



# The Eye in the Sky at NPMS

By assid a



The hallway at New Prague Middle School was usually a rushing river of noise and backpack straps. But at 10:17 AM, the river suddenly jammed. Shouts flared, a textbook dropped, and two students were instantly surrounded by a crowd of surprised faces.





Ms. Věra, the principal, sat quietly at her desk. On the couch sat Liam and Olivia. "He started it!" said Liam, crossing his arms tight. "No, she shoved me after I tripped!" said Olivia, looking at the ceiling.



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Ms. Věra wrote notes on a pad. Two stories. One fight. One truth, hidden somewhere in the middle. She needed a witness who had no bias, who saw everything, and never blinked.





She picked up her phone. "Mr. Frame? Time for a trip to the Eye in the Sky." Mr. Frame was the school's tech whiz. He knew the camera system like he knew the alphabet, from A for Angle to Z for Zoom.



They entered the small, dark room. On the wall, screens flickered with a hundred tiny, moving pictures. Mr. Frame found the right camera feed for the 7th Grade Hallway. The screen showed a blur of motion. It was too fast, too crowded.





"The initial contact is always the hardest to find," he whispered. "Everyone ducks or turns away when things get loud." He isolated the moment. CLICK. He used the Digital Zoom, focusing on the space just before the shout.





Mr. Frame shifted the angle. Then, Ms. Věra saw it: Liam hadn't just bumped Olivia. His foot had caught on a loose shoelace, causing him to stumble. Olivia, standing right beside him, had reached out to steady him before the shove, but Liam had misinterpreted her touch as a hostile push.



"Ah," breathed Ms. Věra. The camera hadn't just shown the fight; it had shown the misunderstanding that caused the fight. Liam's angry reaction was a defense to an accidental fall. Olivia's shove was a confused reaction to Liam suddenly shouting.





Ms. Věra returned to the office. "Liam, Olivia," she said softly. "The Eye in the Sky showed me something very important. It showed me an accident that looked like an attack." She explained the loose shoelace and Olivia's reaching hand.





Liam looked at Olivia. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I thought you pushed me." Olivia nodded. "I'm sorry I yelled back." The camera hadn't punished them, but it had given them the whole, true story. And sometimes, the truth is the best way to fix a jam in the rushing river of the day.

