

I didn't believe he wasn't Hungarian due to the fact that his epitaph was written in original Magyar and Magyar is only spoken by about 4 million people outside of Hungary.

He took Othello to the Chinese, delivered in perfect Cantonese, and had some success with Hamlet in Beijing owing to him perfecting Mandarin but was perhaps best remembered for his utter devotion, comma, extreme unctious: Now here's the thing, His notorious gentle consumption of 1 million hand made bottles of mead that he consumed in, get this, ONE year only, was considered to be the catalyst not only for his genius-ness in languages, but also his noteworthy performances of Morris Dancing across the Home Counties. Dressed in a purple and gold cloak of his own design, a yellow and blue doublet embroidered with flowers and wearing outrageously large bells on his shoes weighing 20 pounds each which let out an ear splitting sound that made men's ears bleed. He could still jump higher than men half his age and tirelessly wield his stick with alarming speed. After witnessing one of his remarkably athletic performances the entire British Royal Family became his devotees and he exercised a fascination for them akin to that held by Rasputin over the leaders of Russia. It was whilst teaching Queen Victoria the art of Morris Dancing on one of her rare visits to Budapest in 1872 that he experienced something that was to change not only himself but the entire course of European history. It must be said, firstly, that what transpired, strangely enough, the same time - just a hundred years earlier - as the law that President Banana passed when he came to office - preventing citizens of Zimbabwe from making jokes in his name, reached so far across the world i.e. Europe, that even the people that were inventing computers and Afrikaans at the time, heard about it. That's how famous the said experience was. What happened was, that the Queen, now rapidly sinking deep into the earth, due to the 23 beautiful 760 carrot gold large bells weighing 20 pounds each - courtesy of DeBeers (that capitalist apartheid supporting establishment) on her little tiny size 1 and a half shoes, and understandably yelping and squealing and almost going into rigor mortis in terror (even though she was English so was normally quite polite) decided to make one last decree before she (unfortunately for her, ungracefully, thankfully there were no cameras in those days) slipped away. The scribes were at the ready, the man who wasn't believed to be Hungarian quietened his 20pound bells, and even president Banana waited in gluey anticipation. Then, in a high pitched warbling sound that only British Royals are allowed by law to make she said, 'I Rex Victoria decree, as Empress of India and Queen of The British Empire and all the Civilised World, the following:

'I hereby repeal the Zimbabwean law forbidding jokes about President Banana's name.'(At this point the dignitaries present clutched at their sides, some losing their wigs as they fell to the floor, as the built up pressure of trying not to laugh at him for many years finally escaped like steam from a burst boiler. They screamed with laughter and pointed at the President, hooting and shouting. The President strode from the chamber declaring war on everybody. The Queen, slipping deeper into the ground seemed unperturbed.

She continued:-

‘It is the duty of all true English people to practice xenophobia for at least one hour a day.’

‘Wellingtons must be sold in no other colour than green.’

(Rather misunderstanding this many years later bombers in the Second World War were painted with a green camouflage)

‘The Third Reich will last a thousand years!’

(Wrongly attributed to Adolph Hitler by later historians)

‘This man whom we adore,’ (here she is reported to have pointed at the man we didn’t believe wasn’t Hungarian) ‘will take over the running of the Empire in the event of my death.’

At this there was a mighty gasp, not least from the waiter who was handing out small glasses of champagne to the assembled company and who happened to be passing in front of our man. He dropped the glasses and ran around the room punching the air and yelling ‘Yes, Yes, Yes’, and when completely out of breath surveyed the open mouthed audience and sneered. ‘You bunch of rich bastards. I always knew I would amount to something’, and ran out of the room like a gazelle.

Prince Albert pulled furiously at his moustache but being a Royal kept quiet. He was a man who took his royal duties seriously, as was witnessed by Victoria’s 13 children, but was finding it difficult to visualise performing his duties with such gusto to the new ‘Queen’.

As the ground swallowed Rex Victoria, Empress of India and Queen of The British Empire and all the Civilised World, her last words were ‘We are not amused’. There was a long silence and then all eyes turned to our athletic, mead drinking, Morris Dancing hero, who had garnished many awards for his achievements as an actor. Yes, many roles had life offered him in the past but ‘Queen of England’, could it be true? This was going to be his greatest challenge yet! But he knew the first thing he must do now was to go directly to his antechamber, which doubled up as the croquet pitch. Interestingly this was the original Alice croquet pitch, so had a lot to do with Queens, which was kind of useful, even if only in terms of telepathy with the English ancestors. The man who wasn’t Hungarian would never be truly English, even though he had a working holiday visa, courtesy of Rex. Fortunately the waiter, who was about to amount to something, had collected all the ostrich skulls. He had of course, originally intended to moosh them up and sprinkles them into the champagne of the ‘rich bastards’ because only HE knew the power of ostrich skull powder. The scribes had confirmed with gusto that No, there was utterly no record of royalty sinking into the ground on that particular croquet pitch, nor waiters, nor even great 20 pound bells. As we were sayyyinnnggg, our man duly appointed his closest and as it turned out, most dearest advisors and requested them to sing a great song of their choice - and accompanying illustration - (which was to become the new national anthem, just to add some freedom of speech and modern liberalism to the whole affair) at the feet of the great and now potentially mighty and increasingly more beautiful QUEEEEEEN of the British Empire (and all the other non-mentionables). He made all decrees by the queen permanent and undeletable in her honour.

and so, as written in the great books of history, though few believe this, as M15 burned all the books along with the police records on various matters, his advisories, were finalised and consisted of David (Shrigley), Andy (Warhol), Gilbert-and-George, Walt D., Will Shakespeare and Robin Hood. Of course, being of a slightly nervous disposition due to the fact that he was now a queen even though he was born a man who wasn't believed to be Hungarian, he decided and was advised to summons Germaine Greer as the token feminine advisor, just to keep a balance and also to ensure that he remained, indeed the most beautiful queen of all time.

Now, Prince Albert was shaking with anger, and seething and foaming, so much so that his green gumboots began to melt into puddles on the floor. David quickly drew a picture, gave it to the waiter, who called Walt, who called Gilbert and George who jumped onto 100 foot high stage .at the same time that the terrorist nuclear device was exploded in the foyer. The result was that most of the people present were turned to dust but remarkably Gilbert and George although killed were preserved by the explosion as fossils just 2 inches thick. They were discovered in the 20th century by Dan Brown who believed them to be prophets from early Christianity. After further investigation they were found to be profits of a contemporary religion called 'Aaaaart'. Rather than peel them off the stained glass window they were blown against it was decided to save them for posterity. Immune to radio-active fallout cockroaches went about their business undisturbed as did Tracy Vermin and Damian Hearst.



But Walt Disney's original mouse Jimmy, believed to be Mickey's father, who heroically threw himself across the path of the blast to save His beloved Walt,

was also a casualty of the blast and was reduced to a mere outline on the opposite wall.



The attack was later found to have been the work of some fundamentalist Chinese cartoonists who objected to the depiction of Snow White and the Seven Dwarves that Disney was working on at the time. In their culture Dwarves are sacred beings, and images of Dwarves caused considerable offence to them. And the depiction that their Gods could be 'Lazy' or 'Sleepy' was seen as a calculated ridiculing of their faith by the Western world. In a statement to the press prior to the explosion they said, 'the depiction of Snow White, which is obvious symbolism for Western Capitalism, casting a spell over our dwarves and manipulating them is an insult to our religion. We are a peace loving people and to demonstrate this we will kill everyone who isn't.'

Owing to some error of timing all the members of the religion were themselves killed in the explosion. Both Buddhist and Shinto priests attended a ceremony of condolence.

6 Months Later - In the House of Lords, England

A great debate is in progress. Our man, whom we didn't believe wasn't Hungarian, had employed the guiles of the world's greatest clown, Bimbo, to help him with his make-up, and only a few chosen people knew that the real Queen of England was dead. The great botanist Darwin was standing, his deep voice reverberating around the chamber. 'It is not a question of whether or not you can get a scorpion to eat toast. It is whether the said scorpion is eating that toast with a sense of enjoyment.

'Sit down Darwin, you old fool,' cried Disraeli, who now stood on a box of Orange Pippins to make himself taller. The real question is what word are we going to send to represent us in the Olympic swimming team? He surveyed some of the sleeping members with disdain before continuing. This is a matter of grave concern that will reflect the calibre and purpose of the Empire across the world. The ludicrous idea, from the Whigs, of sending the word, 'Endeavour', was a preposterous one. The word hardly floats, let alone swims.' There was much jeering, braying and hooting from the opposition. At this point Lewis Carroll excused himself from the proceedings and was heard to say, that's enough for my next book.'

Disraeli continued, 'I recommend 'Hearty' as a kind of word that sums up our Nation. 'It hardly sums up the poor, muttered the snuff covered Gladstone next to him. Here the new Queen interjected. 'Poor? There are no poor: We are England'. He/She used the royal 'we' to great effect.

As the great debate continued to echo around the house, the man, whom we didn't believe wasn't Hungarian, had a terrible feeling that he had written himself into a corner and was bordering on plagiarism. He needed to do something desperate to save the situation.' I don't want to just be known as an old queen. There are too many others more deserving of such an accolade. Then a great idea came to him. If I can pass myself off as Queen of England then surely a man of my talents could EVEN progress to MULTI-HERO Status, being not only Queen, Morris Dancer extraordinaire, but also pass off as our friends George and Tony, perhaps EVEN at the same time in history, but not simultaneously of course, due to requirements for rapid change in accents and locations and such things. Not to mention the fact this plan would then require Bimbo to work beyond the max working week 35 hours, allowed by the 3rd Reich that still had many thousands of years left in its lifetime. He thought this ok as secretly Bimbo revelled in the overtime as this facilitated secret purchasing of many swimming trunks, because one day, he hoped to be part of the great Royal Swim Team, and to carry proudly the word : HEARTY or whichever word became the winning word, and thus listed in Wikipedia for ever.

For some obscure reason, perhaps the spreadsheets and the Olympic swimming debate were getting to him... or he was having mead flashbacks, he had been reminiscing over the jolly good old days, the wonderful excitement and anticipation and ebullience (nice word hey?) inherent in western world debate of the cold war, Vietnam, communism, Marxism, true active British imperialism, Arthur and the knights of the round table, the Boer war, basically, lots of death, mayhem , extreme left and right wing politics, and global wars and keeping Rupert Murdoch in Saville Row kit. The current mishmash of boring politically

correct cartoons and children may not go on a school trip to the science museum or play a good old game of oranges and lemons, because they may hurt their little toes and they may have to think about something other than their Reebok trainers, was just nothing like the .. And then to not be seen to be too lost in thought, he bounded over to Disraeli and Darwin and all the other members of the great debate in the House of Lords, and announced the words: GROUP HUG EVERYBODY. EVERYBODY come to the middle of the class and let's just have a BIG GROUP HUG, GUYYYYS!! Followed by, 'if you please gentlemen', followed by a beautifully executed royal wave and courtesy and then 'wot wot' after which he languidly hauled out a big Havana Cigar that he'd been given by Fidel as an inauguration present. At which point Lewis came running back into the House, to announce that on his departure back to the tea party, he had come across an amazing sight.

A huge march was in full swing just outside Hackney Empire, on route to the Trafalgar Square. Originally the march was advertised as:

'Peaceful march against Walt's drawings. Starting at Hackney, ending at Trafalgar, and then we'll all go for a curry, afterwards'

But since the fundamentalist Chinese cartoonists had been killed someone decided that the march would instead be about HOW TO USE NUCLEAR DEVICES MORE EFFECTIVELY - OR - TO USE OR NOT USE NUCLEAR DEVICES MORE EFFECTIVELY.

And so Lewis announced this to the House of Lords. In a way, this was really not a good time, as the debate on the word for the swimming team was still very much headline news, and the fact that The Queen was intrinsically involved meant that all British empire homes in the whole world that had coffee tables with literature about The Royals on it, would be following this debate with Gusto. And anyway, 'Hearty' was not as yet the final conclusion, never mind the fact that at the same time, the man that we didn't believe wasn't Hungarian, aka the queen, was also having a high speed whispering conversation with Bimbo on the technicalities of the Tony character for the budget speech next week which happened to fall on the same day as The Queens Speech. Then of course he could always engage Mr Been in temporarily being the Queen while he played Tony. That should work pretty well, as they were indeed a similar height, with similar chins, and Mr Been would not steal the long term glory as he had to go and write poetry and be the president of the new religion called Aaaaaaaaart, and just generally look weird and awkward.

Almost exactly 11 minutes after Lewis announced the existence of The March, which was by now growing to at least the size of the amount of people living in Zone 2, the entire House of Lords packed up into huge and generous peels of laughter and chuckling. Someone had sprayed at least 100 litres of Ostrich Skull Power right through every air vent and every window, right into the centre of the House of Lords (CCTV and Beeb Camera's not affected.). Not only was it causing raucous peels of laughter but the dust was in fact made up of varying degrees of luminous colour, which seemed to weave about the room, creating images of every character and every written word from every Dr Zeus book ever written,

(and also in brail, of course) big enough to be seen on any TV Screen ranging from mobile phone to Leicester Square Advert size. The whole room began to turn into a growing and vibrating luminous kind of new type of atmosphere, and no one could see who anyone was, especially as they had all changed seats after the group hug. The Man whom we believe wasn't Hungarian, aka the Queen knew that the reins had to be taken, yet again. (Always the girls that have to sort out this communication.... tuff being a Queen) and so, the man who may or may not be Hungarian began to sing the National Anthem in a high falsetto voice. The ostrich skull powder had so disturbed and distorted the perceptions of the Honourable Gentlemen that they took some time to rally. Lord Hailsham was tracing the patterns of the great quilt hanging on the west wall with his fingers and saying in an astonished voice, 'look everyone, it breathes, it's alive'. He tried to pull Charles Dickens over but Charles was having an introspective moment, and had his thumb in his mouth, and was muttering, 'Do I care about them? I mean the orphans! Do I really care what happens to them? Does anyone care about me? What does the word 'care' mean when you boil it all down, anyway? When you boil it all down, scrape off the skin, reveal its deep true essence. Do we all just care for ourselves?' And in a childlike way he turned to Lord Hailsham and asked him, 'Do you care for me? And with a smile Lord Hailsham mussed his hair in a manly way.

In the middle aisle the Bishop of London was fighting with the Archbishop of Canterbury using their staffs of office as weapons. The Bishop of London was shouting, 'Die you unbeliever. I am the real soldier of Christ!' The Archbishop of Canterbury, his staff swirling about his head knocking the mitre off his opponent, yelling back, 'You fool. Do you not recognise me? I am Christ! I am He. Worship me!'

A journalist with suffragette leanings but wearing men's clothing and a smart but severe hairstyle thought she was having a baby on the balcony. A few of the Lords had crowded around and were shouting 'Push', 'Push' as if they were coxswains at the Henley Regatta. But the whole thing was just a mass hallucination. The Duke of Wessex had daubed his face in blue ink taken from the Clerk of the Court's inkwell. In his mind he was connecting to his warlike ancestors, to whom he felt inferior as he had never raped or looted or even plundered, but was jolly glad they had. Now he was paying homage. Standing on the Speaker's chair with his face to the roof was Descartes who was announcing again and again 'I think therefore I am'. And then a wave of doubt came across his face like a dark cloud obscuring the sun. 'Well, at least - I think I am; Oh blast!' Lord Byron with his trouser pockets pulled inside out was fumbling at his buttons eager to amaze all about him with his famous 'elephant impression'.

But eventually the clear strains of, 'God Save The Queen', cut through their preoccupations like an injection of serotonin into the synapses region, (which works better than a vitamin B injection from St John's Ambulance Brigade.) The Great Chamber hushed as through the swirling multicoloured atmosphere that the ostrich skull powder had created, the Queen of all Britain and Her Commonwealth, carrying the bejewelled Royal staff of power in her hands and wearing the beautiful sparkling crown, finished the National Anthem with the last

warbling note. Alongside her strode 'Black Rod' with his staff in hand and his powdered wig slightly askew.

Her voice sounded strong and strangely masculine as she said, 'Get you all to Egypt there is some serious looting to be had. Let my ministers make a plan. I am going to Windsor where my fall out shelter is located and will not be back this year.' At that the man we didn't believe wasn't Hungarian, Black Rod and Mr Been strode out of the Houses of Parliament and summoned a London cab.

The End?