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Will leave readers anticipating the publication of the next installment, Sapphire Blue. - The New York Times Book Review on Ruby Red Is Humorous, Romantic and Tense, the plot is fast-paced and impossible to put down. - Justine magazine on Ruby Red Adventure, Humor, and Mystery all have satisfying roles here. - Booklist, starred review on Ruby Red Hilarious and delightful. : (1) The book is over, and (2) waiting for Emerald Green already strains her patience! - VOYA on Sapphire Blue A amazing and romantic finale. - Kirkus Reviews of Emerald Green There's So Much as in this trilogy . . . An exciting but bitter-sweet conclusion. - School Library Journal on Emerald Green - Kerstin Gere is the author of the New York Times bestseller in the Ruby Red trilogy, which has been translated into twenty-five languages. Square Fish When Liv's mother Liv Silver moves with her family to London and drops the bomb she's about to marry, Liv expects it to be the biggest thing that will happen to her in her new home. But then she begins to have strange dreams. Dreams that she is not quite sure are dreams and which include her soon to be a half-brother and his three friends. Determined to see what these boys want from her and how they might know the personal details of her, Liv sets out to learn the secret of her dreams - and perhaps find romance along the way. Starting with Dream a Little Dream, Kerstin Gere's Silver Trilogy is a fun fantasy of young adults, full of romance, adventure and danger. Feisty Liv conveys the curiosity, humor and bewilderment of a modern schoolgirl navigating the strange world of dreams, coping with her first romantic crush. -Kirkus Reviews for Dream a Little Dream G Silver Trilogy (Volume 3) by Kerstin Gere; In translation Anthea Bell Square Fish Dream Traveler faces the biggest challenge she has not encountered in this exciting third and final book of young adult Silver trilogyThe course of travel dreams never run smooth-on ... Available in: g Silver Trilogy (Volume 2) By Kerstin Gere; translation of Anthea Bell Square Fish Love, Secrets, and New Threats to The DreamWorld to Follow Liv Silver dream A Little Dream sequel. Things seem to be going well for Liv Silver: she's adjusting... 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Then he sat down and pressed his nose heavily to the side of my bag. The customs officer seemed to be as surprised as I was. Oh great. Less than half an hour on British soil, and I was already under suspicion of drug smuggling. The genuine smugglers in the queue behind me probably couldn't believe their luck. Thanks to me, they could walk through the barrier at leisure, with their Swiss watches and designer drugs. What customs man in his mind was going to choose a fifteen-year-old girl with a ponytail out of the line, and not, for example, from this nervous look guy with a change of expression there? Or a suspiciously pale boy with absurd hair on a plane who fell asleep before we even got to the runway to take off? No wonder he smiled so joyfully. His pockets were probably stuffed with illegal sleeping pills. But I decided not to let myself get upset. Behind the barrier, after all, we were waiting for a wonderful new life, with exactly the house we have always dreamed of. I cast an encouraging glance at my younger sister, Mia, who had already reached the barrier and was looking up and down the balls of her feet. This was only the last hurdle standing between us and the aforementioned beautiful new life. It was all right. The flight went smoothly, without turbulence, so Mia didn't have to throw, and this time I wasn't sitting next to a fat smelly beer and competing with me for the armrest. And although, as usual, Dad booked us on one of these cheap airlines, the plane didn't run out of fuel when we had to circle over Heathrow while we waited to land. There also was that good kind of dark-haired boy in line in front of me on the other side of the plane, which turned around to smile at me surprisingly often. I was at the point of saying something to him, but then I saw him casting through a magazine for football fans, moving his lips as he read, so I didn't. The same boy, by the way, now looked rather curious at my bag. In fact, everyone looked curiously at my bag. Wide-eyed, I looked at the customs officer and smiled at my very beautiful smile. You are welcome... we are in such a hurry, the plane is late, and we have waited forever to collect luggage. And my mom is waiting there to meet my little sister and me. I promise the word of honor, there is nothing in my bag but dirty laundry and ... At that very moment I remembered what was still in the bag, so I paused for a second. Well, at least there's no drugs in it, I ended up in a rather muffled voice, looking reproachfully at the dog. Stupid animal! The customs officer, motionless, heaved the bag on the table. A colleague unpacked it and folded it back on top. Everyone stood around, probably realized at once that the dog smelled. Because, frankly, it really doesn't take a sensitive dog nose to put it. What the hell...? The customs officer asked, and his colleague was holding his nose as he began to clean my clothes one way with his fingertips. He must have looked at the audience as if these were my things that stinked of heaven. Cheese from the Entlebuch Biosphere Reserve in Switzerland - I explained when my face probably turned out to be almost the same color as the burgundy bra that the man examined. Five and a half pounds of unpasteurized Swiss cheese. Although I don't remember smelling so bad. Taste is better than it smells - honest. Stupid dog, Amber, shook herself. I heard people laughing, and you could bet that real smugglers were rubbing their hands with glee. I thought I didn't know what a good dark-haired boy was doing. Probably just feeling grateful that he didn't ask me my phone number. It's what I call a brilliant drug shelter, said someone behind us, and I looked at Mia and sighed heavily. Mia sighed, too. We were in a hurry. However, it was naive of us to think that only cheese was still standing between us and our beautiful new life - in fact, cheese just extended the period of time during which we firmly believed that we had a wonderful new life ahead of us. Most girls probably dream of other things, but Mia and I wished for nothing more fervently than a real home. The one we'll stay in for more than a year. With room for each of us. This was our sixth step in eight years, meaning six different countries on four different continents, starting with a new school six times, bequeathing new friends six times, saying goodbye to them six times. We were experts in packaging and we kept holding personal things to a minimum and it's easy to guess why none of us played the piano. My mother was a professor of literature (with two doctorates), and almost every year held the position of a teacher at another university. We lived in Pretoria until June and previously lived in Utrecht, Berkeley, Hyderabad, Edinburgh and Munich. Our parents divorced seven years ago. Dad was an engineer and restless as a mom, meaning he went to live in different places just as often. So we couldn't even spend our summer holidays in the same place; he always had to be where Dad was working at the time. Now he has worked in zurich, so this last vacation was relatively good (a few trips to the mountains of Switzerland and a visit to the biosphere, the house of cheese), but unfortunately not all the places where we ended up were as good as this. Lottie, our au pair, sometimes said that we should be grateful that the work of our parents meant that we had seen so much in the world, except, frankly, once you spent the summer on the outskirts of bratislava's industrial zone, it's easy to keep your gratitude within. Starting this fall, Mom will be teaching at Magdalen College, Oxford, fulfilling her great dream. She had wanted to teach at Oxford University for decades. And the small eighteenth-century cottage she rented near the city made our own dream come true. We were going to settle down at last and have a real home. In the photos, the house looked romantic and comfortable, and as if it was full of wonderful, terrible secrets from the basement to the attic. There was a large garden, with old trees and summer buds, and from the second floor windows you had a view all the way to the Thames, at least in winter. Lottie planned to grow vegetables, make her own jam and enroll in a women's institute. Mia wanted to build a treehouse, get a rowing boat and tame an sece, and I wanted to find a chest with old letters in the attic and unravel all the secrets of the cottage. We also definitely wanted to hang a swing on one of the trees - the swings are made from a rusty old iron bed where you could lie and look up at the sky. And we were going to have a real English picnic, at least a day later, and the house smelled like Lottie's homemade cookies. Maybe cheese fondue as well, because customs officers chopped our good entlebuch biosphere cheese into such tiny pieces that there was nothing else to do with it. When we finally got out of customs and into the main arrivals hall of the airport (by the way, it turned out that there was no law against bringing a few pounds of cheese to the UK for personal use), it took Mum less than a minute to pop our dream of English country life like a bubble. There was a little The plan, mousies, she told us after we all hugged and said hello, and despite her beaming smile, you could see her guilt conscience written all over her face. A man with an empty luggage cart came up to her, and without looking closely, I knew who he was: changing the plan personally. I hate the change in the plan, mum muttered. You will love this one, she said, untruthful. Welcome to London, the most exciting city in the world! Welcome home, said Mr. Change Plan in a deep, warm voice, heaving our bags into the basket. I hated the plan change too, from the bottom of my heart. The head of 2ON OUR FIRST NIGHT in London I dreamed of Hansel and Gretel. Or, to be precise, I dreamed that Mia and I were Hansel, Gretel and Mom took us into the woods and left us there. It's for your own good! She said before she disappeared among the trees. Poor little Hansel, and I wandered helplessly around until we came to the mysterious gingerbread house. Fortunately, I woke up before the evil witch came out of it, but I felt only a second of relief, and it came to me to know that my dream was not so far from the truth. My mother said: It's for your own good! About seventeen times yesterday. I was still so furious with her that I felt like grinding my teeth nonstop. I realized that even people over forty have the right to a full and satisfactory love life, but couldn't she wait until we grew up? A few years weren't going to matter much to her now. And if she had to spend time with Mr. Plan Change, wouldn't she have enough days off? She had to turn our whole lives upside down? Couldn't she at least ask us?Mr. Changing the real name of the plan, by the way, was Ernest Spencer, and he brought us here in his car last night, doing the conversation all the time in such a hilarious, random way, you would have thought he hadn't even noticed that Mia and I were so disappointed and furious that we fought back tears and didn't say a word. (And it was a long trip from the airport to the city.) It was only when Ernest took our luggage out of the trunk of the car that Mia returned her voice. Oh no, she said with the sweetest smile, handing him a plastic bag of dismembered cheese. This is for you. A gift from Switzerland. Earnest exchanged an admiring look with his mother. Why, thank you both. That's really cute with you! Mia and I smiled at each other quite happily - but it was the only good moment of the evening. Earnest went home with his stinky, ruined cheese, after kissing with his mom and reassurances to us how much he was looking forward to tomorrow night. Because we were then invited to their home to meet his children. We're looking forward to it too,' said Mom. You bet your life. Ernest I-just-as-mystuffy-old-name Spencer. He even brought gifts that showed he was in death seriously about his mom. Usually men in mom's life show no interest in sucking up Mia and I - far from him. They always did their best to ignore us as much as possible. But Earnest brought me a book about secret messages and codes and how to decipher them, which really looked very interesting. Only with Mia he didn't get it quite right; he gave her a book called Maureen Little Detective, but now that she was almost thirteen, she was a few years too old for him. However, the mere fact that Earnest asked about our interests made him different. And Mum was besotted with him -- don't ask me why. It can't be his appearance. Ernest had a big bald patch, huge ears, and teeth that were too white. It was all very well for Lottie to insist that Ernest was a beautiful person and we just couldn't go along with her opinion. Maybe he had beautiful eyes, but with ears like that, who was going to look him in the eye? Not to mention the fact that it was ancient - more than fifty. His wife died more than a decade ago and he lived in London with his two children. Mia is a little detective and I Googled to check it out right away. Google knew all about Ernest Spencer because he was one of those stellar lawyers who always get in the papers, whether outside the Royal Courts of Justice or on the red carpet at a charity gala. And his late wife was two hundred and first, or something like that, in line for the throne of England, so he moved to the upper circles of society. By all laws of probability, Ernest and Mom should never have crossed paths with each other. But a sneaky trick on the part of fate, and a special theme of Ernest - international commercial law - took him to Pretoria six months ago, and he and his mother met at a party. Idiots like we were, we even encouraged her to go for it so she could get smart and get to know people. And it landed us in this mess. Lottie tugged at the hem of my skirt, but it was unnecessary; it was too short. Lottie Wastlhuber came to us twelve years ago as an au pair and has remained ever since. Which was good, because otherwise we would have to survive on sandwiches. Mom used to forget about food, and she hated cooking. Without Lottie, no one would braid their hair in funny German styles, but then again, no one would have given birthdays to our dolls or decorated the Christmas tree with us. In fact, we probably didn't even have a Christmas tree because Mom didn't think much of the customs and traditions. She was also terribly forgetful, very much the image of a absent-minded professor.

She forgot absolutely everything: taking Mia from her flute lessons, our dog's name, and where she parked the car. We all would lost without Lottie.Not that Lottie was infallible. She bought my school uniform size too small, just like every year, and just like every year, she tried to blame it on me. I just don't see how someone can grow so much in one summer, she yelled, doing her best to zip up my jacket over my breasts. And then there's it all here! You did it on purpose! Yes of course! Although I was as cross as I could be, I had to smile. Lottie may have congratulated me. All of this here may not be particularly impressive for someone almost sixteen, but at least I wasn't flat as a board anymore. So I don't think it would be that bad if I had to leave my jacket unbuttoned. Along with the skirt being too short, it gave me a kind of cool look and it did show as much of my figure as possible. She looks much better on Liv, lamented Mia, who was already dressed in her own outfit. Why don't you buy my size too small as well? And why is all school uniforms dark blue? And why is a school called Frognal Academy when it doesn't have a frog on its crest? She sullenly patted the embroidered comb on the breast pocket of her jacket. I look dumb. Everything here is stupid. She slowly turned to her axis, pointing to unfamiliar pieces of furniture around us and speaking in a loud voice: Doumbia. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Right, Livvy? We were looking forward to the cottage in Oxford and instead we will find ourselves here. .... There was an apartment here where Ernest dropped us off last night, on the third floor of a pretty large block somewhere in northwest London. It had four bedrooms, shiny marble floors, and lots of furniture and other things that didn't belong to us. (Most of it was gilded, even sofa cushions.) According to the sign next to the doorbell, it belonged to some people named Finchley. They obviously collected the porcelain of the ballerinas. There were ballerinas. I nodded. We don't even have our favorite things here,' I said in a voice as loud as Mia. Shh, said Lottie, glancing anxiously over her shoulder. You both know it's only temporary. And the cottage was a disaster. She gave up pulling my uniform. He didn't do any good. Yes, that's what Mr. Spencer says, Mia said. (We had to call him by name, but we pretended to forget.) (Continues...) An excerpt from Kerstin Gere's Dream of a Little Dream, antheia Bell. 2013 © by Kerstin Gere. Excerpts from the permission of Henry Holt and the company. All rights are reserved. No part of this passage can be reproduced or reprinted without the publisher's permission in writing. Excerpts are provided by Dial-A-Book Inc. exclusively for the personal use of visitors to this website. Site. dream a little dream kerstin gier read online. dream a little dream kerstin gier pdf. dream a little dream kerstin gier movie. dream a little dream kerstin gier summary. dream a little dream kerstin gier vk. dream a little dream kerstin gier wiki. dream a little dream kerstin gier review. dream a little dream the silver trilogy kerstin gier

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