

Chapter 3

And in walked what was supposed to be the "adult", perhaps all of 21 or 22 years old and introduced himself, "Hey guys, I'm Quentin Kimbrough and I'm your counselor! We'll be spending the next week together having all kinds of fun. Now, y'all gather around," he noted looking at his clipboard, "and introduce yourself to me." We began blurting out our names to him in rapid succession.

"Jeff," said the leader of the hooligans.

"Robert," said another.

"John," said a voice too deep to be that of an incumbent sixth grader.

"Daryl," said the boy with the crew cut.

"Rick," said the last of the gashouse gang.

The counselor marked each one off his clipboard list and then finally looked at me. "I guess that would make you David, wouldn't it pal?" He smiled at me beneath his curly hair and thick glasses.

"Yes sir, it does, Mr. Kimbrough." I said.

"Good," he said. "Now that we are here and we know one another's names there's no need for formality, y'all just call me Quentin. No Mr. Kimbrough. The only Mr. Kimbrough I know is my grandfather."

I nodded my head and looked down. The roughest of the bunch rolled his eyes.

"C'mon over boys," said Quentin. "Everyone gather round in a circle, hold hands and lets say a prayer to get this week kicked off. Then we'll walk on over to the cafeteria and see what they have cooking for supper."

We all begrudgingly circled, together. Very uncomfortably loosely held each other's hands. He began to pray, "Dear Father in Heaven.

We'd like to thank you for this glorious day..." He kept praying but it faded into mumbling in my mind.

I had peeked up from the prayer circle to notice that Jeff had unlatched his hands and was staring me down. He was twisting his right fist into his left palm. Then he pointed at me and whispered "YOU!!!"

"...Amen." Said Quentin. "That's all men, y'all follow me over to the cafeteria!"

We marched to the other side of the campus and stood in line for supper when we got there. The counselors sat together at their table while all my "cabin-mates" found some of the other ruffian friends to congregate with.

I sat at the end of the least populated table all to myself eating a plate full of spaghetti. It was quite tasty and enjoyable. It occurred to me at that instant that I knew what it was like for a condemned man to eating his last meal before they marched him to The Chamber.