

Going Through Time

“Alright, class! Almost winter break! Just some spelling and you can all go home!” Mr. Cannes smiled. Most of the class groaned about having to do spelling, but my good friend named Jane Arnold nor I did. If you groan about lessons, Mr. Cannes will make you stay after school, and we would both do anything to get out of school early on the day before break, because we are able to time-travel. You probably want to know how it is possible for young girls to time-travel if the rest of their family can’t, and there is no record of magic in the family history for centuries. It’s possible, though. I promise.

I packed up my books quickly and went into the hallway to wait for Jane. Her parents always tell her to clean her desk before school breaks. She finally came into the hallway.

“Let’s go get Lucy and Sarah,” said Jane. “They will want to come with us into the past.”

I nodded and grabbed Jane’s hand. We couldn’t wait to see are other close friends who could also time-travel. They are both in fourth grade like Jane and I, but Lucy is in Mrs. Laure’s class and Sarah is in Mrs. Glowerie’s class. The only time we get to see them is at recess.

By the time we reached Mrs. Laure’s classroom, Lucy was standing by the door, reading a book. When she saw the two of us, she ran over to us.

“Jane and Daria, I’m so glad to see you again! I didn’t finish my math worksheet, and I’m worried that Mrs. Laure will make me stay to finish it.”

That’s the type of person Lucy is. Worrying that she will have to finish a math worksheet that other kids didn’t finish.

“It’ll be fine,” said Jane. “Don’t worry.”

The three of us put on our coats and hats and went outside into the bitter-cold winter air. Soon Sarah came out. She had cleanup duty for her classroom, and she had told us to wait outside.

“Sorry I took so long. Let’s go and try to get to Daria’s house before it really starts snowing,” Sarah suggested.

We ran all the way to my house, only stopping to give a shabby homeless dog a quick pat and our leftover lunches. When we reached my house, my mom opened the door.

“Daria, Sweetheart! Glad you’re home from school. Good to see you again, Ms. Arnold. You too, Ms. Liorn and Ms. Bariy. Finally winter break. That means lots of playdates!”

My mom sometimes calls my friends by their last names. Lucy’s last name is Liorn and Sarah’s is Bariy. We all said hello and went into the kitchen. I grabbed four

apples and some cookies, plus juice boxes to drink. I put them in my backpack and we all headed upstairs to my room.

“Is everyone ready?” asked Lucy. “I’m growing impatient to see Elizabeth.”

We all nodded.

“1542, here we come!” announced Sarah.

Jane took my hand and slipped it into hers. Sarah and Lucy did the same.

“Okay, everyone. Let’s go!” called Jane. We ran to the big antique wardrobe in the corner of my room and climbed in

“King Henry’s castle in 1542!” we all hollered. The next moment we were standing in plain view in front of the castle.

Just then, a deep voice boomed out, “Go to your room! Why would I give you anything? Never disobey your father, especially if he is the king!”

Lucy, Sarah, and Jane ran into some bushes.

I just stood there, frozen with fear.

“Daria! Come on!” Lucy pulled me into the prickly rose bush.

“But Father, I don’t disobey you.” Elizabeth’s voice was quiet compared to the voice of the king.

“Yes, you do! ‘Tis a falsehood teller, too, aren’t you?”

“No, Father.”

“To your room.”

“But--”

“GO!”

The four of us could hear soft footsteps as Elizabeth walked to her room.

Nobody made a noise for a while. Finally Lucy said quietly, “Poor Elizabeth.”

Sarah nodded in agreement then said, “We have a problem. We forgot to bring the medieval clothes in Daria’s old wardrobe. And I kind of wish we weren’t in this time ”

I didn’t blame her. And it was true we had forgotten the clothes. Located in the antique wardrobe that’s in my room, there are medieval clothes my mom got from her great-great-great-great-great grandparents, that my dad got from a business trip to Europe, and some from the same antique shop the magic wardrobe came from.

“We could always go back and get them, couldn’t we?” asked Lucy.

I shook my head.

“Not really. The wardrobe is inside the castle, and we can’t go in there.” The wardrobe always comes with us when we time travel.

“We’ll have to eventually,” wailed Sarah. “We can’t stay in 1542 forever!”

Jane sighed. “Daria, Sarah’s right. We can’t not go back to our houses. We might as well get over it. Plus, we might be able to wear some servant cloaks while we search for the wardrobe.”

We were about to leave the bushes when a voice startled us.

“Who dares be on my castle grounds without permission?” roared King Henry.
“Guards, search every inch of this place!”

The four of us stared at each other in horror. Suddenly, Lucy hissed, “Tunnel.”
I looked at her. “Tunnel?”

Lucy nodded and made a motion with her hand for us to follow her. She had opened a trap door in the wall of the castle and was climbing into it.

“Lucy, what is this place?” asked Jane. “It smells musty and the bottom of it is damp. And why do you think the guards won’t find us here?”

Lucy ran her hand over the wall. “This is an underground tunnel. It leads to the servant house, I think. The guards probably barely ever come in here. Shush, now, please. We don’t want them to hear us.”

The tunnel seemed to go on forever. It was like the Never-Ending Tunnel I had had a dream about once. I started to get bored, and Sarah kept nearly kicking me in the face. Suddenly, Lucy turned around. “I think I see a light up ahead. Wait here while I go check it out.”

Jane and I nodded, but Sarah grabbed Lucy’s arm. “No! If there’s a person up there, we must all go together.”

“I don’t think a person is up there, Sarah. I think it’s an exit!”

There was an exit, but not the kind I’d expected. It was a hole with a lid that was above us that looked like a big drain. Lucy made a plan of how to get through it.

“I’ll go first. Sarah, you follow me, then you go, Daria. And Jane, when you come after Daria, make sure to close the lid.”

And with that, Lucy shoved it out of the way and climbed through. The plan worked well until Jane came out. She was climbing out of the tunnel when a servant came into the room. She screamed.

“Am I seeing things? Help! Help! Bring the guards!” she clutched her head and looked around in fear. Then she ran to the door and began to pound on it and shout. Jane made a run for it while the lady was turned away. She pressed herself up against the wall with the rest of us and breathed a sigh of relief. Then she pointed to some servant cloaks on the wall. Lucy nodded and we all busied ourselves with arranging the cloaks on our bodies so we couldn’t see our other clothes. Then we went into the real castle.

We were all so scared we hardly breathed. I clutched Jane’s hand.

“Daria Hall! Your hand is as cold as ice!” I nodded and hurried along the hallway. We finally reached Elizabeth’s room, which was where Sarah had suggested the wardrobe might be. It was. And luckily, Elizabeth was asleep on her bed. Lucy and Sarah crept in.

“C’mon, Jane and Daria!” whispered Lucy. Jane and I gathered our courage and darted into the bedroom.

“Can we please just go home?” pleaded Sarah. Jane, Lucy, and I nodded. None of us really wanted to spend our winter break in a dungeon, which was what I was afraid of. We ran to the wardrobe and jumped in. The next moment, we landed with a thump on my bedroom floor. I let out a deep breath.

“That was really scary, but super awesome!”