

Combat Corner Wrestling
August 30th, 2015
Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

Hey everyone! Johnny Stevens back again for another recap of the latest Combat Corner Wrestling show and this was a big one!

It was the afternoon after the SNW in Vegas and the AWA had been teasing some AWA superstars appearing. They delivered that in spades!

Now, remember, last month they announced that this show would be the start of a 16 man tournament to crown the first CCW Champion. In a nice touch, the belt was put in a glass case by the entrance of the building so fans could take pictures with it. It looks great and I can't wait to see what happens tonight.

It was a hot ticket, selling out almost instantly so I had to forego my ringside seat for something about twenty rows back into the bleachers. It was a new view for me but the same great experience. Let's get down to the action!

The announcers came to the ring - an especially big pop for Marcus Broussard with really loud "SHARK! SHARK! SHARK!" chants. They got in the ring to run down what we could expect to see tonight. CCW hasn't revealed the brackets for the tournament yet so every match should be a surprise of some kind but they announced that the brackets would be revealed at the end of the night so we would know what matches we'd be seeing in the Quarterfinals in September.

While the announcers were running down the show, the lights went out!

Let's hit that YouTube link to see what happened next...

[As the lights went out, the crowd immediately starts to buzz, some cheering already – oh, those Internet fans and their ability to sniff out a scoop.

A few moments pass...

...and the lights come on to reveal indy darling “Sin City Savior” Sid Osbourne standing at the top of the aisle. The pop goes BONKERS for the indy superstar, standing in a hooded black sweatshirt with the hood up over his head. He’s nodding, his arms out in a crucifix pose as the fans start to chant “SIN CI-TY SID! SIN CI-TY SID!”

Osbourne quickly made his way down the aisle, rolling under the ropes into the ring. He pops up to his feet, striking the same crucifix pose and absorbing the cheers of the crowd as he marches over, stepping up on the middle rope as he yanks back his hood to reveal his jet black mohawked hair, spiked up in five tall spikes with red tips. His ears have large plastic gauges in them. We can also spot an obvious nose ring as he hops back down, marching over to Marcus Broussard and Harvey Sutton, snatching the mic away.]

SO: Dallas, Texas...

[Big cheer! The “SIN CI-TY SID!” chant starts again as Osbourne flashes a smirk.]

SO: It looks like I have no reason to introduce myself.

[Another big cheer! Osbourne marches around the ring as the announcers vacate the premises.]

SO: But I’m going to do it anyways! My name is Sid Osbourne...

[Big cheer!]

SO: ...and a certain former World Champion may not like it but I AM the SIN... CITY... SAVIOR!

[More cheers for the indy darling as a “WRIGHT’S NOT RIGHT!” chant kicks up. Osbourne nods his head, smirking arrogantly in response.]

SO: I’ve been all over the world for the past year or so... Japan... Mexico... Europe... Africa... anywhere they would put up four corners and three ropes, I’d get in that ring and I’d prove to the locals that I am exactly what I have said I am all along...

THE! NEXT! BIG! THING!

[Another big cheer!]

SO: I've told every crowd that from Denver to Detroit... from Tokyo to Tanzania... from London to Laos... and every single fan by the end of the night has agreed with me.

Five days ago, I was sitting at home in Las Vegas, fresh off a flight home from Japan, and I got a call... no, no, no... not A call...

[Osbourne raises a finger deliberately.]

SO: THE call. I got the call from the American Wrestling Alliance – the big leagues, the big time – and they said, “Sid Osbourne, we... want... you...”

[The indy superstar spreads his arms, throwing his head back and taking all the cheers.]

SO: For years, I've heard the stories from people who got that same call. People talk about chills running down their spines, their careers flashing before their eyes, tears running down their cheeks.

I didn't feel one bit of that. You know what I felt?

Satisfaction.

[He nods.]

SO: Satisfaction that the suits in Dallas had finally realized what they've been missing all along. And it's not Bret Grayson. It's not Koji Nakano. It's not even Max Magnum.

All those guys are great...

...but none of them are...

[The crowd chants along this time.]

“THE! NEXT! BIG! THING!”

[Osbourne nods.]

SO: So, I got in my car, I drove downtown to the Golden Nugget and I sat down with Talent Relations.

I said, "Saturday Night Wrestling is tomorrow night. What did you have in mind?"

[He grimaces.]

SO: They said, "You misunderstood. We want you in Dallas on Sunday afternoon."

[The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos.]

SO: They didn't want me to show up and show Shadoo Rage that he wasn't in Rage Country... he was in MY yard.

They didn't want me to show up and tell Travis Lynch that a real man doesn't look like a model from Tiger Beat magazine.

They didn't want me to show up and make Ryan Martinez cry out for his daddy.

And they definitely didn't want me to show up and tell Hannibal Carver what a disgrace he is to the sport of kings when he stands out there a drunken fool and attacks senior citizens on a night when he's supposed to compete for the world's greatest prize.

[Osbourne raises an arm, pointing to his wrist.]

SO: Because I've been down the road you drunkenly stagger down, Carver. I've walked a path of drugs and alcohol and I came out the other side a changed man... a better man.

I was born again. Given a second chance.

And no more... no more will the blood that's in these veins be tainted with your cheap beer. No more will it be tainted with drugs.

And in case you're wondering, yes... I DO judge you pathetic, Carver. I DO think you're a lesser man.

And yes, I DO think that I... am better... than you.

[A big chunk of the crowd cheers for the guy in front of them and not the guy thousands of miles away.]

SO: But apparently I'm alone in that assessment because the AWA doesn't think I'm better than you... they don't even think I'm better than Allen Allen because they sent me – to Dallas, Texas – to prove that I am exactly what I say I am...

[He waits for the crowd.]

“THE! NEXT! BIG! THING!”

[Osbourne grins, his voice falling quiet.]

SO: ...and that's exactly what I'm going to do.

[Osbourne spikes the mic, leaving the crowd cheering for him.]

WHAT. THE. FUCK?!

Look, I consider myself a pretty savvy wrestling fan. I read the dirt sheets. I'm on the Twitter. And I'd heard NOTHING about this. Sid Osbourne in CCW! Soooooo cool! But who was he going to face?

CCW TITLE TOURNAMENT - MATCH #1 “SIN CITY SAVIOR” SID OSBOURNE vs CANIBAL

Oh hell yes. SWLL's creepiest luchador taking on the GOD of independent wrestling! Man, I love CCW!

Canibal decided on a really weird entrance, crawling down the aisle towards the ring, red liquid of some kind dripping out of the corners of his mouth. As he climbed up on the ringpost, he spit in into the air. Osbourne did not seem impressed.

The match started with an almost MMA feel to it as Canibal used a lot of leg kicks to slow down Osbourne and keep him at bay. Osbourne made a few attempts to shoot in for a takedown but Canibal kept him back - remember, Canibal DOES have some shoot fight experience in smaller Canadian fight companies.

The turning point came when Osbourne caught him with one of the stiffest right hands I've ever HEARD - yes, HEARD. I caught the sound of it all the way up where I was sitting. The fight spilled to the floor shortly after it and they brawled all over the ringside area before getting back into the ring where Osbourne took control and stayed in control for a long time,

connecting with a sliding clothesline and a running palm strike in the corner among his high-impact offense.

He missed a top rope crossbody, putting Canibal in control for a few minutes where he worked him over with kicks including a running spinning leg lariat in the corner. A big dive over the top to the floor had the fans on their feet but when Canibal went for his split-legged head drop of a finish, Osbourne slipped out behind him, hit a devastating standing lariat that turned Canibal inside out. Osbourne's Stage Dive frog splash connected for a three count and Osbourne was moving on.

The next match started with two videos up on the screen featuring the competitors involved. Take a look...

[Willie Hammer stands in front of a monitor, with the CCW logo on it. He has on the original green-and-white Combat Corner tracksuit jacket over a pair of white trunks with green trim around the waist and the bottom of the thighs. Hammer runs a pick through his afro a couple of times, before sticking it in his hair, where it remains for the remainder of the segment.]

WH: Tonight, a Combat Corner Original returns to the Coliseum! Some have questioned the wisdom of coming back. They ask me, "Hey, Willie, what else have you got to prove in the Corner?" They wonder why I would even want an opportunity at the CCW Heavyweight Title, as if the honor was somehow beneath me. Those people do not get it. Sure, both the Corner and my career have changed, have developed since my days as a student of the Combat Corner, but I have never shied from admitting that I would not be where I am today without that time spent in the Corner. I would not be anywhere near the competitor I am today without what the coaches and trainers have put in and I definitely would be nowhere without the guidance of my mentor Sweet Daddy Williams.

So, I'm going to pay it back any way I can, anytime I can, and one of the best ways I can think of to do that is to take a cue from Sweet Daddy Williams and to take the lead and lead by example and there's not surer sign of leadership, of becoming the standard-bearer for the Combat Corner, than by becoming the IN-AWE-gural CCW Heavyweight champion! That's right, I said IN-AWE-gural, because as much as the title maketh a man, the man also maketh the title, and with Willie Hammer as the CCW Heavyweight champion, they're going to be IN AWE of what the Combat Corner and the CCW stand for! Hey, Crockett Coliseum, I'M HOME!

[Hammer bugs his eyes out and puffs his cheeks, as we cut to...

...Jesus, this man is big, rough and ugly. Arawak Jack Veles stands in front of the CCW banner, a towel draped over his shoulder. He already seems to be perspiring under the lights.]

JV: Jackie Bourassa, you got lucky you're too greasy to keep a good hold on. You escaped my clutches once, but I promise you if you get in my way again I'm crushing you like a bug. I'm here to fight, not flop and dance and moonwalk. I'm not here for any nonsense. I want the CCW title. That's my ticket. That's my goal. And anybody getting in my way better be tough enough to take me out or they're getting taken out.

[Seems like he has nothing more to say. Fade to black.]

CCW TITLE TOURNAMENT - MATCH #2 WILLIE HAMMER vs ARAWAK JACK VELES

This was an interesting clash of styles. You've got two pretty heavy guys - one of which uses it for high flying and flashy offense and one of which goes for striking and power. They felt a little too big to mesh well together but Veles had a good showing with his skillfull striking before Hammer put him away with an impressive sunset flip powerbomb.

CCW TITLE TOURNAMENT - MATCH #3 ALEX URBAN vs CODY WALKER

These two have tangled before and will likely tangle again. This was a wild brawl from the bell with Cody Walker showing off the wild Texas brawler style that made him such a favorite in Tiger Paw Pro. Young Alex Urban, the protege of City Jack and Tin Can Rust, is quickly becoming a big fan favorite in the Crockett Coliseum as he reminds many longtime AWA fans of Jack and Rust bringing a little hint of Kentucky's Pride to CCW.

There were a few teased double countouts in the first five minutes and then a teased double DQ when they both threw the referee aside to continue trading haymakers but the referee called for the match to continue.

This was actually a pretty intense seven minute brawl that came to a startling conclusion when Walker went for a running lariat, got caught, and in an impressive show of strength, Urban threw his 300 pound frame up and over with an Exploder suplex before getting the surprising win.

CCW TITLE TOURNAMENT - MATCH #4 BRET GRAYSON vs COLOSO CASTILLO

With one more match before intermission, it was time for a big one as the former Olympic gold medalist was set to take on the esteemed luchador from SouthWest Lucha Libre. Castillo, who is scheduled to appear at Copa de Trios next weekend, was looking for a big win to hang his hat on before heading home.

Before Castillo came to the ring, we got to hear a few words from him.

[Coloso Castillo, a thickly-built man with a sculpted physique and light brown skin stands in front and slightly to the side of a flat screen monitor that has the CCW logo on it, with his back to the camera. He has black, medium-length hair that reaches halfway down his neck and is dressed to compete in a black singlet. Castillo flexes his arms downwards to show off the rippling, well-defined musculature of his back.]

CC: This week, the AWA heads to Mexico for the much vaunted Copa de Trios, but of course the organizers of the tournament see no need to include El Coloso, because both the AWA and SouthWest Lucha Libre suits know that the BEST luchador to compete for both SWLL and CCW will show up any of the so-called talent that remains there after my departure, with or without two other mortals by his side.

[He turns to stare deep into the camera with his dark brown eyes.]

CC: Instead, I will have to find some other way to prove my superiority and that's by definitively making my mark in the CCW Heavyweight Title tournament. Perhaps, these men will be more of a challenge than whatever dreg they have left in SWLL. Then again, this is a tournament that includes the likes of Bourassa, Alex Urban and-

[He spits.]

CC: -Caspian Abhorrent, so maybe this will be, what they say, a cakewalk for Coloso Castillo as well.

[Castillo flexes his arms in front of him, as we fade.]

Sadly, no promo time for Grayson. Until we get to hear him talk on a regular basis, it's hard to know if he's ready for prime time. He certainly is inside the ring.

This was an awesome way to end the first half of the show. Castillo isn't your prototypical luchador. He's not the nutty high flyer - the generic

luchador so to speak - but he relies on a lot of high impact and power moves.

The opening segment was YouTube worthy with Grayson bringing the amateur wrestling, taking Castillo down at will but the luchador kept countering into some "wacky lucha matwork" and getting out easily. The crowd loved it and Grayson was showing signs of frustration early.

After about five minutes, Castillo countered a takedown with a sprawl but Grayson spun out, hooked a waistlock, and German Suplexed the luchador right on top of his head... and I mean RIGHT on top of his damn head. It was a kind of scary spot.

Grayson worked him over with slams and suplexes for several minutes, including a slick belly to belly over the top to the floor. But Castillo soon battled back with suplexes of his own including a pair of Germans and a released Tiger Suplex.

As we hit about ten minutes, both guys were tired and trading haymakers when Castillo ducked one, lifting Grayson into a torture rack...

...that Grayson turned into a crucifix, scoring the surprise three count.

INTERMISSION

As usual, I left my seat at intermission to check out the merch table. Willie Hammer was up there as a special guest signing "Combat Corner Certified" t-shirts. Yeah, I bought one. He'd pose for pictures too if you bought one so check out my Instagram to see that. I told him that he should've been in Copa with Sweet Daddy Williams and Soup Bone Samson. He laughed and said that his Uncle Soup Bone wouldn't leave the house for autograph signings these days and he sure wasn't getting in the ring. Really nice guy and I hope he gets a chance to succeed in the AWA.

I went back down to my seat with my new shirts (yeah, I bought a couple of others too - so sue me!) and waited for the second half of the show to begin.

And begin it did with another big surprise entry into the tournament. First, a video played...

[Jackie Bourassa and Jackson Hunter in a pretaped segment, earlier today. Jackson Hunter stands behind his greasy charge, providing translations to Bourassa bawdy "joual" dialect as necessary

JB: Hey guys in the Say Say Doob-la-vay!

JH: "CCW..."

JB: Jackie Bourassa dans la maison, chtedi! Okay so we got like quinze autres gars drette là!

JH: "Fifteen others in the tournament."

JB: Tsé... Quese tu veux ksam fasse? J'think that bother me, guy?

JH: "Do you think that bothers me, friend?"

JB: Cammtoué, guy!

JH: "Chill."

JB: Hey guys, I used to fight more guys in an hour on da pond back in Quebec. Chtedi, I drop da glove, they chew on some bricks. Stacose, they lose some teeth, tsé? Ils obtiennent dans un chârdemarde, hey?

JH: "Very bad things happen."

JB: And all those Say Say Doob-la-vay guys with the grosse Corvette and the petite quéquette...

JH: "With the big Corvette and...", Uh...

JB: ...Hey, on va aller se farcir la criss de plotte là-bas!

JH: Uh, Jackie... I don't know that I want to translate that.

JB: Hey guy, I just talk the way we do down at the club... So what if I use it drette là?

[Hunter puts his palm to his forehead.]

JH: Ugh... one client speaks ten languages and only says "da" and "nyet," and the other speaks one-and-a-half languages and won't shut up! Jackie, just let me do the talking for you before you run out of your allotted time.

[Bourassa responds with a equivocal shrug of the shoulders.]

JH: All right then. Now of the fifteen competitors—wait, don't wrap me up you hoity toity vinegar-faced...

[Hunter walks off screen to yell at the director.]

JB: Ah... c'est dommage.

[And cut!]

Bourassa and Hunter came out to the ring, ready for action...

...but something tells me they weren't quite ready for this action because Bourassa's opponent was the STRONGEST MAN IN ALLLLLLLLLLLLL THE LANNNNNNNNNNND... HERCULES HAMMONDS!

The Coliseum crowd went NUTS for Hammonds who got a huge reaction upon entering the ring. Bourassa pretended to not know who he was as Jackson Hunter sold it beautifully, taking the mic and proclaiming that Bourassa was not properly prepared for this match and that they would be taking it under protest.

Bourassa bumped like a king for Hammonds' power offense, flopping back to his feet, through the ropes, and out to the floor for a press slam. Hammonds did his usual call and response schtick and the fans were eating it up as he delivered the backbreakers and the like.

Hammonds missed a charge into the corner at one point, allowing Bourassa to take over. He cheated... a lot... and Hunter helped him, turning a very smarky crowd into a bunch of 8 year olds screaming at the referee that cheating was happening. It. Was. Awesome.

Bourassa used the Running Yakuza for a near fall and the Moonwalk Moonsault got a HUGE reaction from the CCW faithful for another near fall. With Hammonds in trouble, Bourassa went for the October Crisis (leaping swinging DDT) but Herc tossed him halfway across the ring. A pair of running clotheslines and a koppo kick in the corner followed before Herc delivered the Tupelo Torpedo, sending Bourassa out to the floor...

...and that's when the lights went out. A few moments passed before coming back on...

And there's Jericho Kai!

Kai menaced Hammonds for a moment who invited him into the ring but Kai had no intention of doing that, pulling Bourassa off the ringside mats and chucking him into the railing. The bell sounded and Kai bailed as Hammonds fumed because - you guessed it - the referee disqualified him for outside interference. What an upset win for Jackie Bourassa!

Hammonds was still in the ring complaining when the video screen lit up.

[A single light shines in the camera, blinding the viewer before it starts to recede and reveal the extreme close up of Jericho Kai. Those sleepy-lidded green eyes hold the camera hypnotically. The Servant of Sutekh seems bemused. His expression looks caught somewhere between incredulity and anger.]

JK: Hercules Hammonds. Do you think you can just walk away from me? You think that things are finished between us? No man, things are far from over between us. You want to be CCW World Champion? No, man. That will never be you. You are the prey of the Servant of Sutekh. The Destroyer has set me on my quest to destroy you and I shall not fail in that quest. You will focus on ME and only ME. Do you understand? Or I will torture you and take away everything you hold dear. I'm coming for you Hercules. You cannot run from me. You cannot hide from me. You will be taken by the Jackals!

[Fade out.]

So, Jericho Kai interferes, attacking Bourassa and costing Herc the match to continue their main roster program. I can dig that, I suppose. Bourassa advancing is a bit of a surprise but he's quickly becoming a crowd favorite in CCW so I think it's a good call.

With three matches remaining, the fans were starting to do the math on the back of a napkin - trying to figure out who was still possible and what matches we might still be going to see. When Sammy Carson came jogging out, he got a good reaction. The former Olympic level powerlifter is physically impressive but has yet to make a connection with the crowd in my opinion.

His opponent though... whew.

**CCW TITLE TOURNAMENT - MATCH #5
SAMMY CARSON vs MAX MAGNUM**

These two have had problems since the first CCW show and the fans were happy at the idea of seeing these two big hosses throw each other around one more time.

Of course, before that could happen, Magnum's "representative", Ben Waterson had something to say. Funny thing was - Waterson's promo turned out to be longer than the match. Ben was on a scorched earth kinda approach tonight. He had negative comments towards Landon O'Neill, Blackjack Lynch, AWA ownership, Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, Johnny Detson, and more. He declared Max Magnum the next CCW Heavyweight Champion which he claimed he'd hold until winning the AWA World Title, making him a Double Champion. Waterson threatened to take his client to Japan if the AWA continued with the "unmitigated farce" of keeping Magnum in CCW.

After the endless promo, the match began and... well, it was a world-class beating. Carson got a few power spots at the beginning but Magnum overwhelmed him, taking him down into some ground and pound before he broke out the big slams and throws including a German Suplex that brought the crowd to their feet. Magnum ended up winning in under four minutes with that fireman's carry slam he's been using and Waterson took the mic again to proclaim it was just the first step in building the legacy of Max Magnum.

You have to wonder if Sammy Carson is on his way out of CCW or something. He's taken some big losses at the hands of Magnum lately and like I said, he just doesn't seem quite ready for prime time.

But speaking of prime time, raise your hand if you saw CCW's own JOHN LAW on SNW last night? Sooooo cool. Sure, it was just a cameo as a member of Landon O'Neill's security team but who knows where that could lead if it catches on.

Oh, why did I bring up John Law?

CCW TITLE TOURNAMENT - MATCH #7 JOHN LAW vs "GOLDEN" GRANT CARTER

Grant Carter made his VERY popular entrance that had the whole crowd up singing along with him. If he can translate that entrance to a big arena or stadium, Carter might get over on the main roster based off that alone.

And his opponent? John Law is another guy who has quickly become very popular in the Crockett Coliseum. He was actually walking around in the parking lot before the show, "writing tickets" for people. Classic.

Law slowly made his way up the aisle, pausing to cite a young fan for "flagrant support of a loser" because the kid was waving a Carter sign. Law tore up the Carter sign to boot. The kid looked like he was going to cry and the father challenged Law to a fight. Now that's heat, brother.

Carter is so good as the "every man," the fans rally behind him quickly. I think his advanced age also gives him a degree of sympathy. He fought hard from the outset but Law was just too much for him physically. He used every bit of his 6'8", 300 pound frame to batter him all over the ring. Carter would get some hope spots here or there but in the end, Law put him down for the one-two-three with the Lawmaker Chokeslam.

Blackjack Lynch came out before the Main Event and put over the tournament so far. He hyped the next CCW show which will be September 27th and feature the Quarterfinals of the tournament plus more matches to be announced. You know I'll be there!

It was Main Event time in the Crockett and by this point, everyone had figured out the night's final match which promised to be a big one.

CCW TITLE TOURNAMENT - MATCH #7 KOJI NAKANO vs CASPIAN ABARAN

Promo time!

[The handsome young Japanese-American warrior, Koji Nakano is backstage at the Crockett Coliseum. Rather incongruously, Nakano is dressed in a full suit - white coat, black tie, black jacket, and black slacks, looking more like someone on their way to a business meeting, rather than in ring action. After drawing a breath and exhaling it slowly, Nakano begins to speak.]

KN: Caspian Abaran, Alex Urban, Cody Walker, Max Magnum, Sammy Carson, Canibal, Jackie Bourassa, Jack Veles, Bret Grayson, Coloso Castillo, Willie Hammer, Hercules Hammons, John Law, Grant Carter...

Serious men, with a serious problem.

[Each word spoken by Nakano is spoken in an even, deliberate tone. His voice is softer than a typical pro-wrestler's, but the warrior's simmering intensity underlines his hushed tone.]

KN: They stand between myself and my goal. They want what I have – the CCW heavyweight title.

Sixteen men compete tonight. Fifteen will fall.

Koji Nakano will rise.

[His chin lifts.]

KN: I am not loud. I am not flashy. I do not have a gold medal, and I do not have a parasitic loudmouth barking my name. But what I have cannot be measured. I have, in my heart the fire of two nations. I am samurai and cowboy, I am kamikaze and Green Beret.

The twin fires that forged me will be the flames that devour my enemies.

[Nakano's eyes narrow.]

KN: I am Koji Nakano, and I will be the first CCW heavyweight champion.

And that is all that need be said.

[With that, Nakano gives a solemn nod of his head, as the camera cuts away.]

The young lion from Japan taking on the luchador trying to rebuild his career after losing his mask in Mexico. This one had the potential to tear the house down and it did not disappoint.

The opening moments is WHEN WE GRAPPLE~! Nakano's MMA style grappling paired off with Abaran's flashier lucha style grappling. One of my favorite spots was Nakano going for a double leg takedown and Abaran jumping up to leapfrog, landing on the back, tucking his legs under the arms, and dragging into a modified sunset flip for a two count. Also at one point, Abaran countered a wristlock with a cartwheel into a double springboard armdrag that had the fans on their feet.

Abaran brought the high flying offense to the table, hitting a tope con hilo at about the four minute mark. An attempt at a springboard seated senton

followed as Abaran crushed Nakano's chest with it. Abaran controlled with the flashy offense for a couple of minutes before going for a running tackle in the corner. When Nakano rolled out, Abaran went through the ropes, hit the post, and crashed and burned on the floor.

Nakano went out after him and retook control, whipping Abaran into the railing before he just unloaded with stiff forearms, putting Abaran down on the floor, leaning against the barricade... which is where he stayed when Nakano connected with a running dropkick that covered the length of the ring. So good. They could've put this match on Copa de Trios and I would've loved it.

Nakano put him back and went to work with a mix of striking and suplexes - a pair of impressive Germans really stunning Abaran as Nakano got a near fall. But when he went for a Tiger Suplex, Abaran countered into a rollup for a near fall of his own.

After about ten minutes, the place was rocking for every near fall - and there were TONS of them. Abaran hitting a top rope rana for a near fall? Check. Nakano with a fishermanbuster for a near fall? Check. Abaran with a satellite headscissors into a rollup for a near fall? Check. Nakano with a brutally stiff slap to the ear followed by a Tiger Suplex for a near fall? Check. So friggin' good.

The home stretch saw Abaran place Nakano up on the top rope, run across the ring, leap straight to the top for a rana...

...but Nakano ducked under, dropping to the mat, yanked Abaran off the top into a full nelson and SNAPPED him over with the Mantis-Plex for a three count. Incredible!

Nakano and Abaran shared a post-match handshake before a clapping Blackjack Lynch came back down the aisle, mic in hand to announce the Round Two matches. He congratulated Nakano on his win and then made the announcement...

Round Two would see... John Law vs Alex Urban! Ohhh yeah!

It would also see Jackie Bourassa vs Max Magnum!

Sid Osbourne vs Bret Grayson! You gotta be kidding me!

And Koji Nakano vs Willie Hammer!

What a lineup! What a show! What a night! Thanks for reading and make sure to check back next month to see who is moving on to the Semifinals!