

# Adventures of August

August woke from a deep slumber only wishing to go back to the dream they had just come from. It had been a wonderful place, but it was disappearing by the second as dreams often do. The birds are chirping outside the window, and the dog is licking August's face as if to say, "Get up." "Get UP!" So, they do. They climb out of their cozy bed and slip on the slippers that wait so patiently on the floor. Before going down for breakfast they pull out their journal for a morning entry.

"Dear journal, this morning I had the most wonderful dream. All I can remember now are the fish. They were amazing and exotic. And very clever.

One spoke to me and told me that he wished... I don't remember what he wished for. I'm crossing my fingers that I will remember later."

After breakfast August goes outside to do chores, feeding the chickens first like always, and second, picking the most beautiful bouquet of flowers for grandmother. She lives with them and has told August almost every day of their whole life that fresh cut flowers on her table are her very favorite thing. August's third task is to pick a pail-full of raspberries, which is their very favorite thing. Suddenly, a noise comes from the other side of the raspberry bushes. It's almost a whisper, but sort of a song. August follows the sound until they find themselves at the pond. As soon as they look into the blue-green water the dream from the night before comes flooding back. They remember everything.

"Hello-o?" says August in a sing-song voice as they remember the song from the dream. "Hello-o, hello-o. Please come here little fish from the depths of your pond. Hello-o, hello-o." And just like that a fish pops its head out of the water and sings back. "Yes little one of the earth and the sun?"

August remembers this fish from the dream. Feeling as if an old friend has come back from a faraway land after many moons away August says "Hello!" The fish invites August down for a visit and when they tell him that they cannot breathe under water the fish says "Nonsense dear August. There is magic afoot here."

That very night the fish visits August in their dream to let them know just what to do. They wake up remembering every word which they quickly record in their journal.

August eats their breakfast, feeds the chickens, picks grandmother her beautiful bouquet, fills the pail with raspberries and with great anticipation heads down to the pond...

