



## Pressure transfer

"Le Royaume-Uni est en effervescence aujourd'hui avec le couronnement de George VI" the radio exclaimed. Edward was sitting in his chair with his smooth skin and chiselled jaw. He leaned back into his velvet chair and looked out the pristine windows which revealed the beautiful gardens of Bois De Boulogne. His eyes then suddenly fixated on the ceiling of the Villa Windsor, the place where him and his new wife, Wallis, resided. A grand Chandelier hung above his head and he looked at it proudly, like it was a child of his own. He picked up a crystal champagne glass and drank that golden sparkly juice which lay inside it. "The Azalea is looking beautiful this year," he muttered under his breath as his eyes quickly flashed back to the garden. He stood up with his leather loafers on his feet and fed the fire a piece of log, adding to the raging flames. The weather in Paris during May had taken a turn to the worst after a cold front moved in through the Atlantic and unfortunately for Edward, the windows at the Villa Windsor weren't double-glazed. He then sat back down and blew his cigar, releasing a small cloud of smoke. "Les Anglais se rassemblent maintenant sur la route qui mène à Buckingham Palace" the radio screamed and that phrase was transferred through Edward's eardrums, leaving it to echo in his head. Click Clack went Wallis' heels before transitioning into a subtle Thud as she entered the sitting room.

"Everything alright, Edward?" she mumbled in smooth American accent before saying, "Something's not quite right with you today." Edward continued to stare off into the distance, lifelessly. He opened his mouth but for a few seconds, nothing came out. Finally he brought himself to say, "I'm quite alright, darling, there's no need to worry." Edward turned around to see Wallis walking away with a 'he-might-be-lying-but-I'm-not-quite-sure' look and he almost certainly was lying. Edward's mind was flashing with thoughts, vicars blasting Zadok the Priest and a golden crown embellished with jewels being laid across his head. "Thank god none of that ever happened to me," he muttered to himself before lurching out of the chair and going for a leisurely walk along the paths in the Bois de Boulogne and passing the stunning Grande Cascade (a waterfall like no other, with gleaming water and emerald trees hugging the edge of the pond) whilst also strolling through the remnants of the ancient oak forest of Rouvray. "I've got something to look forward to at least," he grumbled, "The trip to Marseilles and seeing Germany." (where they would meet Adolf Hitler against the wishes of the UK's foreign office). He stood for a couple seconds and recollected his thoughts before heading back to the house. He peeled his black blazer off his torso and hung it on the bannister of the stairs. Thud, thud, thud went his loafers as he hopped up the stairs, two steps at a time.

The rickety old door in the study creaked as Edward slammed it open before violently grabbing the chair and planting himself on it. He then pulled out an off-white piece of paper out of the desk like a magician and then desperately tried to find a pen. "WHERE'S MY PEN!" he screamed at the top of his lungs before slowly breaking down into slow but steady tears. A cold tear rolled down his cheek and onto his paper leaving a dark mark. Feeling under intense pressure, he wiped the tears off his cheek and started to write on the paper with his fountain pen containing black ink (which was in fact on the floor). "Dear Brother, I thought

that congratulating you for becoming king would be a good idea, but this is more of an apology. I didn't mean to put too much pressure on your shoulders when I abdicated. That wasn't my intention. I just wanted true love, but I didn't consider the toll this would take on you. I hope you take this into consideration. Best wishes, Edward." He encased it in a bright red envelope with a white stripe and sealed it with blue wax before going to the post office (or La Poste as they say in France) and sending it on its way.

Pop! went the sound of the cork as it departed the hold of the champagne. People were smiling everywhere with happiness. Red, white and blue bunting enshrined the room and there were tables full of lip-smackingly good food. There were many well-dressed gentlemen with black and white suits and women with silk dresses of all colours. In the midst of it all, Edward. But he was not frowning about people celebrating the monarchy, he was embracing it. "God save the king!" he shouted with glee; the smile didn't last long though. It slowly faded away and turned into a lifeless stare which might make you wonder if he was reminiscing about the good 'ol times when he was king. But the one thing that was bound to make him happy was the sight of his only true love, Wallis Simpson.

By Emile Steimberg