



DIANA, WILLIAM, AND HARRY

A life cut short. A love that endures.



JAMES
PATTERSON
& CHRIS MOONEY

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DIANA, WILLIAM AND HARRY

James Patterson is one of the best-known and biggest-selling writers of all time. His books have sold in excess of 400 million copies worldwide. He is the author of some of the most popular series of the past two decades – the Alex Cross, Women’s Murder Club, Detective Michael Bennett and Private novels – and he has written many other number one bestsellers including non-fiction and stand-alone thrillers.

James is passionate about encouraging children to read. Inspired by his own son who was a reluctant reader, he also writes a range of books for young readers including the Middle School, Dog Diaries, Treasure Hunters and Max Einstein series. James has donated millions in grants to independent bookshops and has been the most borrowed author in UK libraries for the past thirteen years in a row. He lives in Florida with his family.

Chris Mooney is the international bestselling author of fourteen thrillers. The Mystery Writers of America nominated *Remembering Sarah* for an Edgar Award. He teaches creative writing at Harvard.

A list of titles by James Patterson appears
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WILLIAM
AND HARRY

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Prologue

August 31, 1997

Paris

She grips her seat as the driver opens the throttle. The black Mercedes S280 is built for speed.

As the two-ton sedan pulls away from the Ritz Paris hotel, photographers' flashbulbs explode in the night like gunfire. More cameramen, on motorcycles and scooters, are in pursuit.

Earlier this month, pictures of her and her boyfriend kissing while on a yacht in the Mediterranean sold to the tabloids for millions. The couple has only been in Paris a few hours, but the photographers following her won't stop until they get another image worth a fortune.

It's after midnight, but she's still dressed for a summer dinner in white jeans and a dark Armani jacket, her red lipstick bright against skin tanned from a season in the sun.

She looks around at the three men in the car: her boyfriend, Egyptian film producer Dodi Fayed, is beside her in the back seat; their British bodyguard, Trevor Rees-Jones, is directly in front of her.

At the wheel is Henri Paul, the hotel's deputy chief of security. Paul is an experienced tactical driver, trained at a Mercedes-Benz course in Germany.

When her boys, William and Harry, were younger, they played with

toy cars and once waved from a BMW motorbike that a kind policeman let them pretend to drive.

Henri Paul is driving too fast.

There's an established route from the hotel to Dodi's apartment, over a Cartier store on rue Arsène Houssaye near the Arc de Triomphe, but Paul doesn't take it. He turns sharply onto Cours Albert 1er.

Only a few hours ago, she spoke with her sons, a few quick words between games with their cousins at Balmoral Castle. At twelve and fifteen, they're still young enough to need her.

Henri Paul shields his eyes with a visor against the bright lights of the cameras. As the driver glances at the rearview mirror, she turns in her seat to look out the back window.

They're traveling away from City Center, west along the north bank of the Seine. Across the river, the sky around the Eiffel Tower shines midnight blue with pockets of red and purple reflected by the lights of the monument.

Men on motorbikes are trying to overtake them.

She looks at the speedometer: 160 kilometers per hour and climbing.

If the boys were here with her, the three of them would be traveling together with a lead car and a tail car, the kind of first-rate protection afforded to the queen and those in immediate line to succeed her.

But since she divorced, she's refused the royal protection squad.

She's got a flight back to London tomorrow. She'll see William and Harry at home, at Kensington Palace. *I'm going to give Harry the PlayStation I bought for his birthday.*

The Mercedes swerves to the right, toward the entrance of the tunnel under the Pont de l'Alma. The burst of speed whirls her surroundings into a dizzying, kaleidoscopic blur.

The bodyguard shouts and points.

Out the front window, she sees a white car that has stopped short of the tunnel.

Henri Paul loses control. He hits the Mercedes's brakes, sending it

skidding wildly into the white car's left rear quarter panel, then spins out, crashing first into a concrete pillar and then into an embankment wall.

As her body lurches forward, there's a sensation of dropping headfirst from a great height.

Like when she rode Disney World's Splash Mountain, Harry in the front, screaming with delight at the speed of the descent.

She's alive. Somehow, she's still alive—and fighting for breath. The pain inside her head—she's never felt anything like it. A concussion? Has to be.

Like that awful time when William's skull was accidentally fractured by a golf club.

William survived, and I will, too. I'm going home, and I'm going to hold them in my arms and smother them with kisses and tell them again and again just how much I love them.

PART 1

Lady Diana



Chapter 1

April 20, 1978

London

Lady Diana Spencer takes a deep breath. She clutches her bouquet of roses and ducks her head, aware that all eyes are on her. She straightens her spine, then steps lightly, the way her ballet teachers have taught her.

Diana spots the beaming faces of wedding attendees, including the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester—and the Queen Mother, standing beside Diana's own maternal grandmother, Lady Ruth Fermoy.

Slowly, she begins her walk down the aisle, moving through the nave toward the chancel as she glides to her place at the altar.

Inside Guards' Chapel, a few hundred yards from Buckingham Palace, attention shifts from her to the bride: her sister Jane, lovely in her form-fitting high-necked long-sleeved embroidered lace gown and veil.

The real eye-catcher of Jane's bridal ensemble is an heirloom: the Spencer Tiara, which has been in the family for more than a century. A wedding present from a Spencer cousin to Lady Cynthia Hamilton, their paternal grandmother, the tiara is an ornate diamond headpiece embellished with a flower-shaped centerpiece. Diana dreams of wearing it on *her* future wedding day.

On this bright Thursday afternoon, though, sixteen-year-old Diana is in a floor-length ruffled pinafore-style pink gingham dress with cream-colored puffed sleeves. Even though she's chief bridesmaid, her gown is

identical to those worn by the little flower girls. At least she's wearing pearls and has her shoulder-length fair hair fashionably clipped up on one side.

From her spot at the front of the church, Diana casts an eye over the congregation. Jane is marrying Robert Fellowes, the queen's assistant private secretary. Both the bride's and groom's sides are closely tied to the royal family. Queen Elizabeth is even godmother to Diana's thirteen-year-old brother, Charles. And while Robert possesses a courtier's prestige, it's the Spencer earldom that commands an uncommon fortune of \$140 million, including the magnificent Althorp estate.

The newlyweds will be moving into the Old Barracks, a cottage on the grounds of Kensington Palace.

Oh, I would love to live at KP, Diana thinks, glancing again over pews filled with the elegantly dressed members of the royal inner circle.

She spots James Whitaker of the *Daily Mirror*. He's been reporting on a romance between the eldest Spencer sister, Sarah, and Prince Charles.

All the talk of "a potential match" has really gone to her twenty-three-year-old sister's head. Diana's seen the way Sarah revels in the attention, pasting into a scrapbook all the articles and photos about herself and His Royal Highness.

Just before today's ceremony began, Diana had bounced up to the reporter.

"You're the wicked Mr. Whitaker, aren't you?" she asked.

"Who are you, and how do you know me?" he volleyed back.

"I am Diana, the little sister, and I know all about you from Sarah," she said with a laugh. She stops short of telling the reporter what she's told friends, which is that she actually feels "desperately sorry" for Prince Charles having Sarah "wrapped around his neck because she's quite a tough old thing."

Diana may be the youngest Spencer daughter, but she is the most romantic. She remembers Jane confiding about her new husband: *We have known each other all our lives and have gradually grown closer.*

Diana breathes a quiet sigh, already looking forward to the reception, where she can't wait to tuck into all the good food and sweets.

Chapter 2

April 20, 1978

London

Inside St. James's Palace, the Queen Mother stands with Ruth Roche, Lady Fermoy, her confidante and lady-in-waiting.

The Queen Mother is rather taken with Lady Fermoy's teenage granddaughter. Though still a little pudgy, the youngest Spencer girl is quite tall, with flashing eyes and a captivating smile.

Diana has told the family that she only wants "to be with people and have fun and look after people."

Today, she shows it, moving easily among the party crowd, charming her elders and enthraling the children.

Diana was only a child herself when her mother, Ruth's daughter Frances, caused a public scandal by leaving her husband, the soon-to-be eighth Earl Spencer, for married wallpaper heir Peter Shand Kydd. Even after Frances and Peter divorced their spouses and married each other, young Diana had clung desperately to the hope that her mother would one day return home.

The Queen Mother is less impressed with Johnnie Spencer's second wife, Raine Legge, Countess of Dartmouth. Is it true that the earl's children call the woman Acid Raine?

Gazing across the hall now, the Queen Mother feels compelled to

compliment the father of the bride, Lord Spencer, on young Lady Diana's warmth and grace.

The earl gratefully acknowledges her kindness.

"But now you have the most difficult part," she advises him. "You must think about her future settlement in life."

The family *has* been thinking about Diana's future. They see a fine match for her with the Queen Mother's second grandson—in fact they're so sure of it that Diana's close friends and family already call her "Duch," for Duchess.

Won't it be perfect if Sarah Spencer marries Prince Charles and Diana marries his younger brother Andrew?

Chapter 3

November 15, 1978

London

Prince Charles stands in front of his mirror, buttoning his dress shirt.

It's the day after his thirtieth birthday. Tonight, his parents are hosting a private family dinner, followed by a party for 350 guests at Buckingham Palace, "the big house."

Charles relishes his reputation as "The Playboy Prince" as well as his moniker of "Action Man." His military service and his pursuit of daredevil stunts, surfing, and polo prove his boasts that "I believe in living life dangerously." And if his love of pranks and jokes has also gotten him called "The Clown Prince," well, at least it's proof that he's not dull company.

He's been dubbed "the most popular man in Britain." And there's no question that he's the most eligible bachelor in the empire these days.

When Charles was twenty-one and visiting the White House, President Nixon's daughter called him an "excellent dancer." That's when Charles realized, as he later said, "They were trying to marry me off to Tricia Nixon." The American matchmaking didn't take.

"A man should sow his wild oats before settling down," Charles's "Uncle Dickie," Lord Mountbatten, once counseled, though he advised

discretion in any such affairs. “But for a wife, he should choose a suitable and sweet-charactered girl before she meets anyone else she might fall for.”

Charles agrees. He’s of the opinion that marriage is “a much more important business than just falling in love.” It’s about “creating a secure family unit” to give children a happy upbringing. “That is what marriage is all about, creating a home.”

“I personally feel,” he said at age twenty-five, “that a good age for a man to get married is around thirty.”

Now that he is thirty, his father insists, “You’d better get on with it, Charles, or there won’t be anyone left.” It’s an unavoidable fact that three hundred years have passed since a Prince of Wales—Charles II, the Merry Monarch—remained unmarried at the age of thirty.

But the current Charles, Prince of Wales, really does enjoy the falling-in-love part.

He tugs on his cuffs, straightens, picks up his 50/50 martini. *I’ve fallen in love with all sorts of girls, and I fully intend to go on doing so.*

Chapter 4

November 1978

London

Getting an invitation to Prince Charles's birthday party is simply the most exciting thing that's happened to seventeen-year-old Diana in ages.

"I hated going to the finishing school except for the skiing," she writes to her former nanny Mary Clarke of her one term at Institut Alpin Videmanette, in Switzerland. Since leaving, back in the spring, she's been "at a loose end," living mainly with her mother in London's Cadogan Square. Poor Daddy suffered a stroke in September, just as Diana was starting a cooking class, but thank goodness he's stabilized. She enjoyed the class, but now that it's finished, she's still casting about for what to do next.

She's the first to admit that she's not "academically interested at all" and hadn't much liked West Heath, her school in Kent, always feeling unable to live up to the strong academic standard set by her clever older sisters—though it is awfully nice that the school awarded her the Leggatt Cup for Helpfulness and noted her as the sort of "girl who notices what needs to be done, then does it willingly and cheerfully."

Even housework.

I've always loved cleaning, she thinks. Her sisters, Jane and Sarah, are willing to pay her a little to do some chores. Diana also adores children

and has done some nannying for a family friend. But these are only temporary solutions.

At boarding school, she'd slip out of bed and go to the performance hall to "dance for hours and hours." Being a professional ballerina is unlikely because she's too tall, she's been told, but she *could* teach dance to children. At Mummy's suggestion, she's taken the initiative to contact the Vacani School of Dancing and inquire about teaching positions.

I might become a famous dancer, Diana still dreams.

As she crosses the immense red-carpeted Ballroom at Buckingham Palace, she intends to dance all night.

She finds her place at the 175-foot-long dining table, lavishly set with the queen's gilt-edge porcelain and centuries-old pieces from King George IV's Grand Service. Her dinner companion is Luis Basualdo, a handsome, well-dressed man with thick black hair parted razor-sharp.

Diana knows all about the dashing Argentinian playboy, whom the *Daily Mail* has nicknamed "the Bounder," but asks him polite questions about the polo pony he's giving Prince Charles as a birthday gift.

Luis finds her "very shy, very naive but rather nice," and makes small talk as they read over the elegant program detailing tonight's four-course menu, guest list, and entertainment.

Diana feels perfectly at ease in the palace. "I'm not at all intimidated by the surroundings," she says. "Amazing place."

After dinner, Luis accompanies Diana to the Picture Gallery, with its full view of the crowded dance floor and of Prince Charles jumping on stage to dance with the Three Degrees, a girl group from Philadelphia. She knows all the words to the group's number one single, "When Will I See You Again."

A man who enthusiastically dances! What fun.

Diana watches as His Royal Highness moves from one glamorous partner to the next, from lead singer Sheila Ferguson to actress Susan George to Lady Jane Wellesley.

He even dances with Diana's sister Sarah, who's mucked up her chances with him.

It's her sister's own fault. Sarah knew that talking to the tabloids would be unforgivable in the eyes of the royal family, yet seduced by the publicity, she gave an extended interview to *Women's Own* magazine in which she coyly claimed that the prince is "a romantic who falls in love easily," whereas she herself "wouldn't marry anyone I didn't love whether he were the dustman or the King of England."

"There's no question of me being the future Queen of England," Sarah told reporters. "I don't think he's met her yet."

It was a gamble, acting so modest—a gamble Sarah lost.

Tonight, Prince Charles seems especially taken with a sporty-looking blond woman who keeps leaning over to him and whispering, making him roar with laughter.

Diana notices that the woman doesn't seem the slightest bit intimidated by the prince. She doesn't fawn all over him the way Sarah did, nor does she act upset when other women compete for his attention. She seems completely relaxed in his company. It's as if the woman knows His Royal Highness will always return to her, again and again.

Who could she be?

Chapter 5

Summer 1980

London

Diana steps back to admire her handiwork: a sign reading CHIEF CHICK that she's affixed to her bedroom door.

She couldn't be happier about having her own place, a three-bedroom flat at 60 Coleherne Court, a few miles southwest of central London. She's been living here since last year, shortly after her eighteenth birthday, when she received two significant coming-of-age gifts—a three-strand pearl choker with a flower-shaped clasp in the front, and an inheritance from her mother's paternal grandmother, the American heiress Frances “Fanny” Work, which allowed Diana to purchase the flat.

Diana's been charging rent—eighteen pounds a week—to three other girls and enforcing the cleaning, but it's been such fun living with her friends. “You'd be amazed how many times ABBA goes round the turntable in this flat,” flatmate Anne Bolton comments.

What with having easy work she “could do blindfolded” (as an assistant at Young England Kindergarten), attending classes at Dance Centre in Covent Garden, and having a laugh with others in her set, Diana is enjoying her life immensely.

One weekend in July, friends invite her out to their country estate in Sussex, where she knows she'll spot a familiar face: Prince Charles.

She hasn't seen him in ages. They've been friendly enough in the past but the effect he has on her now is unexpected.

"I sat there and this man walked in and I thought, *Well I am quite impressed this time round.*"

So is Charles. Diana's flattered when he compliments her on how much she's grown up.

"No more puppy fat," he teases.

"I'm just taller now," Diana replies. "I've stretched the puppy fat."

The prince laughs.

Sparks fly between them over the weekend, and to Diana's delight, when she's back home in London a few days later, Charles rings to ask if she'd like to join him for a performance at the Royal Albert Hall—and dinner afterward at Buckingham Palace.

It's absolutely thrilling to have the older man's attentions. Charles escorts her to the opera, invites her to watch him race and hunt and play polo, and takes her aboard the 412-foot royal yacht, *Britannia*, to the Cowes Week regatta, near the Isle of Wight.

The prince does blow a bit hot and cold, calling her every day for a week, then going silent. Diana tries to play it cool, hoping to project an air of *He knows where I am if he wants me.*

Her flatmates are unable to maintain that same level of detachment.

"The thrill when he used to ring up was so immense and intense. It would drive the other three girls in my flat crazy," Diana says of them.

"We'll help you plot your strategy," they promise. "It'll be great fun, a bit of a game!"

When Diana's friend Simon Berry asks about her life plans, the nineteen-year-old replies, "It would be nice if I could be a dancer—or the Princess of Wales."

But that's just a dream. This has all happened so fast that it doesn't seem quite real.

Chapter 6

November 1980

London

In 1906, the Ritz was the first hotel in London to welcome unmarried women, unchaperoned—and on November 4, 1980, Diana attends a party there, solo. It's a belated fiftieth birthday for the queen's younger sister, Princess Margaret.

Photographers are lined up outside the Ritz, some of them on ladders, documenting the glamorous guests. The object of Charles's rumored affections has been of particular interest since the *Sun* declared on September 8, "He's in love again" and "Lady Di is the new girlfriend for Charles."

"We must not be photographed together," Charles has told her, and he's quite rigid about it. Photographer Jayne Fincher waits until three in the morning before spotting Lady Diana walking alone in her long pink dress and green wool coat.

"Oh, excuse me, can I get through?" Charles's young girlfriend asks sincerely. Diana's still getting used to being targeted by the press.

I know it's just a job they have to do, but sometimes I do wish they wouldn't.



Diana's invited to celebrate Charles's thirty-second birthday—on Friday, November 14—at Sandringham, the royal family's country estate. A frenzy of speculation has the prince proposing to her at the party, but the event passes without a hint of “anything imminent.”

Amid newspaper talk of “Lady Diana's lovely weekend,” the “fresh, friendly and unsophisticated, well-bred, well-spoken and well liked” nineteen-year-old drives a red Austin Mini Metro back to London under police escort.

Charles remains in Sandringham, telling a cluster of reporters, “I know you were expecting some news Friday, and I know you were disappointed.”

With a hint of mystery, he adds, “You will be told soon enough.”

But the engagement that didn't happen is not the biggest story of the weekend.

On November 16, while Diana was still at Sandringham, the *Sunday Mirror* led with an explosive front-page headline: ROYAL LOVE TRAIN.

According to the article, on the evening of November 5, a woman—blond, like Diana—was seen boarding the Royal Train, where Charles had been staying, and remained there until the early hours of the morning. The following day, the article claims, the woman—presumed to be Diana—hid out in “the country home of the Prince's close friend and confidant” Camilla Parker Bowles before supposedly dashing off to the train for a second tryst on November 6. An unnamed person on Camilla's staff even goes on record, adding ominously, “I dare not say anything more about this.”

The Palace's reaction is swift. That same day, the queen's press secretary denies the story and demands an apology from the *Mirror's* editor, Robert Edwards.

Edwards refuses, standing by his source.

Privately, Charles—who's about to embark on a multiweek trip to India—says the story is “rubbish and it has put Lady Diana in such a bad light.”

Diana herself tells the *Daily Mail* shortly after, “I was sooo shocked.

I simply couldn't believe it. I've never been anywhere near the train, let alone in the middle of the night."

She also reaches out to royal reporter James Whitaker, now features editor at the *Daily Star*, telling him she'd had a quiet night at home that Wednesday. After all, her 3 a.m. exit from Princess Margaret's party the night before was documented by photographers.

"I was feeling very frail" after the late-night party, Diana says, so on the fifth, "I had some supper and watched television before going to bed early."

It's all so upsetting that Diana doesn't even have a chance to wonder whether it might've been a *different* blond woman—someone other than she—who was going between the Royal Train and Camilla's home.

The trouble is, people do believe what they read.

Chapter 7

November 1980

India

You've got to be bloody kidding me, Harry. With my back?"

"Listen Arthur, it was this or trekking a mile on foot. There wasn't a taxi to be found in all of Delhi. Now if you want off, we're going to have to jump!"

What on earth is going on here?

Prince Charles is attending a cocktail party at the British High Commission in New Delhi, India—but as his limousine pulls up to the compound, there's an elephant blocking the security gate.

He leans out the window, recognizing the two well-dressed men squabbling with each other from atop the giant mammal as reporter Harry Arnold and photographer Arthur Edwards from the *Sun*. Charles knows the men well. They were the ones who first broke the story of his budding romance with Diana Spencer.

It's the second day of His Royal Highness's tour. Even here in India, he can't escape the constant questions about his relationship with Diana.

Up ahead, Arnold manages to slide off the elephant, his trademark pin-striped Savile Row suit relatively unscathed, but Edwards collapses in the gutter with a dramatic groan, calling out for a restorative gin and tonic.

Later that evening at the reception, Charles turns to Harry Arnold. “I understand you’ve been asking my friend if I’m going to marry Lady Diana Spencer,” he says conversationally. “Why do you think she is the one?”

Arnold looks flustered and caught out, but he admits, “Well, I think we could be forgiven, Sir, for saying that you do treat her in a rather different manner from your usual cavalier approach to your girlfriends.”

That may be true. There is something intriguing and different about his feelings for Diana. What does it mean? Can he imagine himself having a wonderful marriage with her? *She is exquisitely pretty, a perfect poppy . . . but she doesn't look old enough to be out of school, much less married.*

If given a choice, he would prefer to remain single. But the future king of England must have a bride. Obligation before emotion, always.

“You mustn’t rush me,” Charles chides the press group. “I mustn’t get it wrong or you lot will be the first to criticize me in a few years’ time.”

Charles walks away. He’s recently had a letter from his father urging him to either propose, “pleasing his family and the country,” or end the relationship before he causes “lasting damage to Diana Spencer’s reputation.”

Charles detects in Philip’s letter a grave personal risk—being cut off from his family.

He confides in a friend. “To have withdrawn, as you can no doubt imagine, would have been cataclysmic. Hence I was permanently trapped between the devil and the deep blue sea.”

Chapter 8

February 1981

London

The queen asks Elton John to dance.

A mobile discotheque has been installed for the one thousand guests attending Prince Andrew's twenty-first birthday party on February 19 at Buckingham Palace. The palace's exterior, made of Bath stone, is awash in psychedelic lights.

The thirty-three-year-old rock superstar, who will celebrate his own birthday next month, has been invited to entertain the younger set—though the music is playing at such low volume that the dancers' footfalls sound louder than the music.

Elton John is dancing with Princess Anne to Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog" when the queen joins them. It's upon Diana's arrival in the ballroom, though, that he recognizes in her a "kindred spirit," and the two are soon laughing uproariously and soft-shoeing the Charleston.

As the older guests leave the party, the playlist amps up. So does Diana, who whirls from partner to partner, even after Charles goes to his rooms to sleep.

Diana dances on until five in the morning, when the music plays for her alone.

Back in her room, energized by the evening, she picks up a pen and writes a note to John. He's a new friend, one she wants to know better.

The party is a success, especially as a cover for a much bigger event—Diana and Charles's engagement.

A few days earlier, Crown Jeweller David Thomas had arrived at the palace carrying a briefcase. Its alleged contents: a selection of signet rings that Prince Andrew might choose as a birthday gift. It was a ruse. The velvet-lined case was filled with ladies' diamond and sapphire rings.



"With Prince Charles beside me I can't go wrong," Diana says, standing with her new fiancé on palace grounds.

Queen Elizabeth has announced "with greatest pleasure" the couple's engagement, and journalists from ITV (Independent Television News), the Press Association, and the BBC have arrived to cover the breaking news.

Outside the palace gates, a British mother and her ten-year-old daughter are among the euphoric crowds. "God bless that pretty young couple," they tell the *New York Times*. "We'll be lucky to have them for our king and queen, won't we?"

Commenting on their twelve-year age gap, Charles is quick to self-deprecate. He tells reporters that "I think Diana will keep me young," adding, "I think I shall be exhausted."

Diana brushes off questions with an easygoing reply: "I mean, it's only twelve years, and lots of people have got married with that sort of age difference." Like her own mother and father, who were eighteen and thirty when they wed in 1954.

Diana faces the cameras wearing a cobalt-blue Cojana skirt suit purchased from the racks at Harrods—and her engagement ring. Inside an eighteen-carat white gold setting and surrounded by fourteen solitaire diamonds is the ring's central stone: a twelve-carat oval Ceylon sapphire the same deep blue as her eyes.

In response to comments on the sapphire's size, Diana jokes, "I can't get used to wearing it yet. The other day I even scratched my nose with it, because it's so big—the ring, I mean."

The queen and Prince Charles chose it.

The ring is inspired by the wedding brooch Prince Albert commissioned from the House of Garrard for Queen Victoria in 1840.

“A splendid brooch,” Queen Victoria wrote in her diary. “A large sapphire set round with diamonds, which is really quite beautiful.” Albert gave it to her shortly before they married, and she proudly wore it pinned to her white wedding dress. She appointed Garrard Crown Jeweller in 1843.

“Prince Charles had always seen this beautiful sapphire brooch,” a spokesperson for Garrard says, so when he saw that ring, he “thought it was perfect.”

Diana doesn't mention that she would have preferred a more “elegant and simple” ring.

Later, when Diana and Charles watch the recorded broadcasts, Diana stares intently at the screen.

“My God, I look so fat!”

“It's just the television. Don't worry about it. You look fine.” Charles puts a hand around her waist. “Oh, a bit chubby here, aren't we?”

That's it. *I'm not walking up the aisle waddling like a duck.*

She goes on a crash diet, reluctant to eat anything at all. “I might not lose all the weight I need to,” she protests when others say it's too extreme.

But by day three, her self-control weakens.

At a souvenir shop across the street from Buckingham Palace, she buys a supply of candy bars.

She peels off one wrapper, then finds herself taking bite after bite, wolfing down the chocolate.

It gives you a feeling of comfort. It's like having a pair of arms around you, but it's... temporary.

Diana stares in disgust at the empty candy wrappers. She's eaten every last chocolate bar.

I can't believe what I've done.

But she knows what she has to do next.

Chapter 9

Spring 1981

London

The headlines blare DARING DI when Diana wears a floor-length strapless black satin gown with a plunging neckline, trimmed in sequins and ruffles, to her first public appearance post-engagement, a March 3 recital at Goldsmiths' Hall.

In the weeks since Charles proposed, there's been a flurry of mother-daughter shopping for "six of everything" to enhance Diana's minimal personal wardrobe, which she admits previously consisted only of "one long dress, one silk shirt, one smart pair of shoes, and that was it."

In the Brook Street showroom of couture label Emanuel, Diana is enchanted by the black gown, a "real grown-up dress"—though the amount of cleavage it exposes earns her a stern message from the Queen Mother to "never again wear a dress that reveals the royal jewels."

Despite the criticism she receives for the evening gown, Diana chooses the Emanuel designers, David and Elizabeth Emanuel—a couple in their late twenties, not much older than the bride-to-be—to design her wedding dress. When the news breaks, the Emanuels outfit their studio with privacy blinds so that the place is "a sanctuary without anyone spying on her."

Diana is "always open and spirited, as if she was chatting in the

hairdressers,” but the Emanuels take every precaution, nightly storing sketches and swatches in a safe, and tearing up their designs after showing them to Diana and her mother.

“It sounds a bit over-the-top, but it really did seem like people would go to any lengths to find out what the dress looked like,” Elizabeth says. “The British press were rooting through our rubbish,” reveals David.

They take wide-ranging inspiration from lavish costumes in films like *Gone with the Wind* to historic royal wedding gowns. They even incorporate into their design a sixteenth-century square of Carrickmacross lace that once belonged to Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth’s grandmother.

“It was a big adventure for us all,” Elizabeth Emanuel says, booking the dress fittings under Diana’s code name, “Deborah,” with the expectation that Palace officials will eventually give them royal parameters.

It never happens. Diana takes her fittings alone.

Chapter 10

May 3, 1981

En route from London to Aberdeen

Diana sits in her window seat, working a piece of embroidery. Dressed in a burgundy sweater over tan corduroys tucked into black boots, she's aboard a British Airways Boeing 737 flight from London to Aberdeen, Scotland.

She's more than willing to brave the stormy weather in the flight path. Charles has been away on a six-week tour, first to Australia and New Zealand, and then to the United States, where the College of William & Mary, in Virginia, held a special convocation to award him their first honorary fellowship.

Tonight, the engaged couple will reunite at Balmoral Castle. Their July 29 wedding is less than three months away.

"Are you enjoying your engagement, Lady Diana?" a well-meaning woman asks her at a palace garden party.

"Oh no! I absolutely hate the engagement," Diana confesses. "But I shall adore being married to Charles."

To one of her husband-to-be's cousins, she likewise confides, "There can be nothing more desirable in the world than being the Princess of Wales."

The cousin may have thought her ambitious, but he misunderstood. She's marrying for love.

Outside the plane, bright light flashes in quick succession followed by a resounding *crack*.

“What on earth was that?” Diana exclaims. She looks around at the other bewildered passengers, which include her personal bodyguard, forty-year-old detective Paul Officer.

Charles worried about her being lonely while he was away on his trip and instructed his staff to “look after Lady Diana.” It’s been an adjustment, having a bossy bodyguard around all the time. Paul Officer was assigned to her immediately upon the engagement and oversaw her move from her three-bedroom flat into Clarence House, near Buckingham Palace.

“This is the last day of freedom you’ll have for the rest of your life. Enjoy it,” he told her that day. A bit ominous.

She didn’t realize just how serious he was about it until a few days later, when she went to get in her car and he hopped in beside her.

“It’s all right,” she told him. “I can manage.”

“Sorry, we’re part of your life now,” was his reply.

Rather irritating to the nineteen-year-old bride-to-be. But Diana is secure in her future. “This is the life for me,” she’s told friends, serene, though she leaves behind a note for her former Coleherne Court flat-mates when she moves out, declaring: “For God’s sake, ring me up—I’m going to need you.”

Captain Charles Pack makes an announcement over the plane’s loud-speaker. “The noise you just heard was lightning striking the plane twice.” He continues, “There is no damage and we’ll be continuing to Aberdeen as normal.”

If “normal” is traveling to a castle purchased by Prince Albert for Queen Victoria in the mid-nineteenth century and now owned by her future in-laws.

The plane flies on for the next uneventful hour, and when they land, Diana is met by a royal Range Rover on the tarmac. Charles is waiting for her at Balmoral. Soon they’ll be together again.

Chapter 11

July 1981

London

Charles and Diana will wed at St. Paul's Cathedral, the highest point in the City of London. Holding a royal wedding anywhere but Westminster Abbey breaks centuries of tradition—but it was here at St. Paul's that a previous Prince of Wales, Tudor prince Arthur, married Catherine of Aragon in 1501. The date was November 14—Prince Charles's birthday.

The vast Renaissance-style church can host a congregation of 3,500 among its vast network of pillars, and the nave runs more than five hundred feet in length and more than two hundred feet at the transepts. The wedding gown's train, the Emanuels insist, must “fill the aisle and be quite dramatic.” They decide on a length of twenty-five feet—the longest bridal train, by five feet, in royal wedding history. Because the train is longer than their studio, they take it to Buckingham Palace to lay it out correctly.

“Do you think it should be bigger?” the bride jokes.

Diana invites the Spencer family housekeeper, Maudie Pendry, to the wedding ceremony. Mrs. Pendry will recognize that the dress also honors a Spencer ancestral portrait hanging in the picture gallery at Althorp, the family home.

Mrs. Pendry inquires, "Will I be able to see you in St. Paul's?"

"I promise," Diana says, "you'll be able to see all of me."

On July 28, 1981, the day before the wedding, London police seal off St. Paul's Cathedral. As Diana and Charles plus their officiants and attendants all gather inside the great church to rehearse the ceremony, security experts and terrorism specialists lock it down.

Today, Diana makes her entrance from a guarded underground parking lot. Tomorrow, she'll pass through the Great West Door, which stands nine meters tall at the westernmost end of the nave and opens only for occasions as special as her and Charles's wedding.

Diana, who on July 1 turned twenty, stands arm in arm with Charles. Princess Margaret's seventeen-year-old daughter, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, and thirteen-year-old India Hicks, Charles's goddaughter and the granddaughter of the late Lord Mountbatten, have been entrusted with carrying the train of Diana's wedding gown. They're practicing with white sheeting precisely cut to the train's dimensions while the Emanuels study the way the fabric flows down the wide aisle of black-and-white paving.

White is for patience. Black is for humility. A strong foundation for every marriage.

Charles steps away to confer with Sir David Willcocks, director of the Royal College of Music. St. Paul's is large enough to accommodate a full orchestra, and Charles and Willcocks have chosen three, in addition to the Bach choir and soprano soloist Kiri Te Kanawa.

Diana looks up at the ceiling soaring thirty meters overhead, adorned with intricate mosaics representing the Evangelists and the Prophets in the style of Roman art.

Tomorrow, she'll be Princess of Wales.

Chapter 12

July 28, 1981

London

Half a million people gather in Hyde Park, within sight of Buckingham Palace. The King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery fires a salute to the Prince of Wales, carrying on royal tradition.

The guns sound. Charles lights a ceremonial bonfire.

And then the first-ever royal wedding fireworks begin.

Charles retreats inside the palace. He stands at a window, watching and listening as the lights flare. When the crowd choruses "Rule, Britannia," he can't hold back his tears.

How fortunate he feels that "someone as special as Diana seems to love me so much," as he writes to a friend. How honored he is that his grandmother the Queen Mother has welcomed Diana into the family with precious gifts of royal jewels, including a diamond-and-emerald necklace worth millions. The design of the necklace includes three feathers arranged inside a crown, the traditional heraldic symbol for the Prince of Wales. Charles has chosen a coordinating diamond-and-emerald bracelet as his own wedding gift to Diana.

When their engagement is announced, Charles says, "I feel positively delighted and frankly amazed that Di is prepared to take me on." He emphasizes, "Delighted and happy."

And in love?

“Of course!” Diana scoffs.

“Whatever ‘in love’ means,” Charles demurs, mumbling about its being open to one’s “own interpretation.”

His take is, “I want to do the right thing by my country. I want to do the right thing by my family.” He keeps repeating those words until he believes them.

Despite the millions of people who will be watching tomorrow, the Prince of Wales—heir apparent to the British throne—considers the vows he’s about to take intensely private.

Now, on the night before his wedding day, Charles asks himself a question no one else can answer for him.

“Is it possible to love two women at the same time?”

Chapter 13

July 29, 1981

London

Prince Charles and Lady Diana's Wednesday wedding is a British national holiday.

Along the processional route to St. Paul's Cathedral are more than six hundred thousand people hoping to catch a glimpse of the bride and groom. Some of these spectators claimed their roadside positions two days earlier.

Police with explosive-sniffing dogs are checking and rechecking the streets along the Mall, where manhole covers are open for maximum safety. Sharpshooters are in place on strategically chosen rooftops. The media coverage is likewise massive: Fleet Street reporters are planning to use ambulances to cut through traffic along the two-mile route between the church and their offices.

At Clarence House, bridal preparations begin at six thirty in the morning. The place quickly fills with bridesmaids, palace attendants, and a continual stream of fresh floral arrangements. At eight, under police escort, Longmans Florist delivers the forty-two-inch all-white bridal bouquet, a cascade of orchids, freesias, gardenias, and lilies of the valley.

Diana, dressed comfortably in jeans, sits at a dressing table watching on a small TV the images of crowds gathering. As hairdresser Kevin Shanley

and makeup artist Barbara Daly do their work, Diana turns to them with a giggle and says, “Gosh, it’s a lot of fuss for a wedding, isn’t it?”

Shanley’s been cutting Diana’s hair since she was seventeen and is responsible for her much-copied feathered hairdo. Diana met Daly—a professional artist who did the makeup for *A Clockwork Orange*, *The Shining*, and *Barry Lyndon*—when *Vogue* brought her in, and they bonded immediately over both being five feet ten inches tall. “Ah, somebody I can look right in the eye!” Diana gushed.

It’s time for the bridal tiara. Diana straightens her head.

Instead of the pearl-and-diamond Cambridge Lover’s Knot Tiara offered by the queen from her private collection, Diana’s chosen her family heirloom Spencer Tiara. Diana is the third Spencer sister (after Jane and then Sarah, who was married last May) to wear the diamond star-and-flower scrollwork set in silver and gold around a central heart motif. The headpiece has to be carefully and firmly affixed, without the use of any styling products near the delicate jewels.

Hair and makeup complete, the Emanuels are ushered in to begin dressing the bride.

First is a petticoat fashioned from three hundred feet of tulle. Layered atop is the taffeta gown of ivory silk spun at England’s only silk farm, in Lullingstone. Its flounced lace scoop neckline is secured with a taffeta bow and the puffed three-quarter sleeves are gathered at the elbow with more lace and taffeta frills. The bodice and full skirt are hand-embroidered with ten thousand micro pearls and mother-of-pearl sequins.

Sewn into the dress’s label is a small diamond-studded eighteen-carat-gold horseshoe, for good luck.

Diana’s dieting has narrowed her waist substantially, from twenty-nine to twenty-three and a half inches. But it means that the nipped-waist style of the wedding dress’s bodice now sags where it should be taut.

Oh, no.

The Emanuels have a last-minute fix. They’ll sew her into the dress.

Diana picks up a bottle of her favorite scent, *Quelques Fleurs*, but fumbles it.

She turns to makeup artist Daly. “I’ve just put my perfume on and I’ve spilled some on the front of the dress. They’ll kill me.”

Daly suggests Diana cover the stained fabric with her hand.

“Do you think if I just tuck the front in they’ll never notice?” Diana asks.

“Yes absolutely—you and every bride in the country has done that.”

She’s the only bride Charles is waiting for at the altar. *I am so proud of you*, he wrote in the note he left for her last night. *Just look ’em in the eye and knock ’em dead*.

Shanley and the Emanuels fit the tiara with a tulle veil embellished with thousands of tiny translucent mother-of-pearl sequins that sparkle in the light, “creating a fairy dust effect,” Elizabeth Emanuel says.

Diana descends to the ground floor of Clarence House, where her father, Earl Spencer, is waiting to escort her to the ceremony.

He’s been unsteady on his feet since recovering from his stroke, but when he takes her hand, his grip is gentle yet strong.

Chapter 14

July 29, 1981

London

At 10:22 a.m., the queen leaves Buckingham Palace by horse-drawn carriage for the twenty-minute two-mile procession route to St. Paul's Cathedral.

At 10:40, a team of four gray horses steps out, pulling an open coach with a lone passenger: Prince Charles, looking dashing in his Royal Navy commander's uniform, his service medals and the gold epaulets on both shoulders shining brightly in the morning light.

Diana's carriage makes a late departure from Clarence House. Her bridesmaids have practiced properly folding the wedding train inside the Glass Coach, but the sheer volume of the fabric and the substantial presence of Earl Spencer have cost precious minutes.

Her arrival at the cathedral is greeted by thunderous applause and cries from the adoring crowds.

Diana smiles and, arm in arm with her father, begins to climb the first of the twenty-four granite steps to the Great West Door of St. Paul's. Not trusting her feet in the sequin-and-pearl, satin-and-lace wedding slippers, Diana grips her father's arm fiercely. The shoes, hand-painted beneath each low heel with the initials *C* and *D* conjoined by a red heart, point her toward the eastern reach of the nave, where Charles waits at the marble-and-carved-gilded-oak altar.

The walk to the altar, Diana knows from rehearsals, takes a little over three minutes.

All eyes are upon her. She can't take her eyes off him.

Standing next to Charles, she feels deeply that he will always look after her.

The music stops. The archbishop of Canterbury speaks.

“Here is the stuff of which fairy tales are made—prince and princess on their wedding day.”

Chapter 15

July 29, 1981

London

Kiss! Kiss!" Thousands of well-wishers have gathered outside Buckingham Palace to welcome the newly married couple.

As Diana and Charles wave from the balcony, the crowd happily repeats the command.

Could it be the start of a royal wedding tradition, to make up for the missed kiss after they exchanged vows?

"I am not going to do that caper," the prince says. "They are trying to get us to kiss."

"Well, how about it?" his bride asks.

Charles pauses to reconsider. "Why ever not?"

The new husband and wife exchange a sweet kiss, to thunderous applause.

Photographer Lord Patrick Lichfield hovers nearby, working his camera. Lichfield, Queen Elizabeth's cousin, is the only photographer granted access to the wedding party. A referee's whistle hangs around his neck, and he uses it to choreograph group shots.

Diana moves over to where six-year-old Catherine Cameron, wearing a flower crown that matches her bouquet, is standing. The little girl keeps