

Princess diana essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Tomorrow I will return to London, the place which gives me too many memories. At this hotel, my lover Dodi Al Fayed just proposed to me. Although I feel being a young woman again, and I know family is the most important thing in the world, how can I still believe this after suffering those difficult times? I was born in the late afternoon on July 1, 1961, in Sandringham, Norfolk.

My parents Frances and Edward John Spencer were hoping for a male heir to carry on the Spencer title, so I did not have a name for a week. I also have three siblings: Sarah, Jane, and Charles. Maybe I was born to have an unhappy family. My parents were separated when I was only seven years old. My estranged mother had an affair with Peter Shand Kydd. I...I still remember when my father loaded suitcases in the car and my mother crunched across the gravel forecourt and drove away through the gates of our house.

What a great sorrow! On December, 1967, my father won custody of me and Charles and I was sent to Riddlesworth Hall, an all-girls boarding school, in the following year. However, I did not shine academically and was moved to West Heath Girls' School in Sevenoaks, Kent. Luckily, I showed a particular talent for music as an accomplished pianist. In 1977, I briefly attended my finishing school, and at about that time, I first met Prince Charles who was then in a relationship with my older sister, Sarah.

Life was unpredictable; who knew he would become my husband in the future? In the same year, he noticed me at a shooting party at Althorpe and referred to me later as a “ very jolly and amusing and attractive 16 year old

—full of fun. ” However, the love affair with him began after three years during a polo playing weekend. The relationship developed as he invited me for a sailing weekend to meet his family. On February 24, 1981, my life changed forever.

He proposed and I accepted happily. I remember when the engagement was announced, a reporter asked if we were in love, he said, “ Whatever ‘ in love ’ means. ” Now as I recall my past with him, all these seem a dream or even a joke to me. But no matter what happened, I would never forget our wedding, our fairy-tale wedding.

He kissed my face and gave me an overwhelming feeling of happiness. Wearing the crown and the ring, I was given respect as well as responsibility and pressure. After the marriage, my life seemed perfect. On June 21, 1982, I gave natural birth to our first son, William Arthur Philip Louis. Well, we did have a disagreement over what to call our first son, but I objected and the name William was chosen. Then, my second son, Henry Charles Albert David, was born two years after William, on September 1984.

My husband and I were closest during my pregnancy with Henry. Of course, I really love them, both of them. I chose their first given names, selected their schools and clothing, planned their outings and took them to school myself as often as my schedule permitted. Read analysis of the movie “ The Day After Tomorrow ” At the same time, I was finding it very difficult to cope with the pressure of being Princess of Wales, but I was learning to cope. From the mid-1980s, I became increasingly associated with numerous charities.

Nothing brings me more happiness than trying to help the most vulnerable people in society. It is a goal and an essential part of my life—a kind of destiny. Whoever is in distress can call on me. I will come running wherever they are. It was a turning point in my life when I decided to become involved with AIDS at the age of 26. Overnight, I changed from a young mum who liked to shop or listen to pop songs to a mature young woman who had created a role for myself.

Although some of the Queen's advisers totally opposed me becoming involved with AIDS, a taboo subject never discussed in polite company or at British upper-class dinner parties, I was determined to help. Later on, I began helping more charities such as Birthright and Turing Point. I concern about people who are in need, and helping charities is the best way to help them. I will never regret doing so.

(Never). I have suffered from chronic bulimia for years, and it only became worse by my depression and unhappy married life. In the past, I always hoped we could be better; however, there was something I could not change. During the early 1990s, our marriage fell apart.

We had already been seeing less and less of each other for years. Well, I admitted that I had an affair with James Hewitt. He had initially been summoned to instruct William and Harry. But I did have to blame Charles for the marriage's demise. He was an insensitive and unsupportable husband.

More importantly, he resumed his old, pre-marital affair with Camilla Parker-Bowles, "the Rottweiler," as early as 1984, just three years after our marriage. There were three of us in this marriage, so it was a bit crowded.

Also, I believed he had other affairs. I wrote to my friend and told her that he was in love with Tiggy Legge-Bourke and wanted to marry this woman. She had been hired by him as a young companion for our sons, and I was extremely resentful of her and her relationship with my sons. For hundreds of thousands of times I have been trying to forget these miserable memories, but I could not.

In 1994, Charles said that the reason why he married me was to please his father. The next year, the Queen sent letters to us to advise us to divorce. He immediately agreed with the suggestion. But I was still hesitated. Finally, I announced my agreement in February. My heart was dead.

The divorce was finalized on August 28, 1996, and it was the saddest day of my life! Yes, I received a lump sum settlement of around 17 million pounds, but my family was not complete again, just like my parents. I lost the style Her Royal Highness and instead was styled Diana, Princess of Wales. I was not strong inside, and I also needed someone to comfort me, but who could understand my feelings? Thank God I have a good son. William told me he would give it back to me one day when he was king. At least, he let me know I still had hope and needed to be strong. After the divorce, I retained my double apartment on the north side of Kensington Palace.

I continued focusing on charities and launched my campaign against landmines in 1997. I worked hard, but I was also a woman with erotic needs, with an inclination for love and passion. I longed for a male shoulder to lean on. For me getting acquainted with men was always a great problem. Yet in

that summer, I tossed my cares aside and once again fell head over heels in love. He is Dodi Al-Fayed.

He is 41 years old and, like me, divorced. We have many similarities: both stemmed from broken homes, both had been left by our mothers as children and grew up with our fathers. He was so different from Charles. He fulfilled my every wish, showered me with compliments and little gifts. Finally, I felt like a woman again, loved, honoured, and respected.

He conquered my heart very gently without haste. Life appeared to be suddenly so carefree and joyful. So we spent a few days during the holiday and stayed one night at this hotel. Sometimes recalling my past is not a good thing, but it does help me cherish my life now. True.

I want this man. But I am not sure if I can have a happy marriage this time. Things happened in the past influenced me so much. I have to think carefully, I know it. Anyways, I want to hug my children in my arms and pass the last days of my holiday with them together tomorrow.

It's time to leave now.