



Cascadia Frontier Wrestling Show #2

February 14th

Scottish Rite Center, Salem, OR



It's been raining the entirety of the last week. This is February in Oregon, but when you're in a place that is already as gray as Salem, it feels like rain is all you will ever know. The Scottish Rite Center doesn't fill up the same way the Bossanova did, there is nothing throttling people to one spot. It's a big building with long hallways.

People arrive early. They linger in the lobby. They look around at various glass cases, unsure of what to expect or if they're in the right place. There is a makeshift bar setup in the hallway, the bartender directing people to the main hall. The building FEELS old and dated. Worn wood, dirty tiles, yet has a certain 1970s ornamentation to it all. It's the perfect venue for Professional Wrestling.

The ring sits dead center in the hall, surrounded tight by folding chairs. No stage. No curtains. Just canvas and ropes under flat light. Conversations carry farther here, there is a noticeable echo that catches loud voices. Bodyslams are going to sound like shotgun blasts.

As the seats mostly fill, someone kills the house lights enough that the ring becomes the brightest thing in the room. There is drama to it, but not spookiness, this isn't the Undertaker. "Doom Town" by Wipers comes on entirely too loud and too sudden through aged speakers, one with an obvious broken tweeter. For most, again, the song presses down. The half of the crowd that traveled down from Portland, new devotees from the debut show nod when they recognize it.

A referee walks to the ring alone. He adjusts the ropes, checks the canvas, looks out at the crowd like he's counting exits. A hidden voice picks up a mic, as before. He's hard to understand.

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 ring sits lower than Portland, closer to the floor. People crowd the edges. You can hear everything. A few claps start as the lights dim more, the overhead light gets a little brighter and "Holding Out for a Hero" comes through the speaker.

Erik Hammer def. Kurtis Chapman via Kimura lock (4:32)

Just like the last time Kurt was in the ring, his resolve is admirable, but he is overmatched in just about every aspect. Hammer controls Kurt immediately, throwing him across the ring with a side spinning suplex, then following up with elbows to the chest. Hammer goes for many submissions, but Kurt is just slippery enough that he continually gets out. Kurt keeps scrambling back up after being dominated, laughing through it, taunting Hammer as the crowd roars and firing back with wild forearms that barely move him. Hammer throws a kick right to Kurt's head, and it knocks him down but not out.

Hammer picks Kurt up, who is almost limp at this point, but still conscious and shit talking, and hoists him up on his shoulder like Santa with a bag of toys before driving him down into the mat, straight on his back for a sickening spinebuster. A pin attempt is made but Kurt gets a shoulder up.

Hammer is incensed, and immediately grabs an arm, attempting a Kimura lock. Kurt, for the first time, does show a bit of panic and tries hard to wrench his arm away, but it's too late and he's caught. It takes just a second of excruciating pain before he taps and the bell rings.

Hammer drops him like nothing, Kurt rolls to the ropes afterward, dazed, out of breath, and rubbing his arm. The crowd cheers at him and he smiles. Hammer waves his hands at them like he's had enough, spits on the mat and walks to the back.

As the ring empties, a new referee comes out, followed on the soundsystem by some wild exotic yelling sounds. Out walks Tor Kamata, looking menacing and insane and every bit the "savage" archetype this go round. He stands in the ring as the crowd awaits his opponent.

"Kashmir" starts up and like a lightning bolt, Rey Cometa heads out to the ring, hopeful to notch his second win.

Tor Kamata def. Rey Cometa via Big Splash (11:15)

As in his first match, Cometa starts fast - running circles around Kamata, who can't possibly keep up. He sprinkles in kicks, armdrags, elbows, a springboard dropkick that forces Kamata to the corner. This frustrates the stout Kamata, who winces in pain and growls. He absorbs the strikes, he hits the mat, but

he's always back up. Finally, Cometa makes a mistake - he sizes Kamata up, runs towards the opposite ropes, but is met fiercely by Kamata with a bodypress. Kamata then steps in and kicks Cometa's knee out from under him.

Cometa winces and yells in pain. His leg obviously has not fully healed from the beating he took from Gianni Valletta last week. Kamata is like a shark smelling blood and attacks the knee of the grounded Cometa. He does first drops, stomps, he mashes his elbow right into the joint and twists as Cometa screams.

He deliberately moves up the leg, attacking more than just the knee.. Kamata traps the leg, stomps the thigh repeatedly. He takes his ankle and slams him into the mat. Cometa, the flyer, is immobile. Kamata smiles devilishly, relishing the punishment. He picks the limp luchador up and drives him down with a brainbuster that folds him awkwardly. Kamata gets up, leaving Cometa prone, who tries to rally and stand up, the crowd urging him on.

When he finally gets up, Kamata chop blocks the leg and Cometa folds. He's not unconscious, but he can't get up. Kamata heads to the top rope and leaps off without ceremony with a big splash for the pinfall.

He opens his mouth and attempts to bite Cometa's face, but the referee intervenes and is shoved off. More referees come down and pry Kamata off before too long before Bad Dude Tito runs out and Kamata powders. Tito helps Cometa up, almost carrying him to the back as he writhes in pain.

Billy Graham def. Thunder Sugiyama via full nelson (12:31)

Sugiyama enters to mild applause, unknown to most and known as someone who can give a beating by some. He's shoeless as usual. Then Gino Hernandez comes out, met with a chorus of boos as he flips the crowd off before doing an Outsiders style point to the entrance where Billy Graham, morphing closer and closer into Bane enters. He's so intense you can almost see steam coming out of his nostrils. The crowd boos, he ignores them, murder on his mind in retribution for his "unjust" disqualification last week.

The bell rings, they circle, arms up, trying to get the right moment. In a flash, they collide, a lockup, push apart, struggle. Sugiyama meets Graham in the center, trading strikes. Graham wins the exchange with raw force, backing Sugiyama into the corner and battering him with forearms and shoulders. Sugiyama fires back with chops, staggering Graham briefly, kicking him in the gut and clotheslining him to the ground. The crowd roars their approval and surprise.

Graham responds by slapping the mat and fuming, somehow creating seemingly more muscles out of his already abnormally large set. He rushes Sugiyama, nailing him with a clothesline of his own. Throws him in the corner and clotheslines him again and again and again and again. Puts his head between his legs as he's slumping down sitting down into a piledriver hard. Graham stands up and rakes his boot across his face, trying to turn his face into pulp. Sugiyama fights back when it seems like he has nothing left to give. Graham taunts him, but Sugiyama reaches out and trips him. He raves up and gets a few strikes in before Graham stomps him away again.

The finish comes when Sugiyama charges Graham in the corner, but Graham moves at the last minute and miraculously locks in a Full Nelson, immobilizing him. Graham uses his height to lift Sugiyama up higher, bashing his head into the turnbuckle 3 times. He holds him a couple of seconds longer, Sugiyama limp. The referee checks on him and calls for the bell. Graham tosses him like a bag of garbage.

Graham stands over him afterward, breathing hard, jaw clenched. No gesture. No celebration, just anger.

Gino Hernandez laughs like a hyena on the outside, slides into the ring and raises Billy's hand. He points at him, showing him off as the two walk to the back.

With a clean win this time, the crowd ceases the booing, but doesn't know what to make of the monstrous Billy Graham.

Kintaro Oki def. Gianni Valletta via headbutt (9:50)

The two bruisers stare at each other early before slowly lumbering to the center of the ring, both trying to overpower the other. Valletta is menacing and wild, Oki is calm and cool - both of them show off their strength frequently.

As was the case with his last match, Valletta stalls early, slipping to the ropes, talking to the referee and crowd while trying to slow Oki down with frustration. Whereas Rey Cometa combatted that with speed and precision, Oki closes distance, is insistent in his defiance of the annoyances and traps an arm, a leg, whatever he can and continually sends Valletta to the mat, working him down with short strikes and nerve hold-style pressure.

Valletta tries to outmaneuver him, slipping behind and attempting a quick roll-up. Oki powers out and immediately snaps Valletta down again, never giving him space to reset. Valletta is wily and almost has Oki a few times, usually with sequences that are just barely north of cheating, but Oki is resilient and powerful and maintains the upper hand most of the time. It's honestly the least brutal, least exciting match so far in CFW, though it is certainly still snug.

The finish comes after Valletta attempts one last trick, attempting to trip Oki. Oki catches him with a huge stomp to the face, stopping Valletta in his tracks, before finishing him off with 4 giant headbutts and the 3-count.

It's not dominant, but it's hard fought. The crowd cheers the contest, Oki raises his arms in appreciation and looks at Valletta with disgust, before leaving the ring - having won clean and inarguably.

Negro Casas def. Bad Dude Tito via la magistral (14:28)

The entrances for this exude aura. Casas enters first, carrying the weight of his skill with him. The crowd oohs and looks astonished that one of the best grapplers of all time is in their midst in Salem, Oregon. He is calm, collected, checks his wrist tape and stretches. Bad Dude Tito enters to a big applause, likely from the crowd that saw his hard fought victory last week. Those who are unfamiliar with him applaud anyway, and he takes it in. He looks confident and determined, but he knows that while he overcame the monster Tor Kamata, that Negro Casas is elite.

Tito explodes early, rushing Casas with wild strikes. Casas lets him come, slipping shots, redirecting him into the ropes, tripping him up when he overcommits. Tito attempts to keep his cool. He's not the ferocious beast of Billy Graham, despite his strength advantage. To win, he has to think, he can't just use brute force.

Tito lands a heavy forearm that finally knocks Casas back. The crowd comes alive. Casas adjusts, he smirks, he stays on the defensive.

From there, Casas slows the match to a crawl for a bit, trapping Tito, bending him, forcing him to fight for every inch. Tito rallies, breaks free, gets shots in, including one that draws blood from Casas' mouth, but it never lasts long.

Tito shows tremendous heart, despite being outworked technically throughout the match. The two men work snug, strength vs. technique, but unlike their matches from last week, they work within the rules - they hurt each other, sure, but they are using integrity. At one point, Casas attempts to nail Tito with a crossbody off the top rope, but Tito catches him mid-air, lifts him up in a fluid motion into a vertical suplex position and drops him down straight on his head into an Orange Crush. The crowd gasps and yells. Casas kicks out at 2.

The finish comes when Tito charges again and Casas catches him, snaps him down, rolls through for an ankle lock, wearing Tito down and then transfers as smooth as possible into the spinning la magistral cradle for the 3 count. Tito kicks out just after the 3. He looks disgusted and makes the “this close” fingers at Casas.

Casas backs up, gives a smirk and nods. They lock eyes for a moment but Casas leaves before any further interaction. The crowd applauds at the hard fought match. Tito leaves looking tired, beat, but proud of his effort. Many in the crowd clap him on the shoulder as he heads to the back.

Wasting no time, no intermission, nothing, the familiar guitar lines of “Takeover” start and the crowd stands up.

Shi-Ba-Ta
Shi-Ba-Ta
Shi-Ba-Ta

And like that, Katsuyori Shibata enters, head down, towel over it, clad in a black t-shirt tucked into his simple black trunks. He walks halfway down the short aisle and lifts his head, looking at the room, to applause. He enters the ring, lowers the towel and sits down cross-legged.

A generic hard rock song comes on after this and the crowd turns toward the entrance - unfamiliar with who this could be. Out of the shadows marches a huge man, he has to duck through the entrance. He looks about the width of two Shibatas, his face is covered, but otherwise he’s only wearing mid-length tights. He gets into the entranceway and removes the face covering, revealing a maniacal smile, bald head and teeth that look bigger than the Hollywood sign.

It’s Nathan fuckin’ Jones.

Someone in the crowd goes “what the fuckkkkkkkk”

Someone else yells “BOGGO ROAD”

Nathan Jones looks insane and inhuman. He enters silently, the crowd is silent too. In the ring, he goes face to face with Shibata, towering over him. He smiles and smirks and looks like the biggest idiot bully you have ever seen. Shibata doesn’t flinch.

Katsuyori Shibata def. Nathan Jones via PK (10:11)

The ref backs them into their corners, calls for the bell and Shibata is ON HIM with a huge boot to the face to start things off. It staggers Jones into the corner and Shibata is there immediately, nailing Jones with big elbows to the mush. He draws blood, he looks crazed. Jones hulks up and shoves Shibata off, who flies halfway across the ring, falling on his ass.

Gaining his composure, the two circle each other, Shibata gets some kicks into the thigh, as a feeling out motion. Jones, just a pure steroid with limbs, shows a little ability to learn and eventually blocks a kick, before rushing Shibata with a big tackle. Jones overpowers Shibata here, throwing him with raw strength against the mat over and over before lifting him up and flattening him with a heavy slam. Jones walks away to flex and mock Shibata to the crowd. This is a mistake. Shibata stands back up, smacks his head to shake the cobwebs and walks straight back into Jones, slapping him in the face as he turns and the two trade strikes that echo through the building.

Jones tries to overpower him again. Shibata is ready for it and times a downward chop perfectly that drops him down. The dismantling continues from here. Jones, despite his size, is just no match and Shibata takes him down one strike at a time. Jones slows to barely being able to walk, welts forming on his thighs. Shibata doesn't slow.

The finish comes after a final exchange where Shibata backs Jones into the corner, unloads with strikes, slumping him down. Shibata throws him to the center of the ring, goes to the middle rope and comes down with a stomp onto his face. He sits him up, hits the ropes and unloads a disgustingly loud PK to his chest, and the pinfall follows.

Shibata sits up immediately. He shows expression for the first time, but it's not relief. It's a hint of ego, a hint of disgust at his opponent with no noticeable skill. He looks at the crowd and nods, before heading to the back to thunderous applause.

Even if he barely acknowledges them, he's winning the crowd over.

Jones stays down longer before finally coming to and powdering to the back as the lights rise a little bit again and "Doom Town" comes on once more.

The mysterious off-stage voice comes through the speakers again -

"We will see you next week in Eugene."

The lights rise and the crowd starts to disperse. In the hallways of the Scottish Rites Center, there is particular interest in Billy Graham, Bad Dude Tito and Katsuyori Shibata.

END OF SHOW 2