

The strange case all started with an envelope sitting in my, Curt's mailbox. It read: open when you are alone. "What could this be?" I thought as I stuffed it in my backpack. Later I was working on an assignment for L.A., a short story on Shakespeare. Wanting a break I took the envelope out of my backpack and opened it. What it held was, according to the note in the envelope, an origami Shakespeare. The note all so said" for when in need." So I said to it "what should I write?" Out of no wear an invisible something started pulling on the origami Shakespeare and it was on my finger and I couldn't get it off. Then the thing pulled me into darkness like sleep.

I felt a person shaking my violently then I heard a voice I said " get thee self up yee pied ninny, or thy will have cold water dumped on thee's head." I ignored the voice, me first mistake! Suddenly I felt sheering cold-water rush over my face and I woke with a start. I saw a man holding a bucket over my face. He was a larger man and was have bald. But the weirdest part was his clothes. He was wearing tights and some other stuff I didn't recognize

"Where am I?" I said to Mr. tights. Mr. tights replied "my house ye turtle." "Thou is my servant and thou shall call'ith me master will you dog eyed son of a doe." Will? Like the William Shakespeare! Yeah I know what your thinking. Duh, how many other Shakespeares are there in this world, but it could just be a guy who shares his name.

"Get up" he said "I want thou to go'ith to the servants room and get thou's job list; and take,ith that garbage of thou's finger." I look down at my finger on it was that origami Shakespeare was still on me finger. So I follow master will directions. I got dress and tried to pull off origami Shakespeare from my finger, it would not come off. I pulled and pulled and it did not even so much as wrinkle. Then I started to think what if origami Shakespeare pulls my back into Shakespeare's time! How would I get back! I thought what my parents would say if they saw that I was gone! Then I decided to think about it later and go to the servant's room. Then I remembered that I did not know where it was. Then I saw I man dressed like me walking by

"Hey you," I shouted, "Do you know where the servant room is." He replied, "Thou is new?"

"Yes" I said. "Then thou shall follow me" The man started off very fast, and his long legs with a big stride made it hard to keep up. Then we came up on a door and he step though. When I came I knew I was in the right place. The room was full of cleaning supplies. There was little

Light except for a single torch, which hung, off the wall. A man called me over. "Thou must come hear" said the man and I ran over "Take these," he said. He gave me a broom "thou is to go sweep all the bedrooms."

"What, no way" I protested " no way" "I am not going to do it." "Then let thy introduce thou to Wood" he replied. And he went into a closet. Protesting was the next big mistake. I turned my back to the closet Waiting for the man to come back. Then suddenly the back of my shirt was lift up and I felt a bursting pain in my back, three times I felt it. I wanted to turn a round and see what was hurting me, but the hand was holding me still. Then it stop and I was thrown against the ground. The man was standing above me. "Thy hope Wood has taught you a lesson." If you have not figured out yet, Wood is a whip with a wood handle and metal spikes on the end.

I got up took the broom and went to find the bedroom. I found the first bedroom and began to sweep. Then I saw that this stupid origami Shakespeare on me finger. May be I really am back in the time of Shakespeare. That would explain all of the men wearing tights and other strange clothes! Then I saw something out of the window. A circular building with a strange flag hanging off it. Then it occurred to me. That building was the Globe. And the flag meant a play was going on. O, just so you know different flag signal different things, like black = tragedy or plays that may be happening. If that really is the Globe than I am back in time. I finished my job and ran into the street.

I asked a man “want building is that” and I point at the globe. “Well it is thy globe thee boy, have thou been living under a rock thee whole life” he replied. But I had run off. Then I had a bad idea. I saw I horse a carriage. If I stuck my finger that had origami Shakespeare on it under the carriage it would come off. So I stuck my finger with origami Shakespeare under the wheel as it passed by. The worst mistake I ever made. You can guess what happened. Lets just say origami Shakespeare did not even get wrinkled or dirty and if you still have not guessed, I broke my finger. Then some man ran into my. It was master Will.

“What is thou doing away from thee house!” he shouted, some people stopped and stared. “Has thou tried to run away, or is thou just wanting fresh air,” he said, “and prithee tell me why thou not taken thee garbage off thou finger like I ask!”

“Because,” I said “ it will not come off!” “What does thou mean,” he said, “Give me your hand,” and he pulls as hard as he could and he made my broken finger worse. He kept pulling and pulling then he finally gave up.

“Tha’art thing will not come off!” that pretty much summed it up. “Come with me,” master Will said “ I will need to make thou an work at thee globe so no one see the garbage on thee’s finger, come with me,” and we began to walk to the building which was call the globe.

We half ran all the way to the globe, but instead of going in the main way, he took me around to the back and led me into a different door. On the other side of the door there were two hallways, master Will took me to the one on the left.

Then I realized that we were in the back stage of the Globe. Saw a man wearing make-up and a wig and a person was undoing he dress that he was wearing.

“ Why is there a guy dress as a women?” I asked master Will

"Because woman cannot'est be actors," he replied as we were discussing a book we both have read.

"Why not?" I asked

"Let us not talkith about it here," he said, and so we kept going. Then we turned into a door way and he throw me on to the bed.

"Thou will begin work'ith here tomorrow," he said and he left shutting the door be hide him. I was so tired from my beatings and the rest of the today I passed out.

I woke with master will shaking me again as hard as he could.

"Get'ith up yee boy" he shouted and I got up as fast as I could know what he would probably say next.

"Thou got'ith up faster today than usual." he comment "get'ith dressed and we will start'ith the days work." so I put on my cloths and shoes and meet master will in the hall

"Curtis," he said in an commanding tone" I will give thee a choice, thou can be Juliet in our next play or you can become my personal servant." this is a no brainer, play a girl in a romantic play, or become so guys personal servant, no contest.

"I will become your personal servant," I said

"Then thou will help me with my work'ith," he said. We walk down another hall until we came upon a door, which we step though. The room had an old desk a lot of paper crumpled all over the place.

"Thou will have to clean'ith this whole place up," he said and he sat at his desk and began to write. Then I remembered me LA short story I had to do, what if

Master will could give me some advice, and that would prove that he could be the real

Shakespeare.

"Master will," I said while picking up the paper "how do you write your stories?" he stopped everything and turn around to look at me. "Why does thou need'ith to know." He said very quietly "I just thought you could tell me what you use as the base of your story," I said timidly

To my surprise he smiled. "I use'ith what I am feeling or my experiences, life is like a play, all of us need to play'ith our part on our stage, and messing up lines is like doing wrong'ith, it will be punished." "Are you saying that if I were to writ, I should write about my expires?" I said but instead of answering he turned back to his work. I took this as a yes.

"Where does thou really come from," he ask suddenly "huh," I said "where does thou really come from," he repeated, 'thou as a different way of speaking,' I should I put this? Should I lie to my master, or should I tell him the truth and if I tell the truth, will he believe me? "I come from a town far away from here I a place call America, and I am from the future." I said finally. "When I ask this origami you what to write for a short story it took me back in time." He smiled again to my surprise. He said "and have this, origami me helped you any." I thought and thought and then I said, "When master Shakespeare I that he has." "Then follow me." and he took my hand and hand we stepped though the door and out not into the hall but into that blackness like midnight.

I woke with a start and looked around I was back in my room and it was 9:46, the same time it was when I had left to the time of Shakespeare. I looked down at my blank seat and thought was it all real or was it a dream. The pain I felt when Wood was whipping me felt so real. Then I had an idea I ran to the bathroom and took of my shirt and looked on my back. There they were the three scars I got from Wood the whip. So it was not a dream after all. Then I looked down on my finger and saw that my finger was not broken but origami Shakespeare was on it, and it was able to take it off. Shakespeare took me

There, and Shakespeare took me back. You may be thinking how did origami Shakespeare help my get a story idea. Well I will take Shakespeare's advice and I will write about my strange case of origami Shakespeare.

*The end*