

Cold, that's how I felt walking to the library from school that day, the day that my life would change forever. I opened up the door of the old dilapidated library, and stepped inside. I sat down, took off my hat and gloves, tied my light brown hair back into a ponytail, and waited. I was waiting for my best friend, Sean we were supposed to meet at the library to start our Shakespeare project, but as always he was late.

Twenty minutes later I heard the old heavy door open and close and Sean walk in. His blonde hair messed up from his hat and his brown eyes filled with anger and a touch of sadness. "Your late." I said in a whisper.

"I know, sorry," he replied "let's just get a book." As we searched the library I wondered what was wrong with Sean, he wasn't his usual self. He was usually the type of guy to crack a joke at almost anything you said, and try to cheer you up if something was wrong, but today he was barely talking to me.

Confused, and worried, I found a book and set it on the table dust went everywhere, and it looked about as old as the building, maybe even older. I opened up the book and coughed from the dust, and then, halfheartedly started to read. The paper was yellow, and I was afraid it might break as I was flipping through the pages. The words were confusing like the ones they used in Shakespeare's time, and just as I stood up to get a new book I heard Sean, his voice quiet. "Do you hear that?" He asked.

"Yeah I hear it, I replied, it's probably just other people."

Then the voices seemed to be growing louder, and not just that, I could hear people running and walking. Soon I couldn't see anything because there was a blinding fog, and all went black.

I woke up to a foul smelling odor, Sean shaking me, and a dirt road beneath me. As I sat up I become aware of three things I wasn't at the library, my head was throbbing, and I was wearing a dress. I stood up and stared down at the skirt of my dress. "Where are we?" my voice turning to a panicking yell.

"I'm not sure yet, but your head's bleeding we need to find someone to help." Sean said. I reached my hand up to feel my head, and I could feel blood running down it. "Let's go." I said. As we walk I begin to notice my surroundings there is waste dumped everywhere,

street sellers, animals, and complete chaos. I saw a huge building with a straw roof and a white flag on top, that's when I really started to think, I remembered learning about a very famous theater that was during the Renaissance period in school last week, The Globe. I remember seeing pictures of the new one, and that's when I told Sean; "I think we're in the Renaissance." He just stared at me with the weirdest expression on his face. "What are you talking about Susanna? We can't be in the renaissance that's impossible. How did we even get here?"

"I think we traveled through the book." I said. His expression changed from horror to understanding.

"We still need to find someone to help you." He said, and I could tell he was trying to not think about if we were in the Renaissance at that moment because trust me, it was a very scary thought. We continued walking and asked a guy if he had anything to help my head.

"You may have my cloth." he replied. Sean tied it around my head to keep my cut from getting infected. We walked around the city for hours not knowing where to go or what to do it's really a terrible feeling being totally and completely lost. I was about to ask Sean why had been acting so odd when a group of people came rushing by us carrying a boy who was maybe my age, and he looked severely wounded. The boy was brought into a house as soon as the door shut there were worried whispers among the group.

"What are we to do? Where are we going to find another Titania?" Said a man dressed as someone from ancient Greece. A man with a golden earring pushed his way through the crowd.

"You" he called to Sean, "Do you sir perchance know how to act?"

"Um not exactly, said Sean, but she does." He pointed over to me. I looked at him like he was crazy, and said to him,

"What? I have done one play in my life."

"Yes, but you were good." He replied. I wanted to say thank you, but all that came out of my mouth was,

"But I'm a girl, women and girls can't act here." The man with the earring spoke again.

"No, no this could work." He said.

"But sir, said a man in the crowd "we can't-", the man with the earring interrupted.

"Yes we can, no one will know the difference, will thee do it?" I stood there so many thoughts going through my mind, and didn't know what was real and what wasn't. I took a deep breath and reflected on what had happened in last four maybe five hours, I don't know the exact

time because there wasn't a clock anywhere in sight. I met Sean at the library to start our Shakespeare project but he was acting very odd. As far as I know I traveled back in time I don't know how, and I don't know why, and I had just been asked to do something that could get me in serious trouble. Sean nudged me on the shoulder,

"Do it." He whispered in my ear. There were so many things going on in my head I couldn't think straight.

"Fine." I said.

"Tell me lass, what's thous name?" asked the man with golden earring.

"Susanna." I said

"Ah, same name as one of beloved daughters." He said with a smile. I couldn't help but smile back.

"Let us see how the young lad is doing." And he opened the door of the house do that everyone could get inside. I stepped into the house and saw the boy lying on a bed. His leg was bandaged and he looked unconscious.

"What happened?" I asked a man behind me.

"He took a nasty fall off the stage, his leg broke, and he hit his head." He answered.

"Come here miss." The man with the earring led me into a room that looked like an office. I walked in and saw a desk that was covered with papers, and a book. The book looked exactly like the one Sean and I were reading back at the library. I gasped.

"Art thou alright?" He asked

"Yeah, I'm fine." I said. We walked over the desk and all did was stare at the book. It was book that caused me to go back in time. The book that made me go somewhere where I didn't even know a single person, not even the man I was talking to. The book that caused me to be completely lost. The man with the golden earring handed me a script, or foul papers a had heard they were called.

"Thank you sir." I said.

"No. Thank you. You will make a great Titania, I am sure of it. He said, "Make sure to be at the Globe at eight. We came out of his study to where the men and some boys were still gathered around the injured boy. Sean and I were walking out the door to leave when he grabbed my arm.

“We don’t have a place to stay for the night.” He whispered. I hadn’t even thought about that, but before I could even think of suggestions Sean asked if we could stay here.

“We are orphans. He said, we have no place to stay and the orphanage is a nightmare. That’s why we ran away. May we please stay here?” He asked with a very believable tone in his voice. The man with golden earring spoke up.

“You may stay with me.” He answered. I let out a sigh of relief,

“Thank you.” I said.

“I’ll take the young lad home with me and try to fix him up a bit.” Said a man from the group. The man with earring led me to a small room and Sean into another. The bed in my room was small and it looked so unsteady, I was afraid to sit on it, but I guess it was better than nothing. I laid down on the hard hay mattress. I tried to fall asleep but all I was still thinking about the book I had seen on the man’s desk. If it was the same book maybe that was our ticket out of here. If I could just get a hold of that book maybe all of this would go away, and everything would go back to normal. I couldn’t help but think *why had I been sent here? How was getting sent back to Elizabethan England going to help anyone?* I got out of my bed and walked around the room, thinking. I decided to tell Sean about the book, so I opened the door and stepped into the hallway. I knocked on the door to his room,

“Sean it’s me, can I come in?” I asked.

“Yes.” He answered in a voice that sounded like a small child. I slowly opened the wooden door. I peeked in and gasped. Sean was laying on his bed tears streaming down his face.

“Oh my gosh, are you ok?” I almost screamed. I had never seen him cry before, never in my life. I ran over and sat next to him, stunned, and he pulled a note out of his pocket and handed it to me. It read:

Dear Sean,

With all the stress your mother being sick and taking care of your brother and sister I couldn’t take it anymore. I have left and put all the responsibilities to you. I am very sorry but I need to get away. I hope you can forgive me someday.

Sincerely,

Your father

I couldn't believe Sean's dad left his sick mother and his two younger brother and sister into the hands of a fourteen year old.

"I am so sorry." Those words were the only ones that came out of my mouth I didn't know what else to say. I was sure he wanted to be alone and didn't want to talk, so I decided against telling him about the book at that moment, and left. When it was morning the sun hurt my eyes as it flooded my room with its magnificent golden rays. I had no idea what time it was but I knew I had been told to be at the globe theater at eight. I got out my bed and walked into the kitchen. There was a short plump woman working in the kitchen, and two plates with bread and cheese on them. Sean was already eating one, and the other one was untouched. I sat started to eat mine.

"You better hurry it's almost eight." The woman said. I got up out of my seat and rushed out the door to the globe, Sean followed after me. When we arrived the man with the earring greeted us.

"Good day lass", he said to me, "come hither." As I followed him backstage I realized I had no idea what this man's name was.

"Excuse me sir, I said, but what shall I address you as?"

"You may call me Will." He answered. Then it all came together.

"Will, I said, like Will Shakespeare?" I asked, stunned.

"Yes." He said. I couldn't believe it; I was talking to William Shakespeare. For the next few days, we practiced. I felt very out of place, and I was afraid that any minute someone would walk in and arrest me, for acting on stage. Soon it was the night of the performance. I peeked out on stage and froze when I saw all the people, young and old, the groundlings were standing right below the stage, and more people up above on the balconies. I had forgotten that I was completely stage fright. I went back stage looking William Shakespeare, and when I finally found him I was shaking like a small tree in a strong wind.

"I can't do this." I yelled. He grabbed my shoulders.

"Yes you can, thee are a wonderful actress, thou art no reason to be frightened. Conscience doth make cowards of us all. Now goest the play is about to begin." I felt honored and reassured and that made me stop shaking until I heard one of the men from the group say.

"Ladies and gentlemen we welcome you to the performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The audience roared, and I stood there almost hyperventilating now. I ran to find Sean,

he was talking to the boy who was playing Helena I completely interrupted them, and said the same words I had to Shakespeare.

“I can’t do this.” Sean stood up and looked into bright blue eyes.

“Susanna, he said, you can do this nothing is stopping you.” That’s when I realized he was right and so was Shakespeare, *there is nothing stopping me, there is nothing in the whole world that can stop me not even the fact that women had no rights here and I wasn’t supposed to be doing this.* “*Conscience doth make cowards of us all.*” William Shakespeare’s voice kept echoing in my head. I turned to get in my position on stage but stopped in my tracks.

“Sean, I said. I saw the book we were reading at the library in Shakespeare’s room.”

“What?” A look of confusion, then realization crossed his face.

“We have to get it back.” I said. He nodded, and I heard my cue.

“*And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!*” I entered onto the stage, shaking with fear, and followed by a train of fairies. The audience clapped. My beautiful green dress, full of flowers, was so long it touched the floor, and the end trailed behind me. My magnificent red wig was complete with a flower on the side of it, and my lips were the shade of grass I looked like a fairy queen.

“*I’ll met by moonlight proud Titania.*” Said Oberon.

“*What jealous Oberon! Fairies skip, hence: I have forsworn his bed and company.*” I was so relieved I hadn’t messed up on that line, I almost sighed with relief. Line after line Titania and Oberon quarreled. Until I said the last words I would say as Titania.

“*Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies away! We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.*” My faithful fairies followed off the stage where I ran into Sean and made him drop a large old book.

“You got it?” Happiness flooded through me.

“Yeah I did, He said. But we still don’t know how to get back.”

“We could try reading it aloud.” I said. I read the first paragraph aloud. At first nothing happened, and I was about to lose hope just as the theater filled with a thick fog. People coughed, children screamed, and all went black. I was lying on the floor of the library. My clothes normal again.

“We’re back.” Sean said, a smile on his face. It was the first I’ve seen from him in over a week. I was happy to until a thought dawned on me. We’ve been gone for a week, was there a

search party after us? Had we been declared legally dead? I ran out the old library door. The wind nipped at my skin, as I sprinted to my house. I arrived at my house completely out of breath with two police cars in my driveway I ran up porch steps, and opened the door just as a police man talking to my mom and dad said,

“I’m very sorry, but I think your daughter may be dead, we can not find her or her friend anywhere.” My mom cried, tears welled up in my dad’s eyes, and my little sister screamed and grabbed his hand.

“No, no I’m fine,” I said. And so is Sean.” They all ran to me and gave Sean and me a hug. I was so happy to see them again. Then my mom grabbed my shoulders.

“Where were you?” She yelled. I longed to tell them all what happened, but I was afraid I would end up in a mental hospital, so I just smiled.

“I’m so glad to be home.” I said with a hug. She hugged me back, but I knew one way or another soon I would have to tell her the truth. Minutes later the police officers were gone, and Sean was heading out the door.

“I’m so sorry about your dad.” I told him.

“I’ll be fine.” He said with a half hearted smile, but I knew he wouldn’t. He closed the door and ran down the street to his house where his sick mother, and rowdy brother and sister would be there. I thought to myself if we had really gone back in time or just had a very odd dream. It didn’t feel like a dream, but still to this day I cannot figure out if it was real or if it was a dream.

The End

