

Chapter Six

The first place Jon wanted to go was home to his apartment. He looked at a map, oriented himself with the river, and knew he needed to head southwest.

He walked around the hospital to the south side of the building so he could see where he needed to go, and that's when he first saw the colossal, inverted icicle of a building that stabbed upward out of the ground and glittered as it cut the sky. The building was so massive and its footprint was so large that Jon could see from a distance that his former home was gone.

He saw the route he needed to take and began to step into the street when he heard a loud trumpeting noise and narrowly missed being struck by a speeding carriage from his right.

Jon remembered being nearly struck by a horse a few days earlier in almost the same place, and he lambasted himself for being so careless. There were no horses pulling these carriages and they appeared to move on their own power at terrific speeds.

He waited for a break in the traffic and after a minute all the cars stopped, and a black box on the opposite side of the street displayed an image of a man walking. Jon saw

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a dozen other pedestrians crossing the street, and followed them to the other side. The traffic resumed.

Jon found the site of his former home. The address was correct, but instead of the two-story building with the nice lobby, it was replaced by a skyscraper called the Shard. Jon went inside the lobby and asked the porter if they had any rooms available, possibly long term.

“We have many excellent rooms available,” the porter said. “I will need to see a major credit card and some identification.”

The porter was tall, had a hairless face covered in freckles, blue eyes, curly orange hair, and piercings in both ears and in one nostril. They were wearing a yellow blazer jacket over a white shirt, purple trousers, and white shoes.

“I have neither at the moment,” Jon said.

“Our hotel rooms start at five hundred pounds per night,” the porter said, and examined Jon’s unusual attire.

“Five hundred pounds? Is everyone here a wealthy merchant or nobleman?” Jon asked.

“Pretty much,” the porter admitted. “This has information about our residential units and prices,” the porter said and handed Jon a brochure. “You can find a lot more information on the Shard’s website.”

Jon looked at the other people in the lobby. They were all well-dressed, and he was not. Jon felt out of place again. He looked at the brochure. It said the Shard was the tallest building in Europe at 310 meters. Some of the residential units near the top were priced at £10 million.

“These prices are outrageous,” Jon said “I could own a castle in the countryside for the cost of one unit upstairs.”

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“I know what you mean,” the porter said, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential tone. “I couldn’t afford to live in London at that price either.”

“I used to live here many years ago, before all this was built,” Jon said. “Maybe you can still help me. I’m looking for somewhere modest to stay. It doesn’t have to be large or luxurious, but a view would be great.”

“There are lots of nice hotels in this area that are much cheaper, but none of them have a view like the Shard. If you think you may need somewhere free to stay tonight, you could visit the shelter next to Southwark Cathedral.”

Jon thanked the porter for the suggestion. He put the brochure in his bag and made his way to the ground level.

He followed the sidewalk with the other pedestrians around the building, and when he came to the next place he wanted to cross, Jon waited with the other pedestrians for the traffic lights to change. Nearly everyone who was waiting for a light to change was also looking down at shiny rectangular devices they held in their hands.

The lights changed, and the moving traffic stopped so those waiting could have a turn. Jon followed the flow of foot traffic across the boulevard to the cathedral on the opposite side of the street.

He was disoriented for a moment as he stood in front of the Gothic cathedral. The building was nothing like the St. Saviour’s Church he remembered, and its singular tower bore a strong resemblance to the old St. Paul’s Cathedral he knew on the other side of the river.

Jon wondered if he was at the right place. Every sign and map confirmed he was at Southwark Cathedral. He

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spent a few minutes outside admiring the cathedral's pointed arches, flying buttresses, and the stone tracery wrapped around its massive windows of stained glass.

As Jon passed through the dark oak doors, he was equally impressed by the cathedral's vaulted interior. There were few other parishioners inside. Jon said a prayer and then explored the inside of the cathedral. He admired the Gothic architecture and large pictorial glass mosaics.

Jon was surprised to find one such window decorated not with saints but with fairies and jesters, a comedy of men with horse's heads and ripened bellies. A wizard king with a white beard stood with arms outstretched from the central window, while behind him a grotesque creature crawled obediently. The third panel featured a tragic prince holding a skull surrounded by kings, queens, and knights and at the bottom, two old feeble men with nothing but their memories.

Jon recognized each of the figures as characters from the plays he had performed during his career. He knew this had to be a tribute to his friend and was so excited to tell Will about this new window that he briefly forgot his situation. Below the window was a marble effigy of a reclining bald man in a doublet, jerkin, and breeches. An inscription read, "In memory of William Shakespeare for several years an inhabitant of this parish."

Reality stabbed his heart like a dagger and the pain of it brought him to his knees. He began sweating and breathing heavily as he knelt in front of the tribute. Jon reminded himself that it was no longer the year 1613 and tried to detach himself from his emotions. A sign indicated

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Shakespeare's body was buried elsewhere. Jon rose to his feet and continued exploring the interior to see if he could find Will's grave.

Jon recognized the names of more colleagues and peers, some of whom had already died when he was alive, and some who died soon afterward. He could still picture their faces and remember the sound of their voices, but somehow last week to Jon was four centuries earlier. Will was gone. Richard, Ben, and Fletcher, his friends, neighbors, and everyone Jon had ever known were dead and had been dead for so long, not even their bones remained.

He searched the rest of the interior, then went outside and searched the gravestones in the cemetery, without luck. Jon returned to the tribute window inside and studied it for clues. The figures themselves were meaningless without knowledge of their characters. Their spoken words brought them to life, and through them, an understanding of the world. There was an order to the world, and it was clear that Jon was at a disadvantage.

He was growing increasingly frustrated when a ten-year-old girl approached him and asked what was wrong.

"I'm trying to find someone's grave, and I'm not having much luck," Jon said.

"You should ask for help," the girl said. "That's what I do when I get stuck."

"Do you know where William Shakespeare is buried?" Jon asked.

"Yes, I do," she said. "William Shakespeare is buried in Stratford-upon-Avon."

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“How do you know that?” Jon asked.

“I learned it in school,” the girl said proudly. “William Shakespeare was the greatest writer of all time.”

“Of all time,” Jon repeated. “That sounds unrivaled.”

“What does unrivaled mean?” the girl asked. “Why are you wearing dirty pajamas?”

“You’re right, these clothes are very old, and I should get new ones,” Jon said as he stood and collected his belongings. “Thank you for your help.”

Jon continued exploring the streets and found the shelter recommended by the porter at the Shard. It looked clean, and it was free. A sign said guests had to be sober and not make a disturbance, or they would be asked to leave. It sounded better to Jon than sleeping on the street.

He found an area near the waterfront where everyone was clean and well dressed and looked civilized. Jon attempted to enter a fine clothing store, but the doorman would not let him inside on account of his wardrobe not meeting their dress code. Jon followed the foot traffic inside a nice restaurant but was again turned away on account of being dressed like a bum.

Jon decided to lower his standards and kept walking until he found a place where most of the people were dressed like him in shorts and baggy shirts. He went in a place that advertised fast food. The interior was brightly lit and every surface was hard and polished to a shine, though he did not see anything made of wood or metal.

Jon asked for a fish sandwich, but he had no money to pay for it. The porter called their manager, and Jon felt them both scrutinize his appearance.

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“People are expected to pay for food,” the manager lectured Jon.

“Please, sir,” Jon said. “I’m very hungry.”

“Next time you come back, bring money,” the manager said, and gave Jon the hot sandwich for free. “I’m running a business, not a charity.”

“Thank you, sir, and God bless you,” Jon said as he took his fish sandwich outside.

He sat on a bench facing the river Thames as he ate the sandwich and wondered what he would do next. He thought he should try to get a job, but he had no modern skills. Everything he had received thus far was from the kindness of strangers. He had to keep trying because the bottom was no place to be.

He felt the presence of another person standing next to him and turned around to see a figure with messy hair and soiled clothing. Jon stepped back from the wretched figure, and it stepped away from him at the same time. It took Jon a few seconds to recognize his own reflection in the street window, and he felt a swelling of shame, anger, and pity once he saw himself as others saw him.

Jon watched as hundreds of people began to exit the tall office buildings and fill the sidewalks in the rush to get home, find some supper, or meet with a friend after work. Street lights began to push out the darkness, and the night life awoke as the sun slowly sank below the horizon.

Jon stood on the sidewalk and watched the city move around him. Most people were looking straight ahead at nothing or were looking down at shiny rectangular devices in their hands. He could see them, but it was easier for

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people to ignore unpleasant realities. He was invisible to most of them – a ghost.

He resented being cast out of society and felt his emotions rise inside him. Shakespeare's words poured from his mouth as he knelt on the sidewalk.

“O, that this too too sullied flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew,” Jon cried out, quoting *Hamlet*. “Or that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon against self-slaughter! O God! God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on it! Ah fie!”

Jon noticed several passersby had gathered to watch him perform. He finished the monologue with such heartfelt passion that people were wiping their tears and applauding when he finished. A few bystanders opened their wallets or reached into their pockets and tossed a few coins and paper bills onto the sidewalk in front of Jon.

“Shakespeare!” yelled a man from the back of the crowd. “To be or not to be!”

Jon was surprised that people recognized *Hamlet* and was happy to indulge the crowd with the famous monolog. He thought about his own near-death experiences and all of the people he had once known who were no longer.

“To be, or not to be: that is the question,” he began quoting from memory. His mind was taken back to the first performance of *Hamlet* at Whitehall Palace before Elizabeth I and her guests. Jon felt Will's words and thoughts speaking through him as he continued reciting the rest of the lines from memory. Jon played the tragic nymph Ophelia but he knew all of the parts. He

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remembered the performance was long but quickly paced and the ending was spectacular and gruesome.

Jon finished Hamlet's introspective thoughts about over-thinking problems ad nauseam and took a gracious bow to the two dozen bystanders who had stopped to watch. They clapped and nodded in agreement. Some people smiled as they walked away and some didn't. Many people tossed money at Jon's feet, and he thanked them as he gathered their donations together. He counted the money and saw he had almost eight pounds in change.

Jon's stomach growled with hunger so he picked up his bags and retraced his steps back to the fast-food restaurant. He went inside and approached the register. The staff recognized Jon from earlier, and the manager came out to talk with him. Jon smiled and put his change on the counter in a pile.

"I came back with some money," Jon said with dignity. "This is for the food you gave me earlier and for the halibut and chips meal."

The food was nearly as fast as the service, and in hardly any time, Jon was enjoying fried halibut and chips in an empty corner of the restaurant. After he was finished eating, Jon left the restaurant and purchased some soap and a safety razor from a corner shop with his remaining money. He returned to the shelter next to the cathedral.

The inside of the shelter was a spacious room filled with about two hundred beds. The beds were surplus canvas stretched over a frame of hollow metal tubes. A volunteer gave everyone a blanket and a bottle of water. Jon found a cot and used his giant designer bag as a pillow.

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He tried to make himself comfortable and told himself this was better and safer than sleeping outdoors. The empty beds were filling up with occupants, and it took some people longer to get settled than others. Jon closed his eyes and listened to the sounds of strange people talking, coughing, or snoring.

Jon awoke Friday morning at dawn and saw that every bed had been filled during the night and most of the 200 occupants were still sleeping. He collected his garment bag and had a cup of the shelter's free coffee and a piece of the last bran muffin. He washed himself in the shelter's lavatory and shaved his face in front of the large mirror. Jon studied his own reflection and decided he would try something different today.

The Tudor dress had been a liability to Jon since the fire, but it had survived intact, along with the corset and petticoat. He decided to start looking at the dress as an asset instead of a liability.

It was made from the best materials available by King Henry VIII's royal dressmakers and couturiers. Jon had convinced 3,000 spectators that he was Anne Boleyn, and he was confident he could do it again if he had to.

Jon had spent hours observing well-dressed business professionals go to work the day before. They wore suits, dresses, or suit jackets with skirts. Jon paid attention to how the women in dresses moved. They walked with poise and grace as they moved effortlessly in cute shoes with raised heels. He studied facial expressions, hair styles, and the way they moved, especially their hands.

As Jon threaded the new lacing into the back of the

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corset and dress, he reminded himself that he had already been mistaken for a woman several times while wearing the dress and bad things had happened. New dangers had appeared that could have been avoided if he had been a more sensible woman and gone home.

He needed to think like a lady when he was dressed like one, and the simplest way for him to do that was to play a female character and improvise.

Jon decided he would wear the dress and pretend to be the stouthearted Anne.

“I humbly summon for the spirit of your majesty, Queen Anne, to guide my actions this day as I give your dress another tour of the city you so loved,” Jon said to his reflection. “Anne Boleyn, you shall live again.”

He wet and groomed his hair in front of the mirror and studied his reflection. He didn’t think he looked like a woman. His undershirt was soiled so he took it off. He reached into the designer garment bag and removed the white bodice and put it on over his head. He pulled the corset into position but couldn’t reach the strings in the back to tighten it.

A homeless man with unkempt hair and a bushy beard came into the lavatory and saw Jon by the mirror. The man’s clothes were clean but threadbare.

“Hello, friend, could thou lend me a hand?” Jon asked the man.

“What do you need?” the man asked.

“Could you please pull these strings at the back of my bodice, tightly?” Jon asked sweetly.

“What do you need a bodice for?” the man asked as

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he approached Jon cautiously.

“I’m trying to get a job,” Jon said. “And I have to wear this under my clothes.”

“I hate job interviews,” the man said as he began to tighten the new laces on the back of Jon’s corset. “I hope you get the job.”

Jon held in his breath as the man tied the strings in a knot. He had lost a little weight since he last wore the corset, and it fit him better.

“A million thanks and maybe one more before you leave,” Jon said. The man went to use a toilet in the bathroom stalls and latched the door shut. Jon fluffed out and fastened the hooped farthingale around his waist and clipped it to the bodice.

Next, Jon removed the dress from the plastic dry-cleaning bag and pulled it on over his head. The dress fit loosely, and he smoothed it over the corset and petticoat. The draw strings were in the back, and he couldn’t reach them. He looked at his reflection again and was startled by his metamorphosis into a lady of the court. He groomed his hair, pinched his cheeks to make them pink, and flashed his reflection a wide smile.

“This is your big moment, Anne,” Jon said in his character’s contralto voice. “You’ve got this!”

A toilet flushed. The bearded man came out of the toilet stall and looked surprised to see a woman.

“Could you help me fasten the back of this dress?” Jon asked. “I promise it’s the last favor I’ll ask.”

Jon smoothed the dress over the corset and petticoat again as the man tightened and tied the dress in the back.

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“I don’t know what the job is, but better you than me,” the man said when he had finished.

“Thank you again, good sir,” Jon said with a curtsy.

The man held the door open for Jon as he left the lavatory. Jon stepped out onto the street, and the first person who saw him complimented the beautiful dress and the woman who wore it.

Jon returned to the street with the fancy shops where there were hundreds of well-dressed professionals on their way to work. Some noticed Jon, but the rest kept walking.

“You look like you’re having a shoe emergency,” said a woman’s voice from behind him.

Jon turned around to see who had spoken, and for a brief moment he thought it was either Anne Boleyn’s ghost or his own reflection dressed as Anne. She was about the same height as Jon at five feet, seven inches and appeared to be about the same age. The woman was wearing a light blue spring dress with a floral print and a sweater that did not match. The sweater matched her blood-red, high-heeled shoes.

“I left the house thinking that this sweater was fine because it compliments my shoes, and my shoes are fine because they match my sweater, but neither one matches my dress,” the woman said. “I just had this feeling that I should get different shoes that match my dress, and that’s when I saw you, wearing the perfect dress for my shoes but the wrong shoes for your own dress. That’s an amazing dress, by the way. What size are your feet?”

Jon wasn’t sure but he slipped off his synthetic clogs and held his bare foot next to the woman’s.

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“We’re the same size,” she said. “I knew it! I was meant to meet you today. Can you accept a gift from a complete stranger? My name’s Emma.”

Emma extended her hand, and Jon took it gracefully.

“I’m Anne,” he said, still in character. “You would be doing me a huge favor.”

“If you can wait here a few minutes, I’m going to get a pair of pumps I’ve been dreaming of all week that just happen to match this dress,” she said. “I’ll be right back.”

Jon felt energized the moment Emma left. He watched her walk into a nearby shoe store and noted how she moved her legs with confidence and authority.

The wooden heels of her shoes made a powerful and repetitive clacking noise against the sidewalk as Emma walked. Heads turned to identify the noise.

“What a woman!” Jon said to himself. “Here is someone who knows how to live. I should endeavor to be more like her.”

He looked around and recognized the same place he had performed *Hamlet* the day before. Jon walked to a metal bench nearby and sat down. He knew it was time for Anne to shine.

Emma came out of the store a few minutes later wearing a nice pair of light blue shoes with a similar floral pattern that perfectly complimented her dress.

“I probably paid too much for these but sometimes the stars align and fate makes decisions for you,” she said as she showed off her new shoes.

“Winsome style,” Anne said. “I love them.”

“Thanks! I convinced myself I would get extra karma

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credit if I found a good use for my other shoes.” She sat on the bench next to Anne and handed her a shopping bag containing the shoes she wore earlier. “These are for you.”

“Are you sure?” Anne asked as she looked in the bag.

“You need them more than I do,” Emma said. “I really want you to have them.”

“Bless your heart, Emma,” Anne said as she removed the shoes from the bag. “You are very generous. Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

Anne slipped off the grey rubber clogs and put them in the bag, then slid into the blood-red shoes and buckled the ankle straps. Anne carefully stood up and tried not to fall over. The shoes lifted her heels about two inches above her toes.

“How do they look?” Anne asked with shoulders back and chin elevated.

“They look like they were made for your dress,” Emma said. She put her sweater into the paper bag that previously held her shoes. “I’m so happy my shoes found a match because they don’t really go with anything I have, besides this sweater. How do they feel?”

“Not as comfortable as the other ones, but I feel tall and powerful in these,” Anne said.

“Comfort and power seldom go together,” she said.

Anne practiced walking in the new heels and enjoyed the satisfying clacking noise the soles made against the sidewalk. Men turned their heads to look at the noise and were so drawn to the sight of two beautiful women, they forgot what they were doing and became clumsy.

After a minute of walking in the shoes, Anne’s feet,

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legs, and posterior throbbed with discomfort.

“Men will never know all the things we do to please them,” Anne said. “The effort, labor, and painful contortions required to make myself pleasing to a man’s eyes are wasted if my beauty becomes a barrier to fairness.”

“Well said! If you’re in pain, you hide it well,” Emma said. “Tell me about your dress. It’s absolutely gorgeous.”

“Thank you,” Anne said, running a hand over the smooth velvet surface. “I feel like I’ve had this dress forever. It’s much older than it looks. I was a little afraid to wear it this morning because of all the attention it calls, but I wanted to feel young again. On the other hand, nothing shows your age like old clothes.”

“Oh, come on, you’re not that old,” Emma said. “You look my age.”

“I was born in eighty-three,” Anne said.

“So was I,” Emma said. “You look fantastic! Age is just a number, anyway. You’re as old as you feel. I feel like I’m twenty-five years old. You’d never guess I’m creeping up on forty.”

“I feel forty,” Anne said.

“So do I sometimes,” Emma admitted. “Most of the men I date run for the exit the minute they learn I’m over thirty and divorced. I should probably start dating men who are closer to my own age.”

“You’re divorced?”

“Well, I wouldn’t be dating if I was still married,” Emma said. “Speaking of big mistakes, do you ever wish you could jump inside a time machine and travel back to

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when you were younger? I think ten years would be just about right for me.”

“Is that possible?” Anne asked. “I have to go back to the Renaissance.”

“Go back?”

“I’ve always wanted to visit the Renaissance,” Anne clarified. “Can a time machine take me there?”

“I know just the place,” Emma said with a wide smile. “You can travel back to the Renaissance every evening at Shakespeare’s Globe, just down the road from here.”

“They rebuilt the Globe?” Anne asked. “I thought it was destroyed by fire.”

“The original one was destroyed by a fire,” Emma clarified. “The modern Globe is a replica that was built in 1997. If you haven’t seen it, you should.”

“I think I would enjoy that,” Anne said. “Do they still perform plays by William Shakespeare?”

“Tonight’s play is *Twelfth Night*,” Emma said.

Anne tried to remember some lines and spoke the first words that came to mind.

“I do I know not what, and fear to find mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind,” Anne recited. “Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; what is decreed must be, and be this so.”

“That’s pretty good,” Emma said. “I play Viola and Cesario.”

“That’s a real gender-bending role,” Anne said.

“Sometimes I think it would be easier to be a man,” Emma said. “I bet if I dressed and acted like a man I could do anything I wanted and no one would be the wiser.”

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“People expect a man to be stronger, braver, and more responsible than a woman,” Anne said. “That’s why women are called the weaker sex. Both men and women are much more likely to help a woman in need than a man. A helpless man is pathetic.”

“People see what they want to see, and a woman can be every bit as strong and brave as a man,” Emma said. “We let men think they’re the stronger sex, but they can be such babies at times. Imagine a man menstruating every month. Ha!”

“I know exactly what you mean,” Anne said. “I am perfectly capable of opening doors for myself, but I still think it’s nice when a man holds a door open for me. It gives him an opportunity to be chivalrous, which is a good thing. I like to let men do nice things for me.”

“Unless he’s doing it to make himself feel superior,” Emma said. “I don’t need to reinforce some loser’s hero fantasy.”

“That fantasy might be all he has left,” Anne said. “Men may transform into beasts or to heroes if given the opportunity. It’s the same for women, but the expectations are different. If men had the curse once a moon, women would be the ones holding doors open.”

“I hope you realize that life was much harder for women in the past,” Emma said. “Women had no rights, we couldn’t vote, we didn’t go to university, we couldn’t act onstage, and we couldn’t own property unless it was inherited or we married a man with property. Trust me, modern life is much better for women than it was in the Renaissance.”

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“Women can do all of those things today?” Anne asked. “That’s wonderful! But then why would you want to dress up as a man if a woman has the same rights? Men are swine.”

“Because they are swine,” Emma said. “No one gave women equal rights; we demanded them. Women are just as strong as men or stronger, and I can prove it. We don’t need a man’s money or his patriarchy.”

“You seem so confident,” Anne said. “I hate to ask for another favor after all you’ve done for me.”

“What is it?”

“Can you lend me some money?” Anne asked. “I woke up this morning in such a hurry I grabbed the wrong shoes and forgot my purse. I’d rather ask you than a man.”

Emma looked through her purse and handed Anne two fifty-pound notes.

“This is too much,” Anne said, handing back one bill.

“We girls need to help each other,” Emma said as she rejected the bill. “You can pay me back later.”

“Are you sure? This is such a relief. Thank you!”

“You should come see me perform tonight at the Globe,” Emma said. “I think you would really enjoy it. Unfortunately, I have to get to work, and I’m already super late. It was great meeting you, Anne.”

The two new friends hugged goodbye. Their hug felt wonderful and Anne wanted another.

“Likewise, Emma,” Anne said. “Thank you for everything. You are an inspiration, and I shan’t forget it. I promise I will try to come see you tonight.”

Anne watched Emma walk away and planned the next

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move. The shoes gave Anne a new sense of authority and confidence that came at the cost of intense physical discomfort that no one else knew or cared about. Anne decided women must have a much higher pain threshold than men if they can have babies and walk on high heels. Anne stood, recognized and accepted the pain for what it was, and moved forward despite it.

Anne found a nearby clothing store dedicated entirely to men's new and used suits named "The Bespoke Bunker." The inside of the store was filled with men's suits of all colors and materials. The suits were arranged on long racks by common color and pattern, and organized by size with like colors.

"May I help you find something, ma'am?" asked a porter. Anne was the only customer in the store.

"Yes, I hope so," Anne said. "I wish to be fitted for a gentleman's suit, and I'm on a limited budget."

"We have a wide range of excellent items and hopefully we can find something you like," he said. "May I ask how limited?"

"Less than one hundred pounds," Anne said.

"We have a number of very nice, gently used suits at that price point," the tailor said. He helped Anne loosen and remove the dress, petticoat, and corset. Next, he measured Anne's shoulders, chest, waist, and inseam.

After trying on several different suits that were the right size, Anne found a three-piece suit in navy blue that required no adjustments. It was made of Scottish tweed wool, stitched in a herringbone pattern.

The tailor said the suit was about fifty years old, but

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it was still in fine condition. He found a white dress shirt, a black necktie, and a pair of used leather shoes that fit well, but needed a good polish. The tailor had to teach Anne how to tie the necktie in a full Windsor knot. He placed a folded white handkerchief into the jacket's breast pocket, and Jon's transformation was complete.

"Now you look like a proper English gentleman," the tailor said. "I guarantee you will still be turning heads. A suit like this will open doorways to new possibilities. I hope you are ready for a big change. Good luck!"



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