

In the year 2021 there was a 14-year-old boy walking along the mountain edge in Kentucky. His name was Galen. While hiking he was munching on some wild grapes and raspberries. On his shoulder he had a net that he had put together just the other day because he had seen some fresh water shrimp in the pond a mile away.

"It's about time we had some fresh meat." Galen said to himself. "And just think by the time I get home Jerry will have trashed the house, Mary will be stuck in a hole, and Madison won't be able to help pick up. Their excuse will be, 'you're the oldest one, mom and dad left you in charge.'" Galen imitated in a high mocking voice.

Finally Galen reached the pond and started walking along a fallen tree over the pond. Galen was looking for the nice group of the shrimp he had seen the other day.

"Ah, yes!" He exclaimed as he threw the net over a big group of shrimp.

"What the!" Galen yelled. "My net, it's stuck!"

SPLASH!!!

Galen was sinking in mud, thick mud but not wishing to lose the net he held on, but he had to get air so he let go and swam threw the thick mud to the surface.

As he emerged he shouted, "What the, this is not mu-gerglflerp."

Spitting out what had been in his mouth, he realized that he wasn't in mud but... **YUCK!** Galen had not swam in a muddy pond but in a sewer dump! He rushed out of the dump and straight to the river nearby. As he came out of the river, his eyes were drawn to the biggest building and city that he had ever seen! As he looked around, he saw over yonder there was a large bridge with lots of people walking along side their horse-drawn carts. Nearby there was a nicely dressed boy in old fashion clothes.

"Hello, can you tell me where I am and what that big building is?" Galen asked the young boy.

"Art thou mad?! Thou art in London and that is our fantastic Globe Theater." Answered the boy. "What is your name?"

"G-Galen." He stammered. Butterflies were going off in his stomach. London and the Globe?! He had no idea what was going on. A million thoughts raced through his head. *How did I get here, how will I get home, who will get food for my siblings?* Galen must have been standing there for a long time because the boy asked.

"Well, art thou going to ask my name?" the boy pointedly asked.

Still frightened and confused from the boy's previous answer, Galen stammered, "What is your name?"

"Andrew Gillford!" He exclaimed puffing out his chest. "Come here, I want to show you the great Globe that **I** will work at someday."

Feeling a little shocked that Andrew was so friendly to him, Galen was a little taken back but quickly caught up with Andrew.

As Andrew walked into the Globe he broke into a sort of slow trot and took a sharp right. Following Andrew, Galen walked into a big room with no roof and a stage that had a cover over it.

Galen heard a snort. A huge big black bull was charging at Andrew and him! Galen quickly grabbed a stick and swatted the bull on the nose and poked it in the eye. It roared in pain and ran away whimpering.

Overwhelmed and out-of-sorts Galen began laughing so hard his lungs felt like they were going to burst. "That was the best joke anybody has ever played on me!"

"That was not a joke!" Andrew said sounding alarmed. "Why art thou laughing!?"

"That was real bull?!" Exclaimed Galen shocked (for he had been thinking it was a mechanical bull). Galen began wondering. So all of what he had been seeing since falling into the water must be real. Somehow when he sunk into the sewer dump he must have gone back in time to London! Suddenly Galen's thoughts were interrupted.

"What is going on? Has the bull escaped?" Came a voice from the stands.

"Will!" Andrew almost shouted in surprise while he stood up and brushed himself off. "Galen this is Will Shakespeare."

Galen had heard of him before, he had seen his name on a poster for a play.

"What is going on with that bull!" Will yelled.

"We accidently walked in. I did not know the time had changed for the bull fight! But Galen stopped it!" nervously Andrew spoke rather fast.

"Did he now?" Will said with some sly interest in his voice.

"Yes." Galen interrupted.

"Do thou have a mother and father?" Shakespeare questioned Galen.

"No." Galen responded.

"Come here with me." Shakespeare said in a low happy voice.

So Galen followed Will Shakespeare into a small, dark and dusty room that appeared to be a dressing room. As quick as a flash Will had Galen trapped in a chair, his hands tied behind his back, and gagged. "Now be nice and quiet and I will be getting the crowd ready for a little change, and thou will fight the bull," said Shakespeare smirking. "So smarten up and be ready for the performance."

Horrified at the thought of trying to fight a real bull in front of a crowd, Galen began struggling to get free from the ropes that bound him to the chair. Shakespeare had tied

them too tight. Galen tried to stand up but the chair was too big. A few minutes later the door slowly creaked open and his mind raced for an escape plan, but then a familiar voice called his name.

"Galen? Art thou here?" It was Andrew!

Galen shuffled around to get Andrew's attention. Andrew saw Galen and started to cut him loose with his knife that he always carried around.

"Thank you!" Galen said once the gag was off.

"Mention it not, nay I am serious if Will hears that I helped thou, I am dead!" Andrew pleaded.

"Okay." Galen said trying to stifle a nervous laugh.

As they snuck out of the room, they barely avoided the *rea*/bull that was rubbing its head on the ground. With relief, they quickly snuck out of the globe.

A few minutes later they decided to go back to the Globe to check out the fight with the bull and to see how Shakespeare would react to Galen missing.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have brought you a special surprise today for this particular fight, for it is the Queen's birthday today. I hope you will enjoy it very much." Shakespeare said with a little bit of excitement in his low, fast voice. Then Will Shakespeare walked into the dressing room where Galen had been tied-up moments before. After a few minutes, Shakespeare came out looking shocked, confused, and angry.

"Ha, look at his face!" Andrew said in a happy whisper. "It looks like a tomato!"

"Look, he is going back in to look for me again." Galen exclaimed gleefully. "He was already in there for five minutes."

"Come on." Andrew grinned. "We have to go before the guards look for us."

And on that happy note they left, and once they were out of earshot they burst out laughing. Andrew quickly invited Galen to his house to spend the night. Thankful for a bit of rest after his crazy day, Galen gratefully accepted. They headed toward the huge bridge Galen saw when he first arrived. They had to cross the bridge and head into the heart of London where Andrew lived.

They were glad to be in Andrew's house and to have a nice warm fire to their backs. Andrew's house was bigger than the average home and was well furnished with cushioned armchairs, but it had that old house smell.

There was a rather awkward silence until Andrew said, "So, where art thou from?"

"Not from around here." Galen vaguely replied.

"But where? France, Ireland, Spain?" Andrew persisted.

"America." Galen said.

"America? Never heard of that place, probably some distant tribe – Huh? Well, no matter." Andrew said sounding a bit confused. "So what about your family?"

"Well, I live with my siblings." Galen stated.

"So are your mom and dad, you know dead?" Andrew asked.

"Yes." Galen bluntly confirmed.

"Oh, well sorry to hear about that." Andrew said. "Well - my mom, brothers, and sister died from the Black Death, but I still have my dad. He makes a living by belt making."

"Well that's an interesting job," Galen said felling this conversation was not going the way either had hoped. "I'm going to hit the hay."

Andrew mistaken and confused said, "Hit the hay? There is no hay for miles except for the stables on the other side of the city!"

"Andrew, that is just an expression that means that I want to go to bed." Galen said exasperated.

"Oh . . . well the third room on the left is a good place to sleep," offered Andrew.

So Galen dragged his feet up the steep stair case and plopped down in bed and fell asleep. In minutes Galen was dreaming about a big net full of shrimp.

Galen woke up to the sound of knuckles rapping on the door. He walked to the door and opened it up as it creaked loudly.

With an uncomfortable start, Galen said, "Uh, hi, Mr.Gillford!" (A little more loudly then he would have liked.)

"Hello, but how did you know my name?" Mr. Gillford said shocked as he politely held out his hand.

Galen sheepishly shook his hand, as he explained, "Andrew told me about you."

"Well, Andrew told me all about thee and I wanted to ask thee... would thou like to stay with us, I mean we use to have a... bigger family and we have plenty of room for your family." Mr. Gillford offered.

"Thank you sir, but my family and I have a good home. I can take care of my family, and they are too young to take care of themselves. They need me. They always trash the place and I have to clean it all up." Galen said this all very fast because he had wanted to say this for a very long time. But then Mr. Gillford said something that Galen had never really thought of.

"Galen, I am very proud of thee, that thou can take care of a family being such a young lad, but your brother and sisters are young too. They can't do everything that thou expect them

to do even if thou told them a million times. As the leader of your family, it is your responsibility to take care of them until they are old enough to lead their own lives. Remember, there are even things that thou can't do. Galen just think on that," instructed Mr. Gillford kindly.

"Okay, I will." Galen said gloomily for he knew that Mr. Gillford was right.

As they finished talking, young Andrew had come and stood by his Dad. Placing a hand on Andrew's shoulder, Mr. Gillford asked, "And now for a treat, Andrew and Galen, dost thou want to go to the theater to see Henry VI?"

"Oh, please father, do take us." Andrew begged.

"Yes, please Mr. Gillford," Galen said excitedly.

After a quick breakfast, they were off! With Mr. Gillford leading the way and Andrew and Galen skipping close behind. They went back over the river on that large bridge (which Mr. Gillford told Galen was the London Bridge). Andrew and Galen had their arms linked and were singing at the top of their voices (not very well but what they lacked in talent they made up for in excitement).

As they were coming to the end of the bridge, Galen accidentally slipped and let go of Andrew's arm. He landed right in the middle of that sewer dump!

Galen was falling in the sewer and sinking deeper than usual. But then he started to float going upwards and soon it was no longer mud but water.

Galen dragged himself out onto the bank like a cat trying to get out of the water. He scrambled onto the log and walked across it. Galen was very glad to get back on dry land.

Then Galen realized where he was! He was back by the pond where he had tried shrimp fishing! Overwhelmed with relief that he was home, he whooped and started to run in his sopping wet clothes. He nearly cried with joy when he reached his front door, flung it open and . . .

"Jerry you got all covered in mud. Let me clean you up!" Galen said feeling so glad to see Jerry's chubby, toothy grin again. "And Jerry, promise me that you will never grow up." Happily Galen had made it back home to his brother and sisters not caring about the mess that they had made while he was gone.

Later that night, when his siblings were safely in bed, Galen's mind drifted to his crazy adventure that day. Galen hoped that someday he could go for another visit to England and see Andrew and Mr. Gillford and even Henry VI! But little did Galen know what he was truly wishing for . . .

THE END