

DRIVEN BY FEELING UNWANTED.

* Screech, a sleek limosine rolled in smoothly, stopping in front of the school gates. Students and staff all gathered round to watch the new glory, step out of his car. The crowd were wild, for Jake Timshattens had arrived.

Jake Timshattens, was the son of the St. Marks Highschool's ^{present owner} that he himself attended, so naturally he owned the place. Students followed him like trailing ants, and he even managed to get the teachers ~~also~~ under his arms. Being so extremely powerful also made him a malevolent tyrant. He demanded things to be done for him, and thundered his monstrous voice at staff who touched him accidentally. And just another of his tantrums was annoying the teachers especially Mr Joseph.

Mr Joseph, was an old flabby man, whose demeanor attracted pity of all. He was too benevolent to the ~~hormonal~~ crazy and hyper teens at his school.

Even the wildest of trouble caused, always brought no reaction upon him, while the rest of staff bellowed. Simply so he ^{simply} had too much ^{to} worry in his life ^{than} to care about what the students said. This was until Jake arrived.

Jake basically enslaved Mr Joseph. It was a bright morning at St Marks High, and Mr Joseph strolled into the bright classroom of class 11. Everyone scrambled to their place and the chaotic noise subsided. Mr Joseph look puzzled, he looked around the class, wondering where Josey Jake was. Everyone were relieved by his absence, but for Mr Joseph, it sent a worried signal. Shaking his head & he sighed and spoke in a stern voice, "Let's Begin the chapter. ~~shall we?~~".

Half an hour passed, and the class was going smoothly, everyone seemed to be afraid of their results which was supposed to be announced today. The = Right then, the class door was ~~kn~~ trashed open

and ~~is~~, a fuming Jake ~~was~~ stormed in. Jake anger was evident, his rigid body matched his cold eyes, and his veins throbben on his forehead. "How nice of you to join ~~you~~ us", Mr Joseph voiced out kindly. Enraged even Jake ~~no~~ more Jake ~~sp~~ hissed, "You dd hag! You'll fail me in the exam's huh!".

So this Realisation hit Mr Joseph, so this was what Jake, was furious about, he must have managed to peek at his ~~exp~~ results and found out his marks.

"You never answered any questions right", Joseph spoke defensively. Jake rolled his eyes, "I don't need to know any of those answers, I don't need to learn what useless things you teach. My dad's money can get me into high posts." ~~you~~ & ~~¶~~

"Why don't you understand, you teachers are unwanted, you ruin away all the fun of school, telling us what to do", Jake continued to screech.

"Unwanted... eh", ~~to~~ Mr Joseph muttered ~~to~~ timidly, his face looked down, letting his bald head shadow his glossy eyes.

Jake stepped forward, his constricted face matched his superior tone when he snarled, "Be of some use and change my result."

* * * *

"Mr Joseph, have you finalised all the results", the principal asked. Mr Joseph, seemed to have snapped out from a daze and stammered "N...No."

"Be quick, ~~we~~ and please do submit", ~~the~~ the principal retorted. Joseph took out the paper, which ~~he~~ he had marked previously with a bright large "F". Take timbottens was printed neatly ^{on it}. His thoughts brought back the fashbacks of today's incident. "useless", that was what Mr Joseph felt, he breathed profusely trying to hold back ~~his~~ the sadness that was engulfing him. His hands shivered, when he finally ~~scratched~~ scratched the red "F" and replaced ~~it~~ it with A+. ~~the~~

* * * * *

Results were out, families rejoiced and few mourned in silence, but the senario in Jak's house could be perfectly pictured by Mr Joseph. A proud Dad and mom, who patted their son, smiles shone brightly on their faces. Mr Joseph, was at home wondering how being a Teacher never brought him to be of any use. This thoughts were interrupted by his ~~blair~~ blaring phone. "Hello?", He responded. The voices at the other end rambled ~~out~~ out and Mr Joseph turned pale, stricken with fear.

Mr Joseph had it got caught, the news was much worse, Jake had faced an accident on his way to rejoice his top score and ^{was} killed on the spot. Joseph's knees buckled and he fell over on his knees, his fingers trembled as he ~~had~~ held them over his throbbing head. Jake was dead, ~~the~~ his mind repeated. The news echoes repeatedly driving him insane.

Jake's death might have been an accident, but somehow Mr Joseph felt undoubtedly ~~blamed~~ that he was the killer. If he hadn't changed the scores, he would never go out to party. Mr Joseph's heart beat rose wildly, ~~the~~ ~~as~~ adrenaline and fear pumped through his veins, he felt dizzy and only ~~on~~ ~~the~~ one thought ran in his mind.

- Being the unwanted was far better than being the killer. His tears ~~poored~~ formed cascades on his face and he whispered to himself, "what

have I done!". ~~His feelings had~~ He was driven by the ~~was~~ unwanted feeling to do things that he never should have.