

Elizabeth Tudor

By Clemmy Rogers

I awoke and sat up suddenly in my bed. I had no idea where I was, and then it hit me and I remembered. I wasn't in my bed at all, I wasn't even in my room, I was imprisoned in the Tower of London!

The guards had come for me the night before and had forced me from my beautiful house in Oxford and had taken me to Hampton Court Palace. I had been thrown to my knees on the cold stone floor with my hands bound tightly behind my back. I looked up and saw my awful half sister sitting on the throne like she owned England. Her husband stood next to her with a horrid smirk on his face.

"Are you wondering why you're here, Elizabeth Tudor?"

I hated the way she spoke, like she ruled the world and as if she was challenging people to compete against her.

"What have I done?" I screamed.

"Now, now! There's no need to get angry!" she mocked, "You are here to answer a question, what do you have against my husband?"

My mouth gaped open as I realised what she was talking about. Mary believed me to be part of the Wyatts rebellion. It was an unexpected rebellion against Mary marrying Prince Phillip of Spain. I didn't like Phillip but I certainly was not part of the rebellion. The terrible thing was, Mary believed the opposite and it would be very hard to convince her to change her mind.

I tried to prove my innocence, but it made no difference and so there I was, imprisoned in the White Tower. The tower itself wasn't that bad since it was built for royals, it was just why I was in there that made me angry. It was an unjust accusation to an innocent person!

I missed my home greatly and its beautiful garden, I wanted to be there more than anything. A few years ago, after Aunt Catherine died, everyone thought I was having an affair with her husband. I have to admit he was rather handsome and I did fancy him a little, but not enough to marry him! So, I escaped to get away from being a Princess and got used to a normal life in a small house with no maids.

Soon enough I got very bored sitting by my small window and watching the guards march back and forth so I decided to look around the tower. When I was declared an illegitimate child, I was very young and so was not allowed to go out of my part of the palace. I barely even saw my father and the rest of Hampton Court and I was always longing to explore.

I walked down the corridor to a room. The handle was very rusty and I could tell that it had not been opened recently. I slowly turned the handle and pushed open the door and stepped inside.

I screamed and felt all the blood drain from my head. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was standing in front of the beheading block! The axe lay beside it, stained with a dark red substance and covered in flies. There was blood splattered everywhere and everything was just left where it was from the last execution! I ran back to my room and lay on my bed. I could imagine my mother doing the same, many years ago, about to be killed by the orders of her own husband. I could feel the pain she must have felt, leaving her two-year-old daughter in the hands of such a horrible and murderous man.

I hated my father. I hated him more than anyone in the world. The way he gave the order to kill my mother because she couldn't give him a son. He was so selfish like that. If people didn't give him what he wanted, he would behead them without a second thought. I knew that if Mary did not produce an heir, then I would be next in line to the throne of England. I also knew that if I was going to be Queen, I was going to be fair and just and respect people whatever they believe. But at the time I felt as if that was never going to happen, I was never going to be let out, I felt like I would spend the rest of my life under lock and key and die imprisoned just like my mother did.

Every night the guards would come for me and I would be forced to my knees in front of Mary and questioned. I was told to confess but I would not give in. I would not let myself be wrongly accused and executed even though I was innocent. Mary would shout at me time and time again that she would find proof that I had turned against her and that I would lose my head. I didn't confess though because I knew that if I was going to be Queen, I would have to learn that under all circumstances must I stay strong and never show my weaknesses.

In my time in the tower I noticed that Mary was very similar to my father. Mary was not kind to her people, and she did not respect their beliefs. She even got given a name. The people called her "Bloody Mary" since she burned two hundred- and eighty-people because they were protestants. But I also noticed that the people did not respect Mary. Not that Mary cared, if everyone was doing what she told them to do, she believed that she was being a great ruler. She believed that because she was the Queen of England, if she was getting enough respect herself, she did not need to give any other people that kindness.

Two months went by and Mary had still had no proof. It seemed that she was staying almost as strong as I was, not giving in. I watched through my window as the guards came to take me for questioning. They walked me to Hampton Court and opened the oak doors to the throne room. I prepared myself to have my hands bound and to be thrown to my knees, but to my surprise none of that happened, instead the guards let go of me.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"I am giving you one last chance to confess!" Mary glared at me, her evil eyes felt like they were pins searching for any weaknesses in my body.

"I will never confess to something I didn't do!" I screamed back.

"Fine, you are choosing to be particularly unhelpful to your Queen."

"Queen! You act nothing like a Queen!"

"Since your time in imprisonment has got me nowhere, and I have no proof that you are guilty, so you are no use to me!" She said, "You will be released to house arrest."

My heart turned a somersault. I couldn't believe my ears. I was finally going home!

"Thank you, thank you so much!" I ran forward and curtsied which I regretted doing afterwards, but I was just so happy.

"Guards!"

That was the last I saw and heard of my sister. That day I travelled home to my beloved house and stayed in house arrest for ages. A short while later, lots of councillors turned up at my house. They explained that Mary had died from trying to produce an heir. It seemed to me that she was trying to find every way around me taking the throne. I was then told that I would be the new Queen of England since I was next in line. I was taken to Hampton Court Palace and sat upon the throne. I suddenly sensed a lot of power laid upon my back. There were going to be difficult times ahead. But I had learned a lot from my time imprisoned, that respect is everything. I knew that I was going to be the Queen that the people have wished for. I was going to be England's finest ruler.