

It all started when Lucy, a 13yr old girl, was at the barn late at night. She owned four horses named Midnight, Summer, Knight, and Dream. Her mom sent her out to feed, water, and groom the horses. When she got to the barn she felt something strange was going to happen. While she was taking the grain out of the shed it spilled all over the ground. The same thing happened while she was filling the water she spilled 2 out of the 4 water buckets. And when she tried to groom them they were so antsy they would barely let her touch them. It was then when she realized that she was right about the odd thing going to happen, and the horses knew it too. As she was reading the four names out loud as a checklist, and as soon as she did so she fell unconscious and woke up with the four horses.

I just sat and stared at the ceiling...*ceiling? Where was I? Why are the four horses with me?* I leapt out of what I thought was a bed and was caught by the arm. It was a small, skinny, gentle looking man.

He began, "Hello I am Andrew Fluke, just call me Dr. Andrew. And you are?"

"I-I'm Lucy Ricardo, call me Lucy," I managed "and where am I? What year is it?"

"Why it's 1599 of course, in Elizabethan, England. Aren't you from around here?" He said.

"1599! What has happened to me? A matter of fact I'm not from around here. I live in Frankfurt, Kentucky in the U.S.A. year of 2012," I exclaimed.

"Forget that," he said, "would you like a tour of our new theater, the Globe?"

"Why not, but what are we going to do with these horses?" I asked.

"Ahh, why not bring them to the theater, William Shakespeare could probably use them in one of his plays, 'there is a method to my madness'." He sighed. I knew that was a famous quote that Shakespeare said because my riding instructor had always said that when I was questioning her.

Ok, so I thought, how in the world are we going to walk four horses all the way to the Globe, with only two people while walking down busy and crowded streets with people everywhere? These people are definitely different from modern people! Snap out of it! I thought. Focus on getting the horses to the Globe.

When we finally managed to get the horses to *and* in the Globe safely, Dr. Andrew took me to meet William Shakespeare. William was a tall, chubby looking man with a tad bit of grey hair. When he spoke a bold voice that rang throughout the whole theater...it sounded like the whole world could hear him!

"Where dost thou come from?" he said.

"I-I am Lucy from Frankfurt, Kentucky in America," I replied.

"Ahh from the rich America I see," he replied.

"Yes," I say. Well not necessarily rich.

"Never mind, this is James Bullardo he will show you around the new theater." He said.

As James and I were walking down the Hall of Famous people a picture caught my eye. Indeed it was my father...my long lost father! When we were out of sight from most people I started, "where did you get that picture of my father, David Ricardo?"

He looked shocked about what I had asked him. It took a moment for him to realize what I had asked. He immediately moved on without another word. Right then did I know that I just hurt him not physically, but mentally.

That evening I could not stop thinking about that picture and why James reacted that way. I was told by Dr. Andrew to stay with the Bullardo family. They were a kind polite family kind of like my own. I felt sick at the thought of my own family. My mom was probably worried to death about my disappearance. Now she would be the only one left in my family since my father disappeared six years ago.

Later that night I lay in bed wondering what my mom would be doing right at this moment in the year of 2012. And if my dad is still alive, what would he be doing? Where is he? He disappeared when I was seven and I never saw him again, except for that picture in the Globe. Eventually I drifted off into a deep sleep. I had dreams that I was back home again in my own bed.

In the morning I was awakened by the sound of the roar of the crowd in the theater, for we were only a block or two away from it. As I got up out of bed I walked over to the window and noticed a flag on top of the Globe. It looked like they were surrendering to someone, but

whom? When I got dressed and went downstairs I smelled eggs and bacon, it reminded me of home. James's two older sisters and his younger brother were up and so was James. I wanted to ask him so many things like why did you respond that way when I asked about my father? Or what is the flag on top of the Globe? Not here though, I would ask him when we were walking to the globe, alone.

As we were walking to the theater I started to ask him the list of questions I had on my mind.

"James" I started, "why did you respond that way when I asked you about my father?"

Again he looked startled, but he answered this time, "I knew your father at one point; he is the reason I got to work at the Globe. Your father was a great man." And that's all he said.

When we got to the theater Dr. Andrew told James and I to ride the four horses because they were going to be tried out in some of Shakespeare's plays.

James knew some trail that went through the woods and comes back so we divided up who was going to ride which two horses. He said I could ride whichever two horses were the hardest to ride.

Ok thanks James give me the hard ones! Just great!

So he got to ride Knight and Dream, and I got to ride Midnight and Summer. We tacked up with what they had and it wasn't anywhere close to what I had at home!

When we were out of sight James told me that he has never ridden a horse before, except for when he rode a pony in a circle, but he said that didn't count. On the trail ride we brought both horses for each and just tied the horse we weren't riding to the saddle. Which I thought was clever. James was asking a whole bunch of questions about the horses that it was hard for me to keep up with him!

"How old are these horses?" he asked.

"Summer is a twin to Dream and they're about 6years old. Midnight was a rescue and I got her when I was seven and my dad got her for me. So she's probably eight to nine years old. Knight if I were to make a guess he is probably 10 years old, but when I found him on the streets near a dumpster skinny and scrawny thing that didn't even look like a horse! I was with my mom and she felt so bad for the poor thing that she let me take him home," I replied.

"Wow that's some story. When did your father disappear?" He asked.

"It has been some time now since he disappeared. Maybe like six years ago the year that he got me Midnight which seems kind of strange. But I never got to say goodbye maybe I thought I would see him again someday. That will probably not happen he is probably dead by now though." I answered. I wished terribly that I could hug my father right now.

At dinner Shakespeare came over to see how I was doing, which I thought was very kind of him. Now I had a chance to ask him some questions. I had a lot!

"Master Shakespeare." I began, "do you or did you know a man by the name of David Ricardo?"

"Why yes I did Lucy why do ask that?" He said.

"He was my father. He disappeared 6 years ago. I haven't seen him since." I said.

"He was a very good friend of mine a while back now." He stopped and looked like he was going to burst out crying. I thought *oh great we don't need another person crying. I've already hurt myself and James! Strange behavior I tell you, just strange.*

"But he disappeared about two months ago without a single trace. I can tell you one thing he would always talk about you and your mother and how you especially are good with horses." He finished.

I had to let that sink in and before you know it I had another question to ask. He is going to be out of answers before I'm even close to being done!

"Did he say anything before he left?" I asked.

"You know Lucy, he did say something about going on horseback to the Queen, Elizabeth 1, but I don't think that was it. Do you like to act?" he asked. *Wow that was random.* I think he asked the question for a taste of my own medicine since I had been asking so many questions.

"It depends on what I am acting. I do like to act with horses or animals of some sort, but you probably don't have that in any of your recently written plays. Do you?" I said.

"Well our newest is Henry V, only a little of horses though, but if you want you can do that part. You would have to practice. Also choose what horse you are going to do. But you have to choose 'to be or not to be' an actor" He said. I recognized that saying it was one of his famous quotes.

"Aren't only boys allowed to do the plays though?" I asked kind of excited.

"Ah, I never thought of that. Smart girl you are. Well yes normally only boys are allowed to act in the plays, but you are my special guest and we will have to cut your hair though. To make you look more similar to a boy so those who have asked to be a part of the plays, that are girls, won't be jealous.

Later that night I asked James if he had any books on Henry V. He said yes and he gave it to me. I read some of the book and I found a cool part and I wrote it down to show Shakespeare what it was. Of course I had forgotten that Shakespeare wrote Henry V. Duh.

*What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.
Ça, ha! He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs! When I bestride him, I soar, I am
a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more
musical than the pipe of Hermes. Henry V (3.7.9)*

I knew that the Henry V play was first performed in 1599. That meant that I would be performing on opening night. Wow that's crazy.

That is what I found and maybe Shakespeare would let me ride midnight or maybe even knight because they described a horse so elegant and big like a knight that fears it might be his last night.

I woke up early so I could get to the Globe and ask Shakespeare about that part where he describes a horse. When I get there I go into the room full of horses it smells a mixer of a wet dog and blood. I figure out both when I get closer.

Midnight and Summer both have long gashes down their legs and Dream's nostrils were inflamed and seemed to be bleeding. What had they done to these poor horses? I walked all the horses around to see if they were lame. None of them were I just needed to find some cream to help their legs heal faster, bur since its 1599 I didn't know if they would have medical cream for the horses.

When I found Shakespeare I had a whole bunch of questions and some I was infuriated with. "Master Shakespeare?" I began, "could you tell me why my horses are bleeding? You better have a good explanation for this!" I finished off.

"Why I have no idea my dear. I will check and see who is supposed to be taking care of these fine looking horses. You can wrap the horses' legs with some cloth to stop the bleeding. Then again I am so sorry about this mess!" He said.

Good I murmured to myself. When I was on my way back to the horses a cloth caught my eye. Now this might just work. I took the cloth back to the horses and started the process of cleaning the wound and wrapping them up when I heard a slight knock on the door.

"Come in" I said shyly, "who is it?"

"It is Shakespeare," he said.

"Did you find anything out about the horses?" I asked

"In fact I did and he was incredibly sorry for it. 'twas Harry Bekdude. It happened when they were practicing with the horses one of them freaked out and that set them off. Then Harry got really mad because they wouldn't settle down and started whipping and beating them with sticks and brooms and that's how Midnight and Summer got hurt. Dream was bopped in the nose by Harry and it started to bleed and must have an infection because it is swollen. He said he would never do that again, but *I don't trust him,*" he said.

I resumed to my work on the horses' legs and quickly finished them and started on Dream's muzzle.

Next thing you know Shakespeare wanted me to practice my part in Henry V the same one that I picked out the night before. I decided to try Knight since he was the only one who wasn't hurt, luckily.

Shakespeare started to read the lines and Knight bolted onto the stage as if he was a racehorse! He knew his cue though and man I was not expecting that at ALL! We had to redo it though since I was not ready for that and luckily Shakespeare was patient about it. Unfortunately we had to do it over 12 times just to get the time right. I was so frustrated with Knight that I decided to switch to Midnight and he was not limping as bad as I had expected him to be.

Guess what? We got it within four tries! I made up my mind that I wanted to ride Midnight, but I made a vow to ride all four horses. I had to wait on Dream though; she was still limping pretty badly. So I walked her around the Globe, outside of course, she was limping less when we finally finished, but still not little enough to ride.

Shakespeare even said that I was a professional and that he had never seen anybody ride like that before. I was all proud of myself until it hit me like a lightning bolt strikes down a tree. How am I supposed to get back with these four horses? My mom might think I will never get home, especially if I don't get back soon. I wanted to cry right there, but not in here not with all the people. Home, at home I can cry, but that will probably not happen since I am stuck in this rotten place now that I think about it. No fresh water, toilets, I even miss toilets, a limited amount of clothes, no-sewers, the roads are sewers. I just need to expect not to go back and just stay with James.

That night back at James's house I laid in bed thinking, longing for my home. I finally rocked myself to sleep by counting about how many hours I would be back home. I had dreams of home it felt like home I was riding Dream. She and I were jumping four foot and then she fell after landing and flipped over and landed on top of me. Later that day she was put down because she broke three legs and her spine. I woke up drenched in sweat dreading for Dream and home.

I got myself out of bed slowly, but surely and got dressed. When I got downstairs I noticed no one was up except Shakespeare sitting on a chair and looked like he was crying! He got up and greeted me. No sooner did I ask him why he was crying and out of the corner of my eye did I see James also crying. What was happening? Why were they crying?
“James what has happened?” I asked.

“M-My mother has past-away just this past night. She had the Bubonic plague. Out of nowhere last night she came in to my room drenched in sweat and kissed my head and said ‘goodbye’. Then I knew she was dying, but why her, why not someone else?” He burst out in tears and flung himself into my arms crying like crazy. It felt as if I was in a shower of salt-water.

When we were at the Globe I went to check the horses' wounds. They were all healed! Turns out that they were just minor wounds, which is good. I just couldn't get the thought out of my mind that James's mom died last night, just out of nowhere.

Then Shakespeare came in and said he wanted me to practice before the play starts. For we were having the play today and I think it was my ticket home. So I got Midnight out and started to groom and tack up.

When we entered the stage right on cue I saw thousands upon thousands of people. Had the play already begun? Apparently it already had. *Great just, brilliant.*

I just went with the flow though and after I was done with my part I started to walk off stage when I heard a rumbling noise and when I turned around there was Dream, Knight, and Summer charging toward me. I was afraid that they were going to plow me over, but sure enough they stopped right next to me. All I heard was *silence* then a big crack. The crowd shrieked and I suddenly felt as if we were falling. It was pitch black and the horses were with me shrieking in fear then we hit the ground with a giant thud! The sun started to seep through the trees and right then did I realize that we were standing in one of our pastures with all the horses. I took a look around and saw four police, my mom, and my father... my father? I ran as fast as I could to him and into his arms. I felt a flood of relief when I hugged my mom and him. "H-h-how did you get back home? You-l-I saw your picture at the Globe! I thought for sure I lost you." I burst out.

"Your friend James. You remember him right? His mother died for me to come back to 2012. He really was sad about his mom, but he timed it just right because I got back just as you were entering the stage for your part in Henry V. Then someone spooked the horses because they all felt really bad for you, separated from your parents and all. After that you fell through the stage you were riding Midnight still! Anyways I am glad you are home and so is your mother."

He exclaimed.

Ok so she basically committed suicide? Oh well it was for my father.

"Me too!" I said.

The End