

Queen Elizabeth II Christmas message: a parody

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Christmas is a time to be cherished by all those who celebrate, a time in which the spirit of community and family is at its pinnacle, a time in which every shop in existence goes on sale. Decorating one's castle, gifting one's servants, and tinselling one's corgis are but a few of the customs which contribute to such a jubilant atmosphere... The ungrateful children, unwanted presents, and garish Christmas specials are amongst those which do not.

Nevertheless, one must not lose sight of the reason for such a joyous occasion: which is to celebrate the birth of our saviour, not Santa Claus, but Jesus Christ. A meaning often forgotten by those of common upbringing, who see this occasion as an excuse to drink wine to the point of intoxication, and then later regurgitate turkey and stuffing in a snow-topped bus shelter.

And thus the prime principle of Jesus' teachings - to love one's neighbour - is more applicable than ever during Christmastide. Such love is demonstrated by you, the people of Britain, through the public funding which you so generously bestow upon myself, and my ever so needy family. It is through such funding that I buy my vibrant hats and organise my splendid garden parties.

However, it takes but a simple visitation to a local shopping centre to demonstrate that some people are just impossible to love.

(Cut to footage of hooligans spitting, riding mopeds and fighting)

Many are those who carelessly loiter on street corners, countless amounts of unwanted offspring in tow, cigarette in mouth, alcohol in grasp. Copious

amounts of this kind were exhibited during the widespread riots this August. Prince Philip and I would like to thank such rioters, for leaving Buckingham Palace undisturbed and instead besieging local 'Tesco Extras' in slums such as Birmingham and Manchester.

How obvious it would be, for me to imply we are a nation of peace and cohesion, with people who are loyal and respectful to those of supreme eminence, such as myself. Alas, I ensure many of you do not watch this broadcast due to royalist ideals, but have tuned in early for the 3: 30 showing of " Shrek 2".

(Obligatory clip of Shrek 2, complete with advertisement for the blu-ray release)

Unfortunately, our nation is in a state of utmost disharmony - a nightmare cesspit of crime, violence and vulgarity. Had it not been for my ever so vital role in the governing my kingdom, I fear the very fabric of our empire would have been torn to shreds by conceited anarchists. Waving from balconies, shaking hands with people whom I neither know nor wish to know, inheriting tax payer's money: but a few examples of the strenuous work which I endure for the sake of my country. Undoubtedly a stellar demonstration of expressing love for one's neighbour.

The common folk of our country have previously proven hindrance to communities, with their spray paint and lacklustre futures. However this year this has changed, with the marriage of my grandson William, and his wife Kate - or should I say Catherine as she so prefers. She may be a royal, but she is still a mere laywoman in the eyes of the aristocracy. Despite the many

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elegant Princesses and majestic Duchesses whom I attempted to marry William off to, he instead settled with a commoner with rich parents. He really could have done better, but

it's better Kate than never, I suppose.

(Cut to footage of The Royal Wedding, mainly plebs frantically waving miniature union jacks)

The rare marital union of proletariat and aristocrat spurred the excitement of many citizens of the commonwealth and fuelled the temporary harmony seen across the land. It gave us the opportunity to express pride in our country, wreck streets with streamers and novelty bunting, cause heavy traffic with road closures, buy tacky merchandise and hang Union Jacks from our windows.

The chance that the populace celebrated due to legitimate pride and joy for their country is unlikely, many simply embraced the day off work.

Regardless, the Royal Wedding instilled a sense of community where there was previously dissonance, gave us a well deserved boost in tourism, and finally made other countries pay attention to us. It put the Royal Family back in the good books after my husband accused a 14 year old boy of being " on drugs".

As Christmas is a time for reflection, I feel we must look back on the achievements and accomplishments of the 21st century thus far. As consumers, we owe a great sense of gratitude to the innovators and inventors behind the " iPhone".

(Cut to footage of the Queen on face time with Prince Philip, both laughing merrily.)

Not only for revolutionising the way we communicate with one another, but also for " Angry Birds" and " iBeer", which have managed to enrich me (and assuredly many others) with hours of entertainment and joy.

2011 has been a time of great development in industry, technology, science, but not economy. With a packet of " Space Raiders" crisps now at 15p and " Freddos" now at a staggering 20p, the effects of inflation are evident. We should take time, this Christmas, to reassure those whom have suffered the hardships of financial loss, including those irritating carolers begging for small change.

But with such tribulation, we are only strengthened. We are a proud nation, we may moan, but we are proud. Some express this pride through celebration, and some express it through harsh xenophobia and degrading racism. But still we have managed to maintain our composure, as a family; together enduring obstacles such as rioting, terrorism, recession and disastrous coalition.

Through my faith, and through the support you have given me, I continue to serve my country with utmost aspiration. Even to those who mock my accent, those who see me as nothing more than a device for tourism, and the Sex Pistols: I am thankful, for you are the catalyst behind my efforts.

I wish you all a very happy Christmas. Unless you are of other religions, in which case absolutely no offence was intended, and you may continue with your heretical customs.

(Fades to uniformed men with brass instruments playing typical patriotic themes.)