



Jeremy and the Silent Clock

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The morning air inside Grand Concourse Academy Charter School is exceptionally calm and orderly. Bright digital clocks glow on the walls, silently tracking every passing second as the start of the school day draws near. Jeremy, a determined Black boy, stands at the main entrance, looking up at the numbers with an intense focus.



Up on the third floor, Dr. Westcott, a sharp and incredibly punctual white teacher, stands right at the doorway of his homeroom. With his clipboard in hand and a watchful eye on his watch, he is completely ready to welcome his students the exact moment the day begins.



Jeremy realizes the heavy stakes weighing on his shoulders this morning. The glowing red numbers on the hallway clock read 8:10 AM, and if he doesn't step into that third-floor classroom on time, he will be handed a dreaded lunch detention. Missing out on recess means losing his precious free time to play soccer and basketball with his best friends.



Jeremy's heart beats fast, and his first instinct is to burst into a full sprint down the corridor. However, he quickly stops himself, remembering the strict school rule that running in the hallways leads to even bigger trouble. He takes a deep breath, locks his eyes forward, and decides to walk as fast as humanly possible instead.



With long, powerful strides, Jeremy marches down the first-floor hallway, keeping his body controlled but moving with incredible urgency. His sneakers squeak against the polished floor as he passes rows of lockers, his eyes darting to the next silent digital clock along the wall.



Jeremy reaches the heavy stairwell door and pulls it open, facing the long flight of stairs leading up to the third floor. He pumps his arms and climbs the steps two at a time, his legs burning but his mind entirely focused on reaching Dr. Westcott's door before the final minute ticks away.



Bursting onto the third-floor landing, Jeremy catches sight of the homeroom door just a short distance away. The digital clock right above the doorway flashes 8:09:55, giving him a mere five seconds before the deadline hits.



With a final, swift step, Jeremy crosses the threshold into the classroom and locks eyes with his teacher. He offers a polite and respectful good morning to Dr. Westcott, his voice steady despite his racing heart.



Dr. Westcott looks down at his attendance sheet, nods with an approving smile, and checks Jeremy off as present just a couple of seconds before the clock officially strikes 8:10. Jeremy walks over to his desk, sliding into his seat with a massive sense of relief.



Sitting comfortably at his desk, Jeremy takes a long, deep breath and smiles to himself as he realizes his discipline saved his entire afternoon. Thanks to his focus and respect for the rules, he won't be trapped in a silent detention room; instead, he will be in the cafeteria laughing and playing sports with his friends.