



KATE & WILLS UP THE AISLE

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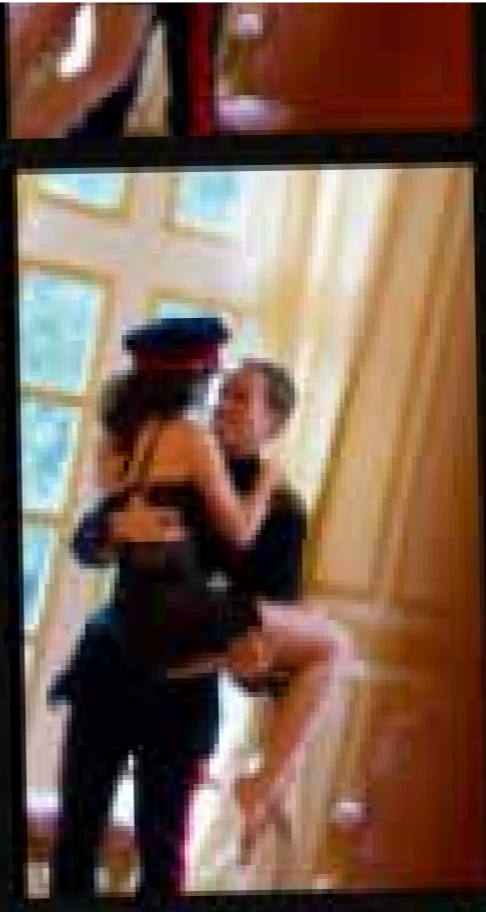




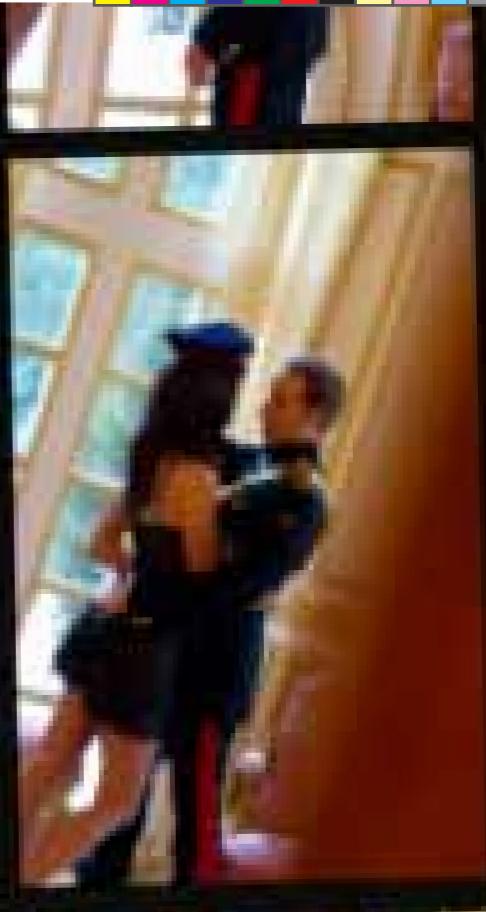
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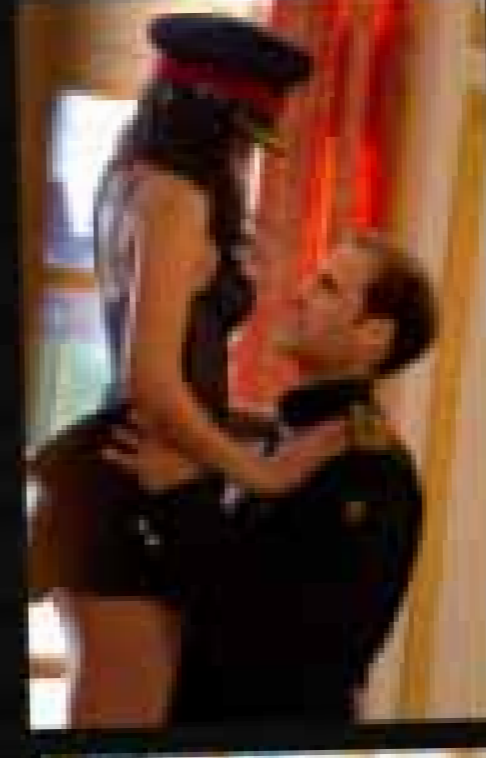
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**KATE & WILLS
UP THE AISLE**
ALISON JACKSON

A Right Royal Fairy Tale

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Once upon a time a prince and princess had a beautiful baby boy. They called him William. But there was a naughty fairy at their wedding and she bewitched the prince. Caught in her spell, he left his winsome princess and married that fairy.

The young Prince William decided that his own wedding, one day, would be very different – a true fairytale.





Not so far away – and yet, in another world – a very different couple had wed.

They were humble, yet happy. Carole Goldsmith had been born a poor maiden, but one whose great beauty was famed throughout her native Norwood. She dreamed of a magic carpet that would whisk her out of the council flat into which she had been born, and to a life of jumbo jets, castles and cake. Her glamour was such that she was summoned by British Airways to be a trolley dolly. There she met her handsome prince – Michael Middleton. This fine Yorkshireman, son of a pilot, was a flight despatcher and he immediately took the curvaceous Carole under his wing.





A few months before the young Prince William was born, Michael and Carole were blessed with the birth of a daughter. Her hair was as black as ebony, her skin as white as snow, though she had a cheeky round face. They named her Catherine Elizabeth, a truly regal name for a baby who had been naturally given all the graces of the kingdom: she was fair of face, fit of body, and clever enough to get into St. Andrew's University to read History of Art at the critical moment.

Carole lived in a small house in Berkshire, but she dreamt big dreams. She worked night and day filling party bags to sell to richer mothers and at last, when the young Catherine was seven, Carole had sold enough of them to send her and her little sister and brother to private prep school. The first, tiny steps towards Buckingham Palace had been taken! And from St. Andrew's School in Pangbourne came the dizzying leap towards one of England's oldest and finest public schools, Marlborough College. Motto – 'Deus Dat Incrementum' – God Giveth the Increase'. In Kate's case, he certainly would. There she showed promise in acting, in sport, and in general fanciability, all of which earned her the nickname 'Princess in Waiting.'





She did not have to wait long.
On the rocky outcrops of St. Andrew's
University on the coast of Scotland,
buffeted by the North Sea, she was to
meet her Prince.

