**The First Meet Up**

**First Voice - New Kid (Liam)**

So, have you ever moved so much to the point where you can't even count how many places you've lived in? I have that problem. My mom and I just moved to Ottawa from Kingston. I was born in Vancouver. I lived there with my family.

My mom and dad divorced a couple of years ago. My mom took me with her and my younger brother lives with my dad in Vancouver. People always ask why we move so much. Let’s just say that we have some issues. Anyway, I am starting at a new school, Rogers Heights Middle School. You might think that's normal, moving to a new school, not for me. I have never went to a public school. I have been homeschooled since grade 1. The first day was the most terrifying day of my life.

Anxiously walking down the halls of the new building, hoping everything is going to be alright. Guess what? You're correct, we all predicted something is going to go wrong. Let me tell you what happened. As I was walking, a tall man stopped me in the halls. He looked like he haven't slept in years.

He had spiky hair like knives were glued to his head. The stranger looked at me like he was going to attack me. I immediately became frightened by him. So I tried to escape the situation, but the creature wouldn’t let me go.

Eventually he started talking in a **hasty** voice. Asking questions in a odd way. I was so nervous but I realized that I had to say something. I felt like this conversation went on and on for a least 20 minutes.

Gladly the school bell rang but it wasn't the end of the day. During the day I saw the man staring at me with his drained eyes. Finally, the day ended. No more seeing this unusual man. Then I understood, I have to go to school everyday.

**Second Voice - School Principal (Mr. H.)**

New day .New year. It's time for school. Everyone coming back from the summer break, meeting new friends and seeing old teachers. I was in a excited mood to go to work early. I briskly made my coffee, put on my expensive suit and drove to work.

I waved and greeted the new and old students at the main door. I was **astonished** by the presentation and decoration in the theater. During the school day, I always walk down the halls to make sure nobody got lost.

Just then, a clueless young boy was walking with his head down, looking at the floor. He didn't look familiar to me so I walked over and saluted him. The boy was **startled** by me approaching him. I **obligingly** asked what his name was, it was Liam. What an coincidence, my name was Liam too. Anyway, I wanted to know more about Liam.

So I began to ask questions about his background, he replied in short answers. We had quite a lot of stuff in common. For example we both were born in Vancouver and moved to Ottawa. I felt terrible for him because of all the times he had moved. That must have been a lot of work.

Turns out we also have our differences. He is interested in computers and anything tech related. Not for me, I try to stay away from computer related things. Sadly after a few minutes, the bell rang. Time for the staff presentation. I quickly said goodbye to him and headed my way to the theater. I can see that Liam is a great kid. He's not like the other students. I can’t wait to see him again.

