

Nothing More than the Plague 6-8

I couldn't stand it anymore. Billy and Joe would not stop teasing me. As I was walking out of class, Joe elbowed me in the side which made me drop all of my things and fall into a book case. We were going to lunch break, but Mrs. Sligth kept me after class because I made a distraction out of myself. As I was waiting she made me study for my William Shakespeare test we were having in her class next Wednesday, I had no problem with that because I loved reading Shakespeare's work; it brought me peace that I couldn't find anywhere else in my sad, little life. Just then Mrs. Sligth told me I could go. I had already been in her classroom for 10 minutes now and she excused me to leave. As I was gathering my stuff I said, "I wish I could go back to William Shakespeare's time, it would be so much better there."

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Little did I know the danger of the wish I had just made. The next thing I knew, I was sitting on a short wooden stool, in a weird room, in front of a crummy wooden desk. I was wearing strange clothes, and the air smelled of something rotting or... decomposing, perhaps like a septic tank. I glanced around the room a second time and noticed wooden walls, and a wooden ceiling. There were some windows up really high, too high to see out of, but made to let light in. There were also lots of doors, but they were all shut except for one that seemed to lead down a dark hallway. I heard sounds of lots of people talking busily as if they were working in a crowded place, but they seemed distant and far off.

I was scared. Where was I, what just happened, how was I going to get back home? I was clearly in a different place, and I knew in my gut this place was far, far away from school. However, I knew everything would be fine because I doubted Billy and Joe weren't here to push me around!

Suddenly a tall man with a big beard, walked in one of the rooms' many doors, he glanced at me and asked, "Have you finished reading thy lines?"

Nothing More than the Plague 6-8

Lines, I thought, what lines? I settled a quick nervous glance at the desk in front of me, and on it was a weird piece of paper with messy handwriting. In an emergency for words I weaseled out a "No...sir."

"The name's Thomas," he said.

He looked at me awkwardly and said "Why, you have been in here since mornings ring, Come with me," he demanded. Obediently, I followed. He led me into a large room, no not a room. Much bigger, a theatre, the globe theatre! I recognized it at once. *I'm in heaven*, I thought!

I was stunned. I looked around, this wasn't the new globe theatre, this was clearly the old one. It was amazing, the detail of all the intricate little parts. Where the pillars join and the roof top meets, everything was beautiful, and all hand crafted. It was like a dream come true. 40 seconds ago I was at boring school. Now I was in the globe theatre, Witch was half way around the world. *How did I get here?*

But my thoughts were interrupted by Thomas. He instructed me to join a group of boys who looked to be practicing gymnastics. I made my way over to the groundlings pit, where they were practicing. Their group gave me a warm welcome, something I wasn't accustomed to in my own time.

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I woke up, I sat up in my uncomfortable bed made of straw. Good, straw. I was still in Elizabethan England in about 1599; I heard a soft sweet voice say, "You fell asleep during tumbling practice again."

"What, who are you?" I said.

He said, "Well of course, I'm your father"

What? I thought, *I had no father he died when I was 3.* "I don't understand," I said.

Nothing More than the Plague 6-8

"Now get some sleep Tim Shakespeare," he said softly, "you shall need it for practice tomorrow." *William Shakespeare, my father*. For a few quick seconds it blew my mind, and then I fainted to sleep.

It had seemed time had changed to fit me in, time changed and gave me a family, and included me in their memories. Probably the same way it had removed me from my life in the 20th century. After about a day I decided the only thing I didn't like about Elizabethan England was how un-clean it was. Seriously it was not sanitary or clean in any way, the streets smelled horrific. There was waste everywhere. Although, eventually I got used to it.

The next day I walked to the theatre with my new father. On our way I noticed many things that you wouldn't normally see if you were on our streets today. Number one I saw animals freely roaming the streets, two the buildings were not as tall as ours three stories at the most! And three I saw people hauling things on carts.

I was about to ask Shakespeare how many plays he had written, but I couldn't say anymore than "dad, how many" because I slipped on a rock and face planted into a pile of horse poop. I happened so fast I couldn't even tell where I was. When I got up my dad was chuckling to him self, and I was discusted, but offered to help me get the poop off my face. After that whole mess was taken care of, I was more careful not to step on any more rocks. Then finished my question. He told me about 7 of his favorites, and 20 that he did not like so much.

When we got to the theatre I found myself dizzy and a little nauseous, but I ignored it, dad said we had a lot of work yet, I spent almost my entire day practicing Romeo & Juliet in our warm costumes on a humid day. Every time I got thirsty they gave me ale instead of water which only made more thirsty for ale! But by the time I got home I felt so sick I had trouble eating dinner. This middle ages life was really

Nothing More than the Plague 6-8

starting to take a beating on me. So I went to bed early that night hoping the sickness would pass.

The next morning was a wreck I had puke all over me, and I felt like I had a submarine in my belly. Shakespeare said I had the plague, and that I may not live much longer I sat there for the next five hours just about dying.

Then out of complete desperation I wished out loud "I wish I could go back home, where I can live more comfortable." And I was serious I didn't care about Billy and Joe I just wanted to go home!

The next thing I knew I was back in Mrs. Sligth's room, in my old school! I wasn't sick anymore, I was feeling great. But still disoriented from the time travel I fell backwards into a bookcase. The same bookcase I was slammed into earlier by Joe. But unfortunately when I fell it knocked a huge jar of marbles off the top shelf, immediately it fell to the floor, and with a huge crash all the marbles scattered everywhere. That little mistake landed me in detention, but I was ok with it because now I knew how much harder it was to live in the middle ages, so detention wasn't that bad. Even when Joe kept poking me in the side and Billy kept shooting spitballs at me, that was a lot better than poop on your face or the bubonic plague.