

After Prom

(a Pool Party Sequel)

By, Jennifer Williams

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Pink, pale blue, yellow or white it's hard to choose when they limit you to such basic colors. The latest in the draconian rules for the Prom now included what colors you can wear. It first started with the length of the dress and the amount of skin that you can show. Then what the dress could be made of. I had spent about \$80 on pink and white duct tape and was making my dress when the rules came out. No bubble wrap, no paper, no aluminum foil and no duct tape. At one point, the school was going to sell the only allowable dress to prom, but then a sponsor of the prom started to back out. Yes, the school went out and found someone to sponsor the cost of the prom even after charging us \$180 per ticket.

Then they started at trying to ban same-sex couples. For about a second and a half, they had a sign saying only "legitimate" couples could attend. That went away fast. Then they said that any couple had to be approved of by the staff, but so many registered as going stag that they made a rule saying that no one could go stag, you must have a date. Then they wouldn't sell tickets to same-sex couples. We went to our parents, but most of them said, "*do as the school tells you.*" It's frustrating how I have pics of my mom and dad in zebra duct tape outfits at their prom, and they won't lift a finger to help.

Some of the non-invited students are planning an after-prom party. At first, it was just another prom, but they felt that just because the school administration sucks it doesn't mean that everyone can't have that Prom experience. Also, an after-prom would rage. They rented a place and a DJ named the Raging Lips. As it turned out her name was the Raging Lib, but the music was still sick. After hearing the story, she volunteered her services. She also said she would help arrange a protest of the as she put it, "*the fascist prom Nazis.*" But a well-enforced school rule says that anyone protesting outside the free speech zone would be suspended then expelled. The free speech zone was nowhere near the prom. It is in the corner of the school grounds away from the building and the parking lot so no one will be inconvenienced. The safe zone is all around the building and prohibits wrong speech.

That night the prom was sick. As in sickeningly boring. They used a CD a teacher made so no offensive music could be played. Most of the music was from the 80's and 90's. In other words, old people's music. The house lights were on for safety reasons. There was a 1 to 4 ratio of chaperones to students allowing them to police every action. At the door was a metal detector and a search. They just confiscated any purse. This included my friend's Jennifer C's inhaler. Did I mention there were way too many girls named Jennifer? I tried not to let it get me down. I was with Zander. Captain of every sport including the chess club. Most guys have egos the size they say their dicks are but not Zander. He is both modest and well-hung. He is in a traditional looking tuxedo with a better outfit in his car outside. We plan to have a little fun after the prom, then we would go to the real party.

We showed up, got our picture taken and did the lame dance the school allowed us to do. Then the queen and king of the prom were announced. It was no surprise to anyone that the class president and her boyfriend were elected. No surprise because they were the only ones approved of by the faculty. They said it shouldn't be a popularity contest. What? They did their dance and somewhere between two songs I don't know we left. Outside in Zander's Kia Soul we banged one out, got dressed in our fun clothes and went to the real party. You know, with the seats down there is a lot of room for sex in the back of one of those things.

We made it to the real party about 9pm. The party was already raging. It is being held in a warehouse outside of town. You can hear the music from miles away, and you can feel it when you got there. To fund this party, we all paid \$50 each. At the door, they checked IDs and gave out glow sticks and little baggies of some sort of drugs. I don't know I don't partake of any drugs. I like to be clean and awake when I grind on my boyfriend on the dance floor. To keep the party cop free, we had hired some guys to watch for the police. If any are spotted, then the party would end, and everyone on something would run. Or do whatever lit people do? As Zander and I went to the dance floor, I couldn't help thinking about the guy at the door. He seemed familiar somehow. Raging Lib brought her own equipment including lasers and a smoke machine.

Luckily, I brought earplugs, or the music would have deafened me. I spent the last month practicing my moves, and I was sick on the floor. I was in a short skirt and tank top. It was my school's old cheerleader uniform before the school canceled the program because it objectified women. Zander wore his board shorts and a Houston Oilers shirt. I think they are some sort of sports team. He said it was a throwback tee-shirt. Then I remembered the guy.

Just before school started, my friends and I were at a pool party where a now former friend tried to kill us. She wanted to end her childhood with a bang. My friend Tina had been given to an older man as a wife in what was some sort of Nazi cult. They worshiped Hitler like a god. In that cult, at the age of 13, a girl was expected to marry an older man within the cult. During that event, she killed four friends of ours, and I killed her sort of husband. She and some of her family got away. Her father was shot and killed by police at a checkpoint. It was rumored that the officer that shot was Jenna's father. She died at the pool party. Her mother was wounded but survived to stand trial. The guy at the door was one of Tina's brothers.

I pulled Zander in. He acted like I wanted to kiss him and I did want to, just not then. I went past his lips and said as loud as I could, "*the guy at the door is Tina's brother.*" His head darted to me with a smoldering look of concern. Then he straightened out and looked around. He was at least a foot taller than almost everyone there. He looked at the door then around. He said, "*I don't think he is alone.*" The room suddenly felt claustrophobic. I wanted out of there now. All at once the music stopped, and the lights went out. Then the lights came up all the doors were locked and chained. The woman we knew as Raging Lib was standing on the stage. She said, "*that will conclude your portion of the entertainment for tonight. I now hand you over to my sister-in-law and all over amazing woman TINA.*" She spelled out Tina's name. Tina came out of the shadows and took the microphone. She said, "*thanks sis I know you can't wait to find the cunt that did your brother.*" She turned to the crowd and said, "*and she is here right now.*" Tina looked very different from the tiny mousey blonde I remember. Her hair was cut real short with black eyeliner, and she was very pregnant. She always looked younger than her age, but now with the baby bump, she looked like a character from a Lifetime movie.

From one side of the stage, a girl went up and into Tina's face. She said, "*what do you think you are doing? Who do you think you are? We are here to have fun so you and your Nazi.*" before she could finish Tina quickly drew a knife from her side and stabbed her in the gut. She pulled the blade out and pushed the girl into the arms of one of the men on the stage. The crowd went nuts. There was a surge of people toward the door. On the stage, the man that caught the unknown girl was ripping her clothes off, kissing her and fondling her as she bled to death. The first seven people to make it to the door were shot down. The surge doubled back toward the stage where three more were shot.

From the stage, Tina said, "*ok everybody calm the fuck down. Most of you will get out of here alive. I want just seven of you. If you give them to us, then you can go. Don't do as I say and we start killing until we find them.*" It was no surprise that her list was me, Jenny, Jen, Lynda, Tiffany, Tammy, and Zander. All her old friends from before the pool party. She pointed to the crowd and said, "*ok start with them we will kill one every two minutes until we have what we want.*" I looked around. The crowd had parted from around the six of us. They gave us up without saying a word. Tina pointed and counted. She said, "*no we are missing one.*" I said, "*Tammy broke her ankle skating so she couldn't come.*" Tina's face lit up. She said, "*well if it isn't my old friend Jennifer.*" She pointed at me and looked at Raging Lib and said, "*that's her.*" Raging Lib had an evil look on her face.

They brought us up onto the stage and duct taped us to some chairs. A voice came from the crowd, "*we gave you what you wanted we want out.*" Tina signaled to the door. They unlocked the doors but didn't open them. The guys at the stage turned to the crowd and opened fire forcing the crowd to the door. They dropped about a third of them maybe thirty people. From what I could tell they wounded many more. The sight of the dead and dying on the ground was horrible. The smell of the copper in the blood, the gunpowder and worst of all the fresh meat smell. Jen let loose with a stream of piss down her leg. The smell added to the cacophony of scents filling the room.

Tina came up to me and said, *“I wish I could do you, but you are promised to another.”* She pointed to Raging Lib with her baseball bat. Tina said, *“I would say at least you won’t get fucked, but my sister wants to have all our friends take turns on you before she beats you to death.”* With that, Tina got up and swung her bat. It hit Zander in the knee. There was an audible crack. She said, *“they’re letting me take care of this one. I am going to break and cut off every interesting part of him, and when I am done, I will let him die.”* She swung the bat again, and I could hear his ribs break.

Two of them took Lynda, chair and all out of our line of site. We could hear the tape tearing and her clothes ripping. Then the crying and a thumping sound. There was a moment of silence then one of them said, *“damn it, Jerry, you killed her.”* The one named Jerry said, *“hey she’s still warm.”* Then the thumping sound started again. Tina had stopped hitting Zander to watch what was happening. She then swung again breaking his hands. The one called Raging Lib pulled my head back and said, *“when my family is done with you you’ll wish for death.”* The others moved toward the stage. One of them, a moose of a man started to unbuckle his belt while looking at me.

A door opened. It was one of the boys that ran from the party. Then all the doors on one side opened. It was the swim team, the football team, the baseball team and yes, the chess club. Some had baseball bats. Others had chains, and a few had guns. On one side eight Nazi men who were out of ammo and two women. On the other side, fifty angry guys and seven pissed off nerds with guns. The teams came for their captain. Tina and Raging slipped out a door while their men were beaten down my teenagers. Team spirit and school pride at work.

Within an hour the police arrived then ten minutes later the FBI. An agent named Sampson or is it Simpson said I needed to come with him. They separated us for our protection. As I left, I saw paramedics working on Zander. I also saw Lynda lying there with her eyes open

and head twisted at a bad angle with her clothes torn off. The agent said, “*your parents will meet us soon. Right now, we are going to a special safe house.*” I barely heard him and what I did hear made me think of some dirty rundown place filled with roaches.

I got to this big looking warehouse of a place. I thought that a rat and roach filled house sounded pretty good right now. Inside the building looked like a 5-star hotel with marble floors and crystal chandeliers. It was like that scene from one of the bad Matrix sequels where they walked into a marble foyer from out of nowhere. Agent whatever his name was going to speak to a guy near the check-in desk. They seemed friendly. Maybe that was his boyfriend? They both came over to me. Agent FBI guy said, “*this is Bob Coleman he will be responsible for your security for now.*” This Bob guy put his hand on the agent’s shoulder and said, “*don’t worry we are the best at what we do.*” The Agent looked at the hand on his shoulder and brushed it off like it was a bug or something. So no, not his boyfriend.

Bob and I went to an elevator. On the way, he said that someone would be around with some clothing I could change into. I looked down and saw the blood. I was covered in blood. How did I not notice that? I gagged, but I was able to keep it in. Bob was maybe thirty. He kind of reminded me of Zander except he was old. He said, “*you and your family when they arrive, will have the whole floor to yourselves.*” My thoughts went to Zander. I said, “*I need to find out about Zander.*” Bob said, “*we will let you know as soon as we hear from Agent Samsonite. He said he would call soon.*” I said, “*so not friendly with agent Simpson then?*” He laughed and said, “*no not really and its actually Sampson.*” Bob hesitated then said, “*I am dating his niece, ok living with his niece.*”

Beyond the elevator door was a security door. A thick metal door with a keypad. We went beyond the door to what looked like a typical hotel hallway. I asked, “*what does she look like?*” He said, “*well a little like Kristen Stewart with short hair. Kind of like you might look like in five or eight years.*” I wanted to get pissed. I would never cheat on R-Pattz. Then I thought

about it and said, *“that would make her 21 you perv.”* He said, *“no, she’s nineteen, and I am twenty-nine.”* I didn’t say another word. Perv.

In the room, I took a very long hot shower. The bathroom had one of those spa showers with about a thousand shower heads. Afterward, I put on a pair of silk pajamas and a robe I found in a closet. I balled up my clothes and tossed them out the door. When I looked back outside of the room after my two-hour shower, they were gone. I went to the television and turned it on looking for news. The news was both horrible and dead wrong. The news person spoke of a gang fight at an illegal rave ending with forty people dead. They alleged that the gang went in to stop another gang selling drugs to the underage delinquents. Is there an age for illegal drugs? Nothing about the Nazi rape squad or well, ok I can see why they are going with that story even if it is wrong. I mean really who would believe in a Hitler worshiping Nazi rape cult. I looked around and found no phone. My phone was still in Zander’s car in my purse. Oh shit, my purse was back at the crappy prom.

On the remote for the television, there was a button marked room service. I pressed the button. On the screen was a woman in a chef’s outfit. She said, *“Yes, miss Williams may we make something for you tonight?”* It was a live feed with the kitchen. They use some sort of Skype for ordering food. I said, *“I could use something to calm myself down.”* The TV person said, *“we could send you a doctor if.”* I interrupted her by saying, *“no, sorry just maybe some ice-cream or something.”* She asked, *“what flavor?”* I replied, *“what you got?”* she said, *“don’t worry about that name it and we will get it for you.”* Twenty minutes later I had an ice-cream Sunday made with coffee mocha-chip ice-cream, dark chocolate sauce and crushed wafer cones crumbled on top. I sat and watched the news people dig a deeper hole. It wouldn’t surprise me if by morning the news were blaming former president Obama for this. I finished the ice-cream and went to sleep. When I woke up, my mom and dad were in bed with me on either side. I wasn’t sure if they knew I was awake when my dad said, *“you are never going to another party again.”*

Zander had four fractured ribs, a punctured lung, nine broken bones in his hands and a broken kneecap. They said he might not ever play sports again. These people don't know Zander. While I was sleeping a woman delivered some clothing for me. A pair of skinny jeans. A retro tee that said on the front Make 7 and printed on the back, Up Yours. A pair of black retro converse high-tops along with the basics. Somehow this person knew me without meeting me. Mom just shook her head. Dad turned his head like a dog then laughed at the shirt. He gets me. Dad had gone to the lame prom after the news broke that night. He found my purse at the check-in. At first, they were not going to give him the purse but my dad the lawyer knows what to say to peons. He handed it to my mom who opened it. She found a strip of condoms and one empty condom wrapper. She turned to me and said, "*I think we need to have a little talk. What do you think.*" I wanted to say yes, we need to talk about privacy and boundaries but instead, I went past her to my phone. My phone was dead. So, I went into the living room. Dad had the news on and holy shit they had corrected the story from last night and were telling what really happened. From behind me, mom said, "*this isn't over by a long shot.*" On the screen was a picture of Tina as well as a woman named Ester Whitey. Yes, a Nazi occultist named Whitey. The picture was of the woman we knew as Raging Lib. She used the persona to get the gig at the party and set us up.

The news spoke about how the after-prom party was a trap set by a Nazi death cult. They still don't know about the connection between the pool party and the after-prom. If I remember right, Tina wasn't mentioned by the FBI or police during the pool party incident. As I watched my phone rang. Not a text or IM, it rang. I answered, and the voice on the other side was Tina. She said, "*hello bestie. Sorry I missed you last night.*" I said, "*give it up bitch you got nowhere to go.*" She replied, "*well if you want you could come and get us.*" After a very long pause, she said, "*Tammy and I are at the pool just wanting to re-live old times.*" As she said this a video of Tammy came up on the television screen saying she had been forced out of her house at gunpoint. The kidnappers killed her parents and two younger sisters. Tina said, "*if you want Tammy to see graduation then come to the pool alone. Bye now.*" She hung up. I had to get out of the super-secret heavily guarded hotel.

My mom was in the middle of a discussion with room service on how to cook a proper plate of scrambled eggs. Dad was watching the news in another room while staring at the hot and extremely patient person on the screen being talked at by my mom. I looked outside the room. Bob and Agent Sampson were talking about something by the door. Bob had his phone in his ear. At one-point, Sampson said, *“just go get my niece and bring her here.”* Bob punched in the code and opened the door. As the door closed, Sampson stopped it and yelled, *“and don’t fuck this up.”* He left and went into a room set up for the FBI. The door was still open.

I went back to our room. Mom was onto how she likes her toast and dad was asleep. I found his gun and was off. He started to carry a gun after he was convinced a guy was stalking the house. It turned out to be the paperboy delivering the paper, but he kept the gun. It’s one of those old-time guns with a round part instead of a long part filled with bullets. Ok guns aren’t my specialty. I would need a way to get to the school. I closed the door when I left so I won’t be able to go back without being caught. I might have to persuade someone to help me. I can’t think about it. Tammy was in trouble.

Outside of the hotel was one of those cube cars. Inside were a blonde girl and a stereotypical lesbian. She looked like she was straight off a network setting. I slipped into the back seat. The driver turned to me and said, *“I think you are in the wrong car.”* I pointed the gun near her at the mirror and said, *“I don’t have time to explain I need to get to the high-school now.”* The blonde had ice water in her veins. She said, *“we aren’t going anywhere until you tell us what’s what.”* She kind of looked like Kristian Stewart and holy shit. I asked, *“Christina, right?”* She didn’t say anything. I went on and told her about my old friend having a current friend and how I needed to go now. Christina turned to the other woman and said, *“I need to do this, tell Bob where I am going in about fifteen minutes.”* Her friend said, *“we will tell him because I am going with you.”* And just like that, we were off. Along the way, I noticed a black SUV that seemed to be following us. We reached the school. I said, *“thank you, but I have to do this myself.”* Christina said, *“no we are here, and we will do this together.”* She and the woman named Cindy went to the school so they could cross in the tunnel. I went inside with the gun tucked in the back of my pants. Dam skinny jeans weren’t meant for a gun. Across the pool were

Tina and Ester. I said, “*Hey Ester the police are looking for you.*” When I said her name and not Raging Lib, she visibly winced. Like she thought she could just get away with mass murder. The one person I didn’t see was Tammy. Then I saw a dark shadow in the water.

I dove into her. She had been taped to a chair and tossed in. I would later find out she died several hours ago long before the call. I came up to see them both laughing and armed. I got out of the pool soaking wet. At least the water loosened the jeans. Oh, shit the gun. On the bottom of the pool, I saw the gun. Tina saw it, and she peed herself. Pregnancy can be a nasty thing. Tina said to Ester, “*just kill her we need to go.*” Ester wasn’t happy. She wanted her revenge. Tina sat down. She picked up a phone and called someone. Ester came over to me. She put a gun in my face and said, “*strip.*” I went as slow as possible trying to give my backup time to get in. What I didn’t know was that the school had installed a gate in the middle of the tunnel and they had no way past it. A big ugly guy came in. He walked up to me and said to Ester, “*is this the bitch you want me to fuck.*” He eyed me as he said it. She said, “*yes fuck her to death. Go as hard as you want.*” I tried to run, but he grabbed me. He ripped my shirt off and then the jeans. He felt me up on top of my underwear and whispered, “*you are never going to have better.*” I could feel him from behind me. He was maybe twice the size of Zander and Zander hurt.

Then there was a tapping sound and this wet feeling. I looked down to see blood and some sort of white jelly stuff. The oversized rapist fell into the pool with a gaping head wound. Five men came into the pool area all in fancy suits and guns. One of them said, “*is that the girl?*” He had a Russian accent. Another in a thicker Russian accent said, “*no not her.*” He came over to me and said something to the others in Russian. Then after eyeing me down gave me his coat. One of the others grabbed Ester and held her by the neck and head. He said, “*you are the one from the news. I hate Nazi bitches.*” Then he squeezed until there was an audible snap. He crushed her head and broke her neck. They went to Tina. One of them said, “*wait here police on the way.*” She was in labor and not in any condition to run. One of the Russian’s phones rang. After an angry short conversation, he said to the others they had to go the police are on the way.

A few months later and Tina was in labor for twenty hours until they decided to do a C-section. She had a little boy who will never meet his biological momma. She is facing forty-seven counts of murder with special circumstances and sixty counts of attempted murder. Is it possible to be put to death forty-seven times? I never saw either Christina or Cindy again. Well, I did see Cindy on a new television show later in the year. They called the police when they saw the Russians who were looking for them. I was saved by Russian hitmen. I was grounded, and mom has me taking birth control pills and a pregnancy test every day for a month. Dad had to fish his gun from the bottom of the pool. He said, "*it's a good thing you didn't need it.*" He opened the round part to show me the gun was empty. My dad said he would teach me about guns and to my surprise, my mom wanted in. I am not sure about the fallout for Agent Sampson or Bob. That's just not my story.