

Who is speaking? What speech?

"Folks, let me tell you, the winter was tough. But now, it's incredible, absolutely incredible. We've turned it around, made it fantastic—just like summer in York, you wouldn't believe it. All the bad stuff, the negativity, the clouds—it's gone, disappeared, buried in the deep ocean, folks. We're winning, and everyone can see it. We've got the best wreaths, the biggest wreaths, the biglyest, all about victory, not like those losers, not at all. We've got strong arms, proud arms, and those marches? Forget it, they're now fun, full of celebrations, tremendous celebrations!"

"It is with great relief, dear friends, that the long and bitter winter of our discontent has at last given way to a most extraordinary and radiant summer, brought about by the steadfast resolve of this noble House of York. The ominous clouds, which once cast their dark and oppressive shadow upon our humble abode, have now been swept away, as if by some divine hand, to rest beneath the vast and endless ocean's embrace. And now, with great pride, we wear upon our brows the wreaths of victory, symbols of triumph over adversity; our wounds, once painful, have become monuments to our endurance. What was once a call to arms, stern and unyielding, has transformed into gatherings of joyous celebration, and the grim and daunting marches we once endured have turned into merry and delightful dances of hope and happiness."

"The oppressive winter of our discontent has been overthrown, not by the grace of any monarch, but by the collective strength and will of the people. The victory of the House of York is not a simple triumph of one over another, but the inevitable result of the struggle for justice and equality. The clouds of exploitation that once loomed over us, casting their shadow upon our lives, have been eradicated, buried deep beneath the waves of history. Now, we no longer wear the symbols of the ruling class, but the wreaths of the proletariat's victory, the triumph of the oppressed. Our past suffering is no longer a mark of submission but a monument to the strength of the working class. What once were cries of alarm, the instruments of war and violence, have been replaced by the meetings of comrades in solidarity, and the marches, once driven by fear, have become harmonious expressions of unity and revolutionary progress."

**“Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.”**

Shakespeare, Richard III

In the styles of Trump, Dickens and Marx respectively.