Three’s a Crowd

There would be nothing usual about this evening’s ball held at Buckingham Palace. Tonight was to be the first event in which Prince Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles would appear together at a Royal event following the tragic car crash from several months ago. Diana had anxiously been anticipating attending this event in honor of her hard working son, Harry.

Prince Charles stood at the door and greeted his guests as they arrived. Camilla, standing by his side, looked as awkward as a clown at a funeral. Diana stood quietly behind them both.

“Good evening Dr. Créon. I am so pleased that you could join us this evening. It has been quite some time since I last had the pleasure of your company.” Charles said, and just as he was about to respectfully bow his head in honor of his guest, Diana pinched a few of hairs on the back of Charles’s head and pulled them hard. Charles whipped his head back with a jerk and started rubbing the area where his hair had once been.

“Why Charles, is everything alright?” Dr. Créon asked with sincere concern.

Charles turned to Camilla as if to accuse her of having yanked his hair, but when he saw her baffled expression, he realized that no one had touched him. Charles quickly collected himself and replied, “Yes, Doctor, I am fine. Please enjoy the rest of your evening.” Charles took Camilla’s hand and they disappeared into the crowd.

Later on that evening, the music stopped and the guests moved aside, clearing the floor for the traditional royal waltz. According to custom, Prince Charles would lead the dance with his new partner, Camilla. Diana was not jealous; no. This was her son’s celebration and Diana re-
fused to take a backseat. She stepped in behind Camilla and put one hand on Camilla’s waist and the other she clasped around both Charles’s and Camilla’s hands. Camilla may have taken the visible role in tonight’s event, but regardless, Diana loved to dance, and dance she did.

Music filled the room and everyone watched as the dancers swept gracefully across the ballroom floor. As they were dancing, Diana caught a glimpse of Harry’s face. He looked as though he was going to cry as he watched his father and this strange woman dance as the music played on. Diana had an idea that was sure to make Harry smile.

“Oops” Diana said as she took an unusually large step that happened to catch Camilla’s ankle causing Camilla to trip, fall face first, and slide across the ballroom floor. Several of the guests rushed over to help. Others let out quick and uncontrollable chuckles, including Harry, until they remembered their surroundings and masked their delight in the unfortunate circumstance. Their laughter had gone unnoticed amongst all of the confusion. When Charles finally helped Camilla to her feet, the crowd stepped back and let out a terrified gasp from the sight of the woman’s bloody face. Diana smiled; she thought the red suited her well.

As soon as Charles and Camilla had retreated to a room where Camilla could rest and be looked after, the music resumed and the guests began to dance, forgetting all about the bloody mistress and her prince. Satisfied, Diana thought to herself, three really is a crowd.

By Kristine Moore