

# Destiny's Story

'Eeek!' There went the brakes on the cold coach. My mind exploded as I was frozen to my seat. My name is 'Harvy' Harvey and I'm the nerd of the class. Well, at least most people think I am.

'We've been sitting on this coach for hours !,' shouted Jasper.

Mr Woodcuff said we were getting off. Then, as the creaky doors opened, that's when everything happened.

There was a bright shining light coming from the door. No-one could open their eyes. Had they been able to, they would have seen the castle where the famous Henry VIII lived. Well he's dead now of course. He died when he was forty years old. As the tour lady was taking us around and I was thinking that we were supposed to be going round on our own, I saw a shadow and I screamed....

As the shadow got closer and closer I got more and more scared - but when I looked up I saw it was only my teacher. He was frowning as he walked away. I turned around and there was a poster. It seemed to me somehow strange and mysterious. But then someone shouted my name and I ran off. A while later we were eating lunch. I couldn't stop thinking about that poster.

Later, we followed the tour lady to a bedroom. It looked weird. 'This is the red room,' she said.

Next was the reception room. There was the poster again. Jasper and I studied it hard. We both felt something strange happening. We looked at each other. Jasper was smiling.

Suddenly there I was in an old black and brown dress and a white bonnet. I could see perfectly now without glasses. There were lots of people surrounding me. I started scratching my head. I walked over the lane to a shop. Everyone had a weird accent. I felt strange and panicky. I was only twelve in the real world. I looked around for someone to help me. I saw someone I half knew but half didn't know. The closer I got the more certain I was it was Jasper.

A tray passed before me. I picked up a cup. It was strange-feeling, rough. I looked inside. Beans. Fifteenth century beans!

A day later I fell asleep in the shop. I woke up to the sound of the shopkeeper and his behind the counter. When he unlocked the door, I picked up the beans and crept out. I ran to a nearby alleyway and got back onto the coach. I settled into my seat. It has all been a dream. I put my hands into my pockets to get them warm.

Beans.

From the fifteenth century.

'Here we go !,' said the driver. The coach started off. I put my head back. I didn't dare close my eyes.