

“This is not what I had in mind.” muttered Bailey, glancing at the auditorium that was meant to hold 300 people, but had just about 20. Bailey had tried out for a play she was expecting to be a lot more exciting, and with a lot more people! *A Midsummer’s Night Dream* was what she and her group were performing. Finally it was time for her cue, she walked out onto the stage and started her line.

“Th-,” before she could even finish her line, she fell through the trap door that was built into the stage. But something unusual happened, she did not stop, she just kept falling. Bailey was so surprised she was beyond speech. After what seemed like an eternity of falling, her body landed on a hard surface with a loud thump.

As consciousness crept slowly back, Bailey became wearily aware of something strange, no, many things strange. The smell was different, the sound was different, even the feel of the very air was different. In the first 5 seconds of her consciousness she knew right away that she was not at Truman High School, but where could she be? Her body seeped with pain and her head hurt from hitting the floor so hard. But her curiosity got the better of her; she stood up completely mystified as to where to go. She looked around the room. There was lots of wood, and the smell was very musty. Was that- a rat in the corner over there? She quickly turned her head in disgust, and she saw a light, a door ajar.

She pried her fingers in the door crack, and the door creaked open, to her astonishment she saw a full house of 3,000 people eagerly watching a play performance underway. As she felt herself nearly passing out from shock, a strong rough hand grabbed her arm jolting her alert. A rough voice barked, “Where art thou been Bailey? Your part is nay upon you, get to thy place!” As the scene ended he pushed her out to her place on the stage.

Terrified, she started speaking the lines she knew so well, the lines of Helena. Immediately after she spoke her first word she realized she was talking too soft. As she yelled louder and louder she thought to herself, *where are the microphones?*

After the worst was over, Bailey walked off the stage, and heard the rough man’s voice again. He was talking to someone else, then stopped and walked out into the light. His face appeared, grey beard and soft eyes. Bailey stared at this man until she fully realized who he was, he was William Shakespeare.

“Thou did a good job” he said, “but thou need to speak louder, we will work on that.” As he started his brisk walk away, Bailey shouted,

“Wait!” He slowly turned around with a confused look on his face.

“Who are you sir, and what is the date today?” Bailey asked

“Why, I am William Shakespeare of course. And the date today is March 9, 1599!” he replied.

The familiar feeling of sickness slowly seeped into her once again. Apparently William Shakespeare noticed the look on her face and immediately grabbed her shoulders and said, “We should get you to the doctor, thou art not looking well.”

“No I will be fine.” Bailey replied, and walked out into the sunshine. Right away she noticed that the building she was in the entire time was the Globe Theatre. *So that is why I could see the sky!* She thought. Bailey researched William Shakespeare in eighth grade and she learned lots of things about him like, he wrote over 30 plays, he lived until the age of 52, and he lived through the Black Death. *Wow falling through that trap door in the stage somehow transported me 400 years before my time!* A man came up to her and asked her if she would buy an apple for one penny, *Fruit for only one penny?* She thought to herself. “Sure thing, I think I have a nickel in my pocket do you have change?” she reached into her pocket and pulled the nickel out of the pocket of her dress, and held out her hand for him to take. But all he gave her in return was a funny look, and he walked off. It was getting dark and Bailey needed a place to stay and sleep. The amount of change she had was not going to buy her an inn, if anything, Bailey was not sure that the type of currency was going to work in this Elizabethan period of time. So she crept back into the globe to the little room on the side of the stage where she fell into this entire time warp, laid down and fell asleep.

Morning came really fast. Light fell into the room, she could hear the birds chirping, and see the sun shining. Just as she woke up a man with a very loud voice threw himself into the room. He appeared drunk, and very wobbly; he caught a glimpse of her and screamed at her “GET OUT, YOU PEASANT” Bailey scrambled to her feet, and ran out of the little room completely terrified. Running out of the theatre was a rush, everybody and everything whizzed past her: the penny collector for the globe, the jugglers trying to amuse the crowds, the salesmen yelling for attention. She ran around the corner of an ally and sat down, out of breath. After about 10 seconds Shakespeare came running around the corner and asked her,

“What happened? I saw thou run out of the dressing room, are you ok?”

Bailey said stuttering,

“T-there was a man I think he was drunk, and he he yelled at me.”

“Oh that was Edward, he gets drunk a lot. Don’t be testy about him.”

Bailey just sat there. *How did I get here?* Bailey wanted her iPod, music always helped calm her down. *Or a pillow, just a simple pillow, please!*

Shakespeare had stood up and was starting to walk away and said, “I will have to be going, I have things to do, I am writing a new play and I would like to finish it by supper today. Oh how I wish I could have something that could make me write faster.” Bailey was on the verge of screaming *use a computer!* But she remembered that the people of this century would not know what that is.

Master Shakespeare was walking away now and Bailey had an idea *I got it! When I go out to perform Helena in a Midsummer’s Night Dream I will signal the trap door to be opened and I will fall through to my own time!* She wasn’t sure it was going to work, but she was willing to try it!

Bailey was walking up to the globe; the white flag was waving proudly in the wind. Bailey ran into the theatre and threw on her dress in the tiring room. Bailey waited patiently in the little humid room and listened to the noise in the globe grow louder and louder. Suddenly the crystal clear, well practiced, trumpeter’s opening music rang out through the globe, making everyone snap into silence.

“*Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind.*” Bailey said playing the part of Helena she had practiced so many times. She then looked to her left and signaled the trap door to be opened. She was standing right on top of it, and ready to be transported back to her time. The door opened, and she fell. she felt like she was Alice, traveling to wonderland. And the long eternity of falling began. She felt cold, then hot, then cold again. And she found herself wearing the fake, itchy, stiff fiber that her dress was made of. Then BOOM, very abruptly the wind was knocked out of her. She was pretty sure this hurt more than the first time she fell. She fluttered her eyes open and saw the concerned look on her mothers face vanish.

“Oh thank goodness I thought we might have had to call an ambulance.” Bailey tried to sit up, but her head was throbbing so hard from hitting the floor so hard, she felt dizzy and had to lie back down again. *I am back! I am back. It worked! But was that all a dream; was I out in*

Shakespeare's world the entire time I was sitting here? Bailey questioned herself. She was listening to all of the parents and staff discuss how worried they were about her.

"I want to go home." Bailey interrupted, and all of the adults stopped in mid-speech, it was dead silent.

"Sure honey whatever you want." her mother replied. "We will get you home as soon as possible, I think you need some rest." Bailey's mother helped her up off of the floor and out of the auditorium. It was very bright and Bailey's eyes were not accustomed to the brightness.

She climbed in the car preparing herself for the conversation about to come.

"Bailey, I heard you took quite the fall, you must really ache."

"Mom I am fine, just tired that's all."

"Well, we will get you home to rest."

The moment they walked in the door, Bailey's dog Daisy welcomed her with a warming lick on the cheek. Bailey climbed on the couch, and drowsed away. But not back to Shakespeare's time. Somewhere else, somewhere far away...

The end