

# persecution

Chris Vaughan



# PERSECUTION

*by Chris Vaughan*

Roman Guzman is hounding me. Maybe you've not heard of him. Never won a cent, but with enough cash to rank he is a self styled self financed Golf Pro. I wrote something along the line that Roman Guzman is only a Pro because he has enough money to pay for his own ranking and he started hounding me because I said so many bad things about him to Golf Seasons Magazine- all of which were true but still, who gives a fuck about Roman Guzman?

Roman Guzman gives a fuck. So does his agent Jefferson Dyck. Dyck and Guzman. Sounds like a cock swallowing duo, tackle guzzling under water, glug glug in fire rings, prick munching double act sucking off on Mt Kilimanjaro wearing their golf flairs and golf-ball-cufflinks: Guzman and Dyck.

It started when I was a caddy in Vegas. Being a caddy in Vegas is not like being a caddy anywhere else, not even on the Pro Tour. I was a bad caddy and only lasted a couple of months. I got to caddy for a couple of stars. There was this couple, either barristers or IT Consultants or one and the other separately. Anyway, they used to bring me home after I caddied for them. That way I made even more than a regular Vegas caddy, which like I said was more than any other caddy in the world.



I met Guzman the day I was playing craps with my last tips. I think he mistook me either for somebody he knew or somebody he could get to sponsor him when he started talking and charming the dice in my hands, 'heard eight won't make you wait.' Within a few minutes he gathered I was neither and regretted buying me the bloody Mary, I could see that on his face. Dyck comes over and starts jabbering about golf, points on this, r-ations, handicaps and The Edge. The edge always eluded Guzman.

So next time I see Guzman and Dyck they're in the car park of the MGM. They were both searching for something on the ground. I picked up a pair of gold golf ball cufflinks from the ledge of a drain, which I assumed they were looking for. I handed them to Roman. He lobbed a real pink crystal Longridge ball at my groin and the two of them hooted, wildly spilling giggles all the way out onto the boulevard. Now you get why I called him a cocksucker, why I didn't feel too bad telling people what a fake he was and that's why maybe he feels like hounding me. If he were a golf ball I'd hit him so hard he'd end up orbiting his own asshole- says Roman- his own asshole!

So, this guy Guzman, golf pro, and his agent Cocksucker, they are after me now. I'm sitting tight in a Motel on a remote coast in Southern Spain. I hear he is around near one of the resorts. I hear he is still bitching too, after all this time. Who the fuck gives a shit about Roman Guzman? Apart from Jefferson Dyck I mean?



They are closing in. I guess it wouldn't be so hard to find me here in Duquessa, here with my last ton in my pocket and one bottle of flat ginger ale. Outside is a pool but I'm too scared to use it. It is very visible from the main road and constantly congested with expatriate couples, mostly British.

I've hiked up to the golf resort and staked out Guzman on the 14th. He is playing in a charity event with celebrities and other pros for the benefit of war children.

This will be the proof and pudding, the pudding and the punch, the punch in the nads needed to get my point across about this phony. It's all televised. I'm going to outplay him with a swizzle stick on the 18th. Lying low under an emaciated pine I feel the exposed parts of my body bake.

On the hill Guzman is on the 16th. I prepare my tools. I will outplay Guzman the golf Pro with a glitzy swizzle stick. Show 'em! Show that fucking pro with a swizzle! Show him that no Worlds Potentially Best Paid Ex Caddy gets golf balls flung at their bollocks, show the pro! Show the pro and his mistress! Show the cock guzzling duo who the bitch is, who wears the chain mail trousers, who wields the club!

We are watching Hole no. 17: Guzman cartwheels his club in the air. My legs are grilling. The backs are creasing like baking paper in a microwave. Dyck approaches from the left flank and treads the ground leading to the 18th. Coming near, I brandish the swizzle stick ready to make a scene. All I need is for Guzman to swing, swing. I run out onto the sand bank and launch onto the green. I can't see Guzman's ball, not Dyck, or Guzman. I've ran onto hole 10 opposite. Shit. Backtrack and slide onto 18 as Guzman and Dyck spot their ball by the short green—



I take a wide swing and pitch the gleaming ball with the glitzy swizzle stick. It's ineffective, it shoves the ball an inch or so before Guzman body slams me and Dyck takes a decisive skull-cruncher with the 5 Iron.

Commonly libel is defined as a written form of reputation killer which includes falsity. I never lied as far as I know but it is true I could never certify the member munching aspect of the whole affair. That was purely intelligent guesswork. Just to look at them I thought the jury would know well enough, 'these two gotta be guzzlers,' but juries will be juries and Guzman got the verdict.

I wait on the steps of the court eating a hotdog and smoking a cigarette, wondering what it was about me he took a dislike to. For instance it could have been my harelip or could have been my thin hair, or it could be the way I dribble when I drink and make noises in my sleep or maybe he simply despised my name: Randall T Foster. A name associated with Foster P Randall the golf legend. It could have been my redness. It was perhaps the exfoliating roughness on my cheeks or the premature snapper turtle neck. What about the way I pronounce buffet – Buff-it – or the way my eyes roll in their sockets? If I were younger and fitter and knew more about the game would he have relentlessly pursued me from continent to continent? My mild megalomania (what sister calls it), and my puffed up neuroses (brother calls it), my overactive paranoia (mother says), if these things galvanized Guzman's hatred in any way I, I don't know. Perhaps he had a point. Writing to Golf Season Magazine about his unprofessionalism and his money tricks and all the other stuff, I told the editor they are a prick munching double act sucking off on Mt Kilimanjaro wearing their golf flairs ... and that could have been a bad idea. But at the time, in my meganeuronoid mind, it was necessary.



They are here on the top step looking down on me. There he is with his hotdog and his public shaming! Shaming? I tell them ‘in the pursuit of truth I got what was coming to me, but in the pursuit of innocence you only gave foundation to these truths – you really think we don’t know what you do up there, high yonder on those slopes?’

‘And what business is it of yours buddy?’

Well there he had me and I knew I would need at some point in the near future to recalibrate my ideas about justice and legal procedures and maybe reconsider my attitude to golf, its history, its pomp and legends.

But then again, who gives a fuck about Roman Guzman? Who gives a fuck about Jefferson Dyck? Who gives 2 flying fucks about Randall, T Foster or a miring muck about Randall P Foster, now long dead? Genuinely I would be interested to know. Do they have a mailing address or a current landline number? I would text them but I don’t have a mobile. Do they have a mobile? Are they online? I don’t use email. What’s their name? They might be in the directory.

I don’t regret all that. I learned a lot from it. I have taken up many sports since then, water polo, squash, weights, wrestling; swimming, badminton, bowling – but none of them do it for me like that other kind of sport – I don’t feel like the hunted, defamed, prosecuted, persecuted participants in the eternal human joust.



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