

The Almighty Mixup

By Carter Ruibal

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(Please keep in mind, when I read or
talk to other people, Thai is
translated to English in this book so
you can understand it.)

Chapter One

"Where am I?" I, Carter, say, very confused. I'm in my favorite red pajamas. I look around, confused. I am not in my usual bedroom, I'm somewhere else. *Where am I? Where am I? Where am I?* Is the question that is buzzing in my head. I decide to investigate. *Hm, what clothes do we have?* "Yay! Here are some clothes!" I love red! *What red stuff do we have? I wonder.* "Yes! There are some red clothes! O-o-h, these clothes look nice!" But wait, these are different clothes than I'm used to. There are different colors than just red on the cloak. "Wait cloak?" I say, surprised. *I guess I'll have to wear it,* I think to myself. I put it on, then I go outside. I notice the house I woke up in is in the town square. I hear some people who are walking down the road. They seem to be talking in a different language. Their clothes are red, blue, purple, and pink. I seem to recognize this language... *I know! It is Thai! So I must be in Thailand! Hey, but there seems to be kids doing jobs. So I must be in ancient Thailand! But uh oh, I'm a kid, only fifteen years old, so I'm going to have to go to a new school!* I think. I'm sad because I won't be able to see my friends again unless I somehow go back to modern times. I look for a school in the square. There are lots of schools, so I go to the first one I see. "Hm," I say. There seems to be no school staff around this school. I walk to the next school. "Where is everyone?" I thought aloud. *I know! I'm in Thailand, so the time might be different! I could have woken up in the afternoon when school was out! I think. I'll have to go back to sleep soon. Good thing I LOVE sleeping!! Oh no! I forgot that I don't have any food in the house and no money to buy food. No time for school! I must get a job.*

Chapter Two

Hm, what job should I try? How about the bakery? I thought. After all, there is a hiring sign over it. I walk in. "Hello! Are there any jobs available sir?"

The baker replies, "Come and see the boss." He ushers me into the back. There is the boss, looking very serious, sitting in his office with a cloak and a tie on. "Sir," says the attendant (baker), "are there any jobs available for this young man?"

"Yes, there is one. But there happens to be a lot of people wanting to get the job, so you might not get the job, so don't rely on it."

"Okay", I said, still hoping to get the job.

"Now let me just get that paper..." says the boss. He hands me something. It's yellow. It's an application form.

"Please fill this out," says the boss.

I fill out all of it, then hand it back to him. I spot a bin filled to the brim with application forms.

"What!?" I say. "That's a lot of Applications!" There are that many people wanting the job?"

"Yes," says the boss. "I told you."

There are probably thousands of papers in the bin. I thought. *It's almost impossible to get the job.*

"You came just in time," says the boss. I have looked at everyone's application forms and marked down the person that I think is the best for the job. I've also seen everyone's baking skills, and how good they are but we have time for one more person before the bakery closes. He brings me into the kitchen. "SMITH," he yells. "PLEASE TRAIN THIS YOUNG MAN HERE." Smith comes running in. "Yes sir," Says Smith, saluting. He brings me to a big mixer. "Do you know how this works?" He asks.

"No," I say, wondering.

"Well, you see, you just put the dough in like this... then you turn that... then you wait 30 seconds... you can set the timer over there. Then you take the dough out, holding it carefully, like this... then you set it on this tray like that. Alright, it's your turn. Try to do what I taught you. Now please do your best; you're going to be on camera," Says Smith.

"Alright," I say nervously. "I'll do my best." I go to the big mixer and put the dough in carefully, like Smith said. Then I set the timer and turn the mixer on. I make sure the dough is not in a ball. "Ding, Ding!" Says the timer. *Okay, I think. Time to take the dough out.*

"You did well," says Smith. "Time to show the boss." He goes into the other room. I wait impatiently.

Chapter Three

10 minutes later the boss comes back. I feel very excited. "Sorry to say this sir, but your services are not needed here." Says the boss.

"Okay." I say, trying not to sound sad. I walk out, very sad. "What!?" I say, out loud. "The sun is setting! Man it's late here!" Lots of people look at me and my face turns red. I turn my back to them and walk away. After a while I stop. "Where am I?" I say for the millionth time. I'm in this dark forest that I don't recognize. No one is around. *I'm lost*, I thought. *Which way is home? I think it's that way.* I walk and walk. The leaves crunch under my feet. Then suddenly I spy bright lights behind the trees. I'm too astonished to speak. *A castle! Am I dreaming?* I thought, astonished and puzzled. I walk near it, marveled. *Someone VERY rich must live here*, I thought. Suddenly, a bright light shines out on me. Someone calls out from inside the castle! "Guards! Guards!" Cries the voice. "There is someone in the forest that I don't recognize. Of all the photos I have of my people, there is no match. Take him away, to the throne room!"

That's probably the king, I thought. *Wait, was he talking about me?* I think, my heart racing. *That can't be. Oh man, are those guards?!* *Yes they are!* They gallop on horses running really, really fast! *Uh oh! It's too late to run! And any way that would get me into more trouble when they catch me.* Suddenly, a guard pulls me down!

Chapter Four

"Your comin' with us," he says.

"What? Why?" I ask, confused.

"You must have heard from all of the shouting," a guard says. His voice is muffled inside his helmet. "The king doesn't recognize you."

"But why does the king have to recognize me?" I ask, uncertain.

"Because it protects us from invaders," he replies.

"But I'm not an invader!" I say.

"Well we have to do what the king tells us to do," says he. Everyone is silent the rest of the ride. It's a very short ride. We arrive at the castle. The king is sitting on his throne, looking very, VERY brave. His chin is up. He has a cloak on. His cloak is the most beautiful cloak I have ever seen.

Chapter Five

"What are you?" he asks. "An invader? A viking? A spy?"

"I'm none of those your majesty," I reply, bowing. You see, I woke up here, somehow.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" He thunders. "DON'T YOU DARE LIE!!"

"I'm not lying, your majesty." I bow again. "Do you want me to tell you the whole story your majesty? It's kind of a long one."

"Yes, do sir," says the king. "Please do."

"Okay, here it goes. So this morning I woke up here, wondering where I was. I got dressed, noticing that the clothes everyone wears looked different than I'm used to. Then I walked out noticing that the language some people were talking was Thai. Then I noticed I don't have a school to go to. So I started looking for a school. Then when I found some schools, no one was there. Then I realized I was here so the time might be different. I could have woken up in the afternoon when school was out. Then I realized that I had no food or money to buy food. So I went to the bakery to get a job. Smith showed me a mixer and how it worked. The boss did not approve of me. Then I walked outside and started wondering aloud and people started looking at me. I got embarrassed and walked the opposite way from them not knowing where I was going. That's how I got here."

"Ah," says the king. That sounds like a real story. I no longer think you're a spy. Dismiss!"

"Thank you your majesty! Thank you! But one more thing. Do you know how to get back to my land, my time?" And that's when I wake up. That was all a dream.

THE END

I hope you enjoyed reading my story!
- Carter Ruibal (Author)