

Andrew's Journey to a New Life in America
Modified Version
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Chapter 2

Andrew had tea and rice soup for breakfast. He zipped up his coat and put on his hat and gloves. It was cold but mild for January. The sun was shining. Denver was a nice place to live. Andrew thought of YaoLin and hoped she like Denver, too.

He walked 20 minutes to his English class in a big, old school.

“Hi, Andrew,” Karen, the English teacher, said. A young woman was standing beside Karen. She was slim and taller than Karen and had long, straight auburn hair. She smiled and came over to Andrew to shake his hand.

“Hello. My name is Linda. What’s your name?”

“Andrew Lee. Nice to meet you. Are you teacher?”

“No. Actually, I’m an artist. But I volunteer to help in the morning class on Thursdays.”

At journal time, Karen sat with Andrew and read his entry:

Today I have big problem. Yesterday I get letter from credit card company. They say I spend \$450. But I not go this store. I not spend money. Maybe is more big problem. Maybe someone have my number and use my name. I scare about this.

“Oh, Andrew. How awful!” said Karen.

Karen wrote in Andrew’s journal:

This is a serious problem. If someone stole your name, that’s called identity theft. I just read an article about it in the newspaper.

In the afternoon, after working the lunch shift, Andrew talked to Jimmy. He told Jimmy the whole story of the credit card problem and his worry that his identity was stolen. He asked Jimmy to check on his credit rating since he was his employer. At first, Jimmy was impatient. Then he agreed.

The next week Jimmy said, *“Andrew, I checked your credit report and it’s all fine. There are no late payments or unusual transactions.”*

“That’s a relief. Thank you for your help, Jimmy.”

Back at the apartment, Andrew told Wei, *“I have good news. Jimmy said my credit is fine. No problems. Jimmy was nice.”*

Wei said, *“Great.”* He handed Andrew some envelopes. *“The mail came. One was his new Visa credit card. The second was junk mail. The third was a bill from a home improvement store. It said, “Payment due February 8: \$284.16.”*

Wei looked at the bill and then looked at Andrew. *“This isn’t good. You’re in trouble.*