

It was that time of year again, the ground was covered in a thick blanket of snow and excitement was in the air as the yearly 'Shred the Slopes' race was announced. It instantly became the talk of the town, inhabitants of skire talked about their plans to try out for the race or how they were excited to watch it and support their friends who were entering.

Lord Razzle Dazzle was intrigued yet did not outwardly share the enthusiasm of those who lived within the nearby town, nevertheless, intrigued.

"The yearly race?" Lord Razzle Dazzle said to himself, lazily. "I suppose I must keep up appearances."

Lord Razzle Dazzle looked in the mirror to make sure that his coat looked excellent. Of course it did! When was it ever not? Lord Razzle Dazzle would dazzle all of the onlookers who were lucky enough to spot him, this time with his pure majesty and grace rather than the impressive display he could put in with just his mouth.

"They should be so lucky to see one such as myself." Lord Razzle Dazzle mused before leaving his abode, not in a particular hurry.

Lord Razzle Dazzle would have preferred to have been carried in a litter, as was his right of course, however Lord Razzle Dazzle felt that making such a hassle at an event such as this would not be as beneficial for his public image as if Lord Razzle Dazzle were to walk the earth amongst his 'loyal subjects' and so walk the earth Lord Razzle Dazzle did.

The snow was cold beneath his feet but it did not bother him, being bothered by a little cold underfoot was beneath someone of his station, to complain would have been unseemly and so, Lord Razzle Dazzle continued to make his way into town, a crisp crunch with every foot fall.

Lord Razzle Dazzle began to see individuals as Lord Razzle Dazzle got closer to town, most were heading in the same direction. Lord Razzle Dazzle waved to each of them regally, sure of himself that they were, each and every one of them, thrilled to have interacted with someone such as he.

As Lord Razzle Dazzle got closer to town the crowds started to gather, moving towards the slopes that would be shredded. Lord Razzle Dazzle smiled and waved as he continued forward, certain his subjects were enamoured by him.

"I hope they aren't too distracted by me to watch the race." Lord Razzle Dazzle thought to himself. How noble of him, thinking of the needs of his subjects. What a fine Lord Lord Razzle Dazzle was.

The crowd starts to gather along the slope and Lord Razzle Dazzle with it. As the many inhabitants of skire that were there formed orderly groups to sit and watch, at the behest of staff

assigned by the town hall, Lord Razzle Dazzle made his way to the back of a group of particularly small 'subjects' and sat down, the snow crackling beneath his frame.

A few in the crowd turned to see who was behind them, Lord Razzle Dazzle graciously smiled and waved to them, certain he had just made their day.

Shortly afterwards the race began. Lord Razzle Dazzle watched as the many small dots at the top of the slope began to move downwards, the contestants looked like ants from where Lord Razzle Dazzle was sat but soon they would be much closer. As those in the race sped down the slope, some crashed spectacularly, launching snow into the air, while others pushed on, determined to win.

"I should like to congratulate whoever wins." Lord Razzle Dazzle thought to himself. What an excellent idea.

As the race speeds towards its conclusion Lord Razzle Dazzle watched intently to see who crosses the finish line first and as the crowd cheered Lord Razzle Dazzle stood up and made his way towards the finish line.

A young Crook was the first to cross the finish line, Lord Razzle Dazzle grinned as Lord Razzle Dazzle approached the winner "Good job, young man." Lord Razzle Dazzle stretched his hand out graciously for a handshake. A common courtesy that Lord Razzle Dazzle would allow this champion. "Thanks, always nice to meet a fan." The crook said, shaking the outstretched hand before quickly turning away and celebrating with the crowd.

"A fan?" Lord Razzle Dazzle thought to himself. "This young man has gravely misunderstood the situation." But as there were so many onlookers and public perception was integral to someone of his status, Lord Razzle Dazzle GRACIOUSLY let it slide. Just this once.

Lord Razzle Dazzle has personally requested that many instances of the word 'He' originally written within this piece be replaced with his full name and title 'As is his birthright and the right of his station.'