

Summary: Jason Montgomery has never been much for socializing, he's stuck mostly to himself for most of his life. He didn't necessarily enjoy it, but he never could manage to get out of that situation. Jason now finds himself depressed and anxious. After being told he couldn't return to the school he's been in his whole life, Jason is forced into a whole new environment, one he's even less comfortable in. The opportunity for a new beginning surges, but Jason is unsure if he is able to take it or not. He reaches out to a select few he hopes he can trust, but hope can be dangerous. He compares the emotions that keep him chained to poisonous flowers blooming in his mind, fueled by loneliness, and he's afraid of what he might do when those flowers bloom.

My heart is racing, my breathing is heavy, and my chest has tightened up. I feel like I have no control, panic sets in, and I have nowhere to go, I have to sit still. What's going on, you might ask? Nothing. I'm having an anxiety attack out of nowhere. I can't really explain it. Sometimes when it happens I feel like I need to disappear for a while to just calm down. But I can't. I can close my eyes all I want, but I know that I'll open them and find myself still in the same seat, in the same classroom. Even sadder, I find that no one around me has noticed. Then it feels like I have no one, like I'm alone.

I hate feeling like I'm alone. I don't like feeling like I'm alone. The flower inside my mind blossoms in loneliness, and it brings sadness and disappointment. It drives me mad. I can't escape it. This feeling. Still, I've learned to live with it. I live with it like a man living with a wild animal that could ravage him any second. My depression isn't the only animal I live with, however. I live surrounded by animals. Animals that just happen to look like people. Hypocrites and liars disguised as friends. They're not all like that, and I know there has to be a lot more to them, but I can't have people like that beside me. I still haven't found a place for someone like

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me. I keep looking, I know there has to be somewhere for me, but for now this is what I have.

Having anxiety attacks in the middle of class and no one noticing.

My name is Jason Montgomery. I'm sixteen years old. I could have a whole lot of backstory to give you, but I'll keep it simple. I never had friends at my old school. I had people I talked with, some on a daily basis, I had people I hung out with during lunch, but I never had a single

real friend. It kind of aches to think about it, honestly. Still, I've just transferred schools and I've already had an anxiety attack, first period. Nice.

I didn't choose to switch schools, I didn't want to. I would have preferred to just stay there. I didn't have any friends, but at least people knew who I was. None of them really knew me, but at least they had an image when they heard my name. I guess I always wanted to have more friends. I was never content the way I was. But I could never get myself to reach out to people. I just felt uncomfortable. So here I am.

There was one person that spoke to me when I first sat down. I didn't get her name. It was a pale girl with dark hair. She asked me what my name was and welcomed me to the school. She didn't drag on the conversation or expect me to say much and I was grateful for that. I was fine until my first period teacher asked me to stand up and introduce myself. I did stand up, slightly trembling and dying inside. I said my name loud and clearly, but with a small crack in my voice. I guess I didn't screw it up very badly, but in my head that wasn't how it went. See, that's not how it ever goes in my head. In my head, I always screw everything up and make a fool of myself. I can't stop myself from thinking like that, it just always happens. I screw up the simplest things in my head. As long as I know people are paying attention to me, I immediately feel like I've made a giant fool of myself. It's just how it always goes.

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So here I'm sitting literally dying, with no one around me noticing. Not that they would care, anyway. At most, they'd probably just think what the hell is wrong with him? and move on. They wouldn't ask or worry. Or so I thought. I was lost in my own cynical thoughts when I heard a voice.

"Jason, are you alright?" My English teacher, a young man in his mid-20s, asked. Only now was everyone in the class looking at me.

I nodded, not daring to say a word.

Mr. Asher looked at me for a moment before nodding and continuing with the class. I was a bit amazed by the whole thing. I think that was the first time a teacher, or anyone really, has asked me if I was okay. I was oddly somewhat relieved someone had noticed and at least cared enough to actually ask.

The rest of the class was a bit easier for me. After a few deep breaths, I managed to calm myself down a bit. The pale girl that had welcomed me, whose name I now know is Ashley, sat down and talked to me for a while after Mr. Asher was done with the class. The bell rang and cut our conversation short.

"We don't have second period together, but I'll see you later, okay?" She said as she picked up her books and waved goodbye, walking away.

I stood up to pick up my things, but Mr. Asher called my name.

"Jason, I'd like to talk to you about something." He said. "Can you come here during lunch? It's serious."

I got nervous, and I was wondering if it had anything to do with the fit I had in class.

"Yes, sir," I answered, nodding. I picked up my things and turned around.

As I started off, I heard Mr. Asher behind me, "Well, okay. Welcome to the school!"

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I forced my way down the hallway through the crowds as I looked for classroom 17. When i finally stumbled in, I saw her. She was beautiful, with pale skin and blonde long hair in a braid. She turned around and I saw her face, her delicate features, and her green eyes. I only stood there, completely captivated. She walked up to me and introduced herself.

"Hey, there," her soft voice echoed in my head, "You're Jason, right? Nice to meet you. I'm Cynthia." As she spoke, I couldn't help but notice the smile etched on her face, the small laugh she costantly lets out when she talks. "Come on, sit next to me."

She led to me the seat right next to hers. She was sitting up front. I was a bit unsure whether to sit up front again like last period, but that melted away the moment I looked behind me and saw her eyes looking back at me. I immediately set my stuff down and sat down.

"Sorry, I just get really excited about new students, and you're cute," she laughed.

I let out a small laugh, "No worries."

"So tell me. Which school did you transfer from?"

"The academy." Ayres academy, actually, but it's mostly called the academy around here.

"Really? Wow. And why did you transfer here in the middle of October?"

I cleared my throat. I didn't want to talk about that, but I knew that if she kept looking at me like that, I would spill everything for the simple sake of keeping a coversation with her. Just then, however, the Geometry teacher walked in, and I was relieved. Cynthia smiled and turned to face the teacher as she set her things down at the desk.

The teacher, Mrs. Anderson, was an elderly woman with a really annoying squeaky voice and sarcasm that tops mine, and that's saying something. She was unbearable and I hated every moment that she was speaking, but it was fine because I was sitting next to Cynthia.

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Sometimes in class, I would glance at her and she was looking at me too. Then she would offer me a bright smile as she got back to work. I knew right then that I was falling for this girl.

The bell rang and we had a 20 minute recess. I thought about going to see Mr. Asher now, but I decided to wait until lunch like he'd told me. Instead, I followed Cynthia to the cafeteria. The cafeteria was huge. They sold coffee (and it was actually good), sandwiches, breakfast, lunch, even hot chocolate.

"Wow..." I said.

Cynthia giggled. "Pretty nice, huh? Probably the best thing in this whole damn school."

I led myself to the long line of students, Cynthia following close behind slightly giggling at my excitement. Waiting in line, we kept talking.

"So what's your last name?" She asked me.

"Montgomery. Yours?"

"Smith," she smiled.