Autumn's DIARY OF DREAMS

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BY

ALEXANDRA ANDRAS

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Many of my clients went out of their way to recount them experiences for this project, and their generosity has helped make this a better book. While there is tremendous value in these experiences for you, my reader, there is also tremendous value for my clients in moving on from them. With this in mind and to maintain anonymity, I've changed names and specific details for the client quotes and experiences. Any resemblance to persons living or deceased is entirely coincidental and unintentional.

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DEDICATION



This book is dedicated to my loving parents, brother and rest of my family who have faith in me and always support me no matter what. Also, it is dedicated to my perfect teachers, from Southfields Primary School, who coax a smile onto my face every day.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

A big thank you to the people who have worked with me to publish this book.

Another thank you to all my loving, caring family who motivated me and have had supported me.

I then mustn't forget my caring teachers from Southfields Primary School.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



My name is Alexandra Andras. I am an ordinary 10 years old girl who lives in the city Peterborough in England. I was born in December 2012, as a Christmas gift for my parents. Although I am British, my family's roots reach all the way to Eastern Europe. My parents moved to Peterborough from a small town in Slovakia called Kežmarok.

I live with my Mum, Dad, little brother and two rabbits. I go to Southfields Primary School. I adore school and education generally, whereas, my favourite subject is either Literacy or Handwriting.

I enjoy reading and writing which had inspired me to write stories.

When I am not at school, I like dancing and drawing. One of my greatest achievements is writing this book! My favourite hobby to do anywhere is to read, read, read and read.

My favourite author that I like to read is Sophie Anderson. Not only do I like reading but, I also enjoy writing. When I am older, I would like to become an author.

In the future, I would like to write drama or mystery.

PROLOGUE



I am Autumn Mayster.

I am 12 years old. I lived in Milton Keynes with my Mum, Dad, little brother and, dog, Ascher. I lived in a small cottage in a rather empty village.

Our village was empty because it was in the infinite fields that nobody ever went to. Me and my family move quite often due to school and work.

I have lived in many different houses, cottages, and flats. Every evening, we all sit by the fireplace and stare at the night sky, in search for comets and shooting stars. If we are lucky enough to find a gleaming celestial body, we would crouch and gather by the fire, each making a wish.

My dog, Ascher, is a Bernese Mountain Dog and he loves to play. We raised him as a pup because he was an orphan and lost his parents in an avalanche.

It is hard to move houses often with a dog because once we move in, Ascher would sniff the entire house before we go inside. It is his way of letting us know if it is 'safe'.

Living with family is great, especially if you have a loving one. I cannot help but say, I have been the luckiest in this department

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Chapter 1

A NEW BORING DAY!



ONE MORNING at 7:00a.m, I was still fast asleep in my bed, dreaming of many things. Books really. Suddenly, something disturbed my fantasy world. Or should I say, someone?

It was Mum. "Autumn Mayster, up now, you have school today."

School. I hate it. My French teacher, Mrs Jeanues, was the worst! She would yell at you for just mispronouncing a word. I stumbled out of bed and slumped all the way downstairs.

Breakfast was already on the table. A bowl of my favourite Fruit Loops. As I spooned my cereal into my mouth, Mum asked me, "Have you studied for your Maths exam today?"

"Yes!" I mumbled chomping Loops in my mouth with pride.

As I packed my bag asking myself, "What is 2,381 x 107?," I sighed exhaustedly and heaved my bag onto my back.

I stepped into the gloomy clouds.

Then my bus was out. “Have fun Auts!” bellowed Mum whilst waving frantically.

As I sat myself in the bus, a little four-year-old started asking me questions and telling me

unnecessary things. “Who are you? What are you doing on that phone? Where are you going?”

Then his mother came along. “Mason! I am so sorry!” she apologized with sorry eyes.

“It's alright!” I answered peacefully.

I couldn't think of anything else to do but message my friend. It took us twenty minutes to reach school.

It's as dull as dishwater, as dreary as dusk, there's so many ways to describe it. In bad ways, obviously.

I walked to the door in slow- motion hoping school would be dismissed very early. I entwined my index and middle finger onto each other and leaned into the dim hall. I then went on the search for my locker. I found it. No.4. There were not many students in this school. Clearly. I grabbed my stationary. I then slowly walked into class. The first class was French. Yay. I thought to myself,

“*I bet Mrs* Jeanues *is going to scream so much that she won't even be able to speak for the rest of the day.”*

I gave a long, bored moan. I flopped towards class. I took a deep breath, exhaled and tiptoed into the classroom. Uh Oh! I decided before class, it wouldn't matter if I splashed my face with some very, very, very, very, very cold water to wake the aliveness out of me. It was time. I tried to stall myself, but that didn't work. I fiddled with my hair to distract myself, but no matter what I did, I would go in. It was taking too long. I would rather have gotten detention. I wasn't very excited….

Chapter 2

THE EXAM



MRS JEANUES was waiting with a stern look on her face and was tapping her foot.

The half-moon spectacles reflected of the lights and her dry lips pouted.

“Bonjour a' toute la classe,” she said in a jolly tone showing her squared teeth.

“Bonjour.” the class mumbled with boredom.

In her French accent she inquired, “Now, does anybody know what you are supposedly doing today?”

Benjamin Green - one of my class mates, raised his hand and murmured, “Mathematics exam, Miss?”

“Oui. But unfortunately for those who enjoy mathématiques, instead of that you have Examen de Français!!” she exclaimed joyfully.

The entire class said either “Come on!” or “Seriously!”

Mrs Jeanues danced about and started singing in French. Her dirty-blonde bob bounced and flew across her slightly wrinkled face.

I buried my head in my hands, sighed and thought, can this day get any worse?!

The test was okay. The first question said, “E'crivez votre nom dans la case ci-dessous.”

That meant, “Write your name in the box below.” I wrote, Mayster d'automne.

The next question was, “Si vous connaissez E=_____, alors vous pourrez connaître A2+B2=_____.”

I thought it said, A2+B2= C2. It turns out, it said, “If $E= Mc^2$, then you shall know A2+B2= C2.”

Luckily, I got a B-. Maybe it wasn't worth acting so stressed and disappointed. At lunch, I got my tray and sat by my best friend, Julia Saunders.

“How was French class?” she questioned.

“It wasn't that bad.” I answered, “We had a French exam instead of a Mathematics.”

“Oh.” she tilted her head in confusion.

Julia was my best ever friend. On my first day of school - which I joined in the middle of Year 7, we instantly became companions. We became friends by the fact that we met in the hall. She showed me where my locker was and helped me find the class I was looking for. We were friends ever since.

Once we finished our lunch, the bell rang. We walked to our lockers and put our books inside. As we slammed our doors, the bell rang again. Everyone scurried along and looked a bit baffled.

The school speaker whistled. “Year 7, Class 3, your next class is the gym. Hurry up!”

That was Mr Lurkten, the school coach. He wore a red jacket and a whistle. He had a large, round belly and his joggers were old and stretched out. He had a small, chubby face that made his squishy cheeks droop.

I hoped that P.E was going to be better than the recent class that I didn't dare say. I groaned once more and went towards the gymnasium.


E'crivez votre nom
dans la case
ci-dessous
Mrs Jeanues
French Teacher