

TIME-TRAVLE MIX-UP

CHAPTER 1

I was experimenting with a time-traveling device, and noticed a small lever that I hadn't seen before. It was short, and made out of wood, with little carvings of people moving around in a village. And the bottom of the picture, I saw writing that, at first glance, looked like it was in some ancient language, but a closer look revealed that it was covered in a thick layer of dust. But even when I blew hard and tried to wipe it off with the rag I'd been using to clean off the machine, I could only make out two of the words inscribed on it:

Swap...places

I reached out to touch it, and the moment my fingers made contact with the dusty wood, I felt a jerk behind my navel, as if I was on some sort of roller coaster, pulling me off of the track and high into the air, bringing me wherever it pleased, and I spun, round and round, sounds like thunder, a feeling of grief and pain, happiness and joy, pity and loss, colors more beautiful than I had ever seen or could ever imagine, spinning in front of me as if they would never end, and they made me feel like I didn't want it to end, never, and then -

The room I was standing in was dark, lit only by candlelight. My hand was still extended, clasped firmly in the place where the lever once was, but now, instead, I was holding onto a scrap of wood that - as well as the lever - had pictures carved into it. The pictures were of a village as well, but this one - could it be? - was of my village, and right there, - next to Charlotte's house, and across the street from Carol's with her five cats (Shadow, Teddy, Boots, Izzy, and Maggie), was mine. I didn't know what it was, or what it ment, but I decided to investigate further later, but first, I needed to figure out what had just happened.

CHAPTER 2

As my eyes started to adjust to the dimly lit room, I could see papers lying all over the table with sketches of modern vehicles like airplanes, helicopters, and parachutes as well as some famous arts like the Mona Lisa, Vitruvian Man, Portrait of Ginevra Benci, and Lady with an Ermine. These were all works of Leonardo da Vinci, but they shouldn't be here, they're supposed to be in the museum unless - for a split second the thought flashed across my mind that mabey, (just mabey,) I had traveled *back in time*.

There was no doubt about it, I wasn't at home anymore, and by the look of the structure, - with its crumbling walls, dirt floors, and ceiling slightly caving in - it was definitely not a modernly made building. Just then, as I was trying to convince myself that somehow I had hit my head and this was all some strange dream, a man limped in. His leg was wrapped in a dirty piece of fabric and he was covered in filth. He notice me and asked, in a rude tone, "Leonardo, dov'e` il mio dipinto?" I looked around the room to see who he was talking to, but there wasn't anyone else, did he mean *me*? As for what he said, the only words I could make out were "Where is my "? The man repeated his sentence, this time with a little more force, and clearly talking to me. But why? I wasn't Leonardo da Vinci. I was Lavender. Lavender Haze . Wasn't I?

That's when I understood what had happened. Even what the man was saying. *I* had touched the lever. *I* had traveled back in time. *I* had become Leonardo da Vinci and now *I* was going to have to face the consequences because, now supposedly an incredible artist, I must complete a painting that I'd never started. I didn't even know what it looked like, let alone where it was! How was I going to finish this painting?

CHAPTER 3

The sun was setting into a purple horizon, and it was getting late, yet the man still stood there, waiting for my answer about his painting. My mind raced as I tried to figure out what I was

going to do without him getting suspicious, and I could feel his fiery glare burning into the back of my head. I grimaced and turned to face him. Before I knew what I was doing, I stupidly blurted out in Italian, "My name is - ", but should I tell him my real name or that I'm Leonardo da Vinci? I chose to stay on the safe side, so I started again. "Io sono Leonardo. E tu?" I waited for his reply, but there wasn't one. He just stared blankly at me, then limped away, yelling something behind him, which was probably about finishing the painting in time or else-. I heard a rustling sound near a stack of paintings. It was that scrap of wood from before, and it was levitating? I slowly walked towards it, my shoes making soft creaking sounds on the uneven floor, and as I did I noticed a note lying innocently on the uneven table. I quickly skimmed through it, and as I did so, the feeling of horror slowly soaked into me. My brain started spinning, my lungs tightened in my chest, and my heart pounded hard against my rib cage as terror struck...