



Cascadia Frontier Wrestling Show #5
March 7th
Hawthorne Theater, Portland, OR



Spring has arrived early this year. The last bouts of rain petered out over the last week of February, but this first week of March has been abnormally warm in Portland. People are out and about, shopping with their tax returns, eating and drinking on makeshift patios leftover from COVID closures, enjoying the city in the sun.

Inside one of the darkest venues in Portland, the Hawthorne Theater is hosting Cascadia Frontier Wrestling for their return to Portland. The previous month of shows has gained traction online, getting coverage in internet wrestling circles, despite no proper footage being available. Dark, shaky phone recordings of shows have begun to make their way to YouTube, annoying pundits have put out “What is happening in the PNW?!” reaction videos. Discord and Reddit are talking about it. Some don’t believe the hype.



Those present in the sold out Hawthorne Theater do.

Despite the increase in venue size, it still feels stuffy. The ring is still a bit too large for the amount of people in the room, but unlike past events, there is a section of fans sitting on the stage above the ring. Rainier and Tecate cans are in the hands of most attendees. People are laughing, people are stoked.

The lights dim, leaving just a singular strand of lights pointed at the ring. “Doomtown” by Wipers plays for a minute before the extra-loud PA system crackles with microphone noise and out of it comes the faceless voice of CFW.

“How the fuck are we doing Portland?” The crowd roars as they take their seats.

“Before we get too far - the rules:

1. RULE 1: Stay off the ring.
2. RULE 2: Stay out of the way.
3. RULE 3: No racism. No sexism. No homophobia.
4. RULE 4: Buy drinks. Please do not drink too much.
5. RULE 5: This is Cascadia Frontier Wrestling. DON’T YOU FORGET IT”

“Portland, you bought tickets. You showed up. Tonight is different.” The crowd roars again, but there is some confusion as well. “Tonight, we crown the first ever **Cascadia Frontier Champion**” The crowd goes ohhhhhhhhh, slap hands and one knucklehead yells out a “HELL YEAHHHHH”

“Tonight, 8 men will fight in a single-night tournament to determine our first champion. There will be no other matches. And it starts right fucking now” The crowd comes unglued as “Doomtown” finishes out and the lights adjust to portray the ring correctly.

“The Ultimate Destroyer” by Lair of the Minotaur blasts through the speakers and the crowd stands up to mosh and clap. After a handful of seconds, the undefeated Erik Hammer steps out from behind the curtain and slowly makes his way to the ring, looking confident.

“Over the Mountain” by Ozzy Osbourne comes next and the Portland crowd gets their first look at the muscled freak that is Nathan Jones. Despite getting the win over Kintaro Oki last week in Astoria with the help of Gianni Valletta, he comes to the ring alone. Once in the ring, he stands right in front of Erik Hammer, quite a bit taller. Hammer looks unphased.

First Round Match: Erik Hammer def. Nathan Jones via D’Arce choke (7:04)

Building off the confrontation from the previous week in Astoria, the two big guys circle each other methodically. Unlike most matches with bigger foes, Hammer does not try for early takedowns. He is thoughtful, conserving energy - throwing out some low kicks to feel things out. Jones tries to throttle Hammer, using his size advantage to push him toward the ropes and deliver body blows, but Hammer’s body control is just too great and he’s able to sneak out any sort of rush.

The match also showcases Hammer’s ability to actually take punishment, slightly deflecting shots from Jones that don’t seem to land with the force they would impart on many others. He eventually does spin out of a standup hold toward the ground and is able to pick Jones’ ankle and roll him up into a near 3-count, one of the few instances of Hammer going for a pin.

It’s a heated match, but both men are a bit measured as well, realizing this is the first of potentially 3 matches for the night.

Hammer has a moment going for a strike that Jones' dodges and causes him to slip. Jones pounces, delivering punches and elbows and knees to a fallen Hammer that seems to finally get him off his game. However, Hammer's supreme mat skills win out, as he takes a deep breath, absorbing punishment and is able to maneuver his body in just a way to sneak out from underneath, grab Jones' left arm into a hammerlock and transition into a D'Arce Choke, fully immobilizing his upper body. Jones is frustrated and flailing and trying to force himself up, but Hammer slams him harder into the mat. It's too much and Jones weakly taps.

Hammer drops him and jumps up, looking crazed, raising his arms in the air to applause before both men head to the back.

With little pause, the wild sounds of exotic whooping and screaming shred ear drums from the speakers as the familiar sounds of "Voodoo" by Chris Isaak start up, which can only mean one thing..

Tor Kamata

What he lacks in wins, he makes up for in sheer destruction, leaving much of the roster bloody and wasting away. He looks crazed, big eyes, licking his lips and motioning toward the crowd. He enters the ring and paces around like a mad man.

Then, it happens. "Takeover" comes on over the speakers and the crowd stands, knowing who to expect. The chants start almost immediately. SHI-BA-TA, SHI-BA-TA, SHI-BA-TA. And out from the back looking focused, head down, is Katsuyori Shibata.

First Round Match: Katsuyori Shibata def. Tor Kamata via PK (3:56)

The bell rings and Kamata's more measured approach last week is out the window, as he immediately goes after Shibata, clawing, punching, chopping, kicking and trying to choke him.

It's a mistake. Shibata absorbs it a little bit, but as soon as he gets a breadth of space, he unleashes a high kick to the skull of Kamata that knocks him down. He doesn't pounce, he lets Kamata shake the cobwebs and get up, but he's in control now. Kamata keeps going for the throat, but Shibata deflects him like the Karate Kid. A chop is blocked and a harder overhand chop from Shibata lights up Kamata's chest. Elbows, facewashes in the corner, a non-stop berating of slaps - and Kamata is woozy on his feet.

It's not domination, but it's close. Shibata eventually locks on a sleeper and Kamata is barely able to fight it. Shibata shows no emotion, but locks it in tighter until Kamata drops. He runs the rope, and a huge PK that catches him slightly in the face connects, knocking him down. The three count is easy, Kamata is out. Shibata moves on.

Like a fuckin' shotgun blast:

COOLLLLLD AS IIIIIICEEEE WILLING TO SACRIFICE OUR LOVE

"Cold as Ice" plays to a chorus of boos as out steps none other than Gino Hernandez, with no backup this go around. He is mouthy and flipping off the crowd, doing an extra lap around the ring with an exaggerated tough-guy walk, pretending to swing a big dick between his legs. The crowd LOVES to boo him and he loves to be bood.

The loud boos immediately cease except for a lone “FUCK YOU GINO” as “Atrévete-Te-Te” by Calle 13 starts up and the crowd looks to the curtain, for the legend to arrive.

Negro Casas steps out calmly, steel expression and points at Gino. He claps a few hands on the way to the ring, but never takes his eyes off of Gino in the ring who is goading him in. Casas removes his shirt, pulls on the ropes and stretches his legs as the bell rings.

First Round Match: Negro Casas def. Gino Hernandez via la magistral (12:35)

It’s an excellent match from the get go, Gino working with underhanded tactics here and there but really going blow for blow with Casas in the standup game, showing his longer reach, and holding his own on the mat. It’s clear throughout the early minutes that Casas’ is on top, but Gino doesn’t look overwhelmed and gets plenty of hope spots in - though they are often the result of something cheap.

Gino gets close with surprise roll-ups, reversals, his wily nature coming out. Casas is just too good. Anytime Gino gets the upper hand or a sequence to send Casas reeling a bit, he is able to refocus, gain his balance, and attack. He anticipates Gino’s moves, he rolls through blows, he spins through holds, and he’s on him. He doesn’t dominate, he doesn’t hurt, he merely shows that he’s better.

The win comes quick, suddenly and by surprise and Casas ducks a lariat attempt, trips Gino and rolls him up with the Magistral for the 3. Gino kicks out immediately and goes to attack but Casas is ready - and Gino backs off. He laughs, but he’s mad. Casas creates space and Gino tries to make a false case with the ref but eventually leaves to boos, his frustration showing with every step closer to the back. The crowd cheers at Casas and he raises his arms in victory before heading to the back.

As the ring empties, the crowd prepares for the last match of the first round.

Rikidozan’s own student Kintaro Oki comes out from the curtain, High Society Orchestra’s “Yama to Mizu” coming through the PA with all the funk. Oki has a bandage on his head and ribs, but he walks to the ring like a bull blowing smoke, all business, shoulders tight. He stands in the ring ready to headbutt his opponent.

They know who it’s going to be next out and the groans start before the high pitched voice comes through once again.

It’s “Cold As Ice” - which means Billy Graham is here.

He enters with Gino, but Gino looks crazed and Billy sends him to the back, saying “I got this”

First Round Match: Billy Graham def. Kintaro Oki via full nelson (6:39)

Oki’s resolve is nigh unmatched through this, but Graham, looking calm, collected and in control is too much from the get go. Oki’s injuries perhaps have the best of him, his mobility is weakened, his senses are off. Though he tries through sheer will, you get the sense that he knew entering the match that Graham was going to be too much.

And he is.

Graham wrenches in headlocks. He grinds his fist into the bandages on Oki’s skull, he uses elbows to the crown, the neck, the shoulder, dismantling Oki piece by piece. It’s not methodical, but it’s vicious and it’s

brute force. Oki gets hope spots in, he kicks Graham, he knocks the wind out of him with a headbutt to his gut, but that ultimately awakens the sleeping giant, angering Graham, who hammers him to the mat. From there, the clubbing continues, and Graham opens the wound on his head up. With blood dripping into his eyes, Oki isn't long for the match. It's not long before Graham, through pure strength, latches a full nelson onto Oki and with the damaged ribs, his breath and core is weakened, he can't power out. Graham shakes him, Oki looks defeated and taps.

Graham tosses him like a sack of potatoes and flexes for the booing crowd. A rare, clean win against a tough opponent. Oki's demeanor is sullen for the first time. He looks dejected as he rolls out of the ring with his third loss in a row.

Graham revels in the boos and Oki shakes his head, takes a deep breath and walks to the back, the fans clapping him on the back. Graham eventually heads to the back after berating a handful of members of the crowd.

The lights come back on a bit, and "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In" by The Jackals plays. Once the song wraps up, the volume lowers as another plays and the voice comes out over the speaker.

"10 Minute Intermission, get your drinks. Go out and smoke and get your ass back here"

People stand up and mill about. Someone is hawking bootleg stickers.

After just over 10 minutes, the lights dim again. It's time for the Semi-Finals.

"The Ultimate Destroyer" starts up again and the crowd gets hyped knowing what they are about to see. Out steps Erik Hammer, looking ready for a fight, but showing the results of his battle with Nathan Jones as well. He's calm, collected, but his breathing is noticeably less smooth than usual. He gives some fist bumps to the crowd as he makes his way down. In the ring, he hops in place, staying limber.

"The Takeover" starts up and the crowd cheers but as it dawns on them what they are going to witness, they are mostly quiet. Shibata walks down the aisle, his demeanor and mood never wavering, he is who he is. No towel, no shirt, he's ready to fight. He steps in the ring, sits down with his legs crossed for 5 seconds and stands up. He nods across the ring at Hammer and the bell rings.

Semi-Finals: Katsuyori Shibata def. Erik Hammer via Go To Sleep & Double Stomp (14:32)

Shibata's striking vs. Hammer's ground game is on full display, with both men dipping into the oeuvre of the other throughout.

There is a feeling out process early, but it doesn't last long. Shibata throws some light low kicks. Hammer attempts some jabs and takedowns. During one of the takedown attempts, Shibata lights Hammer up with a kick to the face, knocking him down. The referee runs to his side, fearing he has been knocked out, but he shakes his head, cracks his neck and smiles. He points at Shibata and nods. They reset.

The match is back and forth, both men spending time on top. Hammer, for his part targets the ribs throughout, punches, stretches, elbows to the midsection. Shibata targets the legs with kicks, stomps and leglocks. They excel when they are working in their given style. Shibata can never keep Hammer down for too long before he escapes, Hammer can't get too far into striking distance of Shibata. At 13 minutes, the men are exhausted, punching, elbowing, fighting through the pain. The crowd comes unglued as neither looks ready to give up. Hammer approaches with a front grapple, trying to bring Shibata down,

Shibata recognizes his position, swings his leg out and drops Hammer with a disgusting STO. He picks Hammer up onto his shoulders and the crowd is molten. BOOM, he smashes Hammer's face into his knee with a Go 2 Sleep, tossing him to the ground. He then jumps up on the top turnbuckle, Hammer face down and jumps off, feet raised up, before delivering a nasty double stomp to the back of the head. Hammer looks completely out. Shibata turns him over and the 3-count is his.

Your first finalist: Katsuyori Shibata.

In a rare show of sportsmanship, Shibata begins to leave the ring, and by then Hammer has come to, with the help of the referee and staff. He holds the back of his neck, still woozy but waking up. Shibata shakes his head and comes back into the ring, standing in front of Hammer. He offers his hand like Arnold and Carl in *Predator* and picks him up. He looks him in the eye and nods. Hammer is barely awake as Shibata releases him back to the officials and exits the ring.

The crowd applauds majorly for the two men and the best match so far in CFW.

This leaves our other Semi-Final and without hardly a second to breathe, Calle 13 plays and out walks Negro Casas. The crowd feels it's inevitable to see him and Shibata battle it out for the title, and they pay their respects to him with quiet adoration.

The respect Casas receives is quickly diminished as once again, "Cold As Ice" breaks the mood and the crowd is at their loudest of the night, booing Billy Graham despite his clean win earlier. He is halfway down the aisle before Gino pops out from behind the curtain, increasing the volume of boos even more. Gino flips people off and brings his hand to his chest doing a mock "special needs" impression. Graham ignores him at first and stalks to the ring, fuming. As he enters, he looks back at Gino and stops.

"Go back"

Gino looks confused, aghast and shakes his head, before leaving.

The staredown between Casas and Graham is intense. Too intense. Graham smirks and motions that he's going to break Casas. Casas tilts his head and nods. The bell rings.

Semi-Final: Billy Graham def. Negro Casas via pinfall (11:21)

This is a rematch from the first Portland show, the semi-main event of the first CFW show and just like that one, it plays similarly.

Graham is intense, trying to batter the much smaller Casas. Casas is perfect in his role, slipping away from giant strikes, outmaneuvering Graham when he tries to grab him. Pecking away at him with kicks, chops, things that frustrate the big man.

Graham gets some in, and when he does, he doesn't give Casas time to breathe. He's improved since that first night, and he's worked Casas before. He doesn't hammer him once and let him up, he hammers him over and over until he is forced to stop. It's rare, but Casas is in a bad way.

Casas trips Graham a few times and wears down his legs with ankle picks, leg locks, he even gets a Scorpion Deathlock on him at one point, but Graham's strength and Casas' fatigue play against the smaller wrestler. Around the 9-minute mark, Casas has a second wind and keeps sneaking in shots to Graham, including a huge dropkick that sends Graham to the outside. When he's on the outside, opposite

of the entrance, none other than Gino Hernandez stalks down. Casas sees him and points, but focuses on Graham. Graham gets back in the ring and shakes his head at Gino. They continue back and forth and start slugging it out. Graham gets a knee into Casas' gut, staggering him and he pushes him to the ropes. He clubs him over and over and Casas is hunched over. Graham is pulled away by the ref and like a snake, Gino lashes out and punches Casas in the back of the head with something, sending him staggering away from the ropes. Graham doesn't see, forces Casas between his legs and delivers a jumping piledriver.

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2

3.

The bell rings, Graham jumps up in celebration and flexes to boos. Gino is not in the same spot he was. The ref didn't see. The crowd is incensed. Casas shakes the cobwebs as Graham's arm is raised. Gino slinks to the back. Casas doesn't protest, he just shakes his head, stands up and looks at Graham. Graham loudly shouts: "YEAH FUCK YOU PAL" and Casas leaves the ring.

As he continues to gloat, the crowd continues to boo. Graham doesn't leave the ring. He asks for a microphone and receives one.

"I'm so sick and tired of this bullshit and trying to keep me down. CFW is Billy Graham's. Shibata, I'm ready for your skinny ass! Get out here now!"

There is a moment of pause and Graham mimes that he's chickenshit.

Then "The Takeover" starts again. Shibata looks worn, he looks beatable. He looks cocky. He walks to the ring, and Graham throws the mic to the ground and motions for him to bring it on.

The bell rings and it's on.

Cascadia Frontier Wrestling Championship: Katsuyori Shibata vs. Billy Graham

Shibata runs and boots Graham right in the mush as soon as the bell rings, dropping him into the corner. He runs to the adjacent corner and back with a huge dropkick to the slumping Graham. More stomps and elbows and Graham's tongue is lolling outside of his mouth, looking like a defeated Beat-Em-Up game boss.

Shibata backs off momentarily and Graham comes to. He looks pissed. He stands up, adjusts his neck and shoulders and breathes. He stares at Shibata. Shibata motions Graham in the same way to "bring it on"

Graham charges, Shibata slips underneath, he kicks the back of his legs, Graham turns, he swings wildly, Shibata ducks and punches him in the stomach, doubling him over. He does a spinning leg sweep and knocks Graham on his ass.

Graham looks ready to explode. He stands up, regains his composure and waits for Shibata to make his move. Shibata does, with a middle kick to the side. Graham absorbs the blow into his ribs and arm, but immediately fires back with a lariat, knocking Shibata on his ass. From here, it's more balanced. It's a real fight. Graham slows things down - absorbing shots from Shibata and delivering his own. He's able to grind Shibata down with fierce headlocks and bearhugs. Shibata attempts to latch on an octopus hold, but Graham is too big, and he transitions into a leglock chokehold on the mat.

The crowd stands and looks toward the entrance, because out walks Gino Hernandez. He looks focused but walks slow, remembering that Graham sent him to the back before and was perhaps unaware that he helped him beat Casas. The boos are loud.

But out walks Negro Casas himself, faster than Gino and blocks his way to the ring. He doesn't strike him, he stands in front of him. Gino tries to get around him, he calls him a slur, and Casas just stands in front of him. Gino tries to push past, he winds up to throw a punch and Casas still stands resolute. Gino sighs and throws his hands in the air dramatically. Casas never turns toward the ring.

In the ring, Shibata has released Graham, who is struggling to catch his breath. They stand up, but Shibata kicks him right in the gut, jumps on his back and locks in a sleeper hold. Graham sells it like death, flailing, trying to shake him off. He backs him into the corner and slams him against the turnbuckle and Shibata's hold loosens but doesn't give. Shibata locks in again, Graham bashes him again. Shibata locks in again and headbutts Graham in the back of the head. Graham staggers, Shibata is bleeding. Graham is on his knees, the sleeper is held in, he's on all fours, the air isn't coming. He fades, Shibata releases him and he's barely on his hands and knees. Shibata runs to the ropes.

Punt Kick.

Graham collapses, Shibata rolls him over. 3 count.

CFW Championship: Katsuyori Shibata def. Billy Graham via PUNT kick (17:11)

The crowd jumps to life. Shibata rolls into a seated position. He looks up. He smiles. Graham is laid out. Shibata stands and raises his arms to the air in a rare celebratory fashion.

Casas turns toward the ring and Gino runs in, checking on Graham. He shouts his name a few times and smacks him, waking him up. Graham comes to and pushes Gino off, unaware of where he is. He pushes himself to the corner, visibly pissed, glaring at Shibata. It slowly dawns on him that he lost. He looks at Gino and then back at Shibata. He's making a plan. Shibata looks at Casas and the two nod at each other.

“PORTLAND. Introducing YOUR CASCADIA FRONTIER CHAMPION...KATSUYORIIIIII
SHIBATAAAAAAAA”

The crowd continues to applaud as a retro looking, more understated 1970s style Gold Belt on a green strap is carried out, with CFW evident on the front. It's held out to Shibata, who takes it and bows. He puts it on and takes a deep breath, before doing a slight wave to the crowd and leaving the ring.

Graham and Gino stay behind, plotting.

“NEXT WEEK. WE RETURN TO SALEM”

END OF SHOW 5