

Lost In Time by Emily Adams

Tweet! The birds sweetly sung. On this ordinary day a girl was quietly wandering in the woods; she was minding her own business, daydreaming. She looked down onto the muddy ground filled with hot orange, yolk yellow and maroon brown leaves. Suddenly, a glowing gold round object appeared on the floor a few paces away from her, the patterns were most magnificent and the golden glow was blinding.

Reaching out to touch the object a gust of wind grabbed her; with the golden object she was transported through the sky. The sky-blue atmosphere immediately turned grey and she came crashing down to the ground.

When she finally recovered from what was a high fall she got up and brushed her knees clean. Rotten smells of horror filled the air, and the noises were not laughs nor happiness but sadness and dullness. Taking breaths she got to her feet; she wanted to know what just happened. The next few moments she spent trying to find help.

After a few hours she returned to a village of some kind. She slid the gold round shiny ball into her empty pockets. Many souls could be seen all over the streets, cold and lonely. No one noticed her at all. Was this normal? Where was she? All she could think about is how she was going to get back to her mornings stroll in the autumn shady forest.

“Hello? anyone?” she often asked as she became weaker and weaker from her tiredness. Suddenly she approached a gigantic building; she wondered whether they would know what happened when she was transported by the glowing gold mysterious object. She knocked on huge door. It opened gracefully and I walked in.

“Here to see the king are we?” asked a guard that was standing at the door.

“Yes sir.” She said quietly.

“This way.” he replied and led me to a room where an over-weight man sat. She assumed this was the king so she said “hello your majesty.” She said in a very shy, soft, timid voice.

She asked the king many question he answer all of them, she had found out this king was Henry VIII. Henry was getting fed up, he demanded her to go.

After hours of convocation, she finally left; her legs were feeling a lot better now. She went for another stroll around what seemed to be a historic Tudor land. She had no idea what to do next, how was she going to return home? Was she?

In an instant a crowd of angry soldiers ran up to her and took her by the arms, she was dragged off to the king's historic castle, she was suddenly placed in some sort of killing invention, her head was placed through a piece of rotten wood. She was trapped! She felt the glowing object for the last time in her shallow pocket. The blade of this mysterious killer invention started to fall, she was doomed.