

Don't Get Caught in the Girls Locker Room 2

Jack Everett

Based upon characters created by Todd Strasser in the novel *Don't Get Caught in the Girls Locker Room*.

To quickly introduce myself, my name is Kyle, and for your information my last name is unimportant. To describe myself, and I hate to boast, but I'm merely repeating what other students have said about me, I'm a somewhat sexy guy. I used to hang out with a couple of guys, Wilson and Dusty. Dusty is tall and thin. Wilson is a bit shorter and though he isn't skinny, he really isn't fat either, a bit pudgy I guess. Well we've been friends for as long as I can remember, or at least since we started grade school anyway.

For those of you who are not that familiar with my life, it suffices me to tell you about an experience my friends and I had in middle school, and all I really need to tell you about it, is that we got caught in the girls locker room. It's not what you think, seriously it isn't. We weren't dirty little bastards back then, though we sure did enjoy kissing girls, but to fully understand the story I'm about to tell you it is necessary to let you know that we did sneak into the girls locker room, and though we vowed that we would never do it again, things didn't quite turn out that way. The story I'm about to describe is mostly about Dusty, but the reason I tell it is because his story is my confession.

To catch you up to where I am now, I should let you know that Dusty, Wilson, and I all made it through middle school. I'm a Senior now. Dusty is too, Wilson, however, never made it. He got his driver's license at sixteen and by sixteen and half he was carried off in a body bag down by Highway 16. Speeding, you know, it really is dangerous. And that is how it went with Wilson.

Though Dusty and I survived, I should mention that there was a pretty big change in Dusty from the guy everyone knew in middle school. Dusty started working out on a regular basis and put on about fifty pounds, all muscle. So now instead of being tall and skinny, he's just plain big, massive even. The chicks (and chicks is what we call girls now) really took a liking to him after he put on all that muscle. I on the other hand got less and less noticed. Don't think I was jealous of Dusty though. Alice Appleford who had a thing for me in middle school still does, and the past few years have treated her well, very well. I was surprised last year when she stopped wearing sweaters and finally let everyone see her body. I never knew how sexy she really was. She dropped the glasses too, plus she's been mellower ever since her mom left her family to start a new life with a guy named Paco. Long story short, Alice and I are hooked up. And though we've done some questionable things together, my confession isn't about anything I've done with Alice. My confession, like I said, involves Dusty.

Dusty, of course, like me, needed a chick too, and it happened that he hooked up with Rachel Smath. Now like I said, Alice turned out to be pretty hot, really hot, actually, but nothing like Rachel. Rachel was competing in beauty contests. Rachel, however, wasn't quite like Alice.

Don't Get Caught in the Girls Locker Room 2

Alice was sweet and courteous. Rachel was an abuser. She knew she was hot, and she knew how to use her sex appeal to influence guys. Specifically, she knew how to use it to influence Dusty. In fact in the past few months she had been abusing Dusty so much that my friendship with him began to fall apart, I saw him less and less, and so I saw Alice more and more. But I always kept an eye out for Dusty, trying to make sure that Rachel didn't take advantage of him too much. But keeping an eye out for him wasn't enough. I should have been there with him.

After about a year after hooking up with Rachel, she and Dusty began having sex. Dusty always used protection so she never got pregnant. But Rachel started using the sex to control him. He was addicted to sex, you know. It got to the point that he would do anything for it. If Rachel wanted a new dress, he would steal it for her, same thing for a new pair of shoes. And of course Dusty got caught a few times, and he got a criminal record for it. Rachel got Dusty a gun once, too, and she made him threaten one of the competitors in a beauty contest to drop out, so that Rachel would win (not that Rachel wouldn't have won anyway). I just think she wanted to see how far she could push Dusty. Way too far, I think. I tried to talk Dusty out of seeing her. But he just got really defensive and that's when our friendship started to break apart. He was too addicted to sex I guess.

Well all this kept going on until one day Rachel dumped him. Just flat out told him it was over. Dusty begged for her to keep him, but there wasn't a chance. Apparently Rachel had hooked up with a rich boy from the east side of town. And, for her, money was a lot more important than anything Dusty could offer.

About a month after Dusty got dumped, he approached me. Said he was sorry for not listening to me about Rachel, then he said he wanted to get back at her for using him. I figured what the heck, I'd help him out. He told me about an upcoming beauty pageant Rachel was competing in and he said he wanted to screw her over big time and insure that she would lose. I loved the plan and said, "Sure, what can I do?"

Dusty told me to show up outside the local theater where the pageant was being held the night of the pageant. I showed. Dusty was there waiting for me. That's when all the trouble really began. I'll detail the events of that night:

Dusty led me in a side door to the theater.

"What's the plan?" I asked.

"Just stick close for now."

I didn't really like the idea of Dusty not telling me exactly what was going on, but I had to help him out, so I decided to go along with it. It wouldn't be the first time that I would have to improvise.

Down the hallway Dusty stopped in front of a sign that read, "Locker Room". Just down the hall was another door labeled, "Girl's Dressing Room."

"Go into the girl's locker room," Dusty ordered, "down the west isle you'll see an air vent. You should be able to climb up into it. The vent goes over the dressing room. I want you to get above the girls dressing room." He handed me a walkie-talkie.

"What's this for?"

"I want you to keep an eye on the dressing room. Rachel is the last one to go onstage, so after the other girls have left, I want you to signal me and I'll go in and confront her."

"What do you mean confront her?"

"You know, man, sabotage her show, mess up something."

"Whatever man! You don't really expect me to spy on some girls in a changing room do you?"

"Of course man, what are you so afraid of, seeing a couple boobs never hurt anyone."

"I'm not a perv man."

"Then keep your eyes closed, anyways, you promised to help me out."

I had promised him, and I'm a man of my word, so I didn't have much choice. I walked into the girls' locker room. Damn, I thought, last time I went into a girls' locker room I got caught, I hope the same doesn't happen again. I saw the vent Dusty was talking about and climbed in. It was a little warm in there, but at least it was summer time, so the heat probably wouldn't be turned on. If the air conditioner fired up I might get a little cold, though. I crawled down the vent until I heard laughing below. I looked down the vent. The girls were below, all laughing and joking about each other's bods. None were naked, but they did look pretty sexy in their underwear. I felt like a pervert. "I'm in position," I whispered into the walkie-talkie. I made sure the volume on the walkie-talkie was low enough that it wouldn't carry into the changing room.

"Roger that," the reply came back, "Let me know when they're all gone except Rachel."

"Roger that." I waited for about an hour, sweating, and finally all the girls were gone but Rachel.

"You there Dusty?" I whispered into the walkie-talkie.

"What's up?"

"They're all gone, but her."

"Alright, I'm going in. You pull out. I'll take the rest from here."

Pull out, I thought to myself, what the hell, if that is all I had to do I had it pretty easy. I didn't really know what Dusty was going to do, but at this point I didn't really care, I was ashamed enough at myself for watching some girls walking around in their underwear. I would have left right then, except that I had a huge hard on. I thought maybe I could rub one out right there, but decided against it. I was just about to leave when I heard someone walk into the dressing room.

"How's it going Rache?" the voice announced. It wasn't Dusty. I decided not to leave just yet.

"Hey Don, I've been expecting you."

Don't Get Caught in the Girls Locker Room 2

Don, I wondered, that must have been her new boyfriend. Don was well built with a deep voice, probably a jock, I didn't know much about apparel but his clothes looked expensive.

"How much time do we have?" Don asked.

"About five, but don't mess up my hair."

"Good enough."

There were no more words between them, they started making out with heavy necking and petting. About a minute into their make out session Dusty walked in.

"What the hell?" Dusty shouted out.

Don spun around, "Who the hell are you?"

The next few seconds were kind of a blur, but I'll document them as best as I can remember. I saw a few flashes of light, and heard a couple loud bangs. Then I realized Dusty had a gun in his hand. Don's body was on the floor, motionless. The gun dropped to the floor.

Rachel stood stunned for a moment, staring down at Don's lifeless body. Her eyes turned to Dusty. He was gaping at the body. After what seemed like an eternity to me, but must have been a few seconds, Dusty mouthed the words, "I want you Rachel."

She understood, and walked over to him, forgetting completely about Don. They kissed. But it didn't stop at that. They began undressing each other, and had sex. It was pretty quick and they disappeared together shortly after.

I waited in the vent for about thirty minutes, then someone entered the dressing room, I heard some shouting and decided I'd better scam. I left the theater alone.

I never did see Dusty again. The murder was never solved. I always thought it was ironic that Dusty had killed Rachel's boyfriend with the gun she had given him. I was never sure why dusty had brought the gun theater that night, but I had my suspicions, and those suspicions had nothing to do with Don. I never told anyone what I had witnessed.

Rachel showed up about a year later. I don't know where she and Dusty had been, but Dusty never came back. I later found out that Rachel's family was involved in organized crime, and by putting the pieces together I realized that Dusty was probably at the bottom of the Hudson River. Rachel had a baby with her when she came back. They said it was her parents' baby, but I knew better. The baby was three months old, and it had been a year since the time I witnessed Don's murder. Dusty may have been dead, but his memory would live on. The baby was named Dustin.