

# Amy's Lost Dream



Jocelyn Chan

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**From the same author:**

**Amy's Lost Dream, September 2018**

*Amy's  
Lost Dream*

Written by  
Jocelyn Chan

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## CHAPTER I

There was an office on the 5th floor in a huge building in New York City. This is where a short hair office lady, Amy Lee, was working. She was alone typing in this big office. It was very boring because no one talked to her. *'Just another new job and I'm bored again. No wonder no one talks to me. What am I going to do with my life?'* Every hour, she was taking a look at the clock.

She exhaled then took a deep breath. *'Do I really have to do that boring work.'* She looked at her workmates. *'Nobody here seems bored, on the contrary, they are smiling and enjoying the work... I surely look like an annoying woman among this circus, no one talks to me. What's the matter then?'* She glanced at the clock. *'Still, have five more minutes before lunch.'* She kept going the work until the needle moves to 12. Just then, she left her desk.

"I am off to lunch now, see you later!" she said to her boss.

Her thought was interrupted.

“Amy, I’m so sorry... can you type this letter for me? It’s very important,” asked her boss.

Amy took a look at the clock.

“Can it wait a bit, it’s my lunch time now?”

The boss seemed annoyed. Amy felt stuck.

“Right... I do it,” she said, exhaling at the same time.

“Thanks a lot, I appreciate,” he replied.

She looked at him leaving his desk.

*‘You always say that it’s important, but I know this letter will stay on your desk until tomorrow,’ she thought.*

## CHAPTER 2

Finally, she was off to lunch and could be off of the building. However, it was crowded on the sidewalk. She managed her way to the side. On the street, cars were driving very fast. *'These cars are not respecting the signs; it is very dangerous.'* She was scared the cars might have an accident.

“These drivers are crazy! Why do they drive so fast?”

“It’s like that at this time. You have to take care even though the light is green,” said the woman next to her.

But when the light turned green, cars stopped, leaving people crossing the road but none of them were going. As Amy wanted to go straight to lunch, she was the only one to start to walk. She didn’t pay attention, but there was one car driving towards her with no intention to stop. Amy was looking straight when some people were shouting at her. She turned her head towards the cries, wondering what was going on. She saw the crowd standing on the sidewalk, not moving. But she couldn’t hear what they were saying, their faces being scared,



surprised, astonished. It was just at that moment, she turned her head to the other side and saw the car almost on her. Before she could step back, a hand pulled her back just on time. The car barely hit the end of her dress.

She was speechless. Her heart was beating very fast. She didn't know what exactly happened. She looked next to her. A man smiled.

“Should check before crossing, even though it's green.”

It took some seconds for Amy to be able to say something.

“Er... I'm sorry... thanks for saving me!”

When all the cars finally stopped, she walked straight forward, leaving the man behind and went straight to the restaurant.

## CHAPTER 3

Once at the restaurant, she ordered a hamburger. She sat at a table but was still thinking about the fast cars. The waitress brought the hamburger. She took a bite when she heard a voice.

“Hi! How are you?”

She turned her head and recognized the man who saved her from the fast cars.

“Oh hi... I didn't expect you... well, I'm usually alone for my lunch.”

“Ok... so do you want to stay alone?”

“That's ok you can sit with me.”

She opened her hand out, offering the seat, and let the man sit in front of her.

“Where do you work?” Amy replied.

“I work at the building next to the road!”

“Me too! I work in a big office, I am a typer.”

“Typer? Do you enjoy it?”

“Yes!” Amy lied. In her mind, she thought it was a boring job.

“Really? But your face tells me that you think it is boring, is that your dream job?”

“I guess yeah... right? Not really. Who wants to be a typist?”

By saying this, Amy thought about her father.

*“You see Amy, helping people is my job. If they are sick, they come to me. I see what they have, do a checkup and cure them,”* said Ben Lee, Amy’s dad.

*‘My father always cared for sick people and then, saved their lives... poor daddy,’* she thought.

“Amy, are you good?”

She looked at the man sitting in front of her.

“Sorry, I was thinking about something.”

She took another bite in her burger, but couldn’t stop her memories.

“Yeah! I am ok,” she kept saying. “I was thinking about some memories. What about you? What is your work?”

“Well, I am...”

While the man was talking, Amy was lost in her memories when she was a little kid. After school, she always went to her dad’s office and helped to take care of the patients.

*‘And this is what happens when you think about others but yourself... he was sick, very sick. He went to the hospital and...’*

Amy was not able to swallow her bite. She looked at the man. He was passionately talking about his job. But she was not listening.

*‘One day, at the hospital, he looked very sick, not having any energy, and pale, and not able to talk. Then, another doctor came into the room.’*

*“He is getting worse... I don’t think he is going to make it.”*

*‘He didn’t make it... barely one month, a so tiny month before leaving me forever.’*

She felt sad. She looked at the man watching her.

*‘He had never known I wanted to be a doctor,’ she thought.*

“I already finished my presentation, but I guess you did not listen to it.”

“I am sorry, I need to go.”

That was the only thing she could say. She left quickly, almost running.

*‘I was not going to tell him my story... Poor daddy, after he died, we had just enough money to live, buy food and I had to forget my studies. That was very hard to give up that dream. Yeah, like if being a typist is a dream job!’*

She was walking down the street.

“I am so bored, but should go back for this work, paying the bills, keeping me busy otherwise I will become crazy.”

## CHAPTER 4

Amy was sadly walking towards her office. She needed to keep doing her work and not thinking anymore. *‘Thinking about the past is not good...’*

She crossed the street just before the light was going to change and walked right to the building door. Just behind her, as it became usual at this busy time, a blue car passed fastly on the red light when another car was coming on the adjacent side, on the green light. The blue car’s driver tried to stop but his car slid and crashed the driver’s door of the other car. Under pressure, the white car was pushed several meters away. Silence followed the accident. Everything seemed to happen in slow motion. Amy turned her head towards the scary sound. The two drivers were not wearing their safety belts. They were bleeding awfully. Amy put the hand in her bag but didn’t get her mobile.

*‘Oh my God, I forgot it on my desk,’* she thought.

Quickly, she ran to the accident site. She turned her head towards the frozen crowd.

“Is there a doctor in here?” she shouted.

She kept asking several times but nobody answered.

*I have to do it,* she thought.

She walked quickly near the cars. Broken windows and crashed parts from the cars were everywhere. She went to the blue car and opened the door. The driver looked at her. He was badly bleeding at the head.

“I’m so sorry...” he said.

“That’s ok...” she said softly. “Don’t worry... an ambulance is on its way. Wait, I have to see the other driver...”

She went around the cars, walking carefully and opened the white car door. The man was seriously injured. He was bleeding at the head; his nose was broken and bleeding, and his arm was broken.

“Can you hear me?” asked Amy

The man’s eyes opened.

“What just happened?” he murmured.

At that moment, Amy saw the man she just met at the restaurant recognizing her.

“I will help you, but first I need someone to call the ambulance. I'll be right back” Amy said.

She came out of the car.

“What are you doing? Are you a doctor?” asked the man.

“No, I am not a doctor. Can you call an ambulance, please? These men got seriously injured and they are bleeding,” said Amy.

He took right away his phone and called the ambulance while he was going away.

“Hey, where are you going?” asked Amy.

“I'm sorry, I have to go,” said the man.

Amy looked at him. *‘Go then, surely you're scared to see blood, like all of these curious people, not doing anything but watching the show,’* Amy thought, looking at the crowd.



## CHAPTER 5

Amy put her hand inside her handbag and grabbed a few tissues. She went back in the white car and helped the man. His injuries bled hard. She wiped the blood. As she was doing it, she remembered how her dad helped injured people. Amy tried to follow his dad's advice, at least remembering and following his example of how to take care of wounds.

“The ambulance is almost here, don’t worry!” she said softly.

She was wondering what else to say and do. *‘How did you manage this situation Dad?’*

She looked at the man.

“Do you have children? Do you want me to call your relatives?”

“Yes, please,” whispered the man with pain. “In my wallet... jacket...”

She reached her hand into his pocket and took the wallet. While she took the paper out, she saw the man from the blue car getting off and lit a cigarette.

He didn't notice the oil tank was leaking on the street.

Amy got off the car nervously.

"The oil is leaking! Don't smoke in here!" she cried.

The man, still dizzy from the accident, threw away his cigarette. He did not throw that far, and the cigarette fell into the oil. All of a sudden, a fire started with dangerous high flames.

Amy panicked. She went back into the white car and pulled on the man.

"We have to get off the car quickly!" she said, trying not to panic.

She took a look outside; the flames got bigger than she thought. Fortunately, the two cars were away from each other. *'But no time to lose!'* The injured man couldn't move so much with his broken arm. She quickly took her belt and made a strap to hold the man's broken arm. She needed to pull him out carefully. The flames reached the oil tank. Amy got off just in time. The blue car exploded. She kept pulling the man to get away from the burning car.

*'I hope the ambulance will come quickly!' she thought.*

“Anyone can call the firemen?” she asked the crowd. A woman raised her hand.

“I already did it!” she answered.

Amy nodded. She took a look at the man, lying on the sidewalk. She kneeled next to him, put her hand on his shoulder. His right leg was also bleeding. She heard the ambulance siren.

“They are coming; it won't be long now. Stay awake.”

## CHAPTER 6

The fire was burning the blue car. She took a look around and saw in horror oil from the white car flowing slowly towards the blue car.

*'Oh no!'*

Without being able to do anything, in a flash of a second, the oil inflamed and the white car exploded. Pieces of burning metal were projected everywhere. Amy raised her head. The two cars were burning. Among the terrible sound of the flames, she suddenly heard a loud noise high pitch sound. She saw the blue and red light flashing above the crowd. She raised her hand and said happily, "Yes! They finally made it! Firemen and ambulance are coming," she said to the injured man. The fire engine came first, parking in the middle of the street. Eight to ten firemen jumped down, each of them knowing what to do. The ambulance followed, and two nurses got off very quickly. They took the stretcher down. Amy looked at the man. He was barely conscious. Even though she felt proud of herself, she felt sad she couldn't do more to help him. She stood up when the rescue arrived.

“His arm is broken, and he bleeds a lot. His leg looks like severely injured as well... I helped him as much as I could...” A police truck arrived quickly, interrupting her speech. Several policemen took care of the crowd. One of them joined the rescuers and Amy. “Are you a relative or being involved in the accident?”

“ No, not at all...I work in an office here, but when I was going in, the accident happened. I helped these people,” Amy explained.

“Thank you for helping them; if we had more people like you, the city would be better. May you come with me, we need to know what happened. Do you mind to help me with write my report?”

“No problems to help you, sir.”

## CHAPTER 7

The elevator doors opened. Amy was looking at the office doors, those she crossed for six months so far.

*'What am I going to say? What is he going to tell me? Maybe he will fire me. That'd bad, what am I going to do, no job, no income...'*

She took a big breath. She got out from the elevator. The doors closed behind her. She walked slowly toward the office doors.

*'Maybe I am going to retype the letter I did before lunch... Amy, you need to do this! Ugh! he said. I wonder if he was able to type a word!... I hope the man will survive; it was a terrible accident... this other guy was lighting his cigarette while the oil was leaking everywhere, he was very stupid. What was he thinking?'*

Her hand turned the handle and opened the office door. All of the employees were working very hard. Suddenly, her boss showed up. Her boss's face turned red and looked at Amy. She never saw him like that. He was as red as an apple.

**“Where were you? You left more than three hours; I was waiting for you! I told you I had an important letter and you just vanished in thin air! Pfff! Disappeared, just like you never existed! That’s impossible! Where is Amy? I don’t know... I need this letter typed within ten minutes; I have a meeting... my god, where were you been?”**

**Amy didn’t say a word. She was thinking. The boss was waiting, but he was burning with anger.**

**“So, are you going to your desk or do I need to show you the way?”**

**“What changes you want to do to this letter that is soooo important?” said Amy, calmly.**

**“Some words... anyway, if I ask to change, you don’t have to discuss the orders,” replied her boss.**

**“You know what, I was thinking while I was typing this letter, what if you have a heart attack. Do I keep typing? Surely yes, it’s sooo important.”**

**“I don’t see the point.”**

**She took the letter from her boss’s hand and went to her desk.**

“Finally!” said the boss.

She took her marker and wrote something on the letter. She packed her bag with her things on her desk. She looked around and walked toward her boss who was still in the middle of the place. She handed the letter. He took a look. The words ‘I quit’ were written big in red color.

“I have better things to do in my life than changing two to three words,” she said.

“You’ll never find a good job like here. Don’t count on me to get a reference letter!”

“Who told you I wanted to keep going as a secretary or worse, as a typer?”

And she closed the doors behind her, forever.

‘Wow, I made it. Never I thought I would have been able to quit this place! Being a typer is far to be a dream job, at least for me. Now, step two, how I’m going to make it? Daddy, I need your help, I want to be a doctor!’

THE END





Jocelyn Chan is 10 years old. She likes to read a lot. Her favorites stories are those with the famous little magician, Harry Potter.

Apart reading, she enjoys drawing and swimming. She also enjoys travelling. One of her travels was in America where she discovered New York.

Like every student, watching television is a must. She likes to watch cartoons and TV series.

"Amy's Lost Dream" is her first novella. She liked a lot to write it and she is very proud about the story. She worked very hard and hopes you will enjoy it.

This story came to her mind after travelling to New York. However, this little drama is inspiring.

This is the story of Amy, a secretary who do not think her job is a dream job, but how to survive in our busy life? She surfed from jobs to jobs up to that big enterprise in New York. While she was out for lunch, an accident changed her life.

"Amy's Lost Dream" is a hope and a courageous story.