

Anachronistic Alexander the Great - Benjamin, Year 3, NSW

Alexander opened his eyes and instantly knew something was wrong. He sat up and felt around. *What is this weird, hard, grey stuff I have never felt before? Perhaps it's some strange kind of grass?*

He tried to pick some grey stuff up, but it wouldn't budge. He quickly looked around and was greeted by a lot of strange white squares which were split into quarters. It was like a messed-up chess board.

"We are not in Macedonia anymore," he said firmly, expecting his troops to respond in unison.

Instead of a roar, all he heard was an eerie silence.

Where are my men? He realised with relief that he was still wearing his white toga and his strappy leather sandals, plus he wasn't tied up.... so, he sighed with relief when he figured out that at least he had not been taken as a prisoner of war.

He quickly stood up and looked at the thing that looked like a fancy sundial and started wandering around exploring. Then a bell rang, and a brain-boggling amount of yelling exploded from an army of boys as they rushed down the stairs. It was like an invasion of yellow and black striped troops.

A thin weak boy with thick glasses, who turned out to be a history geek, walked up to Alexander and exclaimed, "I know who you are, you're Alexander the Great! What are you doing here at Sydney Grammar Edgecliff?" he demanded as he stared Alexander down suspiciously.

"I don't know where I am!" Alexander responded. "What is this Sydney Grammar you speak of? Is it a new land that I need to conquer?" he asked.

Bored with this conversation, Alexander decided to wander over to the group of boys and figure out what they were doing with an orange bouncy ball. They were smacking it violently like they were gladiators smashing another gladiator's helmet. He finally figured out what was going on after a boy told him that they were playing something called *handball*.

Alexander joined in, and quickly got annoyed because there were too many rules. Suddenly, his belly started rumbling and grumbling. He asked one of the boys for food and he was given a bag of chips. Alexander tried to bite the entire bag of chips. It wasn't tasty. He couldn't figure it out until one of the boys opened it for him and showed him to only eat what was inside. He thought they were delicious as he started munching away. The chips were very salty and since salt is extremely expensive in Hellas, he thought the boy must come from a Noble family. He started chatting to the "Salt Prince" just as the bell rang again.

The gang was headed to art, so they fell in line and went down the corridor. Alexander tried to follow, but he accidentally walked into the toilet and bumped into a stall door. Then a boy came in and saw Alexander looking completely confused and lost, so he dragged him to art. The wall of the art room looked possessed; there were colours and shapes that magically appeared. He was stupefied by the technology.

Then suddenly, it hit him. The running around, the bump on his head, and strangely disappearing from his game of tag with his mates.... he wasn't in Greece anymore.

He tried to go to choir because he loved the sound of music coming from down the hall, but instead, he ended up walking into a history lesson. Weirdly, nobody noticed that he shouldn't be there. Alexander loved history and just joined in, but got really confused when the teacher put the map up on the display.

"This map is all wrong!!! I own all of Asia, there are no borders, there are no countries! Silly man! Why are you teaching them nonsense? Aristotle would not approve of your pedagogy!" Alexander yelled, annoyed.

Mr Green looked Alexander straight in the eyes, pointed his finger at him and said, "Stand up and if you speak out of turn again, you will get a lunchtime detention!"

Alexander stood up and stared down Mr Green. "A lunchtime detention means nothing in my kingdom!" he yelled back.

Alexander then decided he had enough of this nonsense and he wasn't going to listen to a man who couldn't even draw a map properly. *Wait till I tell my dad King Philip*, he thought to himself.

Alexander stormed out of the classroom and started running down the stairs. "I must find my horse, Bucephalus," Alexander muttered to himself. *He must be somewhere.*

However, as Alexander got to the ground floor, all he could see outside were weirdly shaped metal horses. Not knowing what they were, he tried to run after them, but in the chaos another metal horse hit him and before he knew what was happening, he was on the floor, and he had another bump on his head.

This time when he opened his eyes he was back in Macedonia and Bucephalus was licking his face. He had never been so happy to get horse slobber on his face in his entire life!

Alexander felt something strange in the fold of his toga; he soon realised he had a rubber handball in his pocket. Alexander smiled, now he knew what he was going to do next. Alexander taught all the boys at his school how to play handball, and they taught all their friends and before you knew it, handball became an Olympic Sport!