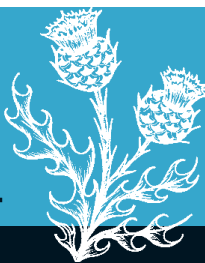


# The

# Scotsman



## Hi, I'm Scotsman and I love wrestling.

There are many reasons people love wrestling. Some see it as a soap opera and get caught up in the drama of storylines. Others see it as an art form, slowly applauding after every Ring Of Honor DVD. Then there are those that watch it just for the trainwreck mentality, where they can't help watching no matter how shit it is or how much of a clusterf\*\*k it becomes.

Me? I love it for entirely different reasons. I love it for the wrestling fans. I love seeing wrestling fans hold aloft the signs they made earlier that day, seeing them chant their hearts out for their favourite superstars, and seeing them react passionately to every face and heel turn.

The main reason I love wrestling fans, however, is because when I'm having a bad day – one of those horrible days where you just want to punch a wall over how shitty your life currently is – I can tune into Raw, look around at every wrestling fan in the arena and think, "Wow, at least I'm not that guy."



And it instantly cheers me up, realising that no matter how bad a day I've had, it could be a lot worse: I could be a bottom-dwelling, toad-sucking, dog-f\*\*king piece of shit scumbag. You know, a wrestling fan.

I'm not Mr. Controversial Shock Jock or anything like that – I just think wrestling fans are the scum of the Earth, and when I was given an opportunity to voice my opinion, I had to open up. You see, my first idea was a review of the new *TNA Impact!* videogame. However, as I made a "name" for myself by ripping the shit out of all the horrible wrestling games out there, the people in charge asked me to go an alternative route.

### Corruption

I assume there's some top secret reason for that (MONEY) which is perfectly reasonable (MONEY), and is probably the same mysterious reason that IGN gives *SmackDown VS*

*Raw* 9 out of 10 every year (MONEY), even though that series sucks bigger donkey dick than Missy Hyatt on a trip to Mexico.

I told the chiefs straight up: a negative review won't hurt a wrestling game. *WCW Thunder* for the PlayStation sold millions of copies and it's the worst travesty in the history of the videogame industry. Yes, even worse than *E.T.* for the Atari 2600, you nerd faggots.

You know why it won't hurt a game? Because the people that play wrestling videogames are also wrestling fans, and you can sell them a shit sandwich and as long as it has "DEAD MAN WALKING" on it they'll eat it with a smile on their fat, greasy faces.

That's why I love wrestling fans – because they're a bunch of pathetic f\*\*king sheep, who listen to what WWE tells them and take it as gospel. I remember back in the day, when wrestling was actually great to watch. Oh sure, the fans were still pathetic little c\*\*tnuggets, but at least they were watching a good product.

This is going back to the days of WWE versus WCW of course, when there was so much competition that the companies had no choice to put on a good show. There were strong storylines, great characters and every show really felt like can't-miss, must-see TV.

These days? Gone are the interesting characters and great storylines. In their place are a bunch of one-dimensional wrestlers whose sole purpose seems to be to sell the latest merchandise. Seriously – there was a day when catchphrases were something that a wrestler just happened to say, and it caught on.

### 3:16

Who doesn't remember "Austin 3:16 says I just whooped your ass!" then turning on Raw the next night to see so many Austin 3:16 signs? Now catchphrases are just another product of the WWE marketing machine, because every time a wrestler has

## When I've had a bad day, I can look at every wrestling fan on Raw and think, 'At least I'm not that guy'

a new catchphrase, that means yet another t-shirt can be produced.

Every f\*\*king catchphrase sucks now, too. You have shit like "I spit in the face of people who don't want to be cool." What the f\*\*k does that even mean? Are there people out there who actually don't want to be cool? And if so, why would a cool person want to spit in their face? It makes NO F\*\*KING SENSE.

But they do it anyway, and why? Because they know that the sheep will eat it up. They'll go into the schoolyard the next day spouting off the catchphrase (and hopefully receive a solid beating because of it), they'll buy the t-shirt and they just encourage the c\*\*ts at WWE to follow this business practice.

It blows my mind that wrestling fans don't see that WWE doesn't give a f\*\*k about them – it just cares about their money. And it's not like WWE hides it, either – there even used to be segments by the "edgy" D-Generation X, which were five-minute f\*\*king infomercials for the DVDs, t-shirts and wristbands. And of course, wrestling fans suck it all up.

Now they even run cliffhanger storylines so you have to go to WWE.com to find out more – and when you do, you're hit with a million WWE

Shop ads. Jesus Christ, they kept the title on Cena for 13 months (and it would've been longer if not for injury) because even though storylines were boring as f\*\*k, they were worried about merchandise sales dropping. I can't blame the company for doing this – it's the fans that eat this shit on a daily f\*\*king basis.



SIGN OF THE TIMES... fans can't see the massive exploitation

### Clueless

This isn't the only reason I love wrestling fans. But really what it all comes down to is their stupidity, and how they can't think for themselves. A few years ago, there was a WWE house show here in Kingston, Ontario. Tickets went on sale Saturday morning at 10am at the box office.

I went down at 6am, walking my dog, and was amazed at the line-up. We're talking over 2,000 bottom-dwellers, and this was four hours before the box office even opened. At 2pm, I went down again and the line was still f\*\*king huge, and one guy I risked disease by talking to said that he'd been there since 9am.

However, I still managed to get tickets – four of them, front and centre. Did I lose my integrity by queuing with these mouth-breathers? Did I battle on eBay and buy tickets at double face value? No and no. At 10am, when the box office opened, I picked up this thing called a telephone, I called the f\*\*king box office and ordered tickets.

So while all these other twats were waiting in the freezing cold for hours, I sat at home naked as the day God made me, spent two minutes of my life on a f\*\*king phone and, presto, got tickets. This is why I love wrestling fans – because you're so f\*\*king stupid, you make me look so much better in comparison.

Normally after writing this, a writer would give the wrestling fan some "self-help" tips to make their lives less pathetic. But I won't do that because, really, where would I get my entertainment then?

After a long day at the office, there's nothing better than sitting on the couch, cracking open some cold ones and watching fat, out of shape neckbeards fall over themselves just to f\*\*king touch a wrestler on the back as he walks to the ring. So please – continue what you're doing, because it gives me a reason to get up in the morning.

This was Scotsman, the exception to the rule.



EXTREME... fans see shirts, WWE sees profits