

Another week; another match. The Anglo-Nubian finished slipping his wrist bands on when his coordinator stopped by the men's locker room to give him the five-minute cue. He took this time to limber up before the match. While doing some quick stretches, and preparing for that all-too-familiar adrenaline rush that became a common side effect for these shows, his coordinator interrupted him to give him the one-minute cue. Jamie then followed him out of the locker room. The instantaneous temperature change tickled his white fur and skin, the high school's gym being much cooler than the humid locker room. He never minded it at all, given his ring outfit that allowed him to show off most of his body. He got used to wearing the shiny, black wrestling briefs he designed, to which he gave a blue, silver-trimmed flame pattern, and his black and blue-trimmed shin guards and wrist bands. Jamie was also one of the few wrestlers in IPW's circuit that never wore footwear in the ring; he had hooves to perform kicks signature to his wrestling style.

The coordinator had Jamie stand behind a black curtain, rigged up by a simple structure made of PVC pipe, just outside the doorway to the locker room. He bobbed on the tips of his hooves while his theme music played, accompanied by a simple light show close to the staging area, shaking off any feeling of anxiety in his stomach. So what if he didn't know who his opponent was? So what if this was one of those rare, unscripted matches? He could at least have a good match with Matt while training at IPW's gym; that bear could move for his size. He soon heard the announcer shout "Kid Cobalt!" over the loudspeakers, followed by cheering from what sounded like a packed house. Pushing the curtains aside and trying not to squint at the sudden change of lighting, he half walked, half ran towards the ring and jumped on its edge, moving aside the middle and top ropes to enter.

It was then where he felt that familiar high; the ring announcer allowing him a moment to drink it all in. Being in the ring, tens or hundreds of fans cheering him on (depending on how big the venue and turnout), and getting to tussle with his gym mates for real, some of which he became good friends with, he wouldn't trade it in for anything else.