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Shakespeare and Company, a strange story !

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On Wednesday, January 9th 2013, I went with my class to Paris. First, after our arrival, the teacher took us to visit a tiny bookstore which is called "Shakespeare and Company".

My first feeling when I saw the outward appearance of the bookstore was "Oh... It's too old.. It will be boring ", so I stayed outside the shop and chatted with a friend and, at the same time, flipped through the vintage books which were stored outside.

But I got bored very quickly, so I went inside the store and browsed the other books. Some of them were old and unknown to me. I took one and I started reading. But soon, I was absorbed in the story.

Time stopped around me, I was disconnected from the world where I was coming from.

When I noticed the new world in which I had landed, I was confused. I was in the bookstore of George Whitman.

In which year was I now, in this strange world ?

I looked around and managed to notice a calendar propped on a desk..1951 ! I was in 1951, my mum was not born yet ! I tried to forget my surprise, for the time being, and I began to walk among many people whom I didn't know. I thought about my teacher, my class... Had they noticed my absence ? I was afraid. What if I couldn't go back home, in 2013 ? Stop, I must not think about that.

While I was walking, I held the book which I had been reading a short while before and, at that moment, I started to think about many solutions and I stopped walking. If I burnt it, could I go back home ? Well, I didn't think so. Oh ! What if I closed it ? I tried and a short while after, I sighed. Of course not, I couldn't return to my world so easily !

I resumed my walking. I looked at the book and thought again. But there somebody pushed me and I accidentally dropped the book. I picked it up and, when I stood up, I was back in the store of my generation ! I felt so surprised and reassured !

What a strange story, isn't it ?