

A Life Beyond Limits

Chapter 6

The passengers gasped as Jack snatched the knife straight out of the assailant's hand in one smooth motion.

The assailant froze, clearly stunned. "D-Don't come any closer!" he stammered. "I'm telling you, I'm crazy. Take one more step, and I swear I'll cut myself!"

His panicked words momentarily eased the tension on the bus. Jack chuckled mockingly. "Oh, yeah? Now, you're threatening to hurt yourself?"

"Stay back! I-I've got more knives on me!" the assailant shouted, fumbling through his pockets.

Seeing his opening, Jack lunged and grabbed the assailant's arm. But the assailant was stronger than he looked, and his violent thrashing nearly caused Jack to lose his grip.

But Jack wasn't the same as before. He tightened his hold and gathered all his strength, locking the assailant in an intense struggle. Finally, Jack overpowered and subdued him completely.

The passengers on the bus finally snapped out of their shock. They rushed forward to tie up the assailant and called the police.

Within minutes, police cars and ambulances arrived at the scene. Paramedics quickly moved the injured onto stretchers and into ambulances for treatment. Meanwhile, officers began their investigation, taking statements from witnesses.

When the officer asked who had subdued the assailant, all the passengers pointed to Jack. Just as the officer was about to take his statement, Jack suddenly exclaimed, "Oh no! My exam is about to start!"

Realizing the urgency, the officer didn't hesitate and immediately arranged for a police car to escort Jack to the testing center. As the police car sped through the streets, Jack sat inside, anxiously checking his watch every few seconds.

It was a close call, but Jack made it into the testing center at the last minute.

The first exam was language, and the atmosphere in the testing center was thick with tension. But Jack remained calm and composed. His pen moved confidently across the pages as he answered each question without hesitation.

The morning's events clearly hadn't fazed him.

In the afternoon, the math exam felt like a breeze for Jack. He swiftly solved each question, tackling even the trickiest ones with ease.

After finishing, Jack meticulously reviewed his answers. When the bell rang, he walked out of the testing center with a confident smile on his face.

After a full day of exams, Jack felt a weight lift off his shoulders. He was confident that he had done well.

That evening, Wesley and Eddie came over to hang out. They hopped on their bikes and cruised down the winding paths until they reached the riverbank in Perth.

As they tossed stones into the water, the frogs' croaking created a gentle ambiance for the peaceful evening. The beauty of the scene filled them with a sense of calm and joy.

Eddie, who was curious about the exams, asked Jack and Wesley how they had gone. Both were pleased with their performances.

When the topic shifted to their college plans, Jack and Wesley expressed their desire to study in a major city. Eddie, meanwhile, revealed his inclination to apply to a military academy.

The river breeze brought a peaceful, natural calm. In high spirits, Wesley hummed a beautiful tune, filled with nostalgia and hope. Eddie listened intently, captivated by its charm and curious about the song's name.

Wesley felt a sense of pride, knowing that "Time", the song that he was humming, had recently gained popularity online. Though he rarely sang, the song's beauty had inspired him to learn it.

Eddie became deeply interested in the song and wanted to learn more about it. Seeing this, Jack jokingly claimed that he could sing the song too, and quite well at that.

Wesley teased him, calling him a braggart, but Jack just smiled and began to sing. Wesley's eyes widened in disbelief as he listened.

"Whoa, no way!" he exclaimed. "Jack, I didn't know you could sing that well! If I didn't know you, I'd think you were the original singer."

Jack smiled without saying a word, his bright eyes looking into the distance, filled with hope.

The next day, the exams continued, and Jack tackled the science and foreign language tests with confidence. After finishing all four subjects, he felt like he'd performed exceptionally well. When he left the room, Jack let out a sigh of relief, his steps feeling lighter as he headed home.

Then came the day the answer keys were released. For college entrance exam candidates, this day was just as nerve-racking as results day itself.

Jack arrived early at Seaton High School to check his answers. There weren't many people in the classroom; the few who were there looked tense, their brows furrowed as if they weren't feeling very optimistic.

Marcus paced the room, observing the students' faces for signs of good news, but their expressions weren't encouraging.

Jack was unaffected by the tense atmosphere around him.

After picking up an answer key, he sat alone in a corner. He diligently compared it to his own answers, completely focused. His pen moved steadily across the page, a faint smile on his lips, as if he were already certain of his success.

Marcus circled behind the students he believed had a chance of getting into a second-tier university. He returned to the front of the classroom, feeling dejected. Was this going to be a complete wipeout?

He glanced at Jack, who was still engrossed in checking his answers. After a moment of hesitation, Marcus sighed and resignedly headed back to his office.

Just then, Albert entered through the backdoor of the classroom. After making a quick round of the room, he finally stopped next to Jack.

As a transfer student who'd only arrived shortly before graduation, Albert was quite impressed by Jack. After all, Jack's initial score of nearly 700 points had genuinely shocked him.

Although Jack never scored that high again, with his years of teaching experience, Albert always suspected Jack was intentionally hiding his abilities. He believed Jack's real academic potential was much higher than it seemed.

Albert stood quietly behind Jack, observing as he meticulously compared his answers. Jack remained focused on the answer key, as if time had stopped.

Minutes ticked by, and with each answer Jack marked, Albert's expression shifted—from calm, to surprise, to shock, and finally to utter disbelief.

After finishing, Jack stretched, a relieved smile spreading across his face. The score he calculated even surprised him.

"H-How much... How much do you think you scored?" Albert stammered. He'd been watching Jack check his answers without blinking. Seeing that Jack had marked almost all the answers correctly, Albert couldn't imagine what his final score would be.

"Around 680, I guess," Jack calmly replied.

Jack had already calculated the scores in his head: Language, 142; Math, 143; Science, 290; and Foreign Language, 145—adding up to a total of 720. But that score was so unbelievable that he had decided to give a lower estimate.

Even this relatively conservative estimate was enough to leave Albert stunned. His eyes widened in disbelief, and he stammered, "680?"