

# AFTER COMING OUT: A WRESTLING PROMO

-ADELE NWANKWO

If I were a wrestler—one of those real juicy, full-of-trenbolone, moonsault-off-the-top, meathead beefcake types—my coming out might've gone a little differently. I would've been intimidating; wouldn't have tripped up on so many of my necessary words. But now, all I can do is imagine saving face in the aftermath, like:

*Thanks, Mean Gene. You wanna know how I feel today?*

*You wanna know how I feel after being cheated out of a victory over Pat Patriarchy at Survivor Series? I'm furious. I'm hot.*

*Ooh, I'm so mad I could kiss a woman I don't even like right now!*

*Yeah, I see all you pretty ladies in the crowd right there.*

*Ric Flair might be broken-down old Magic Mountain,*

*but I'm Raging Bull at Six F(l)ags. Step right up!*

*(Gotta give them something to cheer for, right?)*



And then Mean Gene would cut in to keep me on track and would probably point out the bandages above my eyes, on my arms, over my heart, before asking, What's the move now? Aren't you too banged up to wrestle? Maybe you should do what most do when a coming out doesn't go their way and buy a pint of B n' J's ice cream and eat your feelings.



#MMPISLIT





FINAL  
CUT

To which I would reply:

You see these cuts? You see these bruises?

These are nothin'! Nothin'!!

I'm just wearin' this shit 'cause the therapist  
wouldn't let me leave their office without 'em.

\*tears off copious amounts of gauze wrapping and bandaging\*  
AAAH! You see that? The CisBoys thought they could gang up on me  
and put an end to my championship title pursuit? Hah!  
I've got Toni Morrison books that hit harder than those bozos.  
When I get my hands on 'em, they'll get what's comin' to 'em.

Oh, and this would light the crowd ablaze, cause them  
to whisk and rattle their homemade signs ("The Nigerian Nightmare,"  
"Nwankwo 11:16," "Step on My Balls, Kween Adele!")

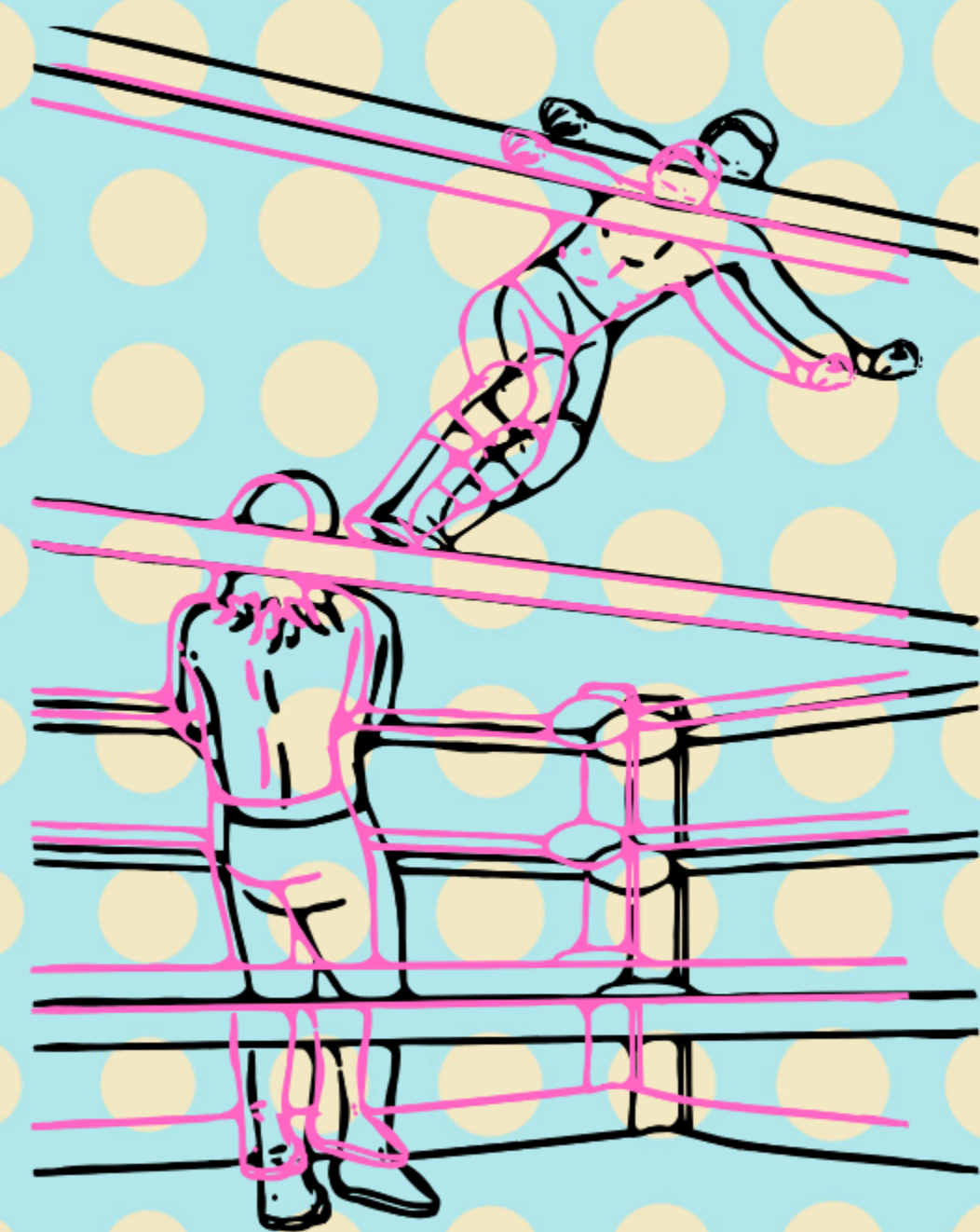
And then Mean Gene, catching the producer's wrap-up signal,  
would proffer a few final queries: Where do you go from here?  
Who do you wanna face tonight? Do you think you can convince  
the world to accept you as a champion?

[www.meowmeowpawfi.com](http://www.meowmeowpawfi.com)



And I would say:  
You'd better believe ol' PP's gettin' a Spectrumifier (that'd be my finisher)  
reeeeal soon. But before I get to him and the CisBoys, I've got  
a few loose ends to tie up, startin' with Best Friend Friedman, who  
sold me out last week in my time of need. Then it's the Family Alliance,  
for not havin' my back when I was getting jumped and for blaming me  
afterward for getting busted up, like I deserved it.  
But Gene, can I convince the world?  
You see these 7" pythons?  
You see this 38" waist?  
There's not a person alive who can stop me.  
And they're just gonna have to accept me for what and who I am.

That's when I'd brusquely brush past MG  
and storm out of the shot to deafening  
adulation, crafty rivals lying in wait,  
and a long, difficult journey to the  
Idpol Intercontinental Championship.



At least, that's how I envision the fallout of my coming out  
could have gone—in a different life, perhaps.  
(I'm the one eating ice cream on the couch 🍦)



MEOW MEOW  
POW POW

SMACKDOWN 2023