A strange day in the past

I’m confused. I just don’t know where I am… Where I woke up. Everything that surrounds me looks strange. This isn’t definitely my bedroom. The bed is so much smaller than mine, the walls are cracked and damp. There is no window, just this hole on the wall. The only thing that I know for sure that belong to me are the clothes I am wearing.

I decided to go out to investigate. See what’s going on. But it only gets stranger! People are wearing these strange and simple clothes. There is this horrible smell in the air. And the streets...so narrow! I can’t believe what I’m seeing. There is nobody smiling, only sadness. The children are so skinny and they are holding big baskets filled with something that I don’t even know what it is.

Suddenly, there’s this street boy. He comes straight to me. He is eating fresh bread and starts talking to me with this funny British accent.

‘Hi, there’, he said.

’Hey!’, I replied.

’How are you going?’, he asked.

’Fine...You?’, I said hesitantly.

’Me too. Are you hungry?’

’Very!’

’Want some bread?’

’Yes, please!’

He gives me some of his own. That’s when I see a big guy wearing white clothes running in our direction and yelling ’Thief! Catch that thief.’

The boy grabs my arm and says,

’You better run!‘

’Why?‘

’Don’t ask, just run!‘

So we started running for our lives. He’s faster and in better shape than I am, so I lose sight of him. I simply keep running until I feel something grabbing my arm and pulling me to an alley. It was the boy. We see the baker running down the street with a big rolling-pin on his hand. After a while, we go in the reverse direction and I ask him what was all that about. He says that he had stolen the bread I had just eaten.

’And all that because of that piece of bread?’, I asked.

’This is the Victorian England, girl. The rich live fully, the poor die hungry.’, he explained.

’Victorian England? Are you telling me that I’ve travelled to the 19th Century?!’, I replied.

’What do you mean with that?‘, he asked confused.

’I was born in the 20th Century! 1995 to be more precise.’

’1995? That would explain your clothes…‘, he whispered to himself.

’What’s wrong with my clothes?‘, I questioned.

’Nothing, nothing!‘, he answered embarrassed. ’But how can I know for sure that you are not teasing me?‘

’I’ve got my mobile phone here!‘

’Mobile what?‘

’Oh! I’m so stupid! How could I not remember of my phone earlier?‘

’Ok, you’re starting to confuse me.‘

I start dialling my mom’s number and this strange voice answers saying ’Time line, how can I help you?‘

’How can you help me?! Dude, I’m stuck in the 19th Century!’, I replied furiously.

’Wait a little bit. We will open you a direct line to 2012.‘, the voice said.

’Thank you!‘, I said still angry.

Less than a minute went by and I see this bright blue light, right next to a big rock. I recognized that rock, though I was not sure where from. I start going towards the light. That’s when I hear the boy’s voice saying ’Bye. Have a nice trip.’ I smiled and stepped forward into the light.

I woke up on my bed. I could only think ’Was that a dream?‘. I look outside, it’s a beautiful summer day. My mother calls me. We were about to leave to the summer camp where I and my family used to go when I was younger. I grab my things, go to the car and we hit the road. I can’t stop thinking of that. Was that all real? Well, it felt real...

When I’m getting to the camp I see that big rock. I yell ’Stop!‘. My mom braked. I start running towards the rock and I trip over something. It is a wooden box. I take it out and open it. It is filled with old letters. I start reading the first one. The boy was saying that he didn’t have the chance to ask what my name was, saying that his was Tom.

’Anna. My name is Anna.‘, I whispered.

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