

# Royal Decree

*(This is to be read out by Madge Estee in a Queen's voice)*

*My beloved subjects. Thank you for joining my dead husband and I.*

*Would the valiant and real Shane Mail please stand up, please stand up, please stand up.*

*Today, this man saved my life by bravely standing between my certain doom and the charging lance of the now flayed Lance Aboil.*

*As I have no husband and no children, and since I find Shane Mail to be 100% not my type and so would never marry him, I am announcing that I will make Shane Mail my one and only heir.*

*From now on, Shane Mail shall be Heir Mail to represent how he made Lance Aboil fly! Baa haa haa.*

*Shane Mail shall take over as King of Rottingham on my death, which I am sure will be many years in the future.*

*Can someone get me another goblet of mead as my last one tasted like cleaning products.*

*Your Queen,*

*Madge Estee*

