

The Unexpected Meeting of William and Billy (or how the “Prince” of America met the “King” of England)

Once upon a time in America a young boy, Billy, the American President’s son, was celebrating Christmas with his parents at the White House.

He got tired of all the political discussions and fell asleep at the table. He woke up surrounded by loud voices. Looking everywhere in panic, he faced a long table covered with all sorts of food. People laughed. Some weren’t very sober, some even ate without forks. Thinking it was a dream, he tried to pinch himself but he was stopped by a strong arm hugging his shoulder. Surprised, he turned around and saw a tall guy with ancient clothes and a crown on his head. He had quite a familiar face. Hadn’t he already seen this man in a picture before?

Billy: Who the hell are you? Whaddya doin’ here? Y’all need to leave! I’m gonna call my parents!

William: ... I’m telling you, I don’t even know what I’m doing here. I was a very good ruler in Normandy, now that I’m on the throne of England, even if I am incredibly incredible, will I really be a good ruler here?

Billy: Are you drunk man?

William: Of course, you can drink too. Help yourself, drink up!

Billy: Whatever man. (To himself) Maybe I won’t call my parents just yet; I mean it’s cool to be here with my new buddies! But... can you tell me what year it is?

William: It’s 1066 of course! So anyway, I was telling you, I may not be ready to be a king...

Billy: A king??!!!

William: Yes a king! Weren’t you listening to me? I was telling you my story... Months or days ago, I can’t remember very well... You there, show him the date!

Random person: (shows a sign with “5th of January 1066” written on it)

William: Edward the Confessor had just died. There were four contenders for the throne of England:

- Harold Godwinson, with his ridiculous moustache: people liked him, no idea why. He didn’t have royal blood but he had won a lot of battles for King Edward.
- Edgar, the coughing brat: he was Edward’s nephew; he was fourteen and Edward’s heir.

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- Harald Hardradda, that dumb Viking: he was the King of Norway but wanted more... (imitates him) “When I am the King of England, I will defend the people and their country. I’m very powerful! *showing his sword*”
- And me: the brilliant William, Duke of Normandy. I was a very good ruler and Edward the Confessor had made a special promise on the bones of some saints that I would be the next king of England.

So, Hairy Harold was chosen by the King’s council to be the next King of England because the weak heir Edgar was too young and sick.

King’s Council member: “I, representative of the King’s council, crown thee, Harold Godwinson, to be the next King.”

After that, Godwinson set his army on the south coast of England and Hardradda landed in the north of England.

Harald joined forces with Tostig. He probably wanted to cut off his ridiculous moustache!

I’m sure Harald said: (imitating his rough voice) “Harold Godwinson and his silly army aren’t ready for this victorious fight that’s going to happen.”

Tostig: “I want to take revenge on my brother who exiled me. He isn’t able to govern the country; this place should be ruled by another person. Harald Hardradda, you will be a better King than him. I will follow you until death.”

Hardradda: “What are you talking about? We’re powerful! We’re not going to die! ”

Tostig: “I love the way you talk. I’m joining you.”

I must tell you the legendary battle of Stamford Bridge was the most epic rock paper scissors of all time, the biggest fight that ever existed, only with the worst fighters the dumb Viking Harald Hardradda and Hairy Harold. When Harold learnt the news of Harald’s arrival up north, he left his post on the coast and quickly ran to meet him at a place called Stamford Bridge in order to prevent his kingdom from being invaded by the Norwegians. Some used blades and others rocks. As the legend says ... rocks always win.

The Battle of Stamford Bridge took place, opposing Godwinson and Hardradda who met in the middle of England.

I think Hardradda said that if people didn’t let him govern then he was going to take the throne by force.

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But Godwinson said that he wasn't letting Hardrada hurt the civilians, so he invited him to a fight.

They began to fight and Tostig fell on the floor after being stabbed by Harold's soldier.

Hardrada said “You kept your promise...”

And Tostig answered “Always...”

They began to fight again until Godwinson stabbed Hardrada.

Harold Hardrada died on the battlefield.

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At the same time, I landed in the south of England, using the opportunity of the Battle to settle in England.

For me it was too beautiful to be true! Having the south land all to myself!

Suddenly, Godwinson appeared.

I asked him what he was doing here, because I thought he was fighting Hardrada.

He answered: “Yes but things didn't go as planned for him... and you're going to join him soon!”

I said: “You think? I'm your opponent.”

During the Battle of Hastings, I struck Godwinson right in the eye. Before he died, he told me that he had never known anyone as strong as me. And now you know WHAT?? His country is now mine...
HAHAHAHA!

I, William Duke of Normandy aka William the Conqueror has just been crowned as the new King of England!

Cloud of smoke.....

King's guard 1: “What a beautiful banquet!”

King's guard 2: “Yeah! A lot of delicious food.”

William : “En français je vous prie.”

Billy: What an amazing story! So much better than Netflix!

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William: Who is Netflix? Wait a second - Who are YOU?

Billy: Crap! How do I get out of this situation now? *he tries to run away*

William: Guards! Seize this boy!

One of the guards grabs Billy's arm, he tries to resist but he knocks himself out

Voice from far away: Billy! Billy!

Billy: Whoa! What the hell happened?!

Billy's father: Mind your language young boy!

Billy: S-Sorry.

Billy's father: The dessert is served. Now, try to give a good impression to our guests!

And this is how Billy's bizarre adventure ends. The boy was still troubled by his encounter with the King. While people were eating nonchalantly around him, he wondered if those events were a simple dream or actually the truth.

Billy told his story to the guests who thought it was very funny, except his father who wasn't impressed with him falling asleep at the table. Extremely tired out by his great adventure, he ate his dessert and went to bed because after all, Father Christmas was coming that night.

The following morning, when Billy's mum called him to come and open his presents, he was so engrossed by his research on the events of 1066 that he didn't remember it was Christmas Day. All the same, one of the presents got his attention as it had an unusual shape. His mother told him it had in fact arrived in the post on Christmas Eve. He quickly opened it and found the exact same cup he had drunk in at the banquet. When he noticed a small “W” engraved at the bottom of the cup, he couldn't help but smile.

Today, Billy is a history teacher at Oxford University. He specialises in England in the Middle Ages. He loves to keep his special cup on his desk.

-THE END-