



TUDOR TONIGHT

Welcome to Tudor tonight, the only Tudor news program to bring you the latest the most exclusive, the hottest claptrap that passes for news in this part of the realm. It's Sunday, the 18th March 1534.

Tonight, our roving reporter Symon Carbuncle will reveal the results of our latest poll; Katherine! A Right Royal God Given Queen betrayed or an opportunistic greasy spiteful hussy on the make? Pollsters, having scoured the country or as far as Norfolk, say the peasants are divided, as they often are when results are not to Henry's liking.

Henry's Private Public Relations department have been instructed to issue a statement that he is not in reconciliatory talks to consciously re-couple with the private relations that he and Katherine were privy to previously for more than twenty years; that he has definitely and defiantly finished with his Spanish Main squeeze and that any such talk smells strongly of treason and the chopping block awaits. It's been freshly washed and ready for action, much like Henry himself.

A close friend who wishes to remain nameless, not headless, secretly revealed that the bewitching Anne who had bewitched the King has bewitched the King no more and that all her bewitching has come to an end. The unnamed bigmouth allmouth Falmouth, continued to spill the beans and the mead and the mint sauce all over the palace as he reckons old Henry has the hots for another cutie. This raises another issue. Could Henry be a serial cheater? Will he stop at three or is a fourth wife not out of the question?

But we interrupt with breaking news of a spit fight at the palace. Jane and her ladies in waiting apparently met Anne and her ladies in waiting, ie; euphemism for awaiting their turn at being Queen. Anyhow, Anne spotted Jane wearing some serious bling and went ballistic, spitting the dummy big time and proceeded to call her a mealy mouthed, whey faced, simpering poor excuse with a bovine posterior and a few other unlady things I cannot repeat.

Oh what the hell, if must twist my words, she then proceeded to call her a festering pile of poxed flapdragon and that the cony catcher was welcome to try to keep her miserly hold on the contents of the chamber pot that is Henry's miserable lying cheating heart, all while trying to scratch out her insufferable rival's eyes out with her alleged extra digit as an outright distinct advantage.

Anne's spin doctor is downplaying the whole sordid episode saying he finds it extremely suss that Anne would put her good self in such a position to let that measly base born howden score cardinal points off her but he then went on to say that he personally, wouldn't put anything past that same self absorbed skin whelked candle waster, and that it would be just like her to go crying to the King trying to put the

kibosh on any reconciliation with his legal, faithful, faithful, kind-hearted devoted good lady wife slash Queen.

All of which has the Seymour family begging Jane, don't lose your head over him, remember love to Henry is a two edged sword and to dump him before it's too late but it is all grist to the rumour mill that is working overtime cranking out the latest from the spurious gossip mongers, of a royal bun in a rather common oven, and even as we speak, a French swordsman is hot footing it to London to bring an end to the king's little problem of a second little wifey who won't conveniently die of some lady like malady and free him to continue on his merry marriage go round.

So join us tomorrow when we actually take you inside the Tower of London, where Anne will spend her final days playing heads and shoulders, knees and toes with her tiny Princess Elizabeth.

Only Tudor Tonight has exclusive access to the execution. You will hear Anne's final words. Will she beg for her life? Will she confess to the sins she has been accused of? Will she name names? And what everybody is dying to know, what and who will she be wearing? Rumours abound that fancy pants designers are rushing to the Tower with a new range of killer fashions for the next High Treason Season.

A source from the Palace, who wishes in vain to remain anonymous, but well known to us as the Axminster Carpet Hall Runner, has revealed it is likely to be an off the shoulder little black number, but there are those with their noses in the privy part of the palace, putting smart money on a polo neck combined with running shoes.

Also, we address the current rumours. Has Henry really changed the title of his self composed love ballad from Greensleeves to the Queenleaves? Only Tudor Tonight will have all the answers you are just dying to know. Plus we will have, hot off the loom, the first tapestry to feature Henry and his latest lady love, that it is to be unveiled at the latest Papal Bull Roast which will have the old goat shelling out quite a few groats according to an old knave in the know.

But that is all for the morrow, so until then have a fine and dandy time and god bless the King and Queen, whoever she may be!