

# Spare

Prince Harry

My mom was the most recognizable woman on the planet, she was simply indescribable, that was the plain truth.

My mother - She loved me and my brother.  
Obsessively , she once confessed to an  
interviewer.

To me Balmoral was always simply paradise. A cross between Disney world and some sacred Druid grove.

Two years older than me, Willy(Prince William) was the heir whereas I was the spare.

I was 20 when I heard the story of what my father told my mother when I was born –  
*“wonderful, you’ve given me an heir and a spare – my work is done”*

Being a Windsor meant working out which truths were timeless , and then banishing them from your mind.

Everything at Balmoral was either old or made to look so.



My Pa(King Charles) always stopped by on way to dinner in the palace to check on me and Willy. He would sniff our food, he would sniff roses, our hair.

When Willy and I walked up and down Kensington Palace after mum died, I wanted to cry. Mums life had been so sad that she'd felt the need to disappear. But I could not squeeze out one tear drop.

Maybe I had learned too well, In the ethos of the family, crying was not an option.

In the coffin, it was reported that mummy's hands were folded across her chest and between them was placed a photo of me and Willy, possibly the only two men who ever truly loved her, certainly the two who loved her the most.

In school, every boy was required to write a letter to his parents. At the best of times, this was drudgery.

It was difficult to write to Pa and mom, considering the messy divorce they went through. After mum's death, letter writing day became impossible.

Pa and I mostly co existed. He had trouble communicating, he had trouble listening, trouble being intimate face to face. After dinner, I would find a letter from him on my bed sometimes and I wondered why he couldn't have said what was in the letter at the dining table.

I liked British history, in theory. I found some bits intriguing, like the signing of the magna carta- June 1215, that's because I saw the place through the window of Pa's car.

I went to Eton, founded by my ancestor Henry VI. It was a sacred temple where visitors would feel like meek, abased pilgrims.

Eton produced 18 Prime Ministers and 37 Victoria cross winners. It was a heaven for brilliant boys, it was purgatory for me – the one very unbrilliant boy.



As a royal, you were taught to maintain a buffer between you and the rest of creation. Distance was right, distance was safe, distance was survival, distance was an essential bit of being royal.

My great grandmother – Gan Gan was famous for saying that no matter how bad things got in the world war, she would never leave England.

I completed my education from Eton in June 2003, thanks to hours of hard work and tutoring organized by Pa.

I was unscholarly, so limited, so distracted and I wasn't exactly proud of myself.

I was accused of cheating in art class by a class teacher. Evidence showed it wasn't cheating. However this stuck.

The royal family didn't do anything to argue it, because they stuck to the motto:

*“Never complain, Never explain.”*

I knew that Pa's marriage to Camilla would take him away from us. It left me with mixed feelings, I didn't want to lose a second parent.

After the Nazi uniform fracas, I spent time with the chief rabbi of Britain. He spoke to me with the quality one often encounters in truly wise people – forgiveness.

Pa had always been a worker. He believed in work, everyone must work, he often said.

When I was in Paris for the Rugby semi finals, I asked the driver to take me through the tunnel at exactly the same speed my mum did when she died. I thought the drive would end the pain, however it brought on the start of pain.



When I went to war in Afghanistan as a soldier, I thought that if I died, I wouldn't have to read another fake headline about myself nor another shameful lie from the press.

In Delhi ( in Afghanistan), the Gurkhas treated me special, they all called me 'saab' and never let me out of their sight. They fattened me with goat curry.

Soon after we came back to Britain from Africa, the palace announced that Willy was going to marry November 2010. It was news to me, all the time we were together in Lesotho, Willy had not mentioned that.

When I went to Berlin in December 2010, I visited the wall. I then realized how bad it was for me to wear that Nazi uniform. It was a failure of thinking, it was failure of character and a failure of education - not school education but self education.

I loved my new sister in law – Kate, she was more sister than sister in law, a sister I always wanted but never had.

I recognized that identity is a hierarchy. We are primarily one thing, then we are primarily another, and then another till death – in succession.

I killed 25 people in Afghanistan, I wasn't proud of that, I wish that weren't on my military CV.

Britons are amongst the most literate in the world, were the most credulous – they read tabloids! Even if they didn't believe every word, there was always residue of wonder.



I often panicked when I had to be at a public event or making a speech at a public event. It started with me putting on the suit, that was my trigger.

Pa and Camilla didn't like Willy and Kate drawing attention away from them or their causes. They had openly scolded Willy and Kate about it many times.

Each year I received from Pa an official clothing allowance, for the suits, ties ceremonial outfits etc., for the casual clothes I would go to buy from T.K.Maxx, the discount store in their once a year sale.

I got a picture from Violet my friend in which Violet and Megan were together. Megan blew my mind.

I got her number and we texted non stop for the next two days. I finally met her after a few day in Soho House, I was late by 30 mts for our date and I profusely apologized.

After I met Megan and the press was having a field day, I went to a therapist.

It was peculiar because the therapist knew everything about me, had also read about me in a book etc. This never happens to anybody.

The therapist told me right now is reminiscent of 1977 - “what you are going through is reminiscent of 1977 and you seem to be trapped in 1977”

I didn't like the sound of that. It felt rude.

But the therapist said, you want to hear the truth, here it is.

People hear the word 'royal' and lose all rationality. They think a prince has no problems.

They assumed or they were taught that it was all a fairytale to be royal.

I asked Meg to leave Canada and come to Britain. She said :

*“I cant just leave my show and quit my job to give it a shot. Would moving to Britain mean a forever commitment?”*

Yes . I said. It would



There were strict rules about proposing in the royal family. I had to take my grand mothers permission to propose to Meg.

Pa did the same when he proposed to Camilla.

Pa and Camilla didn't like anyone new coming in and taking the limelight or overshadowing them.

When Me, Meg, Willy and Kate went out, the media dubbed us the fab four. Days later controversy...

Meg showing support for #me too and Kate not doing it became an issue, as if Kate was on notice and she was now going to be compared to someone new. That didn't go down well with Kate.

Meg and Pa got along great. Meg evoked so much in him, qualities I'd rarely seen. In her presence Pa became boyish, I saw it, I saw the bond between them, saw it growing stronger and I felt strengthened by it.

It filled my heart to see my father treating Meg like a princess, she was about to be.

I had to call my granny and request her permission to keep my beard for the marriage.

Willy was pissed off that I was allowed to keep my beard where years ago, he had been asked to shave his beard. He was livid that I spoke to granny about it.

The question of Tiara came up. My aunts wanted to know if Meg would wear my mum's tiara and we said yes.

Shortly before the wedding, Granny called to ask if Meg wanted to choose a tiara from her collection. We went to Buckingham palace to try the tiara, Meg chose one which Granny approved. They got along great.

We left the palace after the tiara fitting/selection feeling loved and grateful.



We went to see Willy and Kate. Their house was like a museum compared to the Ikea fitted house we had. We complimented them on their taste.

Me and Willy shared an office and promptly there were politics, issues etc. Willy came to talk to me about it. I told him that the people he had selected were pitting us against each other, he didn't like that.

Meg and I went on royal duties to Australia, new Zealand, Fiji. She dazzled everyone. She was so brilliant that midway I felt completed to warn her.

You are doing too well, too damn well, this is how it started with my mother.

A week after we came, all kinds of rubbish stories came out in media, most of them planted by the royal palace who worried that Megan was taking center stage.

‘Tormenting Meghan Markle has become a national sport that shames us” said a headline in the Guardian.

So true, but no one was ashamed. We wanted to sue but the palace forbade us to.

In the coming days, everything I knew about the family, what it is supposed to stand for – for uniting rather than dividing, all was being undermined , called into question.

Isn't defending each other the first rule in every family?

It was not in this Family, no one came to Meg's rescue.

There were three men I had to deal with in communicating to my granny – three middle aged men I will call the bee, the wasp and the fly. They were Machiavellian.



One study looked at 400 vile tweets about Meg. Employing data scientists, Analysts found that this level of hate was light years away from what Camilla or Kate faced.

Hate has physical effects. There is a ton of science showing how unhealthy it is to be publicly hated and mocked.

I realized me and my brother had grown apart.

Maybe money was the issue for royalty. Did the public support them or thought they were a cash burden on them?

My Pa said “ Journalists are the scum of the earth” but..

He always had a but because he hated their hate but oh how he loved their love!

I was asked to endure and finally things will be ok. Me and Meg couldn't and decided to leave.