

Combat Corner Wrestling
July 25th, 2015
Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

Hey everyone! Guess who's back... back again. Johnny Stevens back in black for another recap of Combat Corner Wrestling's latest show.

So, this one was going down a week after Rising Sun Showdown 2 so a lot of the AWA roster was still off in Japan which meant that guest appearances from AWA and TPP guys didn't seem too likely. The first two CCW shows were speckled with guest shots so this show would be a good test to see if CCW could stand alone without the extra star power.

You got the sense that the CCW suits realized that too because the lineup going in was pretty strong with two big matches we've been building to since the first show. The show was still running on the Fox Sports X website which has since been put up on YouTube so I'll include those links where I can.

Another full house in the Crockett Coliseum for this one as the fans who felt deserted by the AWA packing up and leaving Dallas have really embraced CCW as their own promotion. It doesn't hurt to know that we're seeing a lot of the future of the AWA unfold right in front of us.

I took my seats shortly before bell time which paid off in a big way when Kerry Kendrick came storming through the curtain, carrying a mic in his hand. Through the magic of YouTube, take a look...

[Kerry Kendrick is storming through the curtain, carrying a mic in his hand.]

KK: You sons of bitches aren't going to get away with muzzling me!

[A handful of CCW officials trail after him as he stalks up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. He angrily turns back towards him, threatening them with a backhand.]

KK: I don't think so! Take another step, you piece of trash! I dare ya!

[The officials hold back.]

KK: I didn't work all these years to get back on the AWA's radar to be told - "hey, we've got no room for you tonight!" My name is Kerry Kendrick... it ain't Alex Urban... Sammy Carson... Caspian Abaran or any of those other curtain jerkers! When Kerry Kendrick shows up at the building, you MAKE room for him!

[The crowd boos Kendrick.]

KK: Besides, don't you people know money when you see it?

[He gestures at himself.]

KK: Obviously not or it woulda been ME facing Martinez in Tokyo last weekend and not that washed-up has-been Johnny Detson!

[A few cheers for that one brings a smirk to Kendrick's face.]

KK: This place has had two shows so far and both times, Kerry Kendrick has been the highlight of the night! And last month, that gold medal jackass Grayson screwed me out of my first big win here in CCW. I promise you... tonight, that WON'T happen again. Tonight, I want another shot at Grayson... and I want the rulebook thrown out the window!

[Kendrick puts a foot up on the second rope, leaning over them.]

KK: I WANT A NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCH!

[The crowd ROARS at that!]

KK: So, Michaelson... Taylor... Stegglet... whoever the hell else is back there trying to keep me down, it's your move. Make the call. Book the match. And tell Grayson that he'd better get ready fast 'cause this damn sure ain't the amateur ranks. Here in CCW, we expect Grayson to be a professional... and I expect him to take his asskicking like a professional too!

Now... HIT... MY... MUSIC!

[The music kicks in as Kendrick flips the mic through the air to the floor, exiting the ring and walking back up the ramp.]

Right after Kendrick exited, Harvey Sutton and Marcus Broussard made their way down to the ringside area to sit in on commentary. Another new ring announcer this week. Melissa Cannon walked off the job last month and apparently they haven't found a replacement yet... or maybe this is the replacement. Who knows?

MATCH #1 - The Donavons vs The Tennessee Kids

The debut of the Donavons who were hyped as debuting in July during the webcast of the first show. As Alannah Myles' "Black Velvet" rang out over the PA, Liam, Cormac, and their sister Kiora made their way to the ring. Fans of womens' wrestling are familiar with Kiora but her brothers are new to the scene. They're both small dudes... billed as 330 combined. They got heat when they came out, mostly for their sister's name than anything else though. We'll see if they can make a dent for themselves.

The Tennessee Kids, on the other hand, are mad over with the ladies. Someone once said that if the AWA ever dumped Air Strike, they could slot in the Kids and not miss a beat and that's not far off. Justin Sanders and Timmy Brooks are both good looking, athletic, and popular. They even wrestle a similar style although I haven't figured out who is the Mertz and who is the Aarons yet.

The Kids came out hot, using their fast-paced offense to clear the ring of both Donavons a few times before Liam got in a cheap shot from the apron, a kick to the back of the head on Brooks to turn the tide. From there, Liam and Cormac showcased some impressive offense including Liam's Asai Moonsault turned into a DDT and Cormac's arsenal of submissions. They didn't seem to have much in terms of doubleteams but they kept it simple and effective, repeatedly preventing Brooks from tagging out.

But when he did, I thought the roof was going to blow off the Coliseum. Sanders came in, dishing out flying attacks to both Donavons... flying forearms... a split-legged dropkick... high cross body presses. Sanders hit an impactful tornado DDT on Liam that got a near fall before Kiora got on the apron, distracting the referee... and Sanders.

That miscue ended up costing Sanders in a big way as Liam rolled him up and got the win with a handful of tights. The fight continued after the bell as all four men brawled to the back and I'm guessing a rematch is coming soon for those two teams. A hot way to start the show though.

The screen lit up with the following backstage interview.

JH: Look, just put me through to someone in the AWA logistical division or whatever it is. Thank you, dear. [muttering under his breath] Spray-tanned witch...

[Backstage, Jackson Hunter rants and raves into his phone. His ubiquitous clipboard is tucked under his arm.]

JH: Hello, yes. Your name is Bob? Good, I'm going to write that down and remember it. The talent relations issue you can handle is this: my guy, Maxim Zharkov is back in the United States of 'Murica, but apparently his luggage is not as it's being held "in bond" – whatever the hell that means – at some godforsaken warehouse at some lousy port, and Bob, I'd like you work your talent relations magic and talk to Customs and get them to move Mr. Zharkov's freight to the front of the line, okay? My guy's stuff goes first, right?

[He listens for the answer, which he obviously doesn't like.]

JH: Oh, don't give me that! I used to do your job, buddy; and even if that is a lie you're too damn young to know any better—

JB: Heyyyy, guy...

[The room suddenly becomes greasier, as Jackie Bourassa slides up behind Jackson Hunter. He has stringy slicked back shoulder-length black hair that hangs over his bootleg Ed Hardy t-shirt. He's got a thinly-trimmed goatee and gold rings in one earlobe. Hunter briefly covers the end of the phone.]

JH: Hi Jackie. Daddy's on the phone trying to salvage his meal ticket: the one that keeps me fed rather than the one who pays for an extra iTunes card for my 13-year-old's App Store addiction.

[He returns to the phone, but Bourassa keeps talking.]

JB: Quese tu veux ksam fasse? Naaaaah, guy. Me an' you, I'm gonna take you to da top of da wrestling world, chtedi?

JH: [continuing into the phone] Bob, I damn well do know that you are more than capable of expediting this process and...

JB: Guy, I got dis idea, chtedi? If a guy, meton, let's say... beats me in five minutes he wins a hundred free chicken wings at the strip club, hey?

[Hunter loses his train of thought and turns to Bourassa.]

JH: I thought I told you a dozen times moonlighting as a strip club DJ is detrimental to your wrestling career!

JB: Hey... it's not so bad, guy. Cammtoué! You wanna come down to da club tonight after da show? We got Leslie Bonnetemps-Roulez and Brandie Snifter on stage.

JH: There's not enough hand sanitizer in the world, Jackie, and I think the Magadan Coalition expects better of their North American advisor.

[Hunter goes back to the phone, but is merely enraged.]

JH: You hung up on me?! You little hoity-toity, pencil-pushing, hair-gel abusing—

JB: Tsé, you still got me, guy!

[Hunter sighs resignedly.]

JH: Fine. Can you get between here and the ring without getting suspended? Because watching you kick someone in the back of the skull would do me a world of good right now.

JB: You know it, guy. M'a ty crisse'n'volé!

[Fade to...

There's nothing really fancy about Jack Veles. The Arawak less his presence speak for him. He looks like an old ugly statue, rough-hewn, weather-beaten. Michelangelo's David he is not. But he's not supposed to be. This is wrestling. This is fighting. And you can tell by looking at him that's exactly what he does.]

AJV: Week after week I've been coming out here looking for competition and week after week I've beating the snot out of some puny punks who think this is a Tumbleweeds Exhibition.

[The meaty warrior already seems to be running out of breath. His chest heaves as he continues his rant.]

AJV: I demand better than that because I'm not here to look pretty. I'm here for one thing. To be the best there is any where. I fight. Get in the ring with me and we fight. I'm gonna knock you down and knock your butt out because that's just what I do.

(There were a lot of catchphrases in that line.)

AJV: So I'm putting you on notice now. I don't care whether you flip, you flex or you fight if you're good I'm coming to find you. And if you ain't that good. Word to God I'm coming to kill you.

[Fade out as the camera zooms in on his ugly, contorted face.]

MATCH #2 - Arawak Jack Veles vs Jackie Bourassa

This one was your classic big vs small match as the near 300 pound Jack took on the barely-over 200 pound Bourassa. That meant the early part of the match was Bourassa bumping all over the ring for Jack... and well, he excels at that. He took a spinning bump off a clothesline that brought the fans out of their seats.

But when Jack went for the running cannon ball in the corner, Bourassa rolled out of the way and the tide turned. Bourassa went on the attack, using his lethal kicks to keep Veles in a bad, bad way. Bourassa is such a great heel - slimy, sleazy, and cheats up a storm. At one point, he was boot choking Veles in the corner while asking a girl at ringside for her number. Classic.

Bourassa's Moonwalk Moonsault is the stuff of YouTube legend and it was just as over here as it is everywhere else. He moonwalks all the way around the downed opponent before snapping off a standing moonsault. Veles kicked out at two though so the match kept going.

Around the twelve minute mark, Bourassa dropped him with a dropkick to the knee and then a thrust kick to the chin for a near fall... and what I'd have to call an upset. He took a page out of the World Champion's playbook with the running Yakuza in the corner for another near fall. With just two minutes left in the time limit, Bourassa's attempt at a second Yakuza was turned into a spinning spinebuster for a two count.

With chants of "JACK! JACK! JACK!" in the air, Veles hooked his opponent, threw him in the corner and chopped the Beejeezus out of him until Bourassa staggered out into an STO for a near fall. A big leaping senton got another near fall as the call of sixty seconds left rang out.

A released German Suplex bounced Bourassa off the mat where he rolled out to the floor. Veles dragged him back in... and hooked the rear naked choke! Bourassa looked close to tapping out but held on... and held on... and held on until the bell sounded.

Time limit draw... and a heck of a match. Kudos to those two.

MATCH #3 - Charlie Fleming vs Hikarimono

Well... this was something. You talk about a styles clash. Hikarimono is a masked high flyer who spent many years in Japan working for Tiger Paw Pro. Charlie Fleming is a 300 plus pound bully brawler who, rumor has it, only is getting this paycheck thanks to a good word from Hannibal Carver.

This wasn't supposed to be a squash I have a feeling but Fleming essentially turned it into one. He no sold every bit of offense that Hikarimono threw at him - mostly chops, forearms, and dropkicks... and just ate him alive with his own offense.

Wearing basketball shorts and a t-shirt with the sleeves cut off, Fleming isn't exactly made for television... although his brawling skills might change that. He just pummeled Hikarimono... fists and feet leading the way. My favorite spot was an armdrag followed by three quick short-arm clotheslines that had the masked man out on his feet.

A running sitout powerbomb ended things mercifully as Charlie Fleming debuts with a win.

Cut to the big screen for interview time.

[Cut to the backstage area. Cody Walker is standing in front of the standard CCW backdrop. His bullrope is around his neck. He's wearing a stetson hat. A line of tobacco juice runs out of the right side of his mouth.]

CW: I'm gonna keep this short and sweet. "The Bourbon Street Bruiser" Alex Urban got in my way last week. I wanted more of a piece of John Law, but I had to deal with the Bruiser. Ain't nothin' but sissies come from Bourbon Street. Ain't nothin' tough 'bout Bourbon Street. You want tough? Come to Texas!

Texas ain't got no sissies. Alex Urban? You pissed off a tough ol' Texas boy. That's bad news for you.

[Cut back to...]

Match #4 - Cody Walker vs Alex Urban

I'd been looking forward to this one ever since they announced it a few weeks ago. Two big hosses throwin' bombs at each other? Sign me up! Walker entered first, swinging his bullrope over his head, screaming at any fan in sight. This guy's a real throwback... takes me back to tapes I've seen of Blackwater Bart in his LWC days. A big mouthful of tobacco didn't hurt that impression either.

Alex Urban came out. This guy seems like a genuinely nice guy - just like Tin Can Rust and City Jack, his trainers and mentors, did. More than one fan around me thought Walker and Urban should just shake hands, team up, and become the toughest team in CCW in one shot.

That... did not happen.

What did happen was eight minutes of some of the stiffest, craziest brawling you'll ever see. Walker took his turn throwing Urban into anything that wasn't nailed down out on the floor including a post shot that split Urban open... hardway, I think. The bloody mess that was Urban seemed to get fired up by that, raining down forearms and elbows on him before hooking a cravate and throwing knees to the face.

They would fight in the ring for a bit... then spill out to the floor... rinse and repeat. The referee had no chance to keep these two under control. I thought we were destined for a double DQ or countout or something on a few occasions but Urban made a rookie mistake when he threw Walker into the buckles with a powerbomb, then turned to play to the crowd. When he turned around...

BOOM!

Big lariat! Urban was out like a light after that and Walker scored the three count. Afterwards, he used the rope to choke Urban for a bit before the locker room emptied to chase him off. What a fight. I'd love to see those two tangle up again.

And that one took us into...

INTERMISSION

I wandered a bit, checked out the merch stand. They had roughly the same stuff as last month with a few additions. It seemed like the Koji Nakano shirts with his name also written in kanji were hot sellers this month. Upon coming back to my seat, the ring announcer announced a return date of August 30th - an afternoon show the night after the AWA is in Las Vegas. Intriguing!

From the break, we went straight to another promo up on the video wall.

[Cut to Nathan Sterling and Jackson Thomas standing in front of a the standard CCW backdrop. Both men are wearing their wrestling gear.]

NS: We made our CCW debut and defeated the team of Pretty Hot Stuff. Beating Kenneth Doll and Scotty Richardson was no easy task. Right now, me and Jackson are only looking forward.

[Sterling nods.]

NS: I've heard quite a few rumblings about being the second coming. About how are we going to measure up to the success our fathers had fifteen plus years ago. How will be able to step out of their shows and out of their shadows? Ya want to tell 'em, JT?

JT: My father gave me three pieces of advice for the sport of pro-wrestling:

- 1: Don't put myself in his shoes or shadow.
- 2: Learn the difference between seizing an opportunity and creating an opportunity.
- 3: Succeed at the first two, and you'll find success.

NS: Look out, CCW. We're here to make OUR mark.

[Fade to...]

Match #5 - Nathan Sterling and Jackson Thomas vs jobbers

This was designed as a showcase for Sterling and Thomas and that's exactly what it was. Sterling hit so many suplexes on one of the guys, he literally threw him into his own corner so he could tag in the other poor schmoe for more punishment. How much could you pay that guy to take a released German into a released Tiger into a released Dragon? His spine must've been like jelly after that. Sterling also used a vicious clothesline to the back of the head as well as the move that long time fans would recognize as the Von Braun Stomp, stomping his way up and down the body of the prone opponent. What more could Thomas do to these guys after Sterling dominated them?

Thomas was in for the power spots - a charging clothesline in the corner turned right into a short-arm Samoan Drop. He hung the poor guy up in the Tree of Woe, kicking the bejeezus out of him, and then hit him with a baseball slide dropkick.

And if that wasn't enough - the doubleteams. Oh my, the doubleteams. Thomas hits a running clothesline to the front then Sterling hits one to the back of the head, yelling "STAY DOWN!" at the opponent. Funny. Thomas also dropped a guy across his knee in a backbreaker so Sterling could drop a fist on him off the second rope.

But in the end, Sterling lifted one of the basically-unconscious jobbers up in the electric chair... Thomas hooked him in a front facelock... super DDT and you could count to a hundred, jack! Dominant win for Sterling and Thomas who look like they're on the fast track to the main roster if they can keep up wins like these.

Match #6 - Max Magnum vs Sammy Carson

Wow. The booking here shocked me. I expected a pretty competitive match as Carson seems like someone who could conceivably hit the main roster someday but they had Magnum go through him like a hot knife through butter. Carson worked his tail off too to make sure Magnum looked like the next big thing in wrestling - going up for slams, suplexes, some nasty stuff for a guy his size to take.

In the end, Magnum got him up in the fireman's carry and laid him out with that split-legged driver/slam. We really need a name for that. Magnum wins in under five minutes with barely a whimper of offense out of the former powerlifter Sammy Carson.

Back to the promos...

[Coloso Castillo, a thickly-built man with a sculpted physique, light brown skin and dark brown eyes, stands in front and slightly to the side of a flat screen monitor that has the CCW logo on it. He has black, medium-length hair that reaches halfway down his neck and is dressed to compete in a black singlet.]

CC: Caspian Abaran... Even the name is ridiculous... You hide the shame of losing your mask behind a ridiculous name and you dare to speak of wanting to defend the honor of lucha libre? Don't you see how ridiculous it is, Caspian: a man who has no honor defending the honor of that which he has failed so miserably at? Tonight, another defeat for the man who is so used to losing, he is happy to hide behind the fantasy that is his name, while the man who needs no mask El Coloso will stand tall in victory!

¡Viva El Coloso! ¡Viva La Epoca del Coloso!

[Fade to black]

Match #7 - Super Solar/Caspian Abaran vs Coloso Castillo/???

I really hope these SWLL showcase matches continue after Copa de Trios. They just add such a cool flavor to CCW shows that you don't get to see most other places.

The tecnico duo hit the ring first to big cheers. Super Solar's got a good look and you have to wonder if the longtime SWLL luchador might be getting strong consideration to make a jump to the AWA in the near future. Castillo came out next, cutting another short promo running down Solar for being masked and Abaran for losing his mask... and then introduced his partner.

They announced him as Canibal. I'm not familiar with him at all actually. But he had a good look to him. Athletic build, dark jet black hair pulled back in a ponytail. He's got black circles around his eyes made with dark paint and his bare upper body was covered with tattoos.

Castillo started the match, demanding to begin with Caspian Abaran. The two had an absolutely fantastic lucha-style exchange on the mat. Armdrags, springboard armdrags, matwork like crazy. It was a blast. That went on for a few minutes before Super Solar tagged in and turned up the pace. He's just so quick.

Solar had Castillo reeling before Canibal tagged in... and showed some interesting striking skill. A spinning back roundhouse had Solar out on his feet before an uppercut throat thrust took him over the top to the floor. Now, Canibal was probably about the same height as Castillo... maybe six foot or so. He measured Solar for a bit and then flattened him with a tope dive to the floor.

Canibal seemed more of a brawler than Castilo, using the ringpost and slams on the floor to really do a number on Solar. He brought Castillo back in to dominate Solar with some big slams including a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker and a chokeslam that got a near fall.

The rudos had the match well in hand until Castillo went for a gutwrench powerbomb that Solar turned into a hurrcanrana counter. Solar made the hot tag to Abaran who came in with some high speed, high impact offense including a springboard forearm shot to the jaw of Castillo that put him down. A catapult splash over the top got him a two count before Canibal got involved. Abaran dropkicked Canibal over the ropes where he landed on his feet, yanking Abaran out to the floor but Abaran shook loose, springing off

the top with a crossbody on Castillo for a near fall. Abaran climbed the ropes... but Canibal shoved him off the top before he could strike.

He climbed in, using a very quick fishermanbuster to make Abaran easy prey for a pin by Castillo. The rudos celebrated over the prone Abaran before leaving the tecnicos behind.

I was surprised to see Abaran take the pin considering his status as an AWA main roster performer but maybe they're planning on doing something with Castillo and Canibal... maybe for Copa de Trios? We'll see, I guess.

Main Event time was coming up next but before that...

NAKANO!

Koji Nakano - who has quickly worked himself into a spot as one of the top fan favorites in CCW - came to the ring. He addressed what happened on the last CCW show as well as what happened at Rising Sun Showdown before promising to get his hands on Jay Alana and the Dead Man's Party at some point in the future.

But before that happens, Nakano said he was asked by Blackjack Lynch to make a special announcement about his more immediate future.

Next month's CCW show will see...

...the START OF A CCW TITLE TOURNAMENT! The place went nuts!

It's going to be a sixteen man tournament with the Finals taking place during a special CCW show that will take place the week of SuperClash in November. Nakano announced himself as the first entry and that the winner of the next match will also be in the tournament. The crowd was stoked for that news too as Nakano made his exit.

Match #8 - No DQ - Kerry Kendrick vs Bret Grayson

This was a lot of fun if you're into this kind of match. It was nowhere near as crazy as Carver/Dane but it was along the lines of some EMWC stuff that didn't dig too deep into the hardcore stuff. Lots of chairs across the back... Singapore canes... garbage cans... the usual type of thing you'd see in a brawl like this.

Kendrick seems like he was made for this style. It worked really well for him. An Olympic gold medalist doing it was kinda weird but they used that fact well, letting Kendrick control most of the match. They told a great story where Grayson kept trying to throw the weapons aside since he didn't need them but Kendrick kept bringing more and more stuff in there to use.

That ultimately led to his undoing when he brought in a table, setting it up in the corner. He tried to put Grayson through it but the Olympian reversed it and used a German suplex to put Kendrick through the table in impressive fashion for a three count.

That puts Grayson in the tournament and probably ends the Kendrick/Grayson feud.

Like I said, a lot of fun if you like this style. I probably would've preferred a straight up match between these two but with Blackjack Lynch helping running things, you can expect a good ol' fashioned brawl from time to time and this was certainly that.

They wished everyone a good night and that was it. See you next time with the start of the CCW Title Tournament!