhead cam they are in love with.) Anyway – real convenient that there is only one ref this year. Styles and a now recovered Harris break up the submission.

Now – putting aside the fact that he really should be selling death since he was just in two guy's deadly submissions – Christian sets up a ladder bridging between the ring and ring barrier (God – he loved spots on that in TNA). He attempts to suplex Harris onto it but instead it gets countered into Christian eventually crotching himself on the middle of the ladder.

Meanwhile – it has become the AJ Styles show.

- Inverted Flipping DDT on Harris
- Pele kick on Joe
- Flying forearm to Joe
- Attempted Styles Clash into Angle Lock (that's two) that is reversed into a head scissors
- Backdropped over the top rope onto Christian and the ladder.

Okay that last one didn't work out well for him but that was a heck of a sequence. With Styles and Christian on the outside – Harris FINALLY attempts to hang the belt (being the only guy eligible at the moment). Of course that means he eats an Olympic Slam off the ladder and Angle pins him to become eligible.

The two minutes Harris is in the sin bin becomes the Samoa Joe showcase as he is just mowing guys left and right. As I said – the pace is insane as they are working like their meters ran out and they need to get out to their cars. Joe hits the Muscle Buster on Styles but Angle breaks up the pin. Angle then accidentally clotheslines ref Rudy Charles.

LET THE SPORTS ENTERTAINING BEGIN!!!! (Boy this feels really early in the match....)

Joe gets Angle in the Coquina Clutch but there is no ref to see Angle tap (and Angle does tap). Christian then clocks Joe with a ladder, drags the ref over and pins Angle to get himself eligible. Oh it is all so much clearer now and totally approved of. Ignore the Sports Entertaining warning. Oooh... and the single ref is too busy hauling Angle to the penalty box that Harris has been stuck in there longer than he has supposed to be. See – if you give logical storytelling a lot of stuff can be forgiven (of course – I am still not sure it was logical to have one ref but I am really trying to give them the benefit of the doubt with this match.)

Christian tries to sneak the win but Joe catches him at the top and gives him what amounts to a RKO off the top of the ladder. Well that is gonna be tough to top as spot of the match. But not done yet – Christian immediately goes back up and gets hip-tossed off. Geez – if he hadn't retired via concussion, I am pretty sure Christian would have retired via hip replacement. Anyway – Harris gets dropkicked off the ladder by Styles and he totally bails out of taking any sort of good looking bump. Coward.

I should probably point out now that this year they are using a taller, sturdier design for the penalty box. I notice this because AJ has climbed to the top of it, quickly followed by Joe. Umm... so about that whole spot of the match thing. Joe flips Styles off the top of the box and Styles just FLIES through the announcers table. Yeah – it is clear that the table was basically made out of paper mache – that makes that bump suck even more for AJ because it isn't like that was slowing his fall. God Damn Styles has a death wish.

Christian then eats a face first suplex from the top of the box from Harris. Harris then clotheslines Angle off the top. Man – this is easily the best King of the Mountain match so far and we haven't even gotten to the finish.

Apparently – Joe got tossed off the top of the penalty box but the cameras missed it. Harris goes to win but suddenly has the back of an 80 year old man. Can he climb any slower? Christian rightly stops him and gets him out of the ring via ladder to the face. Christian's turn to almost win. He is stopped by Angle grabbing his ankle and applying the Angle Lock. Christian – in a really neat spot – uses his other leg to kick his way out of the Angle Lock AND to flip over to

the other side of the ladder. The one problem there was that he put himself in position to eat a spear from Harris off the top rope. This leaves Angle all alone on the ladder and he wins it.

Yup – this was the good one.

~!~

SINGLES GOING STEADY

~!~

CHELSEA GREEN vs. SLOAN - WISE PRO WRESTLING (4/30/16 - Girls Gone Wrestling Champion)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

Chelsea Green is of Tough Enough and WWE fake physical therapist fame. She is also now of TNA such as it is working under the name Laurel Vanness. Sloan is not from Ferris Bueller's Day Off. Chelsea is the holder of the unfortunately named Girls Gone Wrestling Championship. Champ enters first. As Sloan comes out she is jumped by Nicole Matthews and we have a SHE DOESN'T EVEN WORK HERE~! Situation. The supposed face commissioner/owner/authority figure yells at her a lot. He is wearing a sweater vest so he is clearly a heel to me. So I guess it is...

CHELSEA GREEN vs. NICOLE MATTHEWS - WISE PRO WRESTLING (4/30/16 - Girls Gone Wrestling Champion)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

This is quite the odd bird. Why do I say that? Matthews has an ill-fitting ring gear so she spends half the match wrestling with a plumber's crack or pulling up her britches to cover said plumber's crack. Oh wait – the OTHER reasons. A minute in Chelsea does a tope. Well, actually she does a tope head first into one of the stairs leading down from the stage the wrestlers are coming in from. And she fucking rips her head WIDE open. She stands up and she has this glazed look like she is on dream street and then you notice that her blonde hair is going red ala Ric Flair. The cameraman helpfully??? (this will depend on your level of vampireism I guess) keeps zooming in and you can see that there is a chunk missing from Chelsea's forehead. We are talk ranking high on the Muta scale. At some point – Chelsea reaches up and pulls her hand away with that look of "Oh... wait... I really am bleeding." Yeah honey, you are bleeding AND concussed. Then at some point Matthews is bleeding from her mouth. What the fuck is going on?

Sometimes blood really adds to a match and if this had been a No-DQ street fight or the blow-off to a feud. But it is really awkward for an impromptu less than 10 minute match that ends with Sloan coming back out to distract Matthews for a roll up finish (so we can see what Chelsea took away from her Tough Enough time). Then Sloan and Matthews brawl as Sweater Vest Man makes a match for the next card. Meanwhile – Chelsea just bleeds. And bleeds. And bleeds some more. Okay fellas, someone could have come out with a towel or gauze or a Band-Aid. Shit.

I still don't know how I feel about all this.

~!~

VIRUS vs FUEGO - CMLL 6/15/2014
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

Jiminy Crickets, my Youtube Watch Later list has bloated up like a tick on Phil Rippa's giant neck. I'm up to like 330 matches that passed the initial "save/another fucking 3-way in fucking 2014?/Jesus, another mixed gender indie match/ NOAH undercard, eh? Just how much do I hate myself?" test. So fuck it, I'll start again with Virus, because he is awesome and I like awesome wrestling! Fuego dances with the busty young ladies at ringside and is sporting the Macho Man Randy Savage tassled jacket so there is already a lot to love in this match. Virus has the belt and strolls casually past the ladies in the tiny pants. He has no time for ladies, only BUSINESS. The belt is pretty great- what with the flags of Canada and Great Britain and stuff. My gard, the ring gals are punishing my tiny aged heart. Luckily the wrestlers lock up in the ring and I can breath easy. They start with Virus working a headlock into a kneelock- as I note that this just might go 30 minutes. Fuego does a nice lucha takedown and I am locking into the groove of this match. Virus makes with the half-Nelson and the quarter-Nelson that Fuego counters out of and it's all lowgrade but pretty nasty looking- leading into some really nice submission sequences. Virus works the shoulder, Fuego counters and then Virus counters and so on. Just when I figure I'm going to have to start liking this as a heatless title match, they start beating the hell out of each other. I'm guessing because Virus is fucking awesome and it is at the point wher a fucking awesome wrestler would do something to begin making the match awesome, this is the reason Virus does this. Fuego is all agile and nifty in the ring, countering the rudo onslaught that Virus unleashes (one should note that Fuego leans into the kicks to the face and shoulderblock like a champ). They hit a series of in-ring roll-ups and counters that are beautiful in a primera caida lowgrade way to lead into the truly sweet 5 step lucha submission that Virus sinks in. That was a quality title match first fall. SHOW ME SOMETHING I CAN'T DO! And they do that in the first caida and it is smooth and beginning to be touch upon the unearthly in its lucha grace. The second fall starts with Virus using his rough tactics that aren't actual cheating to wear down the tecnico. He works the knee and Fuego has to crawl for the rop break with Virus then going completely Ric Flair on him, stomping the knee joint, leaning into the kneelock, forcing second rope break on a Step-Over Toehold Front Facelock. After taking out a wheel, Virus goes into the corner and Fuego counters a corner lariat and does the really cool thing of attacking Virus with the same intensity of violence as a rudo and then- once ahead, he rolls through to a fucking beautiful 3 step lucha surfboard to take the fall. Man, this is what you would call "old school" if "old school" still meant anything. Let's just say that this is a good take on the structure of a classic lucha libre title match. Third fall stays on the mat until Fuego starts dropping elbows and legdrops. Virus is awesome staying patient and trying to get the advantage while setting up all of Fuego's in-ring spots. After assorted counters to Virus attempting to get on offense, Virus bumps through the ropes to the floor to set up Fuego's fucking beautiful Actual Tope, with Virus slamming into the rail to let the audience know that he would have definately slaughtered entire families in the first three rows if this was 1986 and there was no guard rail. Fuego makes with the Northern Lights Suplex and follows up with a total Greg Valentine Lateral Suplex and it's not looking good for the champion. Fuego goes up

top and hits a full fat landing Love Machine Splash and its a two count that Virus survives, allowing them to start smacking each other to set up Virus with the top rope Frankensteiner. Folks probably already realize that pretty much nobody puts a match together as well as Virus does. the slow build, the deep psychology mixed in with the right time to jazz things up when they get too plodding. Also note that Virus has the best Toprope Elbow in wrestling and he decapitates Fuego with it. Fuego survives the ensuing Suplex and two count and they start the finish by doing some desperation roll-ups and roll-up counters. Virus drags Fuego to the top and hits a super preposterous flying body vice rana that is AWWWEOSME. This leads up to some wildly desperate roll-ups by Fuego to set up the motherfucking BEAUTIFUL nine step roll-up into three submission variations. Goddam, Virus is a fucking master and Fuego was up to the task. ZILLION STARS.

~!~

JUN AKIYAMA vs. JAKE LEE – ALL JAPAN (1/3/2016)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

When they announced that Jason Lee was going to be in the Cruiserweight Classic I was like “AWESOME! That’s the dude that Jun Akiyama loves to beat the shit out of!” Then I realized that was JAKE Lee and Jason Lee was not so good. Still – at some point, the WWE should sign Jake Lee to let Rusev beat the shit out of him for a while.

Dean described this as “the stiffest Worldwide match ever” and that is a pretty apt description. It is like a modern version of Fit Finlay vs. Barry Houston as it is a grumpy old vet beating the wholly hell out of a youngster and the youngster realizing the only way to live is to start stiffing the fuck out of the grumpy old vet.

Surly old man (who thank God is five years older than me) Jun Akiyama is the forgotten best wrestler of the last few years. If only folks cared about All Japan anymore. He seems to know this so has decided that his life’s mission is to beat the stupid facial hair off of Lee’s chin and that is a cause we can all get behind. The best part is when he is destroying Lee with knees and Lee is kinda just quivering looking at the ref for help and the ref is just kinda like “Get up you big pussy”.

I enjoyed the finish as Lee kept kicking out of the usual Akiyama big stuff and Akiyama getting more and more irritated before gets this “God Dammit Fucker – now you are going to make me run” look before waffling Lee with a 2nd Shinning Wizard for the pin. A full Worldwide point.

~!~

DEAN ALLMARK vs HARLEM BRAVADO - ALL STAR WRESTLING 7/29/2014
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

Oh fuck yes. The Bravados went to Japan and suddenly they were no longer HILARIOUS~! but all stiff and nasty. And here they are invading the realm of motherfuckin' DVDVRMB Beloved Dean fucking Allmark. Harlem is proud to be an America- where at least he knows he's free- something something something died for he- and he'll proudly stand up something and

something something... you know, that Lee Greenwood song. The British fans are jerks and hate the US and our good-lookin' wrestlers we send over to scare the men and love the British ladies. JERKS! All we yanks wanna do is love on your ladies! Then immediately fly back the US and never talk to them again! Look at the upside, at night, while you all are flailing around, trying to please your lady love, she can close her eyes and remember the hot loving she received from the real SEXY American man that ended up with her one night. YOU CAN STILL ROCK IN AMERICA, MOTHERFUCKERS!! Ooo, that was fun. Anyway, WOW! this is 22 minutes. Let's watch, shall we? The Bravados sing THE National Anthem after requesting that everyone stand up and put their hands over their hearts but it's dark so I can't tell if the crowd does or not. I wept with patriotic fervor. Harlem doesn't hit all the notes with his mouth BUT HITS THEM WITH HIS HEART! The jerk brits are in love with Deano even after us saving y'all's bacon in World War 2 and shit. All Star Wrestling is fucking awesome. Bravado starts a U-S-A chant and I chant to myself in my head. They lock up and I note that Harlem towers over Deano and the Bravado boy has been beefing up. Deano is such a great babyface and the crowd is so into his spindling of the fine American wrist of Harlem Bravado. Harlem does a great wad of stalling after the leg drop to the wrist and draws Deano in and gets the advantage and starts giving Deano the bizness. Allmark counters out of wristlock- which I think they only do in England now- and they do a really great 1970s studio wrestling opening segment on the mat in front of the only fans that would be rabid for this, in this day and age. All Star is fucking awesome. They morph into the in-ring low-intensity high-flying and Allmark goes back to the wrist. Allmark cuts off all offense of Harlem with deep armdrags- just like Ricky Steamboat would cut off Bill White in 1977. This is great stuff. Harlem with the ten-punch counter via a Hotshot across the top ropes which drags this match into the mid-1980s. Harlem drops a leg across the throat as Allmark hangs over the apron. Allmark makes with the European Uppercut hope spot but Bravado keeps cutting him off with low-grade evil offense up until Allmark counters a sleeper counter until getting jawbreakered and THUS is sleeper countered back into a THIRD sleeper but with Harlem actually getting him off his vertical base and sleepiering him onto the mat. Allmark getting the crowd behind him as he goes from the mat to his vertical base to shooting Harlem into the ropes was EXACTLY like Dusty Rhodes did every time I ever saw him wrestle live at the Richmond Coliseum. Allmark goes all WCW-era Silver King with assorted in-ring lucha spots as they head into the finish. Deano sets up Harlem for a MORTAL~! but the other Bravado grabs Allmark and gives the young Brit a good All American Talkin to! Harlem Bravado, being a great American, wins with the greatest wrestling hold in American Wrestling Evildom- yes, comrades, the Schoolboy With a Handfull Of Tights. GOD BLESS THE USA. FIFTY MOTHERFUCKING STARS AND 13 MOTHERFUCKING STRIPES!

~!~

MR. 450 vs. DAMIEN WAYNE - ARCADIAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION (5/26/16)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

I had never heard of the Arcadian Wrestling Association (and yes they are using AWA for shorthand) until seeing this match that Lazlo linked to on the board. They appear to be based out of Tennessee and you would have thought I would have heard from them since they seem to use a lot of the same guys as the VA and NC feds do (with some Gangrel thrown in).

I am still disappointed that Mr. 450 never get out of alternate status in the CWC. Maybe he should have thrown some rocks in Ho Ho Lun's pockets or something during weigh-ins. He is such a fun worker – granted I am going to be double biased because of his Puerto Rico work and now his apparent Southern Indie Wrestling stops.

Damien Wayne is a great opponent for him as Wayne is a great base and also works much better as a heel (which he does in this match). And if I was gonna drop like \$15 for general admission at a show – these types of matches would give me my money's worth.

It sometimes is really the simple things. Wayne controls the majority of the match constantly cutting off 450s offense and throwing amazing punches. God – you almost have to throw great punches if you have spent so much time with Preston Quinn. Wayne also misses an Alabama Jam that would have made Bobby Eaton proud (and wince). He does however hit a top rope elbow (complete with skin the cat setup) that was great. The crowd keeps egging 450 on including my favorite chant of "Go! 4-5-0!" (as in the letter not the number).

A simple story of Wayne constantly trying to smash 450 with a chair and getting stopped each time. Finally, on the third attempt (Rule of 3 people) – 450 dropkicks the chair into Wayne's face and gets the win. Zero complaints here.

~!~

KOHEI SATO/ SHUJI ISHIKAWA vs TSUTOMU OSUGI/ HERCULES SENGU - BIG JAPAN PRO WRESTLING (11/6/2014)
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

MuttonandTheHam somehow got the whole card of yesterday's Big Japan show- so YEEHAW THE INTERNET~! The first match is the good-lookin assorted Yapper Men who make up the Speed Of Sounds. Sato and Ishikawa are going to beat the fuck out of them, I'm assuming. I'm very excited. I wonder how much of this whole card I can watch after the actual wrestling ends and the death matches kick in. SengU wrote his name on his pants so I can tell these Speed Of Sounds guys apart. Ishikawa towers over both but REALLY towers over Oosugi THUS the SoS guys use highflying as a weapon- utilizing the double tope suicida straight out the gate to get a few minutes respite from the impending ass-stomping. Ishikawa and Sato are good rudos and kill a few fans in the first two rows as they are crushed by the tiny babyfaces. Ishikawa cuts the merry proceedings short by flattening the little fellas with full Mil Mascaras Fatboy flying body press, signally the Beginning Of The Beating Of The Tiny Folk. Oosooogi is game, going straight up to Kohei Sato and elbowing him in the face three times. I would only do that if I were throwing them from a speeding car. Kohei responds by crushing his head and blasting his lungs out of the front of his chest. And then slamming him really hard so Ishikawa can twist his skull around in impossible directions. That match is pretty great. Sato and Ishikawa will beat some heat onto a babyface. Oosouoogi receives a Sato Giant Swing because the wrestling gods hate Speed of Sounds and are letting Sato wrestle whimsical wrestling spots betwixt punching the fuck out of these little fellas. I await the Shuji Ishikawa Skytwister Press. Ishikawa does a Kevin

Sullivan stomach stomp and I'm guessing Speed of Sound double teamed Ishikawa's grandma in a non-wrestling fashion at some point or something. Sato misses a shoulderblock into the corner and Oosugi makes the hot tag and Senga does the great You Gotta WANT IT Swinging DDT on the gigantic Sato and it is a great day for 5'2" wrestlers everywhere. Ishikawa decides to cut of the Little Guy Joy Fountain and crush Senga with a Clubbing Forearm. Senga uses youth, speed and agility to not immediately die but Ishikawa seems to be over the youthful exuberance shit and double stomps Senga off the second rope. Senga escapes the powerbomb but Osugi gets the PRIVILEGE of getting slaughtered by a Ishikawa lariat in the corner. Jesus, Ishikawa will fucking kill a motherfucker with a lariat. Ishikawa then does that thing he does every match where he sells giant wads of bayface offense because he's a professional and shit and wants these little folks to look good before he fucking just fucking KILLS Osugi with a powerbomb. I mean FUCKING DESTROYS Osugi with a powerbomb. More fun-loving than ass-beating, but who doesn't love fun.

~!~

MOXIE vs. BETTY BOOBLES – EUROPEAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION - (Winter 2016 - Dojo Show)
(by PHIL RIPPA)

Oh man there is a lot to unpack here in such a relatively short clip. Let's do this ClickBait Style.

TWO AUSTRALIAN WOMEN FOUGHT IN A RAQUETBALL COURT. YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT!!!

1) YES, IT IS REALLY BEING HELD ON A RAQUET BALL COURT

This immediately goes high on the weird ass places I have watched a wrestling match taking place list. I mean technically it could be a Squash court too. All I know is it is fucking tiny and it is decorated like the place my kid used to take Taekwondo from. EWA really has a weird identity crisis if this is their "Dojo". At least it is accessible by public transportation. Hey! The terrible Google translation of the webpage told me so!

2) THESE ARE TWO TRAINEES , MAYBE THE ONLY TRAINEES

Okay – that might be a slight exaggeration but in glancing at the few other videos online, Moxie and Betty might be the only FEMALE trainees as they are in every match and I haven't see them against anyone else. At least not in the DOJO~! There is a Moxie vs. Alpha Female so at least she branched out some. What I am trying to say is that these two have a never ending feud.

3) THEY ARE TRAINED BY CHRIS THE BAMBIKILLER... SORTA

The head trainer appears to be Michael Kovac but then it is all "Kovac and Chris the Bambikiller are absolute full professionals!" so yeah. I am guessing if someone every breaks out in that Austria/Germany scene we are suddenly gonna hear Chris' name a lot more.

4) BETTY BOOBLES IS NOT DOING A BAYLEY GIMMICK

Despite Matt's claims – Betty is not an Austrian Bayley unless wearing a purple/gold and giving one fan a hug constitutes a Bayley gimmick. Plus – I never saw Bayley Febreezing the ring before a match. And to drive home the point – Moxie is the one who busts out the Bayley to Belly and it is nowhere remotely close to the finish. Also – I am not even sure what version of this gimmick it is for Betty as there is an earlier match where she has pink hair and looks like an early 90s fitness instructor and her last name is McBoobles. Long story short – Matt is a fool.

5) MOXIE ISN'T HALF BAD

Man – she is definitely rough around the edges but there is potential there. My favorite part is that she has pants that are dangerously close to Masa Chono pants and if you are going to be wearing Masa Chono pants you better start doing a fucking Yakuza Kick. (Maybe this will be my new thing – constantly calling for more people to do Yakuza Kicks.)

6) MAYBE IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN BETTY SIDE-BOOBLES... AMITE???

There needs to be a Facebook Group or something that allows women's wrestlers to find outfits that fit them properly. If the good Lord has blessed you with anything more than basically an A cup – a single sports bra is probably not the best idea. At least hate your body like Becky Lynch and just wear a T-shirt.

~!~