

Jackson Jacks

**SLIGHTLY AWKWARD
ADVENTURES**

Mob Rule

I'm hiding in some sort of dumpster waiting for the crowd to go by. It's hard to say how things came to this. It all started as a fun day of college surfing, but somehow the shit got real. To explain what's going on I should tell you how I got to this point and who I am. My name is Jackson James Jacks. My friends call me Jack, my dad says Tre J and mom calls me Jack, Jack. I'm sixteen-years-old and halfway through the eleventh grade. My sister Jane as in Jane Jacks, because our parents are horrible with names, was on her way to college. Oh yeah, I also have two younger siblings named Jessie and Joan because why shouldn't the entire family have sucky names. She was touring schools, and our mother decided I should go with her on the next tour so I could see what I could have if I don't join the army like I plan.

When I was ten-years-old, my dad took me to his National Guard post where I saw what the army was all about and from then on, I wanted in. My mom doesn't like this at all. Dad served in the Army and was serving when they met and married, but he served his time in the states. The last six years have been a constant barrage of threats, bribes and subtle hints that the army was death and college was a non-stop fun time. About a week ago one of my sister's long-time friends arranged for her to come out and see her college. Brittney Sloan is more than just a woman. It could easily be said I had something for her from the moment I saw her at the age of six. She is about five-foot-nine with long blonde hair and a body she had no problems in showing off. In a group of one-piece-swim-suited girls, she was the tiny thong bikini wearing one. So, when Jane asked if I wanted to go the wrong brain answered yes. As if I had a chance with a girl like her.

Six hours on a plane and we were in California. Back home it was snowing, but here the temperature was about 75 with a sun that didn't say winter at all. We were staying for three days, and as far as I was concerned, I could stay for the next three months. Brittney met us at the airport in tight yoga pants and a top that might as well be nothing. Jane whispered to me, "*screw your eyes back in your head before she sees you staring.*" She met up with us, and soon we were in her car and on the way to the motel. Before we could check in Brittney said, "*oh hell no. you two are staying with me and not this flop house.*" Jane asked, "*I thought you were staying at a sorority?*" Brittney smiled and replied, "*no I can't joint one until next year, but I am staying in a*

sorority sponsored house.” Jane asked, “*what’s the difference?*” Brittney said how while they are not allowed to be members, they can be affiliated with them which allows them access to sorority sponsored activities as well as services such as their study support program and security. She then said, “*men aren’t allowed to stay but I already asked, and they said you could.*” She leaned in and whispered, “*just say you’re my boyfriend.*”

We pulled into the driveway of what had to be a mansion of some kind. We went around to the back and into a door and up a set of stairs to a room. The room had two beds and a door leading to a bathroom. Brittney told us they usually share rooms, but they keep this room for out of town guests. Brittney told us they were having a lunch for all the new potential members and I wasn’t welcome. Something felt strange about how she said not welcome. The beach was close, and I had nothing to do but just go and let them have their whatever they were going to have. I had my Mid-American Gamers Association or MAGA hat on, and yes it was red and done on purpose. On the back of the hat, it has a game controller logo with the name as a cord. To get to the beach, I had to walk across the campus. Not thinking about it or knowing what would happen I put on my hat and went to the beach. Yes, I wore a red hat with MAGA across the front onto a campus.

The walk was nice at first. No one paid any attention until they did. At first, it was just people staring. Some people watched as I walked by and saw the back getting the joke, but others saw the hat how white my face is and turned and walked away. I didn’t know there was a dress code or more like a don’t wear code. Anyone walking onto the campus wouldn’t know what not to wear but as I would find out most of the offended people think that the campus was for them and anyone else should stay out. I learned so much about the campus that I had never known. This included how the campus wasn’t a part of the United States because when here you don’t have the basic rights. Also, this was all my fault. Just outside what had to be the most impressive library I had ever seen I ran into my first real problem. They call them safe spaces.

About ten feet from the steps going into the library and around a series of benches was a line of chalk. Around the chalk line were signs saying safe zone and peace zone. My tiny town back in Ohio hadn't seen this phenomenon yet, but we do get the internet, and most know what those signs mean, or so I thought. Yes, I know all the Twitter crap old people have with such ideas. Back in the day, they were shooting each other on college campuses so just maybe a place to feel safe isn't such a bad idea. What was a bad idea was to walk around an unknown place wearing a piece of sarcastic clothing in a place where apparently sarcasm is no longer welcome. I started to walk past the chalk not touching it so I wouldn't get the chalk on my shoes. As I passed a woman with long blue hair and as many rings in her face as on her ears pointed at me and screamed, "*violator, misogynist, rapist.*"

I should have known that you don't argue with angry people. She was very angry about something, I don't know maybe everything. I turned to ask if she was screaming at me when another woman with some sort of face tattoo screamed, "*oh my goddess he's going to attack her.*" Someone from behind me pushed me across the chalk line. I turned and saw this mountain of a man wearing a pink shirt with, "I believe her," printed in white. The blue haired woman struck me from behind knocking my hat off and stomping on it screaming, "*get out, get out, get out of my school..... down with patriarchy, fuck Trump.*" A couple of girls in almost matching blue and yellow sweaters came over. One of them pointed at me and asked, "*just who do you think you are coming here with all your hate and misogyny.*" I said something very stupid, "*it was just a joke.*" The blue haired woman came within an inch of my face and screamed, "*my beliefs are not something funny.*" Things went downhill from there.

The large pink shirt guy spun me around and took a swing while saying, "*I punch Nazis.*" He was a big man, at least a foot taller and one hundred pounds of muscle more than me. He was also slow. I mean cartoonish slow. Just maybe he saw he was about to punch someone younger than him or just maybe steroids are bad for you. I shouldn't judge people about to assault me. I felt his swing go bye about six inches from my face. Someone grabbed me from behind and said, "*I got the Nazi, fuck him up.*" To his credit, Roid-rage boy saw just how wrong it was to hold a teenager down so his thirty-looking self could beat on someone obviously younger than him, and

how this could have some complications for his life. He stopped swinging and backed away. He picked up my hat and mouthed out the words, "*Mid-American Gamers Association.... Make America Game Again.*" He looked at me just as tattoo face kned me in the nuts. The crowd surrounding me cheered. My nuts didn't agree with them. They picked me back up, and Blue haired woman pulled a stiletto from her calf-high boot and took my face in her hand. She flicked the blade out and said, "*I'm taking your power away so you won't rape another victim.*" She grabbed my belt, and I reacted striking at the two holding me then at her knocking the blade away.

Roid-rage woke up and went after me trying to grab me. The crowd broke into a brawl. Peace and safe space signs became weapons as I made my way out of the carnage with Roid-rage following. I went up the stairs to the library only to find the doors were locked with a sign saying you need a student keycard to gain access. Then all went silent. I turned, and they were all staring at me with the understanding I wasn't a student at their college. All that was missing were torches and pitchforks. I looked at Roid-rage as he stood there with my hat in his hand and this mixed up look on his face. Then I looked at the blue haired woman and her hatred. To my left was a ramp and to my right was another ramp going up. I ran for the up ramp, and about a second later the crowd followed. Someone yelled, "*this ramp isn't for you.*" I made it to a turn in the ramp and jumped over the rail and down into a bush. Someone yelled, "*bush hater.*" Yes, what I am assuming from the tone of the voice I am saying she yelled how I hate bushes. But I do love shrubbery. The jump gave me another three seconds on them as I ducked down an alley and out of their sight.

I sat there for about ten minutes as people walked by the alley. I figured that by 10am most of them would be in some sort of class. I didn't know that many college students don't attend lectures anymore they, watch them online. I found a store catering to the college and bought a hat with the school colors as well as a shirt. The clerk asked if I wanted to use my school card, but I told him I was just here visiting and I was still in high school. He nodded and said, "*cool..... where are you from?*" I told him, "*the village of Berg about twenty miles away from Lodi.*" He asked where Lodi was, so I went through several cities until he recognized

Cleveland. His tag said Hen and I didn't want to ask about his name.....no I didn't want to know about that at all. Nope. He told me the school was great, but I shouldn't tell people I was from some Podunk town or they might just think I was a racist or worse a Trump Supporter. For some reason, I showed him my, "Vote for Bernie," button I had in my pocket, and he smiled showing me the same pin as a tattoo on his arm. I changed into the shirt in an alley and pinned the button on the shirt. Then I put the hat on, and I hoped I looked different from earlier. My only thought was how happy I grabbed the Bernie button. I have many political buttons from every party going back to one from Gerald Ford that read, "Whip Inflation Now." It could have easily been a Trump button.

I made it back to the non-sorority and back up to the room thinking I would be safe. When my sister got back to the room, we could just maybe fix all this. I went into the bathroom and started a shower. The trip out on the plane as well as my run in with a rage-mob left me feeling dirty. A five-minute shower left me feeling wet, not clean. The shower had this timer that wouldn't allow for more than five minutes. A hand came into the shower from the other side of the curtain and punched in a code allowing for a longer time. I stood there facing the shower-head as someone entered in behind me. The arm was female with an infinity tattoo on her wrist just like Brittney. A hand came around me then another as she pulled me in close hugging me from behind. She smelled familiar. Not thinking about what I wasn't wearing I turned around and came face-to-face with Tianna Brittney's younger sister. We were in the same class, and she was naked. We dated before and that included kissing, but we never went anywhere. She didn't want something short-lived, and I was on my way to the army.

Not knowing what I was going to do I kissed her. She said, "*we have this opportunity so don't waste it.*" Back home we were always surrounded by people that knew our parents making it difficult to find places to make out. In that shower, we did something we tried to do all the tenth grade. It didn't last long, and I don't know if she enjoyed it as I did, but it was our first and something I will remember from this trip always. We cleaned up and got dressed. She told me she was in town doing the same school search we were on. I told her about my hat and the library. She told me that someone posted an image of a Nazi Trump supporting rapist assaulting

a group of women in a safe space and yes, the YouTube video was of me. I thought I was safe in the room and now I was with this girl I liked, and I think she likes me. I kissed her, and she leaned in as we slowly went down on the bed. As this happened, I heard this creaking sound. Tianna's eyes went wide.

I got up off her, no not like that we were just kissing..... at that point. I turned around, and for the love of god, there was the blue haired girl. Her eyes were wide and wild-looking with a snarl. Under her breath, she sneered out, "rapist." Tianna pulled her shirt down..... OK just maybe we were doing more than kissing. She started to say I wasn't raping her when Blue haired woman pulled out a small keychain with a small object that turned out to be pepper spray. She sprayed at me missing and hitting Tianna in the face. Tianna said, "*run.*" I made it to the other door just as Blue haired woman went to a rape whistle on her keychain and filled the hall with an earsplitting screeching sound. The sound stayed in my ears for the next hour and is still there in the background, so thanks a lot for that. Yes, I was a coward and left Tianna back there with pepper spray in her eyes, but I knew she would be safe and cutty Mac-wants my balls wouldn't have listened to reason.

I ducked down an alley again and went for my phone.....and yes, I left it back in the room..... along with my wallet. I had on my new shirt and a five-dollar bill in the pocket. I went out the other side, and onto a street, in the city. The college was built around what felt like another world. The expensive dare I say wealthy college was surrounded by poverty. I walked down the street seeing signs saying, "we don't accept your crappy college card so stop asking." I soon remembered the shirt I had on and knew I was in as much trouble. I made my way back to the college hoping to find out what was happening as a police car followed me down the street. I walked onto the school property and the police car left. Back on the campus, I made it past two buildings when someone yelled, "Cis boy." Not wanting to wait and see if that was me, I ran making my way behind an auditorium of some kind and jumped into the dumpster containing shredded paper. And that's how I got to where I am.

That was two days ago. About an hour ago an officer asked me if I wanted to press charges against Meredith Gnat or as I know her, Blue hair woman. To understand how I got to this I should say how I got out of the dumpster. As I sat in the shredded paper, someone opened the lid and saw me. I put up my arms, and the woman looked around for anyone. She helped me out and into the building. Inside I found myself in something I didn't know existed anymore. A newspaper. She was Brandy Davis, the editor of the school newspaper as well as the director of the school vlog. She asked me some questions about the events of the morning, and I told her what I saw leaving out the sex in the shower. Three hours later, Roid-rage came into the room. The room with only one way in or out. He had my hat along with his matching hat. As it turned out Geraldo aka Roid-rage was a member of the club and after seeing the back of the hat had tried to get me out of there, but I got away.

The vlog was live and about ten minutes after my new best friend in the world Geraldo sat down there was a knock then the door flew open with Blue haired woman barging in screaming how they were perpetuating the patriarchy by allowing the rapist to talk hate. Geraldo stood, and she pulled out her knife screaming, "*keep your Cis hands off me.*" She then looked to the camera then to her knife and knew she was in trouble. Something about carrying a concealed weapon around on campus might not work out well for her. My sister showed up along with Brittney and Tianna. The interview was over, and I went back to the motel room we rented for the three days and not the non-sorority. I ordered a pizza and watched YouTube on my phone until there was a knock. Tianna was at the door. She came in, and we watched the vlog coverage of what became known as the Safe Space Brawl. I won't say that's all we did. I mean we were two teenagers in a motel room for two days. When we left, I asked if we could see each other back home and she asked, "*I don't know. What are your plans for school?*" That made me think about the vlog, and just maybe this whole journalism thing could be better than the Army. I told her I wanted to go to school here and I left with a girlfriend. So, I guess I'm coming back. Oh yeah, I said no to the charges..... live and let live.