

That's me. She says and I feel her thoughts overlap mine. I pull back a bit. How was she here?! What was going on? I opened back up to her. How are you here? I ask her. I don't know, I felt a slight twinge in my head and investigated it and it led me here. What's a lunch room? Whose Mary Jane? She asks. I mentally slap my face. A lunch room is where students eat lunch in between classes. And Mary Jane is nobody important. I say. Then why do I feel a lot of anger at the mention of her name? She asks. Dang it. She can feel my emotions too?! Fine, she's this bully that's super mean and a jerk. I tell her. Ah. I get it now. She says. Um, are you just gonna be here? I ask her after a bit of silence. I don't really know how to get back to Freven. She says. Freven, the name of the world I had created. I don't know how to get you home either. I tell her. Well, looks like you're gonna stick around with me till I get home and figure this out. I tell her. Fine with me, I'll just sit and observe. Your world is very interesting. She says and grows quiet. Ok, that was crazy. I think and try to focus. Ms Poppy was getting on to Tyler about throwing a paper airplane in class. After the lesson I walked out and walked silently to my next class. That's when I felt myself move and being pressed against the lockers. I told you. Stay. Away. From Jake. Mary Jane's menacing voice breathed into my ear. I tried to struggle free but no luck. Her hands were like iron clamps against the wall. Let me go Mary Jane. I tell her. Not until I make it painfully clear. She says and pushes me against the metal harder. I could feel the iron and steel against my back and winced as I bruised. Hey, let her go Mary Jane. A voice says and the iron clamps relax. J-Jason! What are you doing here? She stutters. I said leave her alone. He says. Mary Jane with one spiteful shove releases me and stalks off with her girls behind her. I rubbed my head at the bounding headache. Hey, you ok? Did they hurt you? Jason asks and helps me collect myself. I'm-I'm ok thanks Jason. I tell him. He smiles. No problem. I'm sorry they did that to you. He says in a sweet tone. It's fine, I'm used to it. I tell him. Ok, well if you ever need help just ask. He says and walks off. Everyone was staring at me. I slouched and tried not to wince at my already bruising back. I walked out of class and sunk into my chair. You should've challenged those girls. Heather's voice entering my mind again. That would make it worse. I tell her sulking. Still, you're lucky that guy helped you out. She points out. Jason? Yeah, I guess so. I say and trail off. Jason hadn't spoken with me since 6th grade. Why now? The bell rang and I settled into the lesson but Jason still

On my mind. Why did he help me?