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## The internal Conflict of Jason

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“ Hi, my name is Julia.”  
“ Hi, my name is Megan.”  
“ Hi, my name is Heidi.”  
“ My name is Laura.”  
“ My name is Alison.”  
“ My name is Sharon.”  
“ Beth.” “Kelly.” “Lydia.”

“Jason, how come women never come up to me and introduce themselves?”

I never understood why Jason was single. He was a good looking guy and girls loved him. He told me that he was just waiting for the perfect one. I didn't know what that meant, but I saw some girls that were pretty perfect hanging around him.

We were walking down to our calculus class and we stopped every two minutes because Mr. Jason Sandy had to speak to some girl. He was just the type of person who attracted girls no matter where he was. I guess in a way, I was a little jealous of him because he was just everything I have ever wanted to be; confident, intelligent, and caring.

You might think that because “he was all that” he might be self-centered, but he wasn't. The part that bothered me the most was his caring nature. I always remembered this guy on our dorm floor named Jim, we called him Jimbo. He was what we would call an “All American dork. “ He was the most annoying person in the world. Perhaps it was due to his high pitch voice. But Jason would spend hours and hours on Sunday nights just to help Jim with his homework. Jason knew that Jimbo was just taking advantage of him, but he still treated Jim like his best friend. I once asked why he let people use him and he would always reply, “It doesn't matter.” Nothing ever seemed to matter to Jason.

We finally arrived to our calculus class and were receiving our exams back. The professor told us that the average for this exam was low, fifty-five percent, but there would be a curve for it. As she passed back the exam, a gloomy atmosphere covered the entire class. I was rather excited to see a ninety-four on my exam, and I asked Jason what he got. He Said “aight” but never told me his numerical grade. That's another thing that annoyed me; Jason knew that he did better than other people so he refrained from making others feel bad. It was as if that he was so sensitive to other people's feelings, Jason felt the same pains. Later on, I found out that he had the highest grade in class. He didn't rub it in all over other people's face, but went to comfort everybody with lower grades.

We had a basketball game that day, and Jason dominated the game. I forgot to mention how athletic he was too. He was “All State basketball” back in New Hampshire. He always made me wonder why he choose to attend Penn State if he was so qualified with any other Universities. As it turned out, he did make it into some Ivy League Universities but decided not to go because he thought that his best friend was coming here. Danny never made into Penn State.

Jason talked about Danny quite a bit. I guess he was Jason’s best friend in the world. Jason told me once that they were at a beach. This eighty thousand-dollar Dodge Viper cut them off the road, and Danny was “rip shit” because he can’t do a thing about it. So Jason pissed all over the car while the Viper was stuck in the traffic jam. I can’t imagine Jason taking off his pants in front of a million people, but this showed the degree that Jason would go just to stand up for his friend.

That night, I stopped by at Jason’s room. To think of it, I never stopped by this late before and I might have been some inconvenience to him. As I opened the door, Jason was crying.

With his face in both hands, he sobbed slowly. Only anguish so extreme could describe the scene I felt. He didn’t see me nor did I ever enquire about the event. But I just couldn’t understand why someone with as a perfect a life as Jason would have any sorrow. This perturbed me for weeks until one night I decided to pay him another visit. I didn’t have the heart to walk in because I could hear him crying out side.

Jason told me that Danny was driving from Oklahoma to come to see the Minnesota game. Jason was worried about Danny because Danny was a reckless driver. Oklahoma is a long way to Penn State; Danny might fall asleep while driving because it was such a long drive.

Danny made it here and Jason was happy. They immediately formed their own world, which I was excluded from. It was as if that they had a language of their own. Everything was an inside joke, and every word consists a brief history of time between the two of them. I still don’t understand why “knocking dust” was so funny, nor did I understand why “They are all...and...” was being said so constantly. They never finished their sentences. A word, a gesture; a look was all they needed to convey a message. The only joke I understood was the “yellow Viper.”

Then the revelation struck me. I realize why Jason was so unhappy. He was not himself unless Danny was around. It’s almost like that Jason has a constant mask on. While he is being everyone’s best friend, he listened to everyone, and understood everyone’s problems. No one was his best friend, no one listened to him, and no one understood him. He built a cage around him and cornered himself in a little unseen space called self. It’s an ironic thought, to most people Jason would be considered as the most outgoing and open person, but he is actually more confined in his own sanctuary than the most anti-social individual. His love is so passionate and precious, that it cannot be given away. He understood why a person is afraid when they are alone. He was always alone.

Jason told me a dream he had once. He was a pilgrim that once found heaven. It was a heaven where a person would solely be judged by the actions of their character; not the color of their skin, not the pride of their religion, nor the sexuality of one's inclination. He found that heaven and abandoned his past. One day, the town discovered a well where the natives would be able to receive water at a closer distance. Little did everybody know that the water inside the well contained the vilest drug; that any man would become insane with only a sip. Before Jason had the chance to warn the rest, his heaven became a victim of insanity. Jason and Danny were the only sane people left yet they were insane to the rest. Because their actions were no longer the norm they became the abnormal. Along with this abnormality came the discrimination and hatred. Would they leave the heaven they had love so much now that it turned into hell? Or would they just drink the water from the well and join the rest? He always said that it was like proving the existence of a sphere to a two dimensional flatlander; which I never had any clue as to what he meant. He asked me how I would react if the entire town thought that I was the one crazy. I told Jason that I would have drank the water too and join them. He became absently pensive from my opinion.

Danny and Jason slept in my room the night before Danny had to go. Danny had to go really early and Jason was depressed. I can still picture Danny walking out of the door while Jason sat in his bed and waving. I didn't understand why Jason didn't bother to walk Danny to his car. About a minute later, Jason jumped out of his bed and ran after Danny. Jason didn't catch him in time and I guess his world again ended that morning.

I didn't see Jason for a while after that morning until one night I decide to pay him another visit. As I approached his building, I heard sirens and saw a group of people crowded around *something*. A sinister apprehension took me over as I ran towards the crowd. I looked up and saw Jason's seventh floor window. The window was smashed. Jason had thrown himself out of the window. I felt really dizzy, I could see Jason lying there, but I couldn't recognize his face. I felt even dizzier. I think I'm dying too. If I'm only a voice besides Jason, would I die with him?

Julia looked up at the news report on the television from reading the house of Usher, and it showed the car crashed right outside of Penn State. The dead drive was identified as Dan Moran, age of 18, with a license plate of Oklahoma. Julia sighed.

Behind that smashed window, a familiar song is still playing today;

“ Summer loving had me a blast  
Summer loving happen so fast  
I met a girl, crazy for me  
I met a boy, cute as can be  
Summer days drifting away to oh oh the summer nights.....”