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What Happened?

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Jet bet me I didn’t know all the cuss words. I told him I did. He told me to write them down here, on this piece of paper, with, here, this pencil. I did. He took the paper to the cool kids who sat under the sill of Ms. Peters’s classroom window where they would peek on her leaning over and grading our geography tests. Jet said he knew h-e-double hockey sticks. They stared. He said he knew hell. Garrett told him he’d teach him what hell felt like, so he did, right there. Garrett popped Jet right on the nose in front of Ms. Peters’s open window, and she came running to it and about choked Garrett with his own navy blue polo and pointed at Jet’s nose bleeding into the red dirt which was also dirtying his hair I bet. Garrett’s goons looked scared as they followed him, led into the building by a raging Ms. Grayson. I helped carry Jet, by which I mean I ran alongside Terry while he ran to the nurse’s office as Mr. Dawson had asked us to, and we always did what he asked because he gave us Dum Dums when we aced his spelling tests, and he made jokes about irony, which I won’t learn about until next year. I heard Mrs. Croft yelling from her office near the front door, telling Garrett he is in “serious trouble”, which is something I heard when I gave Lucy the bird. I don’t think Garrett’s bad. He’s a year older and knows more than Jet and me do, so this whole thing was probably something like when Jet threw a rock, hard, because Garrett bet him he couldn’t even hit the kindergarten classroom’s window, and Garrett went and told on Jet because Jet had broken the kindergarten-er’s window. I know you’re not supposed to hit anyone, especially not girls, but Garrett was probably trying to “take matters into his own hands”, which I know, and put Jet in time out. That’s not fair, though, because Jet just wanted to give Garrett a fist bump and ask how he’d gotten such big arm muscles. Maybe he thought Garrett would tell him if he told him he knew hell. I would have, because that’s what cool kids are impressed by: big kids. Jet’s a nice guy. But I don’t have big arm muscles, so I just offered my half-eaten Dum Dum to Jet as he sat in the big chair where you sink so far in it’s like you’re being swallowed up by ugly, greenish pleather, which I know about, in the nurse’s office, looking dizzy, and he whispered to me that I misspelled shit, which he knows and would have told Garrett if he’d had enough time. I said boys will be boys and Jet grinned around his Dum Dum and tried to kick my shins but I saw it coming and moved too far away for him to touch me, and that’s when you called me in, so now I’m here telling you all of this.