I glanced at the paper. Classroom 4A. I walked briskly, fussing with the black bag. They said the black bag contained calming tools – to calm the students when they trigger. I walked into the classroom scattered with room dividers. Each student had their own space. I glanced around hesitantly. They said I am mostly in charge of the female student. There she was, rocking back and forth in her seat.

I began to walk towards her. She looked at me up and down and scowled. “Careful, this one attacks… and bites,” a man warned from behind. This job seems tough already. The man passed me her daily schedule. I skimmed it through in surprise. “I have to bring her to the toilet…?” “Of course, this is why we are typically assigned by gender.” He looked over, “you’re up – the first toilet break is now.” I took out a mini whiteboard and wrote down some simple instructions. While we were leaving for the toilet down the corridor, the man asked if I had the crisis hotline saved in my phone. I nodded and saw her flinched from the corner of my eye.

I stood awkwardly in the toilet. This attachment was going to be a tough four months. Suddenly, the door creaked open. Another student sauntered into the toilet and entered the only other cubicle. She did not seem to notice my presence. I looked at my watch. Does she usually take this long? That was when I heard a piercing scream. I felt myself tensed up. I only had a few seconds to react before she came out of her cubicle. What if she attacks me? What if she attacks the other student who seem oblivious?

What should I do?

Ending 1: Run out of the toilet

I should call for assistance before she attacks the other student. I made a lunge for the door handle but I was too late. I felt a pulsation of pain on my arm as she sunk her teeth in me. I pushed through the door agonizingly and called out weakly. I need help. Just then, I saw someone from the classroom opposite pointing at me frantically.

Ending 2: Stay in the toilet

She kicks the cubicle door wide open. Seconds later, I felt constricted. I could feel my necklace cut through the back of my collar. “Pain.” I struggled to speak. “I feel pain.” “Please stop.” I whimpered to redirect her behaviour. Her grip loosened only for a short while. She grabbed me by the hair. The other student walks out of the toilet slowly. A loud thud came next and then nothing.

2.04 Intro to Functions

Text

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Objects Text

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Raphael libraries

Graphical user interface, text

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