

Graduation day

Sequel to Pool Party and After-Prom

By, Jennifer Williams

The crowd cheers as we walked across the stage with a diploma in hand. The principal then gasps as the back of our gowns open showing our naked asses. Yes, mission accomplished. Jen just looked at me a little confused. She then said, “*you want to go to graduation naked?*” I said, “*no of course not, we will wear our gowns.*” She went on to say there will be an inspection before the ceremony and if they find you butt ass naked, then you won’t get your diploma. I showed her a package I got in the mail. It was my framed diploma. I said, “*I wouldn’t be surprised if you get yours soon. As for any inspection, we can work it out.*” She called her mother, and yes, it was there waiting for her. Someone made a mistake and sent out the diplomas early.

Graduation day is just a few days away. My boyfriend Zander already graduated and is in college on early admission. After an event during prom, most people said he would never play any sort of sport again. He is not just walking he is going to be on the Football team when they startup. He is going to UCLA on a full academic scholarship. I am going to UC Berkeley. We will be over 5 hours apart. Our plans to live together just went away, but the chance to go to Berkeley is just too much to pass up. My one hang-up is that they may not allow me to carry my mace or gun. I am waiting for a letter from them granting me an exemption. If not then UCLA. Even if they don't allow the gun, I will have someone there with me, on top of me and underneath me screaming my name.

The school printed a program that listed all the people in my class from year one. This included Lynda, Tammy, and Jenna who died earlier in the year. It also included Tina, the one who was responsible for their deaths. She isn’t graduating with us. Tina was sentenced to forty-four consecutive life without parole sentences. So, I don’t think I will be seeing her anytime soon. Tina had a baby boy. The state arranged an adoption to a supposedly nice Lesbian couple who named him Jasper. Occasionally, I get a letter from Tina. The last couple of letters were on toilet paper because she wasn’t supposed to be writing me. Her letters started out as vial and depraved, but then over time, they turned remorseful and even sad.

The mail came, and I am going to UCLA. UC Berkeley dropped me when I requested the right to carry my revolver. Berkeley allows students to carry pepper spray, but I think they thought the gun was some sort of protest. UCLA also said no to the gun but yes to a 2.5oz of pepper spray. Also, I will have Zander there so I can protect him. I called around and found an apartment with reasonable rent and allows firearms. An FBI agent named David Sampson said he would talk to the sheriff's department and have a Carry Concealed Weapon (CCW) license issued to Zander and me. My parents don't know about the whole living with Zander thing, but what they don't know will keep me warm and sweaty at night. Zander loves the idea, he is in a dorm with these guys. He said, "*the smell from the dorm is overwhelming.*" He can't study with every night being a party. He's my jock nerd or nerdy jock.

I have some money from selling my story about Tina to a Lifetime movie writer. It will pay for the apartment and whatever my scholarship won't pay for. I sold my car and got a little more than I thought. Most of what I will need is within walking distance to the apartment, and I also bought a small motorcycle. Mom bought me a leather jacket with "Jenny from the Block" embroidered on the back. I thanked her then packed it away to never be seen again. A J. lo reference, what is this 2003? My friend's Jenny and Jen filled a suitcase with condoms. They put a label on it saying Family Planning. I will mail it to me before I leave so mom and dad won't see it.

The big day was here. Just outside of the commencement ceremony they were doing inspections. Three boys were tossed out because they had jeans on. One was wearing nothing at all. I am so glad Jen talked me out of that idea. I had a nice yellow cotton sundress, something comfortable underneath the gray gown. I gave my dad his gun back. This was the first time not counting while in school I have been without a gun. I feel naked without so there is that. Out in the crowd, I saw Zander. Every time I see him my heart stops. He was standing next to my dad, and they were talking. What could that be about?

My mom came up to me and helped me with the fancy flat hat. Yes, it has a real name I call it the fancy flat hat. She said, *"I know what is going on."* I gave her me *what* look. She said, *"you are an adult now no matter what I think. I just hope you are planning for yourself and not planning your life for someone else."* She looked out at Zander. She then said something horrifying. She asked, *"is he that hot without the clothes?"* Then she went on saying, *"your father was hot in his wrestling outfit. It really showed off his assets."* I felt like gagging. I said, *"does dad know?"* She pointed to Zander and said, *"heck no, if he knew Zander would be on the ground begging for a quick death."* The ceremony went well. No flashing or anything like that.

No parties were planned with our track record. That night I was off to LA with Zander. I shipped my motorcycle and suitcase full of condoms to the apartment. I planned it so it would arrive about three days after we did and yes, I grabbed a handful of the "family planning" aides for the trip. We stopped along the way at a motel. I swear it reminded me of the movie Psycho. In one of my bags, I found a box of condoms with a note from my mother. *"safety can be fun. Protect your future"* They were some sort of ribbed thing. She somehow knew he needed magnums. I showed them to Zander who immediately turned red. I said, *"let's be safe."*

We made it to our apartment, and He had started to unpack the furniture I bought online. Most of it needed some assembly. With every finished couch, chair, table, and bed we broke it in a while being *safe*. I would be alone in the apartment when he went to classes. He was already in college while I wasn't starting until the fall. Jen was coming here to see the college, so when there was a knock at the door, I thought, *"she's early."* I opened it and got a face full of mace. Then a large guy knocked me down and using duct tape he taped me secure. I struggled against the tape. The man then hit me, and that was all I remember. I woke up in a trunk of a car on the road.