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Indoctrination Camp  
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Funny

### A Two-Ply Paper About a Five-Hour Sentence

In our second session of indoctrination camp, we were, again, forced to graduate in unorthodox ways. One of which violated the Thirteenth Amendment. This particular way was undergoing five hours of free child-labor.

After being charged for a crime I didn't commit, that being fighting an individual for not letting me play Tetris© when it was my turn, I decided that the best job was working at my local library, a land of "outdated" sources of recreation (At least as far as Television is concerned). I chose this place, because many of the librarians remembered me as a kid. They saw me as a friend who was also a creative intellectual who, like most creative intellectuals, go nuts to the point of fighting someone in order to play Tetris©. They understood the angst and trauma after realizing that I still had a few weeks of torture left, so they gave me the job based on my mediocre performance during my last sentence. Another reason why I would chose to work at a place like this, is because I considered the dread I would experience more of in this indoctrination camp, so I signed up before it even started. Thank gum-busters that it was quick, too, otherwise, I would have to serve my time alongside taking two tests per week.

During my sentence, I was in charge of shelving books into their proper places, such as kids' books being placed in, of course, the kids' section, but that's not always the case. There are specific areas of which I had them put, such as picture books belonging in the area of which the rest of them belonged in. The same thing for chapter books or graphic novels for kids. I would first arrange my provided stack of returned books in alphabetical order according to the author, and place each specific book in a pile that corresponds to the pile's proper place in the universe. I

would also do this for movies as well (Imagine...A library where one rents movies for free). Another job I had to do was label CDs that contained an even mix of good, bad, and unheard-of music (At least according to my tastes). I had to label these using a sticker that provided the genre, as well as the artist's or artists' name. Another job that I had to do was called shelf-reading, whereas I had to try to take a look at the already shelved books, and ensure everything was in alphabetical order, or if everything was tidy and "looked pretty".

As I was working, I observed that many things in the library were really, really wrong. As I was shelving, not only did I have children's books for shelving, but I also had some adult books that I had to shelve as well. As I looked through the adults' section, I saw that many titles were deemed unedifying and weird. There were titles and cover designs that resembled a pornographic advertisement in varying genres. They all had an individual on the cover, wearing a very cheap Walmart© costume in front of an unrendered backdrop with a dumb title typed in a fashion that simulated a cheap "alpha-to-logo" tool on Gimp©. In fact, all of the covers looked like they were slapped together on Photoshop© without any care. Another thing that was wrong was that I realized that before I was shelf-reading, if I may call it that, I was told, during my last free-labor sentence, to do the same thing while I was shelving. I realized that if I kept that antic up, I would have gotten more than two things done in the course of two hours.

There was a time whereas I did feel uncomfortable working at the "outdated center of recreation". From behind, someone addressed me as "Miss". As soon as the individual saw my scar-ridden face, he immediately corrected himself. Not because I looked worse than a gum-buster, or the ugly, red eyes I had from the torment of indoctrination, but because of the personality given to me, thanks to my obnoxious beard.

This experience has changed me a great deal, even over a course of five hours. It taught me that the tastes of adults, especially when it comes to supposedly erotic fiction, proves that the “grown-up brain” isn’t as grown up as I thought. Many tastes are really bizarre. So bizarre, that I question if the people I look up to are no better than me. It sure seems that way. It really proved to me that society as a whole is declining in mental health, because every day, I see people talking smack, watching nasty videos, listening to average to bad music, or making horrible things socially acceptable whilst making good things socially unacceptable. Even kids are getting into this junk. I wouldn’t be surprised if the law changes the legal smoking limit to age eleven, let alone there being free access to pornography, especially on children's apps, such as YouTube Kids. Imagine if kids are brought to the “adults” section of the library, and little does anyone know that there could be a chance of them picking up a copy of Fifty Shades of Grey, which could still end up in the kids’ section of books. I remember going to organize the kid’s section of movies, and discovering an “Extended Cut” of a nasty movie, so something like my previously stated scenario can, still, and will happen. I also recall a possibility not thought of often whereas someone in the library could switch a child’s movie with a bad movie, by switching DVD discs the same way the artist, Banksy, did to promote one of his, her, or their movies.

In conclusion, it was a wild ride for me to work in one of the many places that I called “home away from home”. It was a place that brought dated, but competent happiness, though many people don’t see that in places like these, because they are brainwashed to play on the internet using the computers provided by the librarians, and go on and commit what would be, at least back then, “socially unacceptable”, even though they have their smart/doofus-phones to perform such actions. But nevertheless, I am thankful for this Thirteenth-Amendment-violating five-hour sentence. I am



thankful for the school board making the graduation requirements as unorthodox as Beaubourg by

Vangelis. It invites me in to a paradise I would love to return to over and over again.