

All's Well that End's Well, 6-8

“Stop! Just Stop!” I cried, my blue eyes burning with fire. “I don’t care if I fail school! I DON’T CARE!” Overriding my principal’s objections, I ran out of the office and slammed the door. Running to the bathroom, sobbing my heart out, I locked the door and sunk into a tangled heap by the sink. *Why is everyone so annoying!* I thought. *I wish I could be smart like Jane. How come she can get an A+ without even trying?* I knew the answer to that though. Jane actually worked really hard to get the grades she did and studied like crazy for tests. I shuddered just thinking about doing homework for two hours straight! *And what am I going to do about that Shakespeare story that was due in two days. I haven’t even started yet! Ugh. I’ll deal with it tomorrow,* I thought with a sigh.

The next day I rushed out of her class to go to recess. *That was awful!* I thought. Mrs. Cole had spent forever talking about Shakespeare facts that they could put in their story. *It isn’t that I don’t like Shakespeare, I actually liked his face but the dude is already long dead! What was the use learning about him?*

“Hey, Rebecca!” *Oh no!* I thought, *It’s Jane!* “Have you even started on your story yet dummy?” called Jane, the class bully, sneering at me.

I ran toward the bathroom trying to hide the tears streaming down my face, blurring my vision. But Jane’s mocking laughter followed me no matter where I went. *Why didn’t Jane pick on anybody else in the class! I wish I could just disappear to another time and another place and never come back!* As I rounded the corner next to the bathroom, my foot slipped on a patch of mud and I skidded across the sidewalk. My vision started getting blurry and the world started spinning. The last thing I remembered was looking up at the clear, blue, endless, sky with Jane’s mocking laughter ringing in my ears, coming closer and closer and then stopping. Then my mind was flying through the emptiness of my mind.



I woke to a soft knocking on my door. Hesitantly I opened my eyes and couldn’t close them again! I was in a beautiful bed in the middle of a small elegant room

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filled with furniture that I have never seen before. The soft knocking came again, this time accompanied by a soft voice, "Your Highness, your highness! Please waketh, or thee will be late for the play."

A young girl in a black dress with a white apron and something like a bonnet, came into the room and started pulling clothes from the closet. "Thy mother, the queen is waiting for thee." The girl helped me into a beautiful blue gown the color of a clear blue sky. Minutes later, I was in a carriage riding down a dusty bumpy road with the Queen of England, Elizabeth. She had hair the color of a sunset and was as majestic as the mountains. I tried not to speak a lot in case the Queen became suspicious of her "daughter".

"Here we are!" Declared the driver as he helped the Queen and me out of the carriage. He then drove off. Not that I noticed. The first thing that I noticed, or rather smelled, was the stench. Ditches ran along the side of the road filled with what I thought was mud. A lady dumped a bucket of foul stuff out of the window and soaked a passerby in "mud", to the great amusement of the lady while the man stomped off in a rage. Wrinkling my nose in disgust, I turned and hurried after my "mother" who had gone in The Globe, not looking where I was going and because of that, bumped into a man that would change my life.

I turned around and was greeted by a man dressed in a blouse like thing with tights and a little hat perched on his head. "Pardon me your highness! William Shakespeare at your command. Thee may call me William." The man bowed gracefully. "Might you like a peak at the stage? For my play doest not starteth for another hour or so."

"Sure," I replied, " Do you have a snack or a pop around here? I'm a little hungry," I immediately regretted it.

"Sure? Snack? Pop?" Inquired William in a confused voice. "Did thou learned these strange words in the orphanage before the Queen took you in?"

I silently cursed my big mouth. "Yes, when I was in the orphanage we kids liked

making up foreign words.”

“Ahh I see. Well, the tock is ticking!” and with that he turned and went into the theater. As William and I walked around the theater, he talked of what it was like to be a famous playwright and his family. “ I never was really close to my siblings.” He explained. “ I was the third of eight children and we all lived in a small country house, all ten of us. I miss having a little sister or brother to look after a little bit. What about thee? Dost thou have any siblings you knoweth of your Highness?”

“No not that I know of.” I responded truthfully. “And please, call me Rebecca.”

“William!” called a deep rich bass voice, “thy play is dueth to start in 5 minutes.” Turning to look, I found myself face to face with a donkey! Well not exactly a real donkey, but a man with a donkey’s head was behind me. Struggling not to burst into helpless laughter, I managed to say,

“How do you do sir?” Before I stopped, afraid of offending him by laughing.

“Very well your highness. Please excuse me,” the donkey man said. He hurried off to gather any other stragglers.

“My, how time flyeth! Thy mother is in the balcony closest to the stage, James will guide thee there.” He said gesturing to a passing boy. “ In case we don’t meet again,” He said and kissed my hand gently. Maybe it was just wishful thinking, but I thought I saw tears glistening on his cheeks as he hurried away. I suddenly felt a deep sense of loneliness and sadness crush me like a giant wave. As I watched the Oberon calling Puck to him, something in that voice seemed very familiar. As Oberon spoke, he looked at me for a brief minute but I reconized those eyes. *It’s Will!* I thought in surprise, *The famous William Shakespeare is acting in his own play!* Now the eyes were bright with excitement, like a small kid who has been told a big secret but can’t wait to tell everyone. My mind kept turning to those deep, kind brown eyes. *I wish he would be my older brother,* somewhere inside of me thought. I cocked my head in surprise. *An older*

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brother? But somewhere inside of me something clicked into place and all of a sudden all I wanted was to be next to him.

“Rebecca! Ist thou alright?” Came that gentle voice. I turned and was met by eyes filled with concern. Those eyes ready to watch out for me and protect me. Suddenly, before I knew what was happening, I was in his arms, sobbing my heart out.

“Hush there my girl,” Said William, gently looking a bit surprised. “Why is thou so upset?” I couldn’t stop myself and my whole story, from the report, to Jane, to school, everything, came out in a rush. William just listened and nodded, as if having the adopted daughter of the Queen cry on your shoulder and tell you about how she time traveled is the most normal thing in the world. I felt for the first time in my life understood. Sure my mom was great, but telling a parent is different than talking to a sibling.

“Dearest Rebecca, I thinketh thou art being torn between two worlds and thee do’th not knoweth which to chose.” He stopped and looked at me to make sure he was getting it right. I nodded and he continued, “I say go back to thee own time because,” He said gently silencing me as I protested, “Thou have a life there, and thou don’t here. Somebody will findeth out sooner or later that thee art not the Queen’s adopted daughter, and I could not bear’th any harm befalleth on you. There are other reasons as well. Think of thy mother.” He said gently. I studied him for a long time and he studied me.

“I will miss you.” I whispered quietly.

“As will I. And for Jane,” Will said brushing the back of his hand against his face, “remember, you are beautiful and loved by God, thy mother, Me, and many others I am sure. Don’t give up on thyself. Thee can always change. God be with thee, sister of my heart.” He hugged me one last time and this time it wasn’t wishful thinking that made me see the glistening of tears flowing down into his neat beard. He slipped something in my hand and then he was gone. I was about

to see what he had slipped into my hand when something dawned on me. I didn't even know how to get back home! I came here when I went unconscious. I thought, so most likely I will go back home when I fall asleep. I looked around and couldn't find the Queen. There was one last thing I wanted to do before I left. I asked my way around and finally found my way to Will's writing room. I dug for the picture that I always kept with me in my pocket of my family and flipped it over. On the back I wrote a short note that said;

Dear Will,
Thank you for showing me
where I belong. I will miss you forever
and you will never leave my heart.
Your sister, Rebecca

I slipped the picture onto his desk. "Good bye my brother." I whispered into the empty room, which felt as empty as my heart. Then I thought of my mom and I wished I were home.

"Your Highness! I've been searching for thee everywhere. Come, thy mother is anxious to be gone. 'Tis also near dinner and we are having thy favorite desert, crepes filled with raspberries and cream." With one last look at Will's office, I let myself be taken away from him forever.

"Dinner was great!" I exclaimed. The Queen looked at me strangely.

"Ist thou sure thee is fine?" Realizing I might be able to get away sooner I said,

"Yes, I'm just a little tired. May retire early?" As the Queen nodded her consent I hurried up the stairs two at a time, which probably wasn't the smartest idea since I was wearing a dress. I stopped and turned back. "Oh, and thanks for everything." Ignoring the confused face and worried comment I quickly ran to my room and locked the door. I looked out of the window one last time and turned away. *Thank you Will, thank you for everything.* As a fiery sunset flooded the

room, Rebecca fell into a deep sleep.



“Rebecca! Rebecca, are you awake!” came a frantic voice, jolting me from my sleep. The sterile, tangy smell of a hospital greeted me and I opened my eyes. I found myself in a hospital room with Jane kneeling by my bed. “Rebecca! Are you okay? I’m so sorry for bullying you. I only did it because you’re so pretty and I wanted to be like you. I promise never to bully you or anyone else ever again! Will you forgive me? I promise always help you out in math and...” Jane was sobbing now and tears streamed down her face and onto the bed, making her mascara run everywhere as well.

“Oh Jane, don’t cry!” I said, slightly annoyed at her now because my bed was spotted with black mascara spots. “I’m fine.”

“No, you aren’t fine! I mean... your arm is broken.” And Jane started sobbing again. I rolled my eyes in disgust.

“I just said I’m fine. I don’t really care that much about my arm,” Jane’s flood finally stopped, “Anyway, I’m just glad we’re friends.”

“Yeah, me to,” Sniffled Jane. “Oh! And you still have to do that Shakespeare story in one day! I’ll be sorta like your scribe, but do you know what to write about?” For a second, I was lost in the past, staring into Will’s deep brown understanding eyes.

“Yes, I think I know what to write about.” As Jane left the room, I hurriedly checked my back pocket and found the note from four hundred years ago. It was a piece of paper with writing on it that went like this:

Dearest Sister,

Thou hast led me to write this for thee I will miss you always and forever.

Thy Brother, Will.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,

And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,

For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,

And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,

Which I new pay as if not paid before

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,

All losses are restored and sorrows end.

The End