

"PLEASE MUM!" Zoe screamed. Her mother just shook her head, "No more Robucks!" Zoe knows her mother doesn't understand. She wanted Robucks, and she wanted them NOW.

Later that night Zoe crept along the dark hallway. Shadows loomed as she entered her mother's room. Slipping her hand into her mother's purse, she pulled out a \$50 note. Just as she turned to leave, she heard, "ZOE EDITH BEAUMONT!" Zoe stormed out, fuming over her middle name. Edith was some old bat from their family, in the 1900's. In fact, there's a picture of her on their mantelpiece. It always creeped her out. Suddenly, she tripped, falling straight towards the photo!

"Get up you lazy child!" Zoe bolted upright. "Come on Edith," the woman complained. "You already missed the milkman, and the baker just went past!" "Excuse me!" Zoe exclaimed. "My name is NOT Edith, and we can just go to Coles to get the milk and bread." The woman glared at her. "Young lady, I am your mother! I think I would know your name. Also, who is Coles? Now, get up, get dressed and get working, before you feel the back of my hand!"

Zoe was scared and confused. She sat for a moment, remembering how she had fallen towards the picture of Mrs. Edith Beaumont. She could hardly believe it, but she must've, somehow, travelled back to Edith's life! She walked over to the tiny closet in the corner of the room. Pulling open the doors, she stared in horror at the old, patched clothes in the cupboard. She pulled on an ugly, brown, knee length dress. Zoe walked through the dingy, underlit house, and made her way to the breakfast table. She looked around at the other children. There was a baby girl, and a boy who looked about 14. After a simple breakfast of bland porridge, the woman was very busy getting ready to leave the house. "Now Edith, you need to have made the beds, washed up, collected our wood, boiled the copper and paid for the ice before I get back." "But ma'am, I am not Edith! This isn't my house!" Zoe cried. "Edith!" the mother barked. "Enough with this nonsense!" And out the door she went.

Realizing that she was trapped in this old world, without an escape, Zoe had no choice but to slave away over the household chores all day. At about 9 o'clock, an iceman came around. Zoe frantically searched the house for his payment. By the time her mother returned, Zoe was exhausted. That night, the family ate rabbit stew by candlelight. Zoe picked at the disgusting meal. Zoe found the home terribly uninviting, for it was small and cramped. She went to bed, after changing into a scratchy, oversized nightgown. As she lay, starving, on the lumpy mattress, Zoe started to realise how good her life at home actually was. As Zoe drifted off to sleep, she thought about the internet, money, good food and her clothes. Oh, how she missed it.

Slowly, Zoe opened her eyes. *Oh no!* she thought, *I will miss the baker! Mother is going to be so mad!* She jumped out of bed, then stopped. Familiar teal walls and a plush rug greeted her. "On my Gosh," Zoe exclaimed. "I... I am home!"

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