

Double, double - I'm in trouble!

I stood gazing in awe at the theatre which dominated the land. The thatched roof complimented the painting, which portrayed the spectacular scenery. I gingerly placed a penny in the small, oak box and soon the crowd was whisking me away, away. As I entered the theatre, my breath was a mist in the light that bathed me in a glow of pure excitement. The night's sky was a jewel to crown jewels. The moon wreathed the theatre in a mysterious cloak.

Just then, an old woman with spruce hair jolted into me. She smiled, revealing an absence of teeth. She held in her hand a small bottle of bright green concoction. "Have it!" she laughed. I hastily took it and drowned it in one go to show my appreciation. A grotesque mixture slid down my throat. For a minute I thought I would be sick all over this woman. "Thanks," I muttered. A sudden hush befell the audience and the first line was spoken.

All at once I was in the room with 'Macbeth' when Lady Macbeth advised him to kill the King. I carefully hid under the bed and watched as they rowed. I gazed in envy at Lady Macbeth's blood-red flowing dress, bedazzled by an array of jewels and sequins.

I found myself tiptoeing down the marble hallway. All at once, a candle light shimmered from under a door and footsteps thundered a few corridors away. I grabbed a door handle and flung myself into the room and carefully closed the door; praying the squeaks would mingle into the ghostly ghoul of the castle. Breathing heavily, I swivelled around to cast a look at the room. My eyes were drawn to a person sleeping; my soul slithered with fear. It was the King. Then, out of the darkness, a silhouetted figure holding a knife stepped out – Macbeth.

"Double, double I'm in trouble!" Water engulfed me like a cloud of smoke. Soaked to the bone, spluttering water, Macbeth plunged the knife deep into my heart.

I sat up panting. The Globe had reappeared and I rubbed my eyes. As they adjusted to the light, I realised a man was watching me. "A funny trick the imagination is," the man pondered. "What's your name young spirit?" he abruptly questioned.

I reluctantly responded, "Viola."

"Viola, yes a very cunning and joyful name - ahead of its time. However all my work is," the man muttered.

A bubble of confusion had spilled over me. "I am sorry," I spluttered, "your work?"

"Well yes, I am William Shakespeare," he announced.

I shivered as I felt my wet clothes. "Why am I wet?" I wondered.

"It rained during the performance," he dutifully admitted. "Now tell me, Viola, what did you think of my play?"

"I think it needs more women," I replied earnestly.

"Women?" he questioned.

"Yes. Women should dress up as men. If men do it why can't women? I would love to dress up as man and pretend to be another person in front of people," I said in a gabble.

"Well. A girl called Viola who wants to dress up as a boy. Now that would be a good show!" William concluded.

