

## Dear Fate

Dear Fate,

I hate you. I detest you. I despise you.  
I will loathe you till the day I die.  
I reject you outright.  
You are no good Fate; I am sure of it.

Que sera, sera.  
Whatever will be, will be.  
I suppose you are right Fate. Thanx for letting us know.  
Thank you for your hollow statement.  
Thank you for your vacant presupposition.  
Thank you for your impotent drivell.  
Thanx for nothing.

You are elusive Fate.  
We can not pin you down.  
You are immune from scrutiny, invulnerable to examination.  
You fail to meet the most elementary criterion of science.  
You have no cause for concern, no reason to be afraid.  
We cannot prove you wrong Fate.  
Good for you.

But you are wrong Fate.  
Utterly wrong.  
Our lives are not foretold.  
Our stories are not written in advance.  
There are no paths to unfold, no destinies to fulfill, no predetermined series of events.  
Things are not supposed to be as they are; things are not as they are supposed to be.  
It doesn't work that way.  
You got that Fate?

You are Calvin's bread and butter.  
His bastard child.  
You give salvation by your grace, damnation by our sins.  
All eternity predestined by your will.  
Yet we have choice, you say.  
We act voluntarily, not by compulsion.  
Why the conundrum, Fate?  
Things are confusing enough as they are.  
Why do you veil your objectives?  
Why do you trifle with us?  
Is this fun for you Fate? Do you take pleasure in your trickery?  
In our bemusement?  
Do you grin and chuckle at us, hapless and unaware?

You are despicable, Fate.  
Your malevolence exceeds even that of Yahweh.  
Your curse is more horrific than plagues of grasshoppers and locust.  
Even death of the first born child.  
You void all human experience.  
All that we do, all that we have done, all that we will do.  
All the bravery, all the grandeur, all the malice.  
All the trials and tribulations of human endeavor mean nothing.  
You knew it all along.  
Didn't you Fate?

And another thing, Fate:  
You are not mysterious.  
There is nothing mystical about you.  
You are neither strange, nor cryptic, nor enigmatic.  
You are uninteresting; you are a bore.  
There is no wonder in predestination.  
No puzzle to be solved, no answers to seek, no future to create.  
Que sera, sera.

You offer us nothing Fate.  
Release our autonomy from your grasp.  
Return our volition, our discretion, our Will.  
Let us try and succeed.  
Let us try and fail.  
Leave us to our own devices, Fate.  
Just leave us alone.