

## 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

student, Steve, raised his hand.

"What?" asked the new teacher in his cold voice.

"Excuse me, but what's your name?"

"Mr. Stone," he answered. I then noticed that his voice wasn't just cold: it was metallic and monotonous! Dana looked at me with disappointment. She raised her eyebrows. "What's his problem?" she mouthed.

The lesson proceeded. Mr. Stone read a poem from our English Literature book. His voice was weird, very weird. It had no emotion. It was almost robotic!

Someone touched me. It was Dana. "Isn't he horrible?" she whispered. I nodded.

The other teachers we met that morning were Miss Smith, the arts teacher, and Mrs. Ching, who taught math. Both seemed nice. Miss Smith, in particular, was a very cheerful person.

## CHAPTER TWO

### Clues

I always eat lunch at school. That day I ate with Dana and Paul Miller, another friend from my class. Paul was a very intelligent boy. He was always the best in math. His parents were divorced and he lived with his father and his black cat, Apollo. He missed his mother. She lived with another man and didn't want to see Paul. His father was never at home, so Paul was very lonely. He didn't have many friends at school because he was too intellectual. He loved Apollo very much and spent a lot of time with him.

"What do you think about our new teachers?" I asked my friends.

"I think Mr Adams is very sexy!" said Dana.

"Did you see how he looked at the airplane? The sun didn't bother him!" exclaimed Paul. "You're right!" I said. "But did you hear Mr Stone? He speaks like a robot! His voice is cold and metallic!"

"He's unfriendly too!" added Dana. "That's true!" I said.

"Look!" said Paul. "Look what he's eating!" We looked at Mr Stone. He sat away from the other teachers and he didn't have a normal lunch. There was a glass in front of him. It was full of a dense, green liquid. There were some black pills in his hand. He put two of them in the glass. The green liquid started to bubble, and it changed colour: it started to become red! Then he took the glass and drank the mysterious red formula.

I looked at Paul and he looked at me. We were disgusted and frightened. Dana tried to be rational. "Maybe it's a new diet. Maybe that's why he's so thin!" she said. I didn't agree. There was something strange about Mr Stone.

That afternoon and the next day we met our other new teachers. We also had English again. Mr Stone came in and sat down.

"Miller. Paul Miller. Tell me something about yourself."

Paul was surprised. English teachers don't usually ask personal questions!

"Well, Paul? Don't you have anything to say?"

"Uh, well, I enjoy astronomy, I have a cat..." Mr Stone asked everyone to say something about their life and hobbies.

"Maybe he wants to create a relationship with us, but he's such a cold person! How bizarre!" I thought. Then, looking at him more carefully, I noticed something: his eyes weren't green anymore! They seemed a darker, different colour! I raised my hand.

"May I go to the bathroom?" I asked. As I walked towards the door, I looked at Mr Stone's eyes again. I was right! They were yellowish brown. They looked like amber!

## CHAPTER THREE

### Aliens

That afternoon I sat on my bed and thought about my first two days of high school. I wanted to know more about Mr. Stone. I decided to go and visit Paul.

Paul was in front of his computer. He was very interested in astronomy, the occult, and life on other planets.

"Hi, Paul. What are you doing?"

I asked.

"I'm on the Internet. I'm in contact with the International Space Fan Club. Listen to this. Something very important is happening. A comet is passing through the Virgo constellation. There are the right connections for intergalactic meetings! The Earth has been in the Virgo constellation since last week."

"But what are intergalactic meetings?" I asked.

"They're voyages of aliens to our planet. These voyages can happen only in special moments, for example, when a constellation and a comet meet. Aliens can travel to our planet for different reasons. Sometimes they want to study us humans. Some people say that aliens may come to Earth to conquer the planet."

I looked at Paul with a shocked expression. An idea started to form in my mind.

"What's wrong, Jenny?" Paul asked.

"Maybe Mr Stone is an alien!" I exclaimed.

"Gee, aren't you exaggerating? Come on, get real!!"

"Well, his voice doesn't seem human, his eyes change colour, and do you remember the green liquid and the black pills he had for lunch?"

"What do you mean, his eyes change colour?" Paul asked.

"Didn't you notice? Yesterday they were green; today they're amber-coloured!" I answered.

"Even if his eyes change colour, I still don't believe he's an alien."

"But the comet explains everything: it entered the Virgo constellation last week, and Mr Stone is a new teacher. I talked to Dana's brother, Matt. He said that this is Mr Stone's first year at Jefferson High. No one knows where he comes from!" I said.

"Maybe..." Paul's eyes lit up. "Maybe that's why he asked us all those personal questions: he wants to study us!"

"Yes! You see, all clues indicate that he is an alien! So, what can we do?" I asked.

"We can spy on him. Maybe we can follow him to his house. We can see where he lives and what he does at home. However, we must be very careful. He doesn't seem to have emotions. He might get angry if he discovers we suspect him. We'll try to follow him tomorrow, after school, OK?" said Paul.