

# Samuel Rothery

By the light of the sun, an an archeologist sees something glistening in the distance. He approaches, careful where he puts his feet. He drops to his knees. It was a shield, decorated with the red and white Tudor colours. In the middle of the shield there was a strange looking stone. *Don't touch it*, said a voice in his head. But he wasn't listening. He reached out his hand.

‘What year is it ?,’ he said.

A great deal of time had passed - and no time at all.

The knight frowned. ‘The year is fifteen thirty-three,’ he said.

‘Thank you,’ said Sam. He told the knight his name. The knight watched him walk away.

The village was only a mile away.

He walked through the narrow streets, asking at the door of every house if he could stay with them. No-one would take him in - no-one but the owner of the last house in the village. This man was generous and kind and said, 'Sir, please make yourself at home.' Once Sam was inside, the man offered him some pottage. Sam asked him what it was. Although obviously surprised, the man replied that it was a mixture of milk, peas, cabbage, herbs and water.

'What's your name ?'

Sam told him his name. 'What's yours ?'

The man said his name was Tom.

The next day Sam went exploring. He walked across the countryside and soon came across a large Tudor mansion. He asked the guard on the gate who the mansion belonged to.

'Who wants to know ?, ' the guard replied.

'I do,' said Sam.

'Who are you ?'

'Sam.'

The guard shrugged and let him in.

The shield was hanging on the wall. He looked up at it. He remembered seeing it half buried in the ground. He felt sad. He wanted to go home.

There were trumpets and then the king arrived.

Except it wasn't the king. It looked like the king but he wasn't. He was another archeologist.

'Hello Sam,' he said.

'Hello,' said Sam.

'They'll be letting the public in soon.'

'The public ?'

'Don't forget to tell all those ordinary stories.'