

9. REVENGE

Revenge is a dish best eaten cold. It means waiting for the right moment. I really never forget. I assume a totally calm pose. Your memory may not be that good. The years help you to forget.

I am the victim here. You have let things go. You have never accepted the consequences of your offense.

I am a younger man. Only a few years separate us in age. Your radio host is much older. He will appeal to you because he seems so stable. I am like you, insecure about my life. I am still searching. You are searching. But you are more afraid to give into your wanderlust.

I do not want to come on to you. I am not trying to convince you to be with me. But we share so much in common. I wish that you could see that. I don't want to pretend that fate brought us together, but there was something special in our meeting.

I find out where his car is parked. I get a crowbar and just go to town. I bust every window in the thing. There is broken glass everywhere!

I am a monster. I cannot stop. I begin to bash the metal. I want to destroy it all. Just obliterate him. Nothing can restrain me. I feel completely free.

“What did I do to you?”

“You existed in a flawed state.”

Someone who has something that you really want. They are in the way and the only way to get it is to smash them up something good.

He is a cop. He was involved in a beating of one of my friends. My friend died in the hospital. He was never punished for what he did. He made up a convenient excuse. All the police officers protected each other.

“Why do you even defend this monster?”

“He responded to the stresses of his job. You need to be sympathetic.”

“I had all the sympathy for my friend. Now he is no longer alive. Is there something that you want to tell me? You deserve the same fate as my friend received. Not only do you advance the position of the cops. But you construct this elaborate system of principle to support your position. You are worse than a clown. You are a tyrant. I would look away if such actions were applied to you.”

“Why are you so bitter?”

“Me, bitter. You are the one who is defending murder. How much more bitter does one need to be?”

Memory has a way of reminding us of our former achievements.

“I don't think I want to be on the swim team. The kids make fun of me.”

“I don't like to argue. If you're not going to stay on the team, you need to tell me now.”

I don't think that I want to stay on the team.”

“Your father and I thought swimming would be good for you. You'd be with other kids. It would help you come out of your shell!”

“None of the kids like me.”

“You have to make an effort.”

“I hate arguing. If you don't want to be on the swim team. Tell me.”

“Your mother says that you don’t want to be on the swim team anymore.”

“I don’t want to argue with him. If he doesn’t want to keep on the team, you have to tell me now.”

“Son, we’re doing this for you.”

“I know that. But all the kids hate me. They make jokes about me behind my back.”

“I’m going to ask you face to face: do you want to be on the swim team?”

“No, I do not!”

“We’ve spent all this money on the team. We can still get a refund. I just want to give you some time to think about this.”

“Your mother is trying to reason with you. I think that we should both listen to her.”

“I don’t want to argue with you. If you don’t want to be on the swim team, then just tell us.”

“I think it would be good for you. It would help you toughen up.”

“All the kids are laughing at me.”

“You can’t let that bother you, son.”

“I don’t want to argue with you. You have to make up your own mind.”

“I don’t want to go to practice.”

“We have a couple of days. I brought all the forms with me so that we can change our minds. If you want to be on the team, there is still a chance to change your mind.”

“Your mother is trying to do what is best for you.”

“I don’t like swimming.”

“That isn’t what you said when you begged us to take you to Hilton Head this summer.”

“The beach is different. I hate swimming pools.”

“You’re getting a little stubborn at a young age.”

“Your mother wants to be reasonable.”

“I just don’t want to argue with him. He likes to argue. It’s not the way that I taught him.”

“Son, try to be reasonable. We’re willing to take you here and pick you up.”

“I don’t want to swim.”

“You’re pouting again. You seem to do that all the time.”

“Maybe, we should take him home and give him the chance to think about this.”

“We are taking him home. He can go up to his room and do his homework. I don’t want to listen to him arguing.”

“I’m not arguing.”

“Let me ask you very clearly: do you want to quit the swim team?”

“Yes!”

“Son, are you sure that you’ve considered all your options.”

“You can’t reason with him. He’s stubborn. He won’t make up his own mind. And he loves to argue.”

“The kids make fun of me.”

“They are silly kids. You have to learn to ignore them. Aren’t there some children who you can make friends with.”

“I’ve tried.”

“You’re so much into yourself. You have to make more of an effort if you’re really going to make any friends.”

“I don’t want to go back to swimming.”

“You need to exercise.”

“Maybe we’re being too hard on him.”

“I agree. But he’s the one who likes to argue.”

I am forgetting myself. Idle hands do the devil’s work. I need to put my time to good use.

My trunk is open. That will be your destination. You are struggling a little. That is to no avail. I will easily be able to overpower you and dump you inside. What has brought me to this point? What benefit can I possibly find in throwing you in there? I am getting you out of the way so that you cannot keep on with your wholly obnoxious behavior. And by telling people about my deed, I am using your example to guarantee that no one else will try the same kind of thing in the future

You may wonder what drove me to this point. It was not enough that you have been a constant nuisance for the last few years. You have exaggerated your own exploits to enhance a meager reputation. Anyone in the know realizes that your skills are limited. But you have done a splendid job of convincing the public of the soundness of your method. You have substituted cheap publicity for anything of substance. No one has been willing to point out that the emperor has no clothes. And now you have really let it go to your head.

I suppose that there was a time when we could have dealt with you differently. Simple criticism would have been enough to shut down your shenanigans. That time is long past. You have become monstrous. No one who can restrain you. The weak filter their way into your entourage and fawn over you in the hope that you might toss them a pittance of a reward. The arbiters of taste seek their cut of the spoils as they continue to embellish the circle of flattery. The chain is now endless, and no one will step up and cut the links. Until now!

I realize that your reign must be ended forthwith, and I am ready to do whatever necessary to bring you dynasty to a crashing close. Amen!

As you struggle in the trunk of my car, you need to be reminded how far you have gone to offend proper sensibilities. You have violated the standards of good taste in the pursuit of your agenda. The intensity of your resistance is no doubt a mark of your self-righteousness. You are the last person who is willing to admit to your offenses.

I have considered how long that I would be able to countenance your ridiculous behavior. And I really did my best to put up with your excesses. When boorishness is the norm, it is easy to hide behind the other fools to carry on your mischief. In striking back at you, I hope to put an end to this style of roguishness. We have all been shamed by you. By standing up to you, I will inspire a nearly universal disgust in your indulgence and in that of all others of your ilk

I know that I may face an invincible enemy in the future. I will need to prepare myself for such a conflict. But you are hardly the all-powerful one that you have tried to convey. Your day in court is here, and I am willing to be a zealous executioner.

I hope that you are shivering in fear at this moment. As I cruise the city in search of the appropriate place to dump your body, I want you to know that you have exhausted any attempts at engendering mercy. You have gone too far.

For so long you have resisted the warning signs. They have only made you more emboldened to carry on your terror. This is the end. Your time is up.

It might be easy for me to doubt my motives at this moment. I could easily succumb to the same blood lust that has characterized your actions. I admit that I am not immune to such appeal. But I am trying to counter any temptation to find delight in your predicament. You have made your own due. I am simply helping along the progress of history.

They are those who might see a sadistic thirst in my revenge. That is why I seek to terminate this ritual in a manner that is short and sweet. I will not let you hang on in the illusion that such behavior is tolerable. I will not accept your terms to apply to what I do. You have crossed all bounds of decency.

“It is a strange thing how bad people tend to dig their own graves.”

“What are you saying?”

“I have all these negative thoughts. Really, it’s hate. There’s no two ways about it. I keep these feelings to myself. I don’t act on them. And things just happen. The guilty end up digging their own graves.”

“You believe that.”

“I know that. I don’t know what it is. I think that their pride makes them vulnerable. They just end up shooting themselves in the foot.”

“You find satisfaction in that.”

“I really do. It’s justice.”

Am I pretty? Of course I am. I have been that way since I was a little girl. I received special treatment. I know that. I deserved. I have always been beautiful. Guys still give me those looks. I live off of that.

I know that you hate me. My stunning good looks are the source of our rivalry. You want to hurt me. You curse the providence that made me such a shining creature. Get over it. I have walked the golden path from my first days in elementary school.

Down deep, we are exactly the same. When you were younger, you did everything that you could to be my friend. You wanted to feed off of my shining light. You even modeled your hair style and your dress after mine.

When you became a little older, a more severe reaction set in. You spat on all the trappings of materialism. You attempted to fashion yourself in a different image. You accepted your own lack of success. You made your protest into an art form. You underground revolution.

You accepted all the teachings of your new discipline. It gave you new grounds on which to hate me. I was simply an automaton who blindly followed the dictates of the media. Guys flocked to me because they were dazzled by fool’s gold.

You became the princess of your new fiefdom. You developed a new set of admirers that you hoped might rival mine. Even then, you craved the spotlight. And your fleeting glimpse of popularity wasn’t sufficient. You wanted more. You understand the secret pleasure of breaking a boy’s heart. After all, you were living a life of heartache. You found glory in your new power.

With maturity came the realization that you could not play this game forever. You needed a more stable foundation. You parlayed your new attractiveness into more lucrative surroundings. To convince your new associates that you belonged, you felt it necessary to discard your dowdy vestments. You hunted down bargains. You worked overtime. Now you

were the belle of the ball. You were given the coveted seat at the head of the class. Guys turned their heads as you walked by.

Sure, your new life has made you a little lonely. You have admirers. And they are so good at feigning true affection. But you have not found love. You blame me for the crushing spell that I cast over you when you were a child. However, we both worship at the same spring. You resent that you have to work at what comes naturally to me. But we might as well be twins. And in the end, we are both protecting the same social order.

Why do you continue to resent my privilege? You walk around with your head in the air. You have the same haughtiness that was my character. You are run through with cruelty. You are trying to get back at the world for the offenses of your childhood.

I want you to know that it has not been easy for me. I do not look for sympathy. Just realism. For all the Adonises who have sung my praises, there have been countless lewd brutes who have laid in wait for me. Just because I have touched the imaginations of these monsters, they believe that they can have their way with me. You probably find a little humor in it all. But with attention comes bucketfuls of flattery. Even as I become accustomed to such acknowledgment, I realize that much of it is an interference on my privacy. And so many people are like you. They derive a special satisfaction from my failings. This creates pressure for me. I know that is what gets you off.

Now you suffer from the same fears that have always affected me. Worse, you know what it is like to live like the rest of the world. You like how you are now. You want my sympathy. At the same time, you will not let go of your enmity. You cannot touch me. I will always be more wonderful than you are. Hate me!

I meet her and her friends at a party. The more stunning of the three is already with a guy. And the other girl seems a little precious. So she is the one who seems to stimulate my affections. I think that I just enjoy hanging out with all of them.

I'm out one night, and I see her at a club. We're watching a band. And she is giving me the eye. Afterwards, I tell her that I need a ride home.

I love breath mints. I'm addicted to these things.

"Can I have one. I love them too."

Next thing I know, I am kissing her fresh breath. And we start making out furiously. We still have our clothes on. But she gets on top of me and starts to dry hump me. Suddenly, her deodorant gives out. And I take another look at her. I decide that I need to bring our courtship to a diplomatic end. Wow!

When I again see her, she wants to carry on from where we left off. I just want to let it go. I don't want to appear to be a cad.

"Do you like her?"

"I always have."

I tell him my story.

"Maybe you could take her off my hands."

My friend is a bit of a meth head. And he's enabled by relative. His relative has set him up in his own pad. And my ex of sort needs a place to stay. Cheap rent! Before I know it, my friend and this girl are living together.

He needs money. He has a little. But he finds that he can enhance his position if he

pawns some of her stuff. He takes a hair dryer and a waffle iron. Meanwhile, I keep hanging out with the other two girls. The one who's engaged with a guy seems extra friendly. And her precious little friend gets in a major tiff with the girl who's living with my friend. I suddenly get blamed for it all.

The girl breaks up with my friend. Then she starts to blame me for stealing her stuff. There is this rumor that goes around town that I am a thief. I just wanted to help out everyone involved.

I want to go back to the beginning. Pretend none of this happened. Is that a sufficient resolution. Or do I need to take things in my own hands. I hate how gossip has a life of its own. I never did anything. Or did I?

There is this girl that I meet at a bar. And we drive back to her place. I don't know why she drives me back to her friend's place.

"I want you to go down on me.."

Afterwards, I ask her for a breath mint."

"Why didn't we go back to your place?"

"I live with some guy."

"So why did you park in front of your apartment."

"It's my parking space. I knew no one would bother me."

"Isn't that sort of stupid?"

"I sort of liked you. I thought that we might do this again."

No chance. No way. She is offering me the perfect exit.

"I'll suck your cock next time."

"Just be sure to bring the breath mints."

"Really?"

"No, they burn my dick."

I am trying to make a graceful exit. She proceeds to tell me a story about some guy in high school.

"He treated me like a piece of shit. I decided that I was going to get even with him."

"Did you?"

"I told everyone in school that he had herpes!"

I didn't want such a fate to befall me. Maybe I needed to treat her better.

"You're sure that you want to get together again."

"I don't know. My guy is pretty nice. I don't know if I can hang with two men at once."

I am getting a little jealous.

"We could still have some fun now and then."

"I don't think that I want to leave him."

"What about what we just did?"

"He'd kill you if he found out. I'm not going to tell him. And he's not going to find out. But I really like being with you. Maybe you could come sleep over when he's away."

"Do you have another breath mint?"

I am trying to see things from his point of view. What would he do if he was looking out the window now.

"I'm all out. We could stop by the store on the way back to your place. You do need a

ride.”

“Unless you invite me up to your place.”

“I told you that he’s up there.”

I thought that you were just saying that because you didn’t want me to come in.”

“I’m going to get you to give me head in my car because I don’t want you to come up to my place. Be logical.”

“I figured that you didn’t want to sleep with me. So this was a compromise.”

“So why would I want to sleep with you now?”

“Because the oral sex just got you excited.”

“If I was that excited, I’d suck you off.”

“Yeah, but the breath mints.”

“Ha!”

I’m all out of breath mints.

“Why are you mad at the world.”

“I’m not mad at the world.”

“What is your source of anger?”

“How does the desire to protect our rights degenerate into a new form of oppression, the denial of our fundamental rights?”

“I think that we crave security. A man feels that he is the lord of his castle. That is sufficient. If you leave him alone, then he’ll leave you alone.”

“Is this a new foundation for the rights of man?”

“It could be a starting place.”

“What about the rumblings in the palace. What does he have to do with that mischief?”

“A few miscreants who aren’t playing by the rules.”

“So now you are willing to defend the rules. At any cost?”

“Rights are derived from rules. From natural law.”

“Natural to whom? The lord in his castle.”

“Your palace rebellion can just as easily degenerate into a free-for-all. Every man for himself and that sort of thing.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Of course, you don’t. But you’re not that different than I am. We both crave power.”

“I’m just looking for a place to hang my hat for the night.”

“Your hat?”

“It’s an expression.”

“An expression of what? Anger.”

“You are the one who’s getting impatient with me.”

“With reason. You claim to be defending basic rights, but you seem to build aggressiveness in the equation.”

“It’s not my idea. It’s part of a declaration of independence. We throw off the bonds that afflict us.”

“But the bondage is psychological.”

“Quit trying to psychoanalyze me!”

“What would you have me do instead?”

“We could fight it out. That’s where you think this is heading.”

“This started out as a friendly discussion.”

“And it is a discussion. But there are rights that need defending.”

“But you’re trying to get exclusive about these rights. No one is taking away what you have.”

“The state does not render its law with any sense of fairness.”

“That is a point of contention. You do not want to replace what we have with a new form of tyranny. You are so adamant about your position that you’ve gone overboard.”

“I just realize that a commitment to justice requires constant vigilance.”

“I agree. That is why we need to police ourselves against enemies of the free state.”

“But your so-called enemies are those who want to be free. You are engaged in the worst form of contradiction.”

“I thought you argued your position with contraries.. Even the idea of a declaration. You claim what is not so in the hope that you can transform what is.”

“It sounds like hypnotism.”

“Isn’t there a bit of propaganda in your method?”

I saw you recently coming out of the movie theater. We don’t live that far from each other. Would you ever consider doing something with me? I know that I may not be as dashing as most guys that you meet, but I do have a charming side. We could get a bite to eat and do something fun afterwards. Go to the symphony. Or I could meet you for an art opening. Something different.

I am new to town and a little lonely. I was afraid to move to the city. You seem to be a small town girl. I love your style. There is a gentle quaintness to the things you wear. You pick out such dainty jewelry. I’d love to browse the shops with you.

I’ve seen you with guys. I’ve also seen you out by yourself. I can tell that you are a wandering soul. The world may be too much for you. You wish that things were more simple. I wish that I could help.

I feel that I am watching out for you. I can protect you. You never know who might get in your way, who might want to do you harm. I feel it is my duty to watch out for those who are weaker than I am. I have been blessed with a power of my own.

I would never hurt anyone. I just see myself as a defender.

I am sure that you often eat dinner alone. You stare out the window and wonder what other people are doing in their houses. There is such unhappiness in the world. We all have to do our part to make this a better place.

I may not have had the best childhood. I think that it made it difficult for me to interact with other people. Here I am now. This is what I have become. I am not forlorn. I am not insecure.

I have a good job. I am a network analyst. I am paid well. It’s just that things seem to have been happening recently. Nothing too unusual. Just some computer mess ups. I feel as if I have been picked at random to suffer these indignities. Oh well.

We can take comfort in the kindness of others. I can tell that you have an abundance of good will. I wish that you could share some of that magnificence with me. I admit that I feel down on my luck. I just need the sun to shine my way.

For a long time, I let my troubles get to me. I guess I bore an anger towards the world. I never did anything. And I tried to be nice. But I just felt that I was getting kicked in the teeth all the time.

Then I felt the need to rise above this morass. I gave myself a good talking to. I recognized those things that were wrong with my life. I did everything that I could to change. I am a changed man. I found a new job. I got job training. I am now a success.

If we met, I am sure that you would be proud to be in my company. I have so much to offer. We could get on so well.

I'd love to go to a movies with you. I love action pictures. We could hold hands. Maybe even kiss in the theater. After dinner, we could go back to your place. We could cuddle on the couch. We would let our emotions run wild.

Even though, you'd have things to do the next day, you would tempt fate. Maybe let me stay the night.

I am really out of practice. But I would be a great lover.

I don't want you to feel sorry for me. We could be great friends. I just don't want you to hate me.

I have been watching you. I know what you like. I'm going to stop by some night. Please let me in.

"That is precisely what I am talking about. People assume the primacy of their own emotions. What you feel is yours alone to feel. Period. The only thing that truly holds us together is economic freedom. That is why property is a fundamental right in the constitution of civil liberty. It is the only cure for idealism."

"Under your perspective, there is really no need for a declaration of rights."

"The right to property needs to be guaranteed by law."

"Might is right!"

She is working on her appeal. This time she is going to win the case.

They say that success is the sweetest form of revenge. I intend to revel in my triumph because that is the foundation of my argument. You have tried to convict me for who I am. You have shown nothing but disgust towards me. You have treated me as less than a human being. Here we are now facing off against each other. What do you have to say now?

I am sure that you resented my looks from the day that you first saw me. Either you were envious that you were not blessed as me. Or you hated the fact that I would not pay you the attention that you thought that you deserved. Either way, you did your best to deny me a sense of civility that you would even bestow on a helpless pet. So be it.

Now I am back for my day in court. I am armed to the teeth with evidence to support my position. I would ask you all to look in the mirror and discover the monsters that you have become. But I fear such an entreaty would only underline your original complaint against me.

I know that you hate my beauty. You feel revulsion at the shine that surrounds me. I can't help it. I make do with the talents that I have been given.

Yeah, I recognize how I have been able to open doors with my golden touch. What am I supposed to do? Deny fate. I think that the reason that I am so lucky is due to my big heart. I am full of love. And it radiates in my physical presence.

I can tell that guys would love to kiss my ruby lips. They would all give the world to lie

next to me at night. If you're going to promise me the world, I hope that you are ready to deliver.

There are many women who would love the attention that I receive. But they are not willing to do anything to better their situation. I have to work to maintain myself. No sweets for the sweet. Up every morning before work for some exercise. A light lunch and a lighter dinner. Women, what do you have to say for yourselves. It takes a lot more than sharpening your nails to get to the top. If that's your style, then dig in. I am ready to go at it.

Look at yourselves! The lengths that you have gone to feed that hunger inside. And you question my motivation. I am not as desperate as my accusers. I have morals. I have taste. You can try to disparage my character. That only shows you up for what you are. Face it, girls.

For those in court who feel that they can attack my character with baseless slander, keep on with your foolishness. You only reveal yourselves for the empty-headed-dunces that you are. May you swim in a river of your own bile.

For my part, I will head upstream for my eventual victory over the forces of doom. You have tried to stand in my way. You are a hopeless bunch. Without pity.

You will be the ones begging for mercy. You cannot convict with your scurrilous lies. Women, I could have your hapless lovers if I wanted them. Why would I want to pick the bones of such a meager feast? I am finished with all of you.

"Thanks for you opening remarks."

I am sure that you wondered who destroyed your car. I did it one day on a whim. You'd been under my skin for months. You and that entourage of yours pulling your weight as if you were something special. I wasn't going to take it anymore. The rage just overcame me. I pulled my crowbar from the car and went to town on your new car. You came out in the morning and were devastated. Worse, you knew that I was still out there somewhere waiting for you. And here I am now.

You are squirming in my trunk, you piece of shit. Squirm all you want. When I finally open it up, I will give you the worst beating known to man. And that will not even make up for all your arrogance.

History is not made by those who sit on the sidelines and count their triumphs. You have to seize the moment. Those who lie in the way of progress have to be sent along their merry way.

"What happens when the credit runs out?"

"By that time, we should be making real money."

"But that's a belief that has no foundation in reality."

"The loans are all collateralized with our property."

"That might turn out to be one of your worst decisions."

"We really had no alternative. I don't want to think about that right now."

"What do you want to think about?"

"My own satisfaction."

"You no longer have enough charms to play the game."

"I could use spells."

"I want you to give me all the money in your wallet."

"What are you going to do if I don't?"

"I'm going to shoot you. Which I'll probably do anyway since you have pissed me off."

“You think that I’m going to do anything to help you out.”

“I’m going to kill you in the end. Now beg for your life. Let’s see what it’s really worth to you.”

“You’re not the lord over me. I will not beg.”

“I’m the one controlling all the cards. You will beg, or you will die. It’s all pretty much the same to me.”

No matter what you do to me, you still can’t change the facts. I am wanted. I am loved. Everyone is envious of me. Even those of you who resent my attitude. When you have the chance, you will act just the same. You will be worse. Since you have attained limited success based on your efforts, you will attribute even more to the fact that you fought tooth and nail for what you have. And you will try to take it out on me!

You are pathetic.

“When are you going to let me out of the trunk?”

“The longer that you stay in there, the longer that you stay alive.”

“This can hardly be called living. If you keep me in here, I am eventually going to die here.”

You can’t deny me my basic rights. You can’t take away my identity.

“You can only assert those rights that you can defend.”

“Might makes right?”