



The Calm Teacher's Morning

Charity Lizzy



The school gate, a cheerful arch of bright yellow and blue, gleamed under the rising sun. Mr. Daniel Okorie, tall and composed, stepped onto the path, his long-sleeve shirt neatly tucked into dark trousers. His black wristwatch caught a glint of light as he began his slow, observant walk into the bustling morning.



Soon, a group of early bird students, with backpacks almost as big as them, spotted him from near a colorful play area. Their excited chatter softened into respectful nods and gentle waves. Mr. Okorie's calm eyes took them all in, a silent acknowledgment of their morning greetings.



His sharp jawline was relaxed, and his low-cut black hair was perfectly neat as he continued his steady pace. He walked with a quiet dignity, his presence a comforting, familiar sight. Even the playful squirrels scampering up a nearby tree seemed to pause, sensing his controlled demeanor.



Further along, a cluster of students gathered by a vibrant mural depicting local heroes, stopped their lively conversation. Their faces, full of youthful energy, turned towards Mr. Okorie. They offered polite "Good mornings," their small hands waving enthusiastically.



With a subtle dip of his head, Mr. Okorie acknowledged their greetings, his expression remaining perfectly calm and unreadable. He didn't rush, allowing the children to feel seen without breaking his composed stride. It was his way, a quiet strength that everyone understood.



A little red bird with exaggerated wings chirped a cheerful tune from a branch above, adding a playful note to the morning air. Mr. Okorie walked past a row of blooming hibiscus flowers, their petals an explosion of bright pink and orange. He moved with purpose, his focus unwavering.



The path wound past the school's lively vegetable garden, where tiny green shoots promised future bounty. He noticed a student carefully watering a plant, a small smile playing at the corner of his lips, unseen by the student. The vibrant greens and browns of the garden popped with color.



Ahead, the main school building, painted in cheerful cream and green, stretched out, its windows reflecting the morning light like many watchful eyes. The sounds of more arriving students, a symphony of excited voices, grew louder. Mr. Okorie remained a quiet anchor in the delightful chaos.



Finally, he arrived at the door of his classroom, a bright blue rectangle with a whimsical drawing of an open book. He paused for just a moment, a tall silhouette against the vibrant school hallway. The anticipation of the day's learning hung in the air.



With a final, almost imperceptible nod to the empty hallway, Mr. Okorie stepped inside his classroom. The door swung gently shut behind him, ready to begin another day of teaching. His calm presence now filled the room, awaiting his eager students.