

Lost in London, Found in a Dream

Émilie, a French student, had loved London ever since she read about it in a book when she was eight. She liked the red buses, the old buildings, and the fog over the Thames. So when her school announced an exchange program, she joined right away.

Now, standing in the heart of the city, Émilie could hardly believe she was here. She walked through Covent Garden, watching buskers, then strolled along the South Bank, feeling the cool breeze from the river. The city smelled fresh after the rain.

One evening, she found a small bookshop near Notting Hill. An old man behind the counter smiled at her. "Looking for something special?" he asked. Émilie nodded. "Something about London." He handed her a leather-bound book with no title. "This book will show you a new side of the city," he said with a wink.

That night, she opened the book, and something strange happened. The words on the pages shimmered, and suddenly, she was no longer in her room—she was in Victorian London! The streets were lit by gas lamps, and horses pulled carriages over cobblestone roads.

She walked through the city, meeting people from the past. She even met Charles Dickens, who asked her if she liked his stories. She wanted to ask how this was possible, but before she could, she woke up. The book was gone. Had it been a dream?

As she left her hall of residence, she noticed something strange—on her desk was an old London map. It looked just like the one she had seen in the book. In the distance, Big Ben chimed, as if welcoming her back to the city of her dreams.

