

# Can't Catch Me

I kicked out the windshield; the two Chasers attacking me were welcome to my car. It was their fault that we were in the lake to begin with. As I rose to the surface, I grimaced as I called on that damned song for power. And damn the humans for being so prone to create things like me with barely a minimum of belief.

I was soggy as I reached the shore, but I'd dry out. I always do. Soggy is slow, and slow gets caught, and you can't catch me. Ever.

But God, but I wish that somebody would.

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>