

20th May 1536

Dear Diary,

Yesterday, my second wife was beheaded. I am full of sadness because I had to order the execution of the woman I once loved. How my heart is breaking! How my tears stream down my face! Even so, it had to be done and I do not regret this terrible decision.

After I had heard the news of her death, I sank deeply into my chair and put my heavy head into my hands. Thoughts tumbled and twirled as I tried to make sense of what had happened to the joyous couple we used to be. I sighed deeply which stuck in my throat as tears threatened to escape from my exhausted eyes.

Sleepless nights had been my companion because the decision to behead Anne had kept me up at night. Anger flared and bursts of rage at her actions overcame me whenever someone disobeyed me, their King! She disobeyed me constantly and the love I had for her slowly withered and died.

Regretfully, my heart still yearns for Anne even though she has left this world. All those years of waiting to marry her and now this is how it has ended. Will I ever find true love?

Henry