

# I'M GOING TO GET YOU

by

**F.M. Busby**

You. You, out there. Do you exist? I don't think you do; I've never believed in you. They always told me you created everything, that you are my loving Father. You don't act like it. No, I haven't believed in you.

But if you don't exist, then I have nothing left to hate.

My life, whether by accident or your malevolence, has always been a nightmare. I don't know – I can't know – whether you exist. Do I scream my hate to an empty sky? *Please* exist. It would be intolerable to have no possible target for my revenge, no matter how far above my powers.

You. You see me as a clown, a puppet, for how can I reach you when I can't find you or even know that you are real? What can I do? Don't worry; I'll think of something. I will. Nothing else, now, is important to me.

Early, you took my father. People said 'Praise God!' and did not protest, but I wondered why he was dead and why anyone should praise you. I shrugged the brace away from the sores on my paralysed leg – for you had started early on me, hadn't you? – and tried to find meaning in life again.

For a time I truly thought it would work, until you took my mother and my brothers. You didn't fool me that time; I knew the supposed accident was a purposeful act. There was no other reason why one drunken sot and his car should wipe out most of a family and escape unharmed. I suspect you meant to get me too, then, and slipped up. If that's how it was, you

may have made the most crucial error of your long career of tyranny. I hope so.

Because now I *know*. And at the same time I don't know. If you are there, there at all, then somehow I will find you, and destroy you. If you are not there – but you have to be! I'll force you to exist; you can't escape me that way.

You really set me up after the funeral, you cosmic bastard! First the three young thugs who beat me up; crippled, I could offer little resistance. Then in the hospital, in nurse's garb, was the lady Cristal who became my wife.

You left us alone for nearly two years. You enjoyed that, didn't you – the cat-and-mouse thing? Allowing Cristal to become pregnant, then not quite killing her when you took our baby. You're really quite expert, aren't you? For a time I allowed myself *again* to believe that we would be left to live our lives, childless but in relative content and great love.

You know where you made you mistake? You're arrogant. You didn't bother to give me any reason for Cristal's death yesterday. I intend you to regret that.

She came in the door, out of the cold, with a bag of groceries. She simply collapsed, smiling at first and then showing shock and grief when she knew you were killing her. The food, for a minor personal celebration of ours, was scattered across the floor. I won't tell you how I felt; why should I let you gloat more than you're gloating already?

But then I *knew* the hell of my life was no accident. Then I knew that if you exist, at least I have a target.

I know you're not going to be easy to attack. You hold all the high ground. I don't know what you are or where you are or how to reach you.

But if you could simply wipe me out at whim, you'd have done so by now, I think. I'm counting on that. There must be rules that govern you; I have to believe that. And by those rules, your own rules, I think you've given me a chance that you didn't intend. I must be right; otherwise you'd have killed me.

I'm not alone; I've asked advice from friends I can trust. They don't believe me but they humour me and are helpful.

My friend Charles the engineer says that if you are the Creator you must be the Totality – that I am as my own fingernail trying to change my own mind. He may be right. But a hangnail can produce blood-poisoning; perhaps I shall be your friendly neighbourhood hangnail before we're

done.

Larry, my lawyer-friend and an atheist, clearly thinks I've lost my marbles. He says that if you exist you are the spoiled-brat God of the Old Testament, an omnipotent five-year-old child who never changed your mind in anyone else's favour and never will. So that I may as well forget it. But I think I am smarter than five years old. We'll find out.

I thought of attacking you through devil-worship but my friend Gerard says that if I am right you *are* the devil, and the last thing I'd do is worship you. In his view, and perhaps he is right, you'd be some sort of parasite claiming Godhood but not entitled to it. I may as well believe part of this along with parts of other views. It sounds like my best chance, and I need all the breaks I can get, dealing with something like you.

I may be weak and even stupid by your lights, but I don't intend to remain helpless. You'll see. There is a whole universe which I think you did not create: you came along later and took advantage of it. That makes me as good as you are, maybe better; you hear? We are here in this universe together, and if you can influence my existence, perhaps I can influence yours, too.

Gravitation works both ways.

You have negated everyone I ever loved, everyone who ever loved me. You haven't negated me yet; why not? Maybe you can't. Again, why not? Because it would backfire? Because we're tied together somehow? That's the only handle I have; I think I'll try it.

I've asked you, begged you, to return Cristal to me. You wouldn't answer. I tried prayer, the format you're supposed to appreciate. No comment. I tried other ways. And you ignored me.

It shouldn't be difficult. You resurrected a man once, if the stories are true. You rolled back a sea. You did a lot of things. Or so I've been told.

Maybe you didn't. Maybe you can't do anything but hurt and kill. It's hard, even now, to accept such a concept of you. But I must.

So I am going to call it quits, for this life. No more. Does that scare you? It should. Because I think that when I cease to exist, so will you.

I'll settle for that.

In a few minutes now, we'll see.

**The End**