

My Name is Jason

Dawnlight lit the gray room, shining through an open window looking out over a busy street beyond the confines of concrete fence. The morning atmosphere of rush hour accompanied a lone sound of a heart monitor beeping. A gentle summer breeze blew in through the window, carrying dainty leaves upon its back. They sailed gracefully onto soft bed sheets drawn over a young woman. The leaves drifted to a weak stop and rested upon the young woman's lap.

"Look out--!"

She lay in bed, arms at her sides and eyes closed shut as she rested almost as still as stone, with only a faint trace of life. She seemed to sleep peacefully, tapered to machines that kept her alive by the threads and cords that sustained her. The young woman's face was young and beautiful, with a complexion of marble flawed only by marks of hurt, cuts and scars upon her near perfect visage. They were clearly cleaned, however, and were but faint marks of a past day. A mask upon her mouth and nose fogged up only faintly with each breath she took, her heart still beating ever slightly.

"No... Where am I? Where is she!?"

The leaves continued to sail in when a hand reached out, catching a single leaf gently in a certain yet weak grasp. A young man sat by the window, close to the young woman's side. The left side of his face was lit by the dawning sun, his face marked by faint cuts and scars not unlike the young woman's own. His, too, looked like an occurrence of a past day. If it were only that, but the dark side of his face that was eclipsed by the left was cut even more. His biggest wound was made evident by the bandage eye patch that wrapped over his right eye.

"—Lose one eye... And now I see all the horrors with the other..."

The young man wore casual clothes, and yet they were the colour of mournful umbra. In his lap was a black diary that was open to a page with flowing handwriting melding amongst shadowy lines, and the other without. Upon the pages rested a red paper rose, as beautiful as the real deal in its prime.

"... Don't you remember me? Not even the day we met in that rose garden?"

"I don't remember you... I don't... I don't know the rose garden you're talking about..."

He held his arm up weakly, but his limb betrayed him after a bare moment. His hand fell away to his side, the leaf leaving the fingertips of his lifeless arm, which was now hanging over polished white tile floor. He looked down at it for a few seconds, and then drew his one

unscarred eye over the young woman. In doing so his face drew away from the light, silhouetting it all, only so he could properly gaze upon the sleeping beauty's serene face. He glanced at the heart monitor, the same pattern of life passing with each heart beat that played softly.

"I can't... I... I—"

"Please try... Please!"

"I can't--!"

"... She has fallen unconscious again! Quick!"

"... Clear! ... Clear!"

After a seeming eternity of heart beats, the young man stood up and took the paper rose and diary into his hands. He walked closer to the young woman, caressing her chestnut locks of flowing hair, lips parting at the soft touch. The man pressed his lips together, just as quickly as they had parted. His face quivered lightly as he felt the locks slip out of his hand. He sniffled for a moment, but tried not to let the tears run as he left the paper rose on the end table. Beside it was a photo of them both standing in front of a church, all dressed up for their big day long past.

"Remember me..."

There were no words left, yet all a thousand words shouted out in his mind. The man turned around to shut the window. He then left the room that was now quiet, if only spare the sound of constant beeping.

"My name is Jason..."



