

A Window to History

Later that night Abbey gets out of bed to the sound of people calling her name.

"Hm, funny, everyone seems to be in bed."

She goes down the wooden stairs into the bottom storey and walks along on the polished oak wooden floors and something catches her eye. She runs her finger on a hard surface on the wall and whispers

"A window to history."

The next morning she wakes up to the sound of the clock ticking and looks at the time (8:45am.) She looks around and sees that the whole house is made of wood. She opens her door and walks down the hall peeping into deserted rooms ending at a staircase that looks brand new. She walks down them into a fire lit room with a decorated cut down tree standing in the corner and thinks

"No one's here."

"Hello dear, Merry Christmas" greets a short woman with long brown hair.

Abbey gives the stranger a hug and sits around the tree enjoying the crackling fire and seasons snow. A little while later two children come into the room and sit next to her. The lady (who is the mother) hands her a piece of cloth (dyed.)

"Abigail, go put on your new dress dear."

Abbey looks around worriedly and goes up the stairs into a bedroom. She puts the long sleeved dress on. She walks across the room to a dresser and picks up a brush. The mother comes into the room wearing a silver dress and brooch.

"Dear, I'll plait your hair."

While the mother is brushing, the brush suddenly comes out of her grip.

"Abigail, stand still."

Abbey ran out of the room and before she knew it she saw the underneath's of her dress as she tripped head first over the skirts.

"Hold your dress up?" called the mother.

When Abbey got outside she was standing in front of a black carriage being driven by two brown horses. She took a deep breath and stepped up into the carriage followed by the others.

She looked out the window at the farm animals as she passed by the paddocks.

“Wait, did she just see a reflection in the window of herself wearing blue sheep flannelette pyjamas.”

“Then why am I dressed like this around different people?”

“Is this a Christmas play set in the past through the Anglican church?”

When the carriage stops, Abbey sees a great big Anglican church.

“Why would we go to a different church?” Abbey thinks.

After church they go to a table and put Christmas goods on it. Then the mother yells

“Christmas goods for sale.”

An old lady comes up to us and says

“I will have a dozen eggs.”

Suddenly Abbey feels something on her shoulder. She turns around and faces a short man with black hair (wearing a green tunic and pants.) He pulls Abbey close to him and kisses her. She stammers

“Wh, what did you do that for?”

“Because you’re my wife.”

Abbey’s mouth drops open in surprise. She catches her breath and says

“I refuse to do this play anymore.”

“This isn’t a play” says the male.

Out of the corner of Abbey’s eye she sees the two children from this morning, heading towards her yelling

“Mamma!”

Abbey reluctantly picks up the kids and says

“Merry Christmas.”

When they get into the carriage Abbey picks up a book called ‘Divorce in the Anglican Church’ and starts to read it.

"You can read" her husband asks.

"Uh, yes."

"You have very unusual language and customs" says Abbey's new mother.

I walk down the wooden stairs into a fire lit room. A lady wearing a pig nightgown says

"Good morning, Merry Christmas Abbey."

I see a shiny ring on a girl's fourth finger on her left hand and say

"Are you engaged?"

The girl rolls her eyes and says

"I told you I was engaged yesterday."

I went to the bedroom and put on a dress.

"I feel naked" I think.

I walk out the door and get into a weird green carriage.

"What are we in?" I ask.

"A car you silly" replies Amanda.

When we finally stop we reach a very big church. When we sit down I am handed a book. I jump up and yell

"I can't read."

Suddenly people turned around and looked at me weirdly.

Later back at the house I saw a sign saying Abbey Lane. I said

"Oh, my, wait is that a woman looking through the window back at me?"

When we arrived at the house I saw a thatched roof just like the one at my parents house.

That afternoon a knock came on the door.

"Hello Mam" says Abbey

"Shan't we go into your yard for a cup of tea?"

The next day Abbey changes into a green dress with flowers embroidered on it.

"Where are you going?" Abbey asks.

My mother walks into the room and says

"Have a great day farming Henry."

Abbey then says

"My job is the Lady of the house."

She then walks into the house and says

"Dears, it is time for a bath."

"NO, no, no" scream the kids.

She puts them in the bath and realises there are no taps.

"Silly Mamma" laugh the children hysterically.

Abbey looks to the side and puts her hands over her face.

"Hm, how do I get hot water?, oh I wish I paid attention in class."

"Wait, I boil the water over the fire."

Her mother knocks on the door and comes in with a pot of cooled water. Abbey pours the water into the tub and washes the children with cloths.

After tea they blow out the candles and sit by the fire. Henry comes over to Abbey and hands her a cloth package. She opens it and reads the book to the children.

We walk inside and have brunch.

"I have never seen so much food in my life"

I think.

A month later I get dropped to this place called an airport. I follow the directions and sit at gate four ready to step into this white car thing that flies.

When I get off the plane I go in a big red bus that has stairs in it. I sit on top of the bus and use something that captures a picture of what you're looking at. When I get off the bus I end up at Oxford University. There are people everywhere, (there has never been as many people in a university than my old town.)

Two months later Abbey is standing in the exact spot where there was that frame of history (timber) at her old home. Then an idea strikes her.

"At midnight I will stand at this spot like I did in the middle of the night in Warwickshire and see if midnight is the time that I went to the past and I will also say a window to history."

A month later I come back home for the weekend. That night I wake to the sound of footsteps. I walk down the stairs and see Amanda sleep walking. She runs her hands along the wall and a bright light shines in my eyes – then Amanda disappears.