

CHAPTER ONE

The New Teacher

My name is Jennifer Dale. My friends call me Jenny. I'm 16 years old and I live near Boston. My town is beautiful and very green. I live here with my parents and my dog, Fred. I go to school at Jefferson High and I want to become a journalist. In my free time I play volleyball and I listen to "heavy metal" music.

I want to tell you my story.

It was the first day of high school. I was excited. I already knew most of my classmates, but I didn't know my new teachers. I got up, ate my breakfast and went to school. On the street I met my friend, Dana; her house is near mine and we always walk to school together.

"I hope our new teachers are men. And I hope they're handsome!" Dana said. Dana loves talking about boys.

"Yes, I need something new and interesting in my life," I answered.

We arrived at school and went into our classroom. A young man was inside.

"Hello, boys and girls. I'm your new science teacher. My name is Mr Adams. I hope to work well with you this year."

Dana and I looked at Mr. Adams. He was tall and thin. He had blond hair and brown eyes. He seemed friendly.

"We're lucky! I think he's a very handsome teacher!" Dana said to me.

"Yes, he is!" I answered. I looked at him and he looked at me. Our eyes met. "What's your name?" he asked, smiling. "Uh, Jennifer," I answered. I was a little nervous.

He turned to Dana. "And who are you?"

"I'm Dana!" Dana gave him a big, enthusiastic smile. At that moment the noise of an airplane attracted our attention. Everyone in the class looked out of the window, but the sun was in front of us. It bothered our eyes. We turned away from the window. Except Mr Adams. He was at the window and was looking directly at the sun. The sun didn't irritate his eyes!

"Gee!" I thought, "How can he look at it like that?!!"

The airplane then passed and the lesson continued. When the hour finished, another man walked in. This one had black hair and green eyes. His nose was small and pointed, and he had strangely high cheekbones.

"What a weird-looking teacher!" I said to Dana.

"Wow, you're right!" she exclaimed.

The teacher didn't smile and spoke coldly to the class.

"I'm your English teacher. I want you to be on your best behaviour this year. The lesson can begin. And remember, no talking!"

Everyone in class was evidently shocked, but no one said anything. Another