

**Andrew's Journey to a New Life in America**  
Modified Version  
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## Chapter 8

From across the restaurant, Andrew watched Sam, the new guy, set the tables. He was small and wiry. He had long, black hair, high cheekbones, and thin lips that gave his face a mean look. He didn't smile.

Andrew noticed how much Sam used his cell phone. Sam often stopped what he was doing and went over near the cashier counter to speak on his phone.

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That night, when the three roommates were talking, Wei said, "*Maybe Sam is getting credit card numbers for Jimmy.*"

"How?" asked Charley and Andrew at the same time.

"*His phone may have a camera in it. He can point it at a credit card, take a picture, and get the number.*"

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At work, Andrew saw Sam go behind the counter several times. One time he looked up to see Sam looking at him.

Just as Andrew was ready to leave, Jimmy came in smiling. "*Andrew, I'm happy with your work. I want to promote you to waiter. Can you start tomorrow?*"

"*I-I-I don't know,*" Andrew stammered in surprise.

"*It will mean a raise. I'll have the papers ready for you to sign in the morning.*"

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That night, Andrew told Wei and Charley about the promotion.

We said, *“I think Sam talked to Jimmy. He’s being nice so you will not go to the police. We have to get proof that Jimmy is an identify broker. Andrew, look in his office. You have to find papers with names and numbers or something that will prove to the police what Jimmy is doing.”*

Okay,” said Andrew. *“I’ll do it. I’ll find a way.”*

The next morning, Andrew signed his new employment agreement. He felt clumsy taking the orders and writing them down in his new job as waiter. But the more he did it, the easier it got. After lunch, at a quiet moment, Andrew went to Jimmy’s office.

There were papers stacked on his desk and several piles on the floor. He jiggled the mouse on Jimmy’s computer. The screen filled with names and numbers. They must be credit card numbers! Quickly he sent the file to Wei.

Just as Andrew pressed “send,” he saw Sam standing outside Jimmy’s office door talking on his cell phone. Andrew ran.

He burst in the door of the apartment.

*“Charley, I found some names and numbers on Jimmy’s computer and sent them to Wei. But Sam saw me.”*

Charley cried, *“You have to call the police. We’re in danger! Jimmy or Sam could come here! Call the police!”* Andrew realized that was Charley said was true. He picked up the phone and dialed 911.