

Andrew's Journey to a New Life in America
Modified Version
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Chapter 10

Two months later, Andrew went to the university. He wanted to use the money he saved from his job to go to an intensive English course and culinary arts school.

“Please, you have information about English class and culinary arts degree?” Andrew asked the woman at the information desk.

“Yes. You need to go to the Registrar’s office. It’s down this hall, room 127.” She pointed to her right and smiled.

There were people everywhere, and he had to stand in several lines. But after hours of filling in forms and waiting, he was registered for the summer session at the English Center.

A little after 6:00 PM, Andrew got off the bus and walked to his apartment. He was in a good mood.

“*Did you register for English classes?*” Wei asked him.

“*Yes.*”

“*Great. Hey, there’s another article in the newspaper about Jimmy and the identity theft ring. It says 11 more people went to the police with complaints that Jimmy mistreated and misled them. I’m glad the police caught him.*”

School was difficult, but Andrew knew he was making progress. People understood him when he spoke.

Andrew was getting to know the other students in his class. One was small, with long black hair. He thought of YaoLin. He wondered how she was.

There was a letter on the table in her familiar handwriting when he got home. It was addressed to Wei. At first Andrew was surprised, but then he was happy for them. They were a good match.

One afternoon in August, he decided to visit the Botanic Gardens and see the beautiful plants and colorful flowers. He walked slowly all around. He felt relaxed and happy.

On his way out, Andrew saw a sign for an art show. He went in and looked at all the paintings. He stopped to gaze at one abstract painting that he liked because of the colors and movement.

A woman came up behind him. "What do you think about my painting?" she asked. Andrew turned to talk to her. It was Linda.

"This painting speak to my head and my heart with many joy. I think I could love the woman who paint this picture."