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Fiction Workshop III
Workshop Submission II
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*This time I was really interested in exploring an illicit relationship between two boys, but I also really wanted to turn it around on its head. Was that successful? And did the development of the relationship make sense? And as always, anything else you noticed as well.

Are You Grinning at Me?

The best time of year to be an identical twin is Halloween. Especially in high school, when all of our friends started recognizing the way we dressed, Tom and I would switch clothes. People always fell for it. Every year.

I'm Tyler, by the way. Most people call me Tyler at least. I've also been called the prankster, the trickster, or my personal favorite, the Joker. After all, why so serious? Sorry, I can't help it. I have to do my impersonation every time.

Basically, I like pulling practical jokes every chance I get in case you couldn't tell. And when you're an identical twin, the jokes are practically endless. Switching clothes, switching names, sometimes even switching classes. Did you hear about the time that James and Oliver Phelps (the Weasley twins in the Harry Potter movies) switched characters on set? Apparently they filmed over half the movie before they were caught, and supposedly had to re-shoot all those scenes they had switched. Honestly, I don't know what the difference would be, but I hope that's true. That's funny. That's the perk of being an identical twin.

That's one way Tom and I are identical, is our love for pranks, though usually mine are more successful, and better, I'd say. The only thing that can parallel our love for jokes though, is our love for the outdoors. We're both Boy Scouts, nearly Eagles (well, Tom is). I'm less devoted to the Scouts, I don't think being an Eagle is in my future, but at least I have fun where I'm at.

We're about to head into our senior year in high school, but I won't tell you about that. The summer before, Tom and I had decided to staff at our Boy Scout Council's summer camp. I was a chef for the summer, and Tom was an aquatics counselor. Until last summer, I had always wondered why he enjoyed the aquatic station so much: because he wasn't a huge swimmer, and in general, actually hated the water. Last summer, Tom came out to me, which was a huge surprise. It was a super emotional moment to, he completely broke down crying (something I'm definitely not used to) and we stayed up all night just talking, and didn't go to sleep until after we watched the sunrise together.

Being identical twins, and being straight, I had just assumed he was as well. So now of course, the whole lake thing makes sense: he's surrounded by half-nude men, many of whom either swim or do some other sport. You can picture the type of men I'm talking about.

Naturally I was cool with it, his being gay. I used to make fun of him on our Scout trips, asking if he had ever bent over for anyone, or if he had ever asked anyone to suck his... well, you get the idea. It used to drive him crazy, and his face would get so red, it was amazing blood didn't start pouring out of every orifice. I died laughing every time, while he vehemently denied it. It was only fun while he denied it though. He shut me up pretty good when he started telling me (in response) about how huge Michael was even before he got hard, or how Bryant gave really good head. I stopped asking. There were some brotherhood details I didn't need.

Anyway, this camp I was talking about, Camp Wichita, it's an awesome camp. It's very mountainous, so a lot of emphasis is put on rock climbing. The cliffs are sort of staggered, like mega huge stairs, and below the climbing walls, at the very base and edge of the lowest rock face is Lake Eagle, where Tom works with his other half-nude staff. Beyond the shores of the lake is the forest – an ancient pine forest, very green and mossy. It is in this forest where most of the

stations are (wood cutting, forestry, high ropes course, etc.) along with the camping areas for both staffers as well as the campers, albeit on opposite sides of camp.

Lake Eagle is the most popular place to hangout at camp, especially at night for staffers after campers have gone to bed at 10:30. My routine was to stop by the concession stand, grab a hotdog, and soak my feet, sitting on the farthest life guard dock. Tonight was glow in the dark snorkeling, where the aquatics staff had music pumping, and other staff members were dumping in and retrieving glow in the dark toys from the bottom of the lake. This is where Tom and our camp friend Sam found me.

“I thought I would find you here,” Tom said, sitting next to me. “Hotdog? Can I have a bite?”

I smiled close-lipped through my chewing. Tom could be so predictable. Without speaking, I held it out for him to take a bit from my hand.

“God, I’m so horny,” he said, swallowing his bite.

“Jesus Christ,” I muttered, “sex is always on your mind.”

“Especially when I’m in heaven,” he gestured to the 50 or so high school men in and around the lake. “Hey! You think there are 72 guys here who are virgins? Maybe I’m already there!”

I closed my eyes, shaking my head. Part of me wanted to call out his comment as Islamophobic, but I also knew he wasn’t even slightly serious. And was this true of all gay men? Were they all really this horny? I sometimes wished he would have a little more shame. After all, he was the only one who knew I wasn’t still a virgin. “Just promise me that you’re going to keep your dick in your pants this summer. The campers are off limits.”

He chuckled.

Suddenly, a glow ring splashed at our feet, and we watched the swimmer stroke vigorously to the lake bottom, and emerge gasping at our feet. He grinned at us before swimming away.

“I know campers are off limits. So maybe I shouldn’t tell you about the high school senior I’ve had my eye on. You know, the blonde one with the great ass?” He gestured to a guy over on the shore, dancing to the music. “I think his name is Mitch or Michael. Something like that. – I’m kidding,” he added, noticing my expression.

I watched the guy throwing a glow-in-the-dark Frisbee, while dancing to the music in between passes. He wasn’t a bad looking guy, standing about 6’2 or so. Obviously he played some sport for his arms were pretty packed with muscle, and in all honesty, he did have a pretty great ass. Then I shook my head. I knew Tom well enough to know that unfortunately he was only half-kidding.

We continued to watch the guys swimming around. Slowly, the lake started emptying out, and the glow-sticks piled up on the shore. Eventually Mitch and his friends decided to pack up. Mitch waved back at the remaining staff members, though he was too far away for him to know who any of us were.

“Alright,” Tom said, standing up. “I’m going to bed. Good night y’all.”

* * *

As a chef, I usually don’t work in the serving line, as that’s usually Dining Hall Staff that do that. Every so often though, there’s “meet the chefs” day where we not only make the food, but serve it too. I had never fully appreciated or even understood the grueling aspects of the job. A series of staff members stand in a line, conveyor belt style, and we each dish out one part of the meal. I don’t know how those guys maintain such a humorous attitude when dishing out

food. “Can’t I get more?” or “What the hell is that?” are frequent questions. There were times I definitely wanted to smack them. Or prank them. *Where’s the milk you ask? It’s in that machine over there, next to the coffee. ... Oh, was that coffee creamer? I’m sorry. My bad.* No, I never actually did that, but the desire was overwhelming at times.

It was the first meet the chefs day when I had my first, unpleasant encounter with Mitch. I stood there, dishing out “enchilada squares” (whatever the heck that means) to each scout, and I was getting so bored and tired, I hadn’t really been paying attention, so I was surprised when Mitch appeared in front of me, looking confused.

“Don’t you work in aquatics Tom?”

I half-smiled. I was too exhausted to do much more than that. “I’m Tyler, his twin brother.” I hope that my tone didn’t sound too bitchy.

“Ah,” he said, tilting his head up and looking at me through narrowed eyes. “You typically work in the kitchen?”

“Yup.”

“That’s probably why I never see you then.”

I nodded wearily, hoping that he would just move onto the next the guy.

He nodded back at me, and then grinned and winked at me, flicking his hair to the side with his hand. At least, that’s what it looked like. Maybe he just brushed it out of his eyes. And the wink was a very slick wink too. I almost missed it.

What the fuck...? I thought. Did a camper just hit on me? Or was it my imagination? I must have been paranoid about it after Tom making the jokes about keeping his eye on Mitch. Eventually I put the moment out of my mind, and went back to life as usual. I decided to say nothing to Tom about it.

This worked all right until about a week later. I was on cleaning crew in the kitchen (kitchen staff rotated every week, something about the budget not being able to afford five more people to be full time cleaning staff. I guess that makes sense. Anyway, I was out back, using the hose to help scrape off large chunks of food out of the massive pots we use to cook, when none other than Mitch walked by.

“Yeah, clean those dishes honey,” he said, walking up to me.

I looked up and gave him dead-pan glare. It was hot, I was in the sun, my neck was sore from looking down at the pot for so long, and my fingers ached from holding the pot and scraping at it as well. Needless to say, I was not in the mood. “Do you want something Mitch?” I asked, trying to keep the irritability out.

“Nah, just thought I’d come by and say hi,” he said, sitting on the bench next to me. “How’s working in the kitchen?”

I was caught off guard by the simplicity of his answer. No one ever comes by the kitchen staff just to say hi. Naturally, I was immediately suspicious of him. “Don’t you have a merit badge lesson to be at?” Immediately I regretted saying it that bluntly. I wasn’t trying to be mean.

“Ouch. Ok, I can take a hint,” he didn’t look the slightest bit hurt though. He stood up to leave. He started walking away and then turned back. “I was just wondering if you were at all like Tom.”

“In what way?”

“You know, like... fun.” He then opened his mouth, and pushed his cheek out with his tongue several times. He grinned in that particularly boyish way of his.

I was so shocked, I didn’t know what to do. I stood there, staring at him. “No, absolutely not. Stay away from me,” we stared at each other, “and stay the fuck away from my brother too.”

He shrugged, and then walked away.

I watched him until he was out of sight. Clearly he wasn't taking advantage of the camp barber who came once a week. His hair was just over his shoulders. It was the kind of thing that Tom was a sucker for. I knew I had to confront him now, make sure there really wasn't anything going on between them.

Later that night, I casually made my way to the forest. There's this spot in the forest, a little bit beyond the camp stations, where there's a collection of large boulders under a clearing in the trees. On moonless nights you can see the full expanse of the starry sky. After long days or hard days, I knew this was where Tom liked to de-stress.

As I walked through the trees, I took a deep breath, sucking in the moist, cool air of the darkened forest. The canopy was silent, the birds having all gone to their nests for the night, though the crickets were out in force. I walked over the dirt path, still damp from the evening rain. Everything felt cleansed, from the drops clinging from leaves to the moss on trees, freshly moist and spongy.

Tom was sitting on top of the boulders, arms around his knees, his hands clasped together. He was just staring up at the sky. The moon hadn't risen yet, so we were surrounded in complete darkness.

"Hey," I said, climbing up to the boulder to sit next to him.

"What's up." It was more of a statement than a question. He kept staring up at the sky.

I didn't say anything. Suddenly I realized I didn't really have much to say. I hadn't thought about what I was going to say to him. Then I thought, fuck it. "Tom..."

He looked down and over at me calmly.

I swallowed. "Long day?"

“Meh,” he said, shrugging. He still didn’t look away. “Not too bad. Just one of those days, you know? You just feel like you’re one part of a much larger machine that doesn’t ever stop. We still have a little over half of camp to go for the summer.”

I looked up at the sky. It was filled to the brim with them, each twinkling, burning their own spot into space. It felt like if there were any more stars, they would have to start falling to Earth, spilling onto the ground like white-hot gems.

“What’s on your mind Ty?”

His voice broke my concentration on the stars. I closed my eyes in a grimace. “Tom, I have to ask you, because I was approached by someone else.” I looked down again, and saw Tom still looking at me. His expression was calm, and it was hard to read any emotion on his face, if there was any. “Are you doing it with the camper, Mitch.”

He smiled, and closed his eyes. Then he started laughing, and shook his head. “Dude, I thought you were going to say someone died or something. Or that you were going to confess you had a crush on me or something.” His laughter grew stronger.

I merely sat there. What was so funny about this? Was I missing something?

“I have not made any moves on Mitch, if that’s what you want to know.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. Then I felt bad. I let Mitch make me question my brother. If there’s one person on this planet who I’ve grown to trust more than anyone else it’s Tom. I should have known that of course Tom was responsible.

“Why do you ask?”

I swallowed, nervous. I hoped that he wouldn’t ask. “Mitch approached me earlier today. He asked me if I was like you.”

Tom gave me a squinty smile, like he was confused or weirded out. “What did he mean by that?”

I sighed again. “He asked me if I was fun like you, and then he did this,” and I repeated the blowjob motion with my mouth.

Tom looked genuinely surprised. His mouth fell open in amazement, and he said nothing at first. “Fuck, man. I mean, I’ll admit, he’s not shy about changing down at the lake. He doesn’t bother using the stalls to change into his swim suit, but daaamn.”

“I’m sorry, I should have known you wouldn’t do that, but I just had to ask you, to be sure, once he implied that. And I wanted to go to you first, not anyone else.”

Tom wrapped an arm around me. “I know you’ve got my back bro.” We just sat there in silence, until eventually we got tired, and went to bed.

* * *

Shit hit the fan. I don’t mean literally. That would be gross. Which I guess is the point of the saying. It started out as a normal day; I got up about 5 am to start cooking breakfast by 5:30 to have it ready for staff by 6:30. It was a mostly clear day, sunny, and warm. After my stretch in the kitchen ended at 8:30 (I was off cleaning duty this week specifically), I went out to the lake and stretched out on the beach. The water was calm this morning, and the sunlight streamed through clear to the bottom. We were fortunate that the lake didn’t have that much aquatic plant life in it, so the water stayed crystal clear. Hanging out at the lake put me into a really good mood. I wasn’t even fazed when I passed by Mitch after lunch who grinned at me (though was it really me he was grinning at?).

It wasn’t until that night actually that things got really awful. After wrapping up dinner, and getting my chance to eat, I went out looking for Tom. It had been a while since we hung out,

as we were in the full swing of camp now, and didn't have as much time to spend together. I first went out to the large boulder, but he wasn't there. I tried the concession stand, but he wasn't there either. I ran into Sam, but he hadn't seen him since the beach had closed evening swim a few minutes before. So finally I went down to the lake. He wasn't there either. Stumped, I sat down on the shore and stared out across the lake.

The clouds were partly obscuring the clouds, and it looked like more were on the way. These were thick, powerful clouds too. It seemed like an overnight storm was on its way. The gust had picked up some, and you could see the ripples on the lake, muddying the reflection of the cliffs. The moon was sticking out from a gap in the clouds. It was nearly full, and lit up the scene like the sun, only colder. I got up, picked up a flat rock, and skipped it several times across the lake, before falling into the middle, sending ripples against the wind.

On the way up, I passed by the Lake shed, maybe Tom was recollecting or organizing the lake gear. He usually was the only one who cared enough to do it. Instead, I heard some muffled sounds, like someone was stretching for something slightly out of reach, which was weird, as the shed really wasn't that big. I opened the door, and froze.

On the floor were Tom and Mitch. To my even greater surprise, Tom was on all fours in front of Mitch, who had both hands on Tom's waist as he was thrusting into him. The worst of it all was seeing Tom's expression of sheer pleasure in the half-second before he registered what was going on. Then my eyes flicked up to Mitch whose thrusting had virtually stopped, and wore a shocked expression on his face like a mask.

This exchange took all of about a second, immediately after which I turned and slammed the door behind me. I walked down to the edge of the lake, not calming my pace until I couldn't walk any farther without getting wet. Emotions and thoughts roiled and crashed inside my head,

threatening to blow out my ears and eyes: anywhere that might alleviate pressure. I wasn't sure what to try to process first: the image of Tom, my brother, actually bent over in front of Mitch, the expression on each of their faces before they registered I was there, or the fact that they would try to get away with it in the Lake shed of all places.

I didn't notice that my arms were crossed painfully tight until I noticed Tom's hand on my left shoulder. I didn't look back at him. I couldn't bear to look him in the eye. I couldn't stand to say anything. I just kept looking out across the lake. Finally when I heard other movement, I turned around and saw Mitch, shirtless, pulling up his pants and buttoning them. He looked at me, but didn't say anything. We stared at each other for maybe five seconds. "Go," I said, trying to keep my voice calm. "Get the fuck out of here."

He didn't need any more prompting. With a terrified glance, he sprinted away from the beach, his shirt in hand. I stood and watched him run until he was out of sight. Then I sighed and looked back out across the lake, barely able to glance at Tom as I did.

Tom came and stood next to me. "Tyler..."

I said nothing, opting to stare down at the ground instead.

"I'm sorry."

Of all the fucking things he could have said, nothing could have been more hurtful and frankly, insulting. Before I said anything, or figured out how I wanted to respond, he turned and walked away. I slowly walked over to a tree, near the shore, sat down and leaned against it, letting out a huge sigh. What the hell was I supposed to do now? What in God's fucking green Earth was I supposed to do now? As I sat there, the implications began to pour over me, threatening to engulf me and drown me in despair.

No gay Scouts. At least, not until next year, 2014. No gay employees. No employee – student sex. That I’m pretty sure was outright illegal. *Fuck!* What was I supposed to do now? If I didn’t turn Tom in, I was also breaking the law. But also, Mitch was the one fucking Tom, which meant it had to be consensual on Mitch’s part, if it wasn’t indeed Mitch who even initiated the sex. Maybe there was a technicality in there somewhere?

After several more hours of thoughts and confusion beating my skull sore, I decided I wasn’t going to get anywhere that night. I needed advice from someone else.

* * *

The next morning, I was shaking so bad that I messed up several pots of oatmeal somehow, putting in too much water. My co-workers asked if I was ok, and suggested that perhaps I go take a break and calm down. Who could I go ask for help? Who might be discreet if I approached them? Sam probably would. Yeah, he would probably be a good friend.

After breakfast was over, I decided to try to go find him. I caught him on his way over to the Forestry station.

“Hey Sam, are you free this morning?”

“Actually I’m wrapping up a Merit Badge class this morning. What’s up?”

“Oh, nothing. It’s fine. I just had something I wanted to talk to you about.”

He looked nervous, though I wasn’t sure why. “I mean, I have a few minutes now, if you want to talk.”

“Nah, it’s pretty big, we should probably wait.”

“Catch you after lunch? I’ll be free then.”

I nodded. We parted ways, and I took a deep breath. A few more hours of freedom. But then the pressure in my stomach would just return. I decided to take a walk around the lake, to

hopefully clear my head. I still couldn't remove the image of my naked brother from my head. Fuck. I picked up a handful of pebbles, and started chucking them into the lake, as I continued to walk around. Why the hell did he have to screw me over like this? I chucked a larger pebble particularly violently across the lake.

Finally it was time to get ready for lunch, and I went back to the kitchen. I had better control of my hands, but all I could think about was the pending meeting with Sam. How the hell was I going to tell him what I saw? I barely ate at my crispy chicken sandwich. I ended up throwing away most of my lunch untouched. We met outside the dining hall.

"Hey, what's up?" He asked, his hands in his pants pockets. "What did you want to talk to me about?"

"Let's go away from here," I said, leading him to the mossy boulders. Now the silence of the forest felt oppressive and foreboding. "I saw something last night, and I need your advice on what to do."

As we came up to the boulders, I saw him shift uncomfortably in his standing position.

I ignored it and pressed on. It was now or never. "I saw Tom and Mitch having sex in the Lake shed last night. Mitch was fucking Tom. And I don't know what to do about it. Should I say something? Should I say nothing? Probably no one needs to know about it, but if anyone finds out, then I'll be in trouble for saying nothing, and —"

"Tyler, calm down." Sam grabbed my shoulders, and stayed there until I shut up and took a deep breath. Then he lowered his hands, and his face took on a guilty expression. "You don't need to worry about that, because I saw it too."

I felt every muscle in my body go slack. "What?"

“Yeah, I saw Tom and Mitch sneak away from camp last night, and curious as to what they were doing, I followed them to the Lake shed. Once I started hearing them, I immediately left. I didn’t want to be anywhere near there. I must have just missed you.”

I wasn’t quite sure what to make of this news. On the one hand, I felt relieved that my secret wasn’t a secret anymore, but I also felt uneasy that if Sam knew, that others might know as well.

“And, you don’t need to worry about doing anything, because I’ve already done it.” He looked genuinely remorseful, and added, “I know he’s your brother, but I had to tell the Camp Director. Having sex with a camper, Tom really should have known better. Just so you know, the Director might come looking for you to ask you about it, being twins and all.”

I looked at the ground. I felt my heart splintering into millions of shards. So that was it. The end of Tom’s scouting career. Probably the end of his ever being near children again. I was certain he was going to have to register as a sex offender. My brother, and best friend. “Thanks for letting me know,” I said glumly, turning away. I hoped that Sam wouldn’t try to stop me, but then I was also disappointed when he didn’t.

The rest of the day, I just sat in my tent, staring into space. I told my co-workers that I wasn’t feeling well, and probably shouldn’t work in the kitchen for dinner. There had to be some fix for this. I knew how important that Eagle Scout was for Tom. It would crush him if he didn’t get it.

Then Sam’s prediction ended up being correct. Steven, the Camp Director, came by my tent after dinner. He asked me to come over to his office with him. I said nothing on the walk over, and he didn’t seem surprised by that. Finally we entered his office, and I sat down across from him and his desk.

“Tyler, I’m bringing you in here for an extremely sensitive reason. I have reason to think you might know about a situation that arose here at camp, and I want to know what you know. Earlier today, another staff member brought accusations against your twin brother, Tom, for having sex with one of the campers here. Are you aware of this accusation?”

I took a deep breath. I looked Steven in the eye, watching his clean-shaven face with his wire-frame glasses very closely. “Actually Steven, your witness got it wrong. It was an understandable mistake since Tom and I are identical, but he actually saw me having sex with the camper in question, and I will take full responsibility for my actions.”

* * *

The next few days passed by in a blur. I was instantly fired, and my parents were immediately contacted, and instructed to come pick me up. I remember running into Sam who asked me what the hell I was doing, and I had no answer to give to him. After all, one of the best parts of being a twin is switching places. But I couldn’t really say that, could I? It would probably come out in really poor taste anyway.

The worst was having to run into Tom. I had avoided him for the rest of the day, but word got back to him eventually that his name was cleared, and his twin was fired.

“What the fucking hell do you think you’re doing, you ... you little ass?”

I was finishing up packing my suitcase, when he came storming into my tent. I looked up at him, which was a lot easier to do now, now that it was done. “I’m saving your sorry ass,” I told him. The time was past for kindness or sorrow. What was done was done, and I wasn’t going to let anyone change that. Not even my own brother.

He froze. He truly had no response to that. “Wow. I really fucked up, didn’t I? What’s going to happen to you?”

“I don’t know.” Honestly. I didn’t know. “They told me that in a few days we’ll be contacted by their lawyers and Mitch’s family and their lawyers as well. It’s unclear what the legal ramifications are of this whole situation.”

“No.” Tom just stood there, shaking his head at the ground. “No.” He said again. Then he looked up at me. “I’m not letting you do this. You’re going to come right now with me to Steven’s office, and we’re going to tell the truth.”

“Damn it Tom, don’t you get it?” I asked desperately? “This isn’t about me. It’s about you. You want that Eagle Scout. You need it. I don’t fucking care about the Scouts. I just came along for the camping and the friends. I don’t give one fuck about some dusty plaque on the wall. But I know you do. It’s not like we haven’t switched places before.”

He was still shaking his head. “I can’t let you do this. I really fucking can’t let you do this.”

“It’s my decision. Let me see it through.”

He said nothing. He just kept shaking his head.

The next day my dad arrived, and picked me up. We were silent the whole way home. I wanted to explain the truth to him, but either way he wouldn’t understand, and I just didn’t have the emotional capacity to talk about it. I tried to read the silence, but it was impossible to tell whether he was angry, disappointed, or simply waiting for me to make the first move. But it never came.

* * *

It was the middle of August, and a hot muggy, humid day. I was lounging in the shade with my sunglasses on reading a book, waiting for Tom to come home. A fly had decided to land

on my page, and I got distracted watching it crawl around, as if it were trying to read the page by touching each of the letters.

Suddenly I heard the SUV pull into the drive way, and quickly slammed the book shut and rushed over to the front of the house. There was Tom, pulling his pack out of the trunk.

“Tyler!” He shouted excitedly, dropping his stuff.

I ran over to him and hugged him tightly. Even though it was only about a month, it was the longest we had ever been apart from each other.

“I missed you,” – we said simultaneously.

I helped him get his stuff into the house, and then we went to the backyard, where we chilled at the edge of our pool, getting our feet wet.

“So how are you?” He asked me pretty quietly, his smile fading.

“I’m good,” I said brightly. “I’m really good.” He seemed very surprised, which pleased me.

“Tyler...”

“You don’t have to say anything. Especially since it’s all good now. Everything has been sorted out.”

“...what? I asked mom how everything was working out, but she insisted that I needed to hear it from you. That you wanted to tell me about it.”

I grinned. I couldn’t wait to tell him and see what his expression was. “Ok, so when I got home, I first got a call from Mitch. He wanted to know what the hell I was doing, and I explained that I was much less important and that the least he could fucking do, after he screwed you over was to let me pull this lie off. He agreed. He explained to me what happened that night, that he

had made the advances on you, seduced you, and that you weren't really down for it until the very end. He took full responsibility for the sexual advances."

This whole time, Tom was just nodding along with me. "Yeah, that part is true," he looked very apologetic as he said it, which helped vindicate my feelings of personal satisfaction.

"Yeah, anyway, as it turns out, there's nothing specifically illegal about a youth staffer having that kind of relation with a camper. It's totally against BSA policy, and is very much a civil violation able to go to court for the sexual misconduct of someone in a position of power. However, the catch is he was already over 18. He had turned 18 the second week we were there, and our birthday isn't until November, so we're still technically minors, making it statutory rape, especially since he was making the advances. So how it's all going to play out in the courts, I'm not sure, but I am personally, legally off the hook. I think."

Tom was now shaking his head at me, trying to stifle a smile. "You're kidding. You've got to be fucking kidding me."

I grinned. Seeing that smile again was cheering me up big time. "I'm not."

"You always were such a joker. How do I know you aren't just trying to cheer me up?"

He sat back and folded his arms.

I laughed. "But I'm so fucking serious this time. I swear."