

RS #5 Cleves

Start → **CLEVES.** (*Sad laugh.*) I guess you already know what happened next, how I came to England, hopeful, summoned after the King saw my portrait, and how I, with my meagre looks the way they are, didn't live up to his expectations. I mean, it's the usual story, isn't it: the savvy, educated young princess deemed repulsive by a wheezing, wrinkled, ulcer-riddled, man twenty-four years her senior.

Rejection. Rejection from a King! How could anyone overcome a fate as devastating as being forced to move into a resplendent palace in Richmond, with more

money than I could ever spend in a lifetime, and not a single man around to tell me what to do with it. I mean, seriously. Just tragic. ←

End