

# To the Palace

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Less than a week ago, I was still a republican. It's strange what an invitation for a job interview at the Palace does with your principles.

I'm especially nervous because the interview's late in the afternoon. I could go to the beach during the day; but what if there's still sand on my shoes as I enter the Palace-

I could also kill some time doing some cleaning; but suppose I started to sweat - and that they'd smell it at the Palace-

After a quick self-study of gossip magazines I now know many more names than those of the Queen, her sons and their spouses. I can now name all the other princes' and princesses' names, and their children's, and the names of those children's soft toys...

The day before the interview I decide to buy a new outfit, after all. I won't be seeing the Queen that often, will I- Of course there's no doubt she won't be interviewing me personally, but still...

My little shopping trip only makes me feel more nervous. Suddenly I don't know my own dress style anymore, and I start feeling attracted to dresses for women twice my age. I can't go wrong if I buy such a dress, can I-

I could leave the price tags on! Then, if they don't offer me the job at the Palace, I could return the clothes to the shop. A vision of myself in a suit with clearly visible price tags just as Her Majesty enters the room keeps me from doing this.

With my new purchases I walk up to a cafe that has some tables outside. A drink should calm me down.

Just then, a toddler at the table beside me throws her cup in the air.  
All the juice that was in it has ended up on the plastic bag next to  
my chair.

'Woman Kills Toddler (And Parents, Too, While She Was At It)' wasn't  
a news headline the next day. Only just, I have to add...

