Platinum Gold Love

I was on my way out the front door headed to a meeting with the Queen which would finalize all the wedding details for tomorrow's ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral in London, when I noticed a little box wrapped in shimmering magenta paper and topped with a gold bow. "How thoughtful of Charles to give me a special gift the night before our wedding." I picked up the box with one hand and gently unwrapped the carefully-tied bow with the other. Then, I carefully lifted each corner of the paper until the black box was exposed. Inside was a solid platinum bracelet with a heart shaped pendant. It was absolutely stunning. My hands were shaking with excitement as I tried to fasten the clasp around my wrist. Just then one of the house servants walked by.

"Lane, Lane darling, could you please help me with this clasp?"
He was glad to assist me and took both ends into his hands and fastened the bracelet.

"Lady Diana, it looks fabulous. May I ask what message is engraved into the heart?"

I hadn't noticed an engraving. When I looked more closely at the sparkling treasure wrapped around my delicate skin, I felt a burning sensation that caused me to scream in pain as it fired up my arm and spread throughout my entire body.

"Get it off, get it off, please, Lane, get this wretched thing off of me. I can't bear to look at it any longer."

Lane unhooked the bracelet. As soon as I had been freed from the golden shackles, I took off running out the front door. Lane stood watching and then read the inscription on the heart which rested in his hands.

"To My Dearest Camilla Love Forever Charles."

I ran until my body was exhausted and my rage had been released. Then I thought about my situation. It was too late to call off
the wedding. Suddenly, I remembered my appointment with the Queen. I could not neglect this engagement or I would undoubtedly be punished for my inconsideration later. I stuffed all of my sorrow and grief deep down inside of me and headed back to the palace. I must ring the Queen up and apologize for my absence, I thought. I’ll tell her I was feeling very ill and thought it best if I napped for the afternoon. She could finalize all the arrangements and send a representative later to give me an update on the details of tomorrow’s business.

Having solved the immediate problem, I began to think about what I would say to Charles. Surely, he cannot love her and plan to marry me. The more I thought about the situation, the more tired and heavy my eyes grew. The tears and frustrations were wearing me down both physically and emotionally. I fell asleep. When I awoke Charles was seated in the chair across from my bed.

“You should have known better than to open something that did not belong to you”, he said coldly, “Now, you have worked yourself up and left mother and the other guests worried about you. You are quite selfish, Diana. Did you wish to embarrass me in front of my friends and family? Is that why you put on this show? As if the wedding at St Paul’s Cathedral and the wealthiest guests in attendance wasn’t enough to please my sweet Princess Diana of Wales. Get out of bed and get dressed, we have a dinner engagement at six o’clock, and I won’t have you making anymore spectacles.”

Before I could say a word, I was alone in the room.

Draped over another chair was a beautiful emerald green gown. Next to the dress was a box and inside there was a thick yellow-gold necklace, emerald earrings, and a matching bracelet with glimmering emeralds. I looked all around the inside of the bracelet, but nothing was there; no terms of endearment for his future wife; no special address to the bride to be; no “Darling Diana”; no love from a Prince. I put on the dress and accessories as was expected of me. Having never worn anything this beautiful in my life, I looked hard into the dressing mirror
and saw a woman worthy of such extravagance. My back straightened, my shoulders pushed back, and my chin raised, I took one last look at the woman in the mirror, and I tried to introduce myself to her. “Hello, my name is...” but the words would not leave my mouth. “Hello, my name is Prim...” The name seemed unnatural. It wasn’t me. Then, I said with every ounce of self-confidence and an accompanying smile, “Hello, my name is Diana.”

By Kristine Moore