

*Jackson Jacks*

**SLIGHTLY AWKWARD  
ADVENTURES**

Gamer Girls, My Junk and the PTA

Week two of the no sex dating and things are going surprisingly well..... well, it's hard to think you can miss something you only had for a short time but..... I don't know. None of that matters now today's a good day and a good day to die. Fight to the Death 3 is going live on the PlayStation 4pro. For those people that live under a rock or are Amish, the FD games are period accurate war simulator first-person shooters. The OG FD was about the revolutionary war and the Civil War with period-accurate weapons and uniforms. FD 2 covers world war one and two complete with the ability to play as a British, American, German, Japanese or French underground soldiers. Game three is going to be something about Korea and Vietnam. Some people are mad about the gameplay feature as well as some of the material, but those people don't play.

I had paid for the game a month ago as well as a special headset and new controller just for this game. This would be the first time my team and I talked to each other live in gameplay. My team uses the name of playing cards as avatar names. My name in the game is the Six of Diamonds or Six D. Our team leader is the Three of Clubs or Tre C then there is Nine of Diamonds Ni D, Four of Hearts or Four D and my best friend in the game the Two of Diamonds or just Two D and sometimes Duce. Most of us met in the first game and just stayed as a team throughout the gameplay. The gameplay started as usual with everyone checking in. When Duce checked in, she finally showed with her voice she was a girl. Then Tre C checked in, and she was also a girl. Four D chimed in saying, *"what the fuck..... I don't play with girls..... this game isn't for girls.... What the fuck how can you be a girl?"* Tre C said, *"this is the reason why I hate playing with boys. Fuck all of you."* Both checked out. I said, *"we can still go with just the three of us..... let's kill some Charlie."* Ni D said back, *"wow racist much?"*

Together we tried to take a small village searching for Vietcong while not hurting the villagers. As we searched, Ni D kept talking about all the inaccuracies of the village. As it turned out he was born in Vietnam long after the war and his father fought in the war as a member of the Vietcong. About an hour into the game he turned and shot a small child. He said the gameplay was offensive and too real. He left the game saying how all us Cis white people are wrong to play this game. I asked Duce if she wanted to talk in a private chat she said, *"just call*

*me Tracy.*” The game offers this chamber for teams to meet up and plan. Well in the earlier games they offered this privilege. In this game, there was a timer counting down from three minutes.

I said, “*we could find a new team.*” Tracy countered, “*it won’t matter this is the kind of crap I see every day online. Guys see me, and the game turns into a sausage fest.*” I asked, “*how do they see you?*” What I didn’t know or passed when I didn’t read all the legal crap at the beginning of the game was that the game activated my camera attached to the PS4. She said, “*dude I’ve been watching you scratch your balls for the last hour, and well I saw your dick…… are you saying you didn’t know?*” I play my games in my room in my boxers. I had no idea anyone was watching or could watch. I told her this, and she laughed saying, “*this camera thing started in the second game. Most of the people playing with or against us at some point saw your dick.*”

The room flashed, and a sign showed up saying if we want more time it would be three dollars. We left the room with Tracy still laughing as I covered myself with a blanket. I looked around the functions until I found an icon that looked like a picture frame. I clicked on it and saw Tracy for the first time, and she was younger than me. Tracy said she lived in Brimfield and was a freshman attending Field High School. A sign appeared saying we needed more people to play as a team and it could find us another player for one dollar. This game was supposed to be playable by yourself, so we opted not to pay for the game we already paid for, but they weren’t done. At every turn, we found micro-transactions which are ways to purchase items or out and out ways to cheat in the game. We made our way back to a city fighting everyone on the way including fellow American soldiers. About the time we found what looked like a safe space Tracy started to giggle, “*saying your dick is out again.*” The room was hot, and in all the gameplay I forgot about the blanket or my traitorous boxers. A message went over the game selling our position for a sum of fifty cents. Tracy went down, and I left the game.

We tried to use the chat function in the game, but it wanted fifty-nine cents a minute. When I paid over seventy dollars for a game as well as nearly one hundred dollars for all the special gear, I thought I could play the game but no..... all I could do was pay and pay. What should have been a way to distract myself from all the non-sex I was having became a massive rip-off. I tried to play one of the older games, but they wouldn't play without online support which was no longer available. I turned off the system and covered the camera. I spent the rest of the night watching YouTube. Many of the videos were on Gamergate, and while I didn't know it at the time, I was now a part of that discussion, and when I say discussion, I mean angry rants on both sides saying absolutely nothing. Gamergate is far too complex for me to write about and so contentious that anything I did write would lead to people screaming, "*wrong you are so fucking wrong.*" I stayed away from all that. All I wanted to do was play with my friends, but in one hour I lost my entire team. Things just went downhill from there.

The next day in class there was an announcement about a PTA meeting and the growing concern over the violence and pornography in video games. I decided to take this opportunity to write my first article covering the meeting as well as adding my own experiences to the story. I asked the head of the school paper Mrs. Johnson, but she told me to leave my part out of the story and stick to the facts. Tianna came with me to record the meeting only to find out the meeting was closed to any recordings.

We passed a teacher from another grade who gave me the stink eye. Halfway in we passed a girl with a lot of long curly reddish hair and a grin.... An evil, malicious grin. She said, "*wow so you came to this and with pants on and everything..... nice.*" My brain said, "*oh so your Tracy,*" but my mouth said nothing. Tianna asked, "*what does that mean?*" I turned to see an angry look on her face. Tracy laughed saying, "*your lover boy here likes to play games in and out of his boxers and doesn't know how to turn off the camera.*" Tracy smiled and said, "*well you'll see what I mean inside.*" Inside we found some signs reading, "Protect our Girls," and "Stop the predators." Among the signs were also pictures of men and boys in stages of undress and yes one of them was a picture of me in my boxers with my genitals exposed. My face was

blurred out but not my junk. I wanted to tell someone I was underage, but just now I think keeping my mouth shut was the best option. Tianna just laughed.

The meeting started out with a screaming match between parents who also game and those people who think any video games are evil. The teacher from earlier kept staring at me. Tracy leaned in from behind and said, “*that teacher is Tre C, and I think she knows you and I definitely knows she knows your junk.*” She told us she went back into the game and talked to Tre C who had another team made up of all girls. She told the girl about how I didn’t know about the camera, and Tre C uploaded some video and pictures of my junk. Tracy said, “*I told her you were like 15 or younger when most of those pics were taken an could be child porn..... she wasn’t happy.*” The meeting ended with a call to parents to stop allowing their children to play the war games. They also outlawed any merch involving the games. Tre C stopped me near the door and pulled me into a hallway. She said, “I know that was you and I’m going to keep an eye out for any new posts so keep it zipped.” She leaned in and whispered, “*sexy little man.*” I wanted to vomit.

Back home I found the door to my room open and the PS4 gone with a receipt from a GameStop and a note saying I would get the money when I could explain the picture of me in and out of my boxers in a PTA meeting. My parents were at the meeting with my three sisters. They left when my younger sister Joan recognized me in the picture. I hooked up my older Roku to my television and sat there next to my girlfriend not having sex watching a YouTube video of the PTA meeting and thank god they blurred out my junk. The video talked about how evil guys like me are ruining gaming for girls everywhere. The next video used footage of the first to go after the person making the video and what she was talking about. Neither of them knew or spoke of what really happened. Using my phone, Tianna recorded my first personal vlog talking about the events of the meeting as well as my part in the whole thing. I added some thoughts by Tianna. She said how she stopped playing games because as she said, “*most gamers suck.*” Together we posted the video. Now all that is left is to wait and see what the internet brings.