

# Cogs

We all fidgeted in our chairs as the tenseness in the classroom was raised. We waited for the new kid to walk in. I had especially high hopes because I was the only one with an empty chair next to me. "Please say hello to Jeremy, I hope you welcome him to the classroom," Miss Flan said in a happy cheery mood. Jeremy walked in just in time and took the seat right next to me but he kept silent.

He sits still, staring right at the sun and he doesn't flinch. "Get out your spelling books and write down your list," she demands. Some people start up a conversation like Sam and Joseph, but Miss Flan shuts them down. Miss Flan had given Jeremy a spare spelling book for year five, yet he was still in year four. I start to open my book to page forty two but Jeremy had put his book away. He had only had a brief look at it, yet he was writing down his list. The whole class looked at him surprised. We all huddled around him in a large syndicate. He looks up at us with the same emotionless face he had entered the room with.

It only took till recess for him to get a nickname: 'Cogs.' The name came from how robotic his movement was and his photographic memory. The school yard was a battle ground and it was like two warring factions were on the front lines, yet Cogs was not phased as he passed through all the madness with a straight face. Cogs was a quiet kid, which meant he was an easy target.

I had been walking with Cogs when it happened. It was my fault. I could have stopped them but I let them. We were walking on the grass and heard footsteps running at us. "Cogs, I hope you still tick after this," BAM! Cogs fell to the ground and he was shuddering on the floor as a group of kids started to crowd around laughing. Teachers were running around frantically trying to find the culprit but they weren't helping the victim. Cogs lay on the ground lifeless. Some kid kicked Cogs in the leg. I push him to the ground and he hit the ground hard. People started to back away from me.

Me and Cogs were friends - a thing that only humans can feel, not robots or plants, only humans. But how did that new friendship work? I talked crap about him, yet he didn't care. But how could he stand it? A teacher rolled him over and we were confronted with metal. His paint was scratched off and the metal was broken. You could see Cogs with his head all full of... cogs. He was no human at all. He was a machine.