

The Queen's Orang-Utan.
By David Walliams.

The Queen was trapped. Trapped in a palace. Trapped in a palace full of stuff. Mountains and mountains of old stuff. Every night she would dream of escaping....

The Queen had so much stuff that when it was her birthday no one had a clue what to give her. But this year she knew exactly what she wanted.

"A solid gold, diamond-encrusted stair lift?" guessed the prince.

"No!" snapped the Queen "Guess again!"

"A great big bottle of brandy...?" hiccupped a red-nosed duke.

"Nooo!" said the Queen; in a telling-off tone he had heard many times before.

"A set of porcelain thimbles, hand-painted with all the flags of the Commonwealth nations?" guessed the royal baby.

"Noooooo!" replied the Queen.

"Well what then?!"

"For one's birthday one would very much like...." announced the Queen. "...One's own orang-utan!"

A shocked silence descended before the Duke raged.

"You want a giant monkey?!"

"Orang-utans are not monkeys, they are apes..." corrected the Queen.

"You want an ape?!!"

"Yes."

"Stuffed?!!!"

"No, a live one please..."

She replied, before returning to her roast beef. "Thank you so much."

Finally, the royal baby spoke up for the whole family.

"Great grandmamma-mamma, now why on earth do you want a beastly orang-utan?"

"To be my new butler, of cause...!" the Queen announced.

The next morning the entire royal household gathered together to celebrate.

“Happy Birthday!”

A gigantic cake the size of a paddling pool was wheeled in. Next, the huge oak doors swung open to reveal ...

...an orang-utan!

The great ape lolloped in, clambered up the silk curtains, before leaping on to a swinging chandelier. Finally, the orang-utan let go... And dived into the cake with a giant plop! The Queen smiled to herself. This was turning out to be her best birthday ever.

Later it was time for the Prime Minister’s weekly visit to Buckingham Palace. Secretly, the Queen thought the man was an awful bore. He prattled on and on about himself all day.

“I am sure to go down in history...” he prattled.

“Tea, Prime Minister?” interrupted the Queen.

“...as the greatest leader this country has ever seen, you know...”

On and on and on he prattled as the Queen’s new butler wheeled in the tea trolley. The orang-utan then proceeded to slurp some tea from the pot.... before emptying it over the Prime Minister’s head.

“Milk and two sugars, isn’t it?” said the Queen.

That afternoon Her Majesty was having her portrait painted for the thousandth bum-numbing time.

“May I say how majestic your Royal Majesty looks on this most glorious of days, your royal birthday...” crept the royal portrait painter.

He was the creepiest creep in a long history of creepiness. But this particular afternoon Her Majesty requested some paint, brushes and a canvas to be sent out for her new butler too.

After a while the Queen stood up to examine the two paintings.

“Oh yes, one’s orang-utan has captured one perfectly. Let’s hang this one in the grand banquet hall.”

“Hmmm... Yours shall be put in a dark and distant downstairs loo.”

“I thank Your Highnessness for her graciousnessnessness...”

That very night the Queen had to host yet another boring banquet at Buckingham Palace for all the leaders of the world. The Queen had to sit next to the president of the United States of America. Her Majesty found the little man an enormous pain in the bottom. For a start, whatever delicious dishes the Queen served, the President always demanded ‘a portion of fries on the side.’ Even with his pudding!

But tonight Her Majesty knew just what to do to liven things up. She arranged for her butler to join in the after dinner entertainment...
...dancing with the Royal Ballet Company.

The next morning the maid brought the Queen her breakfast on a silver tray as she always did.

“Good morning Your Majesty,” she chirped as she opened the large velvet curtains.

Except it wasn’t the Queen in the bed. Oh no.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrgggggghhhhhh!!!!!!!” screamed the maid. It was the orang-utan!

Meanwhile, outside Buckingham Palace a figure was swinging across the courtyard on a jungle vine of union jacks. It was....

...the Queen!

But the Bearskin Guards could not do a thing. The Queen was free. All the Queen left behind was a letter...

I hereby decree that my orang-utan butler should be made King and should be in charge of everything henceforth herewith. Goodbye forever. Signed: Her Royal Highness.

THE END!

Challenge If you'd like it!!...

Can you :

- Highlight / colour all the speech / spoken words with green
- Underline adjectives in blue
- Underline verbs in green
- Count how many ? 's
and ! 's