

Dedicated To A Great Man; Viva La Raza

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Dedicated To: the Greatest Man to Ever Live, Eduardo Guerrero, my brother.

We all miss you, I'm proud of my middle name, because you gave it to me. Viva La Raza... forever

1967-2005

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1 - Eddie... We Love You

My name, is Dameon Latino Guerrero. My middle name was given to me by my beloved brother, Eduardo Guerrero. He is missed by tons of people. But mostly, I think I yearn for him the most. It is too hard without him. Because I remember when we were little, and he first taught me how to wrestle, with my other trainer, Chris Benoit.

I remember, how you and Chris would take me out into the yard to train. you'd always play with me, taught me everything. Especially to be brave. Those words would always echo in my head. "Be brave... Be brave... Be... Brave..."

We all remember you... because you have permanently earned a place in our hearts. You took the opportunity, and made it into a priority.

But that fateful day... In November... in 2005... was horrible.

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My black, cushiony sheets lay below me as I laid on my bed and read my WWE Magazine. A knock interrupted my reading. "come in..." I murmured. I saw my good friend, and trainer, Chris Benoit. "Hi, Chris... Is something wrong?" I asked my troubled friend as he frowned. I stood up off my bed. "Dameon... This-- This is really hard for me to tell you..." he sighed. "Hm...?" I asked Chris. "Eddie's... d-dead..."

I looked in astonishment. "D-dead?" I asked. Chris nodded sadly. I began to cry. The astonishing news that my brother was dead, pierced my heart like a sword. Chris hugged me. "Tonight, is the Rememberence RAW."