

Week 2 Writing Homework

By Janice T.

“Get up, young lad.” As the shop owner went past Freddy’s table, Freddy’s eyes cocked up to stare at the time display on his laptop. “Five a...m” The croak of Freddy’s voice seemed to startle himself, as the blurred view of the counter in front of him seemed to become more and more vivid by the second. As his head fell into his hands, the ache of his head seemed to pulsate through him, sending messages of agony to his cerebellum. His hands promptly moved over to the mousepad of his laptop, as his eyes depressedly stared at the spills of a thickened coffee mixture on the back of it. As his hands hurriedly pressed on the last few numbers on his spreadsheet, a sense of pain, throbbing intensely in his heart, almost like a haunting fanfare in him, as his fingers clambered over to reach for his laptop case. Ballpoint pens bounced into his bag, as his tie was adjusted promptly, and his pile of folders were carefully tucked under his pinstriped arm. “That will come to ten dollars, eighty-five cents.” As Freddy’s credit card was swiped across the screen of the pay machine, his head continued to ache of pure misery, as his leather shoes began to click outside again, into the street. His eyes felt as if they would spill liquid at any moment, and thoughts began to circle his mind, as his cerebellum became sharper by the second. He *was* there when the incident happened. Why *had* he chosen to carry on the lie? Why *had* he chosen to decline any chances of clearing his mind of this? Why *had* he chosen to do what was right? Now, he was the only person that would have known about this secret. What was he to do? If he told anyone, his future would go from a bright tapestry to a dimmed atmosphere. What was he to do? If he had told someone earlier, then this wouldn’t have happened. As Freddy went by the sandstone building sitting in the centre of the hustle and bustle of the city, his eyes clambered up to the poster stuck onto the side of the main office window. **POLICE STATION. OPEN 24/7. CALL 000 IF YOU HAVE ANY CONCERNS. NEVER HESITATE.** These words echoed inside Freddy’s amygdala, as he rested his head against the stone columns. Sweat cascaded down his back, as thoughts continued to swirl around his cerebellum. Was he to tell anyone? What would happen? Uncertainty filled his head, as depression came to his amygdala. Would he be restricted from freedom for the rest of his life? Or would he live the rest of his life with this pain, echoing in his mind?