

A Song of Nessi and Guns

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Kapitel 1: 1. A new Term

He was new to school at the start of term, and I don't think that I would have noticed him, if the teacher wouldn't have called him to the front to the class to make him introduce himself.

He was so hesitant, and a giggle, a laughter erupted from me and my friends who always surrounded me, like a gaggle of geese, or a murder of crows.

When Miss Hartwick then threw Logan, the two to my one, out of the room and the laughter died, the new Kid with his old and very worn looking black jeans jacket that he wore over a black zipper hoodie, with the hood up and ripped pants, opened his mouth to introduce himself.

He was speaking so quiet that, even if I wanted to understand what he said, I couldn't, and before I got the chance, Garrett, to my left shouted.

"Speak up, weird emo boy, we can't hear you"

With a sharp voice, Miss Hartwick called out 'Mr. Jackson' to leave to room, and to be ashamed of himself, which he – knowing him, clearly wouldn't be. Then Garrett followed Logan, and the high five they shared was so loud, that the rest of the class could hear them, even through the closed door.

I rolled my eyes, not because I was taking the moral high road, oh no, more because, I knew that if the year already started like this, we would get into trouble, and maybe the coach would even ban us from playing on the team together this year. Well maybe not me, the coach can't loose me, but Logan and Garrett for sure, but they are not going to be on the team if they don't get their grades in order anyway.

"Liam Munro", he said. And now I could hear him, his voice, which basically was like any other, but not at all, at the same time. He spoke with a thick accent, that I couldn't even pin down in the first place. Only that it definitely was not from around here.

I don't even think that the people here in urban Colorado have an accent, if I am being honest.

"Welcome, Liam Monroe" – his Name sounded so different when the sociology teacher repeated his name. It sounded softer, when she said it, and if I am being honest, I don't think I did understand what he said at all.

The R in his surname was so thickly rolled, that I never even would have guessed the word to be close to 'Monroe', and his first name, he barely even pronounced the 'a'.

“so, would you mind telling us something about yourself, like where are you from, why did you move here?”

“well, I suppose if I tell you my towns name you wouldn’t know it anyway”, the kid scowled, not making eye contact with anyone. “and its Munro, not Monroe, Miss”

Miss Hartwick was clearly uncomfortable, she shifted her weight.

“go ahead, enlighten us, please”

“Drumnadrochit”

There was a very visible frown, that literally every face in the class now showed.

“and where is that?”, asked the teacher softly, carefully even.

“north Scotland. Dad got a new job here, had to come... well fingers crossed I guess...”

I didn’t understand what he meant with that last sentence, nobody seemed to, and Miss Hartwick seemed so unsettled by the very harsh answers of this new kid, that she didn’t ask.

“ok yes, well, very interesting, European, English...” – now it was his time to frown and he stared at Miss Hartwick with very visible disgust in his face.

“no not English. Scottish.”

“hah, well yes”, the young sociology teacher seemed so unsettled in that moment.

“Well Liam, you can it right there, next to Annabell”

If that didn’t fit, next to Annabell, who also sat in the last row, but on the other side of the classroom, was the only free space in the class. Probably because she was weird, I mean, I know she is weird, she’s always been weird, the quiet kid, the always reading, black hair, black eyeliner, growling at people kinda weird.

I didn’t even take any further notice of the new kid after he sat down, and his presence slipped my mind completely when Miss Hartwick got Logan and Garret back into the classroom and handed them a fresh pair of detention passes for Friday afternoon.

“But that’s when the first football practice is”, I found myself blurting out.

“Mister Brooks, not the whole world revolves around your sport events, even if it might look like that to you”, she said and moved back to the front of the class, leaving me annoyed and scowling at Garret and Logan who sat down staring at the pieces of paper they were just handed.