ISBN 978-1-78270-384-6

Text copyright © 2019 Steven Vinacour
Illustrations by James Cottell
This edition copyright © Award Publications Limited

The right of Steven Vinacour to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or utilised in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system now known or hereafter invented, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

First published by Award Publications Limited 2020

Published by Award Publications Limited,
The Old Riding School, Welbeck,
Worksop, S80 3LR

www.awardpublications.co.uk

20 1

Printed in the United Kingdom





CHAPTER 4

As soon as the bell rings, I am out the door and **RUNNING** across the playground towards the school gates. Nothing will stop me getting home as quickly as possible.

Not even Chloe getting down on one knee and asking me to marry her.

Not even Mr Munford making me head boy and ruler of the school.

Not even if aliens flew down and kidnapped Sandy Bum and took her off to a distant planet never to be seen again. (Well

OK, I might stop for a second, give them a round of applause and then carry on running, but that's all.)

Wait, back up. I just had a thought. Chloe might actually read this one day and now I've said that if she got down on one knee and asked me to marry her I'd say NO. Just is case this happens I need to put a special note to Chloe. If you are not Chloe, or if you are *a* Chloe but not *the* Chloe then there is no need to read (ooh that rhymes) the following letter.

Dear Chloe,

How are you? Earlier on, you may have noticed that I wrote that if you were to go down on one knee and ask me to marry you I would say no due to the fact that I was keen to get home as quickly as possible.

actually *need* to do this and don't do it every time I just sometimes get nervous about what I might see when being flushed down the **toilet** – if you know what I mean...).

I reached out, pressed the flush and held my breath whilst saying, 'London, Roman times, London, Roman times, London, Roman times', over and over in my head.



CHAPTER 5

Whenever I travel back in time, the experience is always similar – and trust me, it is always **really cool**. In fact, it's probably the coolest thing that could ever happen in a toilet (which isn't saying much) and the good news is, I'm going to tell you exactly what happens to me.

If I were you, I'd listen really **carefully** because no one is ever again going to tell you what it's like being flushed down a



Chapter 6

The sound of over 30,000 soldiers marching could be heard from miles around. It sounded just like the steady beat of a drum as they marched in perfect formation. It was an *incredible* sight; everyone was dressed in deep red tunics with gleaming gold breastplates and shiny gold helmets. There were noisy chariots rattling on the uneven ground. Large, muscular horses pulled these beautiful gold chariots. Some of the soldiers held a dangerous looking sword;

others carried a long, scary-looking spear.

(I later found out that a year earlier, 12,000 soldiers had planned to land in Dover but the BRITONS were ready for them and fought them off. With the army covering the beach, the ROMANS were forced to fight in the sea, which left them frightened, slow and cross about having to run about in wet sandals.)

Now, they had returned in greater numbers, armed with spears and swords and wearing those little blue overshoes that you get at swimming pools. (Ha! Not really - I'm *joking!*)

Some soldiers rode huge horses covered in armour. They looked magnificent as they effortlessly pulled golden chariots