

Journey Through Time

In the museum I walk around the tardis remembering watching Doctor Who when I was a little girl. The shape of the police box reminds me of the old phone boxes we used before we got a landline telephone. Now, of course, we have mobiles, so old phone boxes are relics of the past, and I wonder if I could get inside the tardis for a selfie.

The door will probably be locked, but when I try the handle it opens. I look over my shoulder for the museum attendant then creep inside. It's amazing. There's a huge dashboard with coloured knobs and switches, and a dalek is standing in the corner. I smile at the big silver machine covered in oversized balls on the sides. I remember them from the early episodes and how my brother used to run around the room shouting, 'Exterminate! Exterminate!'

I see the doctors brown frock coat hanging on a hook behind the door. I decide to put it on for the selfie which looks amazing, and then drape his multi-coloured knitted scarf around my neck.

Suddenly the whole room jolts.

'Aaagrh,' I cry and see steam and smoke coming from the floor and the door which I'd left open. I hurry towards the door to try and get out. Is it alarmed for intruders and have I caused a fire? Will the museum attendants come running when they see the smoke?

The whole room tilts and the familiar whirling noise from the TV show starts. I grab hold of the bench to steady myself. Is it moving? 'Noooo, it can't be,' I shout. 'Don't be silly!'

My mind is spinning along with the movement of the tardis and my heart is pumping fast. Sweat breaks out on my forehead as I cling to the bench then I fall down onto the dusty floor.

When I wake up all is quiet, and I wonder if I've fainted. I've never done so before, but I suppose there's a first time for everything. I take a deep breath and crawl along the floor to drag myself upright. I blink my eyes and feel foolish.

I'm dumbfounded. Will I register as a new reader or login now if already registered. I'm

I'm in the courtyard. I'm up ahead. Am I dreaming? I'll probably wake up in my own bed soon and I give myself a good shake. I wipe my eyes, but to no avail. I'm still here in the field.

I look down at my legs and see the long cream silk dress I'm wearing. 'Eh?' Where are my jeans and the T-Shirt, I was wearing this morning? I've got white silky slippers on my feet not my black boots. Senselessly, I smooth the silky material enjoying the feel of it around my legs. The dress is scooped at the neck and I can feel a strict corset underneath. I touch my usual short-cut hair but feel long soft ringlets and a small cap on the back of my head.

I shiver then hear a noise behind me. I swing around and gasp at the huge stately manor house across from a small river. I recognise the view and scene from the film, Pride & Prejudice. My legs are shaking but I begin to walk towards the river as if I'm in some sort of a trance.

Nearing the river bank a tall man in a wet white shirt emerges and shakes his black hair like a shaggy dog.

I clasp a hand to my chest, and stutter, 'M...Mr. Darcy!'

He stops in his tracks and looks at me with wide brown eyes. 'Miss Bennet?'

A booming voice cuts across us both. 'Hey You! The public aren't allowed inside the tardis and there is a notice up saying NO SELFIES!'

I blink and know by the rudeness of the man's voice that I'm back in the here and now. I step out of the tardis thinking how much I've enjoyed my trip back in time to the early 19th century to meet Mr. Darcy.