

The Windzer Clan (Writing Sample)

“It’s Andy, Mum,”

“Andy?” Queen Liz stirred, dark eyelids ungluing themselves from the damp, dank folds of her swollen cheekbones. Queen Liz blinked, snorted, coughed, and lit a cigarette. Then she remembered that she already had a cigarette stuffed between her ponderous, grey lips. She sniffed, frowned, and deposited the unwanted cigarette in the half-finished ‘Mystery Cocktail.’ The tattered paper and dark ash clung to the surface of the tar-like substance for a nail-biting ten seconds, then surrendered to the inevitable and allowed itself to be pulled into the cocktail’s murky, inky depths.

Queen Liz stared at the ‘Mystery Cocktail’ with a confused expression on her bulldog face. Clearly, it was all still coming back to her. The Anniversary. The Special. The Party. The street parade. The booze. The pills. The fights. The camera. The bonfire. Queen Liz grunted, scratched herself and, finally, returned her attention to Si.

“Woss ‘e dun?”

“There’s a video going around-”

“Woss ‘e dun?”

“There’s a video of him and this girl, Mum? She’s got a uniform. They keep saying she’s sixteen?”

Queen Liz blinked.

“Woss ‘e doing wiv a sixteen-year-old?”

“I don’t know, Mum.”

“Woss ‘e... Woss ‘e...” Queen Liz blinked and tried to stand up. This proved to be a mistake. Her vast thighs seemed unable to support her enormous bulk. She sank back into the chair, which gave a masochistic wheeze and emitted a puff of dispelled cigarette ash. Queen Liz glared at Si. Then she licked her lips and shook her head. At last, she appeared to have caught on to what he was saying.

“Andy dun nuffin,” she rasped. “Andy likes girls. Woss that gotta do wiv anyone else? Woss ‘e supposed to like? Boys? Woss she... what? Sixteen? Not like she’s a kid or nuffin. I had my first kid when I was... When I was fifteen. Wot they saying about Andy now?”

About The Novel

An old friend once told me that if the Windsor Family lived on a council estate instead of Buckingham Palace, they would be the kind of family that you would tell your kids to try and avoid. *The Windzer Clan* is a satirical novel that was inspired by this joke, as well as the publication of *Entitled: The Rise and Fall of the House of York*, by Andrew Lownie. The novel transforms the Windsors from a Royal Family, to a gang of benefits scroungers and petty criminals. This family unit, "The Windzers," are the stars of a long-running reality television show: "Meet The Windzers." This show has transformed the clan of chain-smoking, unemployable layabouts into popular celebrity figures, with the most popular of all the Windzers being: "Queen Liz," a morbidly obese failed stripper, who rules her brood of scroungers and ageing delinquents with an iron fist. The public love The Windzers, taking great joy in their scandals and complete lack of decency, rewarding their