



Cascadia Frontier Wrestling Debut Show
February 7th
Bossanova Ballroom, Portland, OR



The Bossanova Ballroom is already full before bell time. Folding chairs are tight. People stand along the walls. Someone has taped a handwritten sign near the bar that just says **CFW TONIGHT**. There's no countdown, no announcement - people just stop talking when the lights dip slightly and the ring becomes the only bright thing in the room. "Doom Town" by Wipers plays over speakers the crowd doesn't notice, it's an oppressive song for an oppressive upstairs venue, there is a slight unease in the air. Someone in a Dead Moon shirt with a beer yells "oh fuck yeah!" at the opening notes.

There's no major introduction to the company. No welcome speech. No authority figure. The bell rings, a referee enters the ring, a slight nervous look on his face. Someone picks up a mic from off stage and states:

1. RULE 1: Stay off the ring
2. RULE 2: Stay out of the way
3. RULE 3: No Racism, No Sexism, No Homophobia. Don't be a fuckhead.
4. RULE 4: Buy drinks, don't drink too much
5. RULE 5: This is Cascadia Frontier Wrestling

And it starts.

The all-too-familiar riff of “Kashmir” by Led Zeppelin blasts out of the speakers and the crowd all stand and turn in unison to the makeshift entrance hanging over a door to who knows where. Out steps the first wrestler to make an appearance in CFW history -

Rey Cometa.

Rey Cometa def. Gianni Valletta via flash hurricanrana (11:34)

Valletta enters the ring in a totally opposite fashion from the more colorful Cometa. Black pants, wild hair, scruffy beard and heavy heavy chains. The crowd, unfamiliar with either man, were drawn to the contrast, the hero versus the monster. The size difference is evident, in bulk more than height.

Valletta tries to slow the match down immediately — backing into the ropes, talking to the referee, taunting the luchador after every strike. Cometa doesn’t let him set the pace. He closes distance fast, snapping Valletta down and forcing him to wrestle, bouncing off the ropes, all arm drags and quick kicks.

Cometa strings together quick movement combos, one kick doubling Valletta over - who immediately rolls to the outside. Cometa gives him no space, before Valletta can stand up with full breath, Cometa hits him like a rocket, a suicide dive that takes both men into the second row. Valletta scrambles, tries to stall again, but Cometa stays on him and gets him back in the ring.

The finish comes suddenly. Valletta gets some offense in after focusing on Cometa’s legs, slowing him down. With both men tired and struggling to get the upper hand for long, a powerbomb attempt from Valletta signals his demise, with a burst of energy Cometa leans back and flips him into a pinning hurricanrana for the surprise 3 count.

The bell rings. Valletta snaps.

He jumps Cometa from behind, driving him down, stomping him in the corner until the referee pulls him off. Valletta grabs his chain from ringside and starts to enter the ring before rethinking things. He waves his hands and leaves immediately to light boos, jaw tight, not looking back. Cometa stays down longer than expected, holding his ribs, nodding at the crowd while still on the mat.

He stands up to applause and raises his arm as he heads to the back.

Erik Hammer def. Thunder Sugiyama via KO (7:25)

Two bulls ready to battle. Sugiyama in mid-calf tights and no shoes, Hammer in MMA style shorts and wrestling shoes. The bell rings. There’s no feeling-out process. They collide.

Hammer tries the early takedown, Sugiyama chops him in the back of the head. The match continues with sneaky strikes, Sugiyama landing body blows, while Hammer gets his elder on the mat a few times, attempting to snag a limb. Sugiyama tries to match Hammer’s strength early, trading palms and the occasional judo throw. Hammer takes it and keeps moving forward, searching for limbs, sneaking in big kicks. The difference in conditioning shows when, after a prolonged struggle on the mat, Hammer is able

to get his feet just under him and wills Sugiyama up off the mat before dropping him down hard into a press slam. Hammer gathers his wits and Sugiyama gathers his breath.

The crowd hasn't seen fights like this in Portland.

Sugiyama fights back, getting one big punch into the gut of Hammer that he sells like a nut shot - he tries to follow up, but Hammer is ready.

Hammer catches his opponent charging, plants his feet and uses momentum to toss him up and over, planting Sugiyama straight onto his head with a murderous overhead suplex. Hammer doesn't go for the pin, Sugiyama isn't moving. The ref checks on him and calls for the bell.

Sugiyama doesn't move right away. Hammer steps back, a little worried at his strength, but just as another ref comes to help, Sugiyama moves, shakes his head and wipes his face. Hammer smirks and leaves the ring, the crowd dumbstruck.

A couple of people applaud, one guy goes "what the fuck man, was that real?" People around him laugh a little.

Nothing happens for a few minutes, an impromptu mini-intermission, mainly done to catch the vibe of the place. Allow people to get another drink.

Suddenly, "Holding Out for a Hero" in all its epic, cheesy glory wakes up everyone and gets people chuckling to see who will come out.

It's this skinny white kid, who doesn't look like he could beat your Grandma up in a fight, in plain tights and a cape. It's Kurtis Chapman!

Kintaro Oki def. Kurtis Chapman via piledriver and pinfall (5:09)

Kurt comes out smiling, playing to the crowd, soaking in the noise - which happens to mostly be laughter. Oki, angry, silent, stoic, enters the ring and does not acknowledge him.

The match is violent and uncomfortable. Oki overwhelms Kurt. He throws him down on his back, on his face, he grinds him into the mat and stomps his head. Kurt absorbs punishment beyond a point he should be able. He keeps getting to his feet, laughing, shaking his head, asking for more, he gets a strike in here and there that impact Oki but do not stop his forward momentum.

Oki hits him harder each time, literally slapping him down to the ground, offended by the refusal to stay down.

Kurt, still wriggling gets dragged to his feet and Oki grabs him into a jumping piledriver, driving him into the mat and finally getting the three count after minutes of domination. Oki stands over the prone body, shakes his head and walks to the back.

Kurt rolls to the corner afterward, lightly bloodied and smiling, wiggling on the mat once before standing on his own. The crowd applauds him louder than they did Oki.

In the crowd someone says “that guy is gonna get himself killed.”

Bad Dude Tito def. Tor Kamata via F5 (12:48)

Following the finishes of the last two matches, there is a palpable intensity evident before the bell, with the very large Tito unsure of what to make of the devilish, frightening Kamata. Kamata controls the early moments, backing Tito down with pressure holds, precise strikes and eye rakes. Tito gets his licks in too, but after a prolonged grounded struggle, Kamata is pulled away with blood leaking from his mouth, while Tito has struck a gusher from his forehead. It’s dramatic and the crowd inches closer. Kamata smiles a psychotic smile. Kamata keeps trying to end things, Tito keeps kicking out. Tito works with honor, the crowd eats it up.

Tito fires back emotionally, throwing himself into Kamata, his huge fists landing square with his jaw, he ducks a clothesline attempt and dumps Kamata on his head with a German suplex, knocking the wind out of himself at the same time. The match turns into a scramble, both men exhausted, the ref on the precipice of throwing it out.

The finish comes in a rapid sequence. Kamata backs Tito into a corner with sumo palm strikes, Tito’s bloody face starting to clot and get dark. In a surprising, rapid fire moment - Tito lets out a roar, pushes Kamata away and follows up with a nasty lariat, dropping Kamata to the ground. Tito yells again, picks Kamata up onto his shoulders and drops him with a nasty F5. He rolls over, just barely on top of Kamata as the ref counts 3.

Tito doesn’t celebrate at first, his chest is heaving, he stares at the blood on his hands, wipes his face and slowly gets to his feet with the help of the ref. One more yell and a painful fist pump, and the crowd erupts into the loudest applause of the night. Tito bites his lip, nods at the crowd a few times before hobbling to the back.

As the crowd mellows out, the music starts for the next match to get underway.

Negro Casas def. Billy Graham via dq (9:13)

This feels important before it starts. Casas enters first to adulation and “oh shit” reactions from the fans who know. He’s quiet, stalking to the ring, nodding to people here and there, but he is calculated, measured and ready for what awaits.

Enter “Superstar” Billy Graham, jacked to the gills, in long white tights and red boots with none other than Gino Hernandez trailing behind him, mocking the crowd, pointing at Graham and laughing at Casas. Graham poses, flexes, he looks like a science-fiction creation.

Most of all, he looks more dangerous than he ever has.

Graham pushes the pace early, battering Casas with power and impatience. He clubs him with forearms and stomps and lariats. Casas absorbs it, redirects it, attacks Graham's limbs, and frustrates him by refusing to rush. If Graham is non-stop violence and anger, Casas attacks like a sniper, with great skill. With each strike and each hold, he wears Graham down. They clash in the center, neither backing down.

Graham knocks Casas through the ropes with a big boot and follows him out, slamming him into the apron. The referee warns him. Graham ignores it. Casas gets a gut shot in and kicks his legs out from him, before sliding back into the ring.

Back inside, the match spirals. There are hardly holds, half the shots miss. A scramble near the ropes turns chaotic. The referee steps between them. Casas kicks Graham in the knee, hobbling him, Graham blows up and swings wildly, connecting a huge blow to Casas' ear, but striking the ref at the same time.

Casas goes down. The ref shakes the cobwebs, before he can DQ Graham, Billy stands above Casas and stomps as hard as he can, square on his groin. Casas lets out a disgusting sound...

The bell rings.

Graham argues immediately, furious, insisting it was accidental, despite the obvious delusion. His anger continues to boil, he screams at the ref who bails. The decision stands. That's when Graham loses control—shoving more referees, pushing Gino who barely tries to stop him, stomping at Casas as he's pulled away, grabbing a chair and throwing it into the ring. He yells "this is fucking bullshit!" Security hesitates before intervening, placing themselves between Graham and Casas.

They don't grab him but as a unit, they sort of slowly walk toward and push him out of the room. Casas miraculously gets up on his own to mild applause.

The crowd realizes there hasn't been a single comfortable moment all show.

There is another bit of a wait after the match. With the lack of announcements throughout the show, some in the crowd begin to wonder if that's it - though the lights stay mostly dimmed. Eventually one fan boos, causing everyone to look toward the entrance, where Gino Hernandez, still smirking, re-enters ringside, without Billy Graham this time. He enters the ring, pulls on the ropes a bit to stretch and starts to hop and get limber.

Then the familiar guitar notes of "Takeover" play and the crowd is silent until a few people yell "SHIBATA!" Sure enough, Katsuyori Shibata enters the Bossanova Ballroom, head down, towel on his shoulders and clad in just black trunks and boots. He walks to the ring without acknowledging anyone and sits down in the center of the ring to derision from Gino before getting up and heading to his corner.

Katsuyori Shibata def. Gino Hernandez via PK (15:22)

Gino Hernandez steps out of his corner confident, smiling, working the room. Shibata lets him do his thing. He stands across and then in a flash, Gino is on the ground after taking a boot to the face.

The match's physicality never lets up. Shibata tries to put Gino to sleep, slaps him to the ground, wrenches his arms, but Gino is no slouch. Gino tries to slow it down, to get into Shibata's head, to turn the tide. He has moments on top, but Shibata refuses to be down for long. Gino fights back, tries to steal moments, capitalizes on missed strikes, but Shibata never loses control, never shows frustration.

The finish comes when Shibata breaks him down in the center of the ring, repeatedly kicking Gino in the hamstring before he finally buckles. He slaps on a sleeper long enough that Gino is fading, sits him up, hits the ropes and annihilates him with the PK. It's an easy three count at that point.

Shibata stands, then leaves immediately. No gesture. No celebration. The crowd doesn't erupt, but they applaud heartily.

Gino sits up slowly, rubbing his jaw, his ego finally cracked a little bit. The crowd waves him off as he walks to the back and he tells a few to fuck right off.

As the lights begin to rise, "Doom Town" plays again and the mystery voice speaks for only the second time all show:

"Next week: Salem. Tell your friends"

The crowd mostly heads for the exit, chatting amongst themselves.

"Well, that wasn't family friendly"

"Yeah it kicked ass"

END OF SHOW #1