

CORONATION

The bells of Westminster Abbey tolled the hour.

“It is time.” said someone sombrely.

In the ensuing silence there was a loud yell.

“Shit!”

“Mum”, whispered Tom, “they’ll hear you on TV.”

“This is a disaster. I’ve laddered my stockings! What am I going to do?”

She nudged the young woman next to her.

“Kate, have you got a spare pair of tights on you?”

Kate silently shook her head and put her finger to her lips as the TV cameras swung towards them.

“Oh heck,” muttered Camilla, “what the hell shall I do?”

She looked around furtively. No one appeared to be watching. A quick fumble under her skirt and she had unfastened the stockings from her suspender belt. Thank goodness she still wore them – so much easier to get off. At least, that’s what Charles had always said.

“Quick,” she whispered to Kate, “pass me your tights!”

“That’s crazy! We can’t swap tights!”

“Of course not!”

Kate looked relieved.

“I’ll wear yours and you can go bare legged. You’re young enough to get away with it. No one will notice. But I can’t appear in front of the cameras with a huge ladder for all the world to see.”

Kate sighed.

“I can’t take them off here. We’ll have to go to the ladies’ room.”

“OK. You go first.”

Kate was seated at the end so it was easy for her to slip away. A few minutes later she was back, with the tights balled up in her hand.

“Here you go.”

“You’re a star.” Camilla smiled.

“Be quick. It’s nearly time.”

Camilla didn’t want to draw attention to herself, so she sidled along, smiling benignly at people who nodded to her as she made her way to the back of the Abbey. But where was the loo? She started to panic. It was no good, she would have to nip outside and do the deed hidden around the corner.

With minutes to spare, she saw the sign. Ladies. At least it wasn't gender neutral.

She crept into a stall and quickly put the tights on. Thank goodness they fitted.

The clock struck two followed by a loud fanfare.

Kate was looking around and at the same time trying to remain the serene and smiling Kate the world knew and loved.

"Don't panic, I'm back!" Camilla smiled at Kate with relief. "All done. And just in time. The procession is about to begin."

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Breakfast the following morning was a very quiet affair since Charles had stopped speaking to her.

The most momentous day of his life and nothing had been written about him! Not a sausage. Instead, there was page after page of photos of Camilla and Kate. And to top it all, there was a close-up of Camilla unfastening her suspender and several pictures of a bare legged Kate in the photo line-up.

As for the headline, "A tight situation for King Charles 3rd".