

A Tudor Tale - by Amelia 6W

Thud! Thud! Thud! I shivered with fear as keys dramatically hit against the metal bars. My heart was pounding: I couldn't think. I then saw a tall figure trudge towards me. A cold, firm hand clutched my shoulder as I heard shrieks and wails echo inside the parched walls.

"You're coming with me!" the figure bellowed, in a deep voice as I was dragged into a gloomy, boiling room. I was tempted to ask where I was but I realised they had disappeared. With little confidence, I observed the room until a flickering light turned on. HE was there, in front of me. The man himself - King Henry VIII.

"Hello, Your Majesty." I said nervously.

"Why hello, Jules. Do you know why you are here?" Henry bellowed in a sinister voice.

"No...What brings me here?" I asked with curiosity.

The King then grabbed a sack from behind him and dropped it forcefully onto the wooden table. He then began to empty it and you would be surprised to know what came out. Heaps of rings covered the table, they glistened in the light.

"Was this you?" Henry shouted with a slight chuckle. I knew it wasn't me so I stood silently and kept quiet. Then I felt the same cold, stiff hand grab me...

I woke up to the mutters and giggles of servants. I realised I was back in my cold, murky room. They came with my breakfast: sloppy porridge and slice of stale, tasteless bread. As I savoured the last of my porridge, a beautiful, friendly woman rushed towards me.

"Hello?" I whispered quietly so the guards wouldn't hear.

"Jules, it's really you! Why are you down here?" she replied as she decided to sit next to me.

"Wait. How do you know my name?" I asked in a curious voice, determined to find out who she was.

After a pause, the servant dug her hands deep down into her pockets and pulled out some old but strangely familiar portraits. She showed me them one by one as I started to get confused.

"Why am I in those portraits?" I asked. "Where did you get them?"

She then took a deep breath and told me. "Jules...You're my brother! I haven't seen you since I was five!" Tears filled my eyes while my heart was racing. I then grabbed my sister by her coarse, emerald rags and held onto her tightly.

"I missed you!" I whispered into her ear as another tear escaped my eye. "Jen, I never thought I would see you again.

We spent hours talking about how we once were. I could still see how Jen's eyes glinted, and how her smile was so heart-warming. Then, she asked me why on earth I was down here, so I took my time to explain. After much conversation, Jen had to go, leaving me all alone in the frosty, gloomy dungeons.

Click...click...click! I instantly started scanning the room like a falcon looking for its prey. Luckily, it was only Jen, but I could see she had a face full of thunder.

"You'll never guess what I have just found out..." she mumbled as she accidentally slammed the door. "The court jester, Lincoln, is selling King Henry's jewellery! Jules, Jules, he has set you up!"

Sitting behind her was a brown leather bag that she picked up and handed to me. Jen then gestured for me to open it. The material was velvety, with a feathery hood. I pulled it out.

"Wait, this is my coat." I whispered in a confused tone.

"Empty the pockets, quickly now." Jen told me.

I put my frosty hands into the silky pockets and fished out a ring. 'Praise Him, King Henry VIII' had been engraved onto it.

"Lincoln...why would he do such a thing?" I asked myself.

"Jules, I have an idea." she replied, determined to help.

After hours of planning, we finally found a way to get the court jester into trouble.

"Remember the plan?" Jen asked.

"Yes, now I'll see you tomorrow." I replied as we shook hands.

Grey, dull clouds covered the horizon as rain hammered down like arrows. Thunder struck every seven seconds and made me jump each time. Jen had given me a box with my disguise inside: polished, shimmering armour, and a deadly, pointed sword. I got ready as quick as possible, and headed upstairs. I met Jen in the putrid smelling kitchen, then immediately headed to The Great Hall. I burst through the rigid, textured, wooden doors and called for King Henry. Jen followed behind me, constantly tripping over the rich, burgundy carpet.

"King Henry!" I bellowed as I bowed with respect.

"What brings you here, Sir David?" he asked in a booming voice as he got off his throne and stood before me.

"Lincoln! He's selling your jewellery!" I shouted eagerly as everyone looked towards the jester.

"GET HERE YOU!" Henry screamed as the hall dropped to utter silence.

"Empty your pockets now!" he ordered angrily.

Lincoln did so as everyone stared at him laughing.

"I...I...I...have nothing." he muttered, trying to leave the room.

"STOP HIM AT ONCE!" thundered King Henry as guards circled the jester.

I then walked towards Lincoln and dug into his pockets.

"Liar!" I shouted as I lifted the jewellery into the air.

"Send him to the chopping room." he bellowed. "This thief must prepare for the axe..."

As Lincoln was dragged away, everyone applauded my triumph. I felt proud but I knew I couldn't have done it without my long-lost sister, Jen.