

Tyler Jarret's Story

In the middle of a construction site, a man digs the flooring and 'AHHH !'

Well this is the story of how I ended up in this situation.

12 AM. A stately home. The middle of a jousting match. After a savage contest, in my mind I win again. In my mind I am back in Tudor times.

On his way home he was aware of some people staring right through his soul, as if they were about to kidnap him. They made his palms sweat like a quick tide coming in and washing him onto the shore. He hurried his horse on. It was getting late. When he got home he checked the date. 'I can't remember,' said Jeff. Then, checking his clock, he said, 'It was 1620 before you left.'

'1620 ? Are you sure ?'

Jeff nodded. 'And now it's 2017,' he said.

In a while he went downstairs. There was a giant table set up with disgusting-looking food. There was even a Tudor rose on the tablecloth. What on earth was going on ?

Ding dong.

The doorbell.

He opened the door. Standing there were the people he'd seen on the way home. 'Hello,' he said, in a scared voice. He checked the clock. It was 7 AM. 'Hey, wait a minute,' he said, 'it was 3 AM three seconds ago.

'Sir, we have been waiting here for four hours,' said the leader of the men.

Jeff hadn't got a clue what was going on.

Jeff was exhausted and freaking out. It was time he went to bed.

The next morning. Six o'clock.

He decided he would go and see his friend. Perhaps together they could make sense of things.

Ding dong.

'Jeff ? Are you alright ?'

Jeff sat on the sofa. It was broken and old and smelt like garbage and fish. Billy came down stairs. He was carrying a glass. 'Water ?,' he said.

'I have to go jousting,' said Jeff.

'What ?'

Three.

Two.

One.

'Joust !'

'Aaarh !,' Jeff screamed out loud.

When he woke up, he woke up in a medical centre.

'What happened ?,' he said.

The doctor said he'd been knocked out during a jousting competition at a stately home.

'Aaarh !'

The doctor, clearly, was just practising. 'You can't practise on me.'

The doctor grinned. He could, he said, do whatever he wanted.

These were, after all, Tudor times.