

Coronation at London

As the sky turned black, threatening to shower its miniature lumps of water down to the ground, a Ford Fiesta pulled up in front of the colossal Hilton hotel. "We have arrived, Henry", Henry's mother exclaimed. Henry was 11 years old, with blue eyes, tall for his age and was the best athlete at his school. He resided in Shrewsbury with his parents and was visiting London for the first time. He was thrilled when his parents announced where they were going. After the journey, Henry was drowsy from travelling such a tedious, great distance and collapsed on the soft, sturdy bed.

The day began, Henry set off to central London alone to visit Buckingham palace. When he arrived, his heart sank. The Queen had died. Grief. Disappointment. Sadness. Which would make his heart break first? Disappointment stabbed his heart a million times and left him helpless. His big day had fallen apart. But, had it? A voice came over and whispered something which had made him jump up with disbelief. A man, in an elegant, charcoal coloured blazer, elderly and lanky, but seemed like a kind hearted gentleman and looked like he was a dignitary person, had asked him "Do you, young gentleman, want to be king of England?"

"Do I want to be king of England?". Henry repeated the question, in a deafening whisper, like eating the same bite of the same food again and again. The kind gentleman understood, even without Henry's verbal response, he had accepted his offer. This was followed by him being whisked away to a Rolls Royce.

"I need to explain what is happening right now. My name is Alfred, but you can call me Alf, and I am the royal family's chauffeur", Alf explained. "What's happened? And why did you choose me as king?", Henry enquired. "Firstly, the government has collapsed because they were depressed from Brexit, Prince Charles is too old to become king, Prince William is busy caring for his babies, Prince Harry has left the royal family and the rest of the royal family are grieving on the Queen. The royal family said I could choose whoever I wanted to, so I thought to myself, you could become the ruler of England, so now you have power over this country and we are going to Westminster abbey to get you crowned as King". Alf explained in a dignified way. Henry couldn't express his joy. He was on his way to become king.

They arrived at the magnificent, fine piece of architecture, and greeted by a massive crowds, then went in. they were met by the assembly, then it was time for Alf to part with him. "Good luck" the kind gentleman whispered in his ear. Henry sat on the throne, the rituals were done, just when the bishop was going to place the crown on his head, when he woke up with a jump, his mum calling from across the room "Henry, we need to leave now. The taxi will be here in a minute". Henry got up. He smiled. It was all a dream.

By Yunus