

## A New Friend

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## A New Friend

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### Summary

When Jim transfers to a new school in the middle of the semester, he is worried about making new friends. But then he spots someone sitting by themselves and sees the perfect opportunity to introduce himself.

### Notes

Trektober Day 4

Prompt: "Hey, Cool Rock" / "First Contact"

Jim walked through the front gates of his new school, and couldn't help but gawk at how big it was. And how clean. And new looking. It made his old school in Riverside look like a run down shed. He hoped that this San Franciscan school's students were as different from Riverside's as their buildings were.

He hadn't had a good time at his old school. He was at the bottom of the food chain there, and the bullies took advantage of that. So he had jumped at the opportunity to change schools when his mom accepted a job at Starfleet HQ.

Jim was excited, but nervous. Joining a school in the middle of the semester wasn't easy. All the kids had already formed their friend groups, and it would be difficult to infiltrate them. But he had hope.

School didn't start for another fifteen minutes, so students were milling around outside, enjoying the cool autumn air. They all stood in groups, having conversations and laughing among themselves. Jim found himself too intimidated to go up to any of them and introduce himself.

But he brightened when he saw one student sitting by himself on the school's manicured front lawn. He was looking down, studying something in his hands.

Jim mustered his courage and walked over to him. As he got nearer, he noticed that the student had pointed ears, like an elf. He didn't let the oddity deter him. He stepped up in front of the boy.

The boy with the pointed ears didn't look up, even though Jim was sure his feet were in eye-shot. The boy just kept staring down at the reddish brown rock in his hands.

Not willing to give up yet, Jim folded himself into a sitting position in front of the strange student.

"Hey," he said. "Cool rock."

The other child looked up at Jim. He had large brown eyes that were wary but warm.

"It is from Vulcan," the boy said, holding it up so Jim could see it better.

"I like the colour," Jim said.

"It is the colour of Vulcan's desert sands."

"Is that where you're from? Vulcan?" Jim wondered out loud.

The boy nodded.

"So you're a Vulcan?"

"Yes."

"Cool," Jim said, eyes lighting up. "I've never met a Vulcan before." He offered a hand. "My name is Jim."

The Vulcan gave his outstretched hand a strange look, before gingerly reaching forward to shake it.

"I am Spock," the Vulcan said. He raised his hand and held it in a strange way, his fingers forming a "V" between his middle and ring fingers.

Jim blinked. "What does that mean?"

"It is how Vulcans greet each other," he said. "Similar to how humans shake hands."

"So... Vulcans don't shake hands?"

"Vulcans are touch telepaths," Spock said plainly. "Skin to skin contact is considered rather intimate."

"Oh," Jim said, feeling his ears turn red. "Sorry. You didn't have to shake my hand."

Spock shrugged. "I thought it would be polite."

Jim wanted to be polite too, so he tried to replicate Spock's Vulcan greeting. He had a hard time getting his ring and middle fingers to separate.

When he looked back at Spock, he noticed that the Vulcan was regarding him with amusement. Jim shrugged. "I tried."

The bell rang at that moment, signalling for the students to head to their classrooms. Jim got to his feet and without thinking, extended a hand to help Spock up.

He blushed, then tucked his hand in his sleeve and offered his covered hand to his new friend.

Spock raised an eyebrow at him, but accepted the hand, and Jim pulled him to his feet.

"You're heavier than you look," Jim commented. "Uh, no offense."

"None taken," Spock answered. "Vulcan has a higher gravity than Earth."

"Oh."

They walked together to the front doors, about to join the stream of students rushing to their classrooms.

"Wait," Jim said before Spock vanished in the river of bodies. "Want to meet up out here at lunch?"

Spock blinked at him, then nodded. "I would like that."

Then, he stepped into the halls and vanished into the crowd. Jim pulled out his campus map, hoping to locate his class before the second bell rang. He couldn't make the big grin on his face go away. He hadn't even been to his first class yet, and he had already made a friend. His first day of school was going great.

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