

Contents

Acknowledgements	6
Foreword	9
In Her Own Words	35
DIANA: HER TRUE STORY	
1 'I Was Supposed To Be a Boy'	121
2 'Just Call Me "Sir"'	156
3 'Such Hope in My Heart'	189
4 'My Cries for Help'	206
5 'Darling, I'm About To Disappear'	228
6 'My Life Has Changed Its Course'	243
7 'I Don't Rattle Their Cages'	268
8 'I Did My Best'	303
DIANA: HER TRUE STORY - THE AFTERMATH	
9 'We'd Run Out of Steam'	321
10 'My Acting Career Is Over'	339
11 'I Am Going To Be Me'	359
12 'Tell Me Yes'	378
13 'The People's Princess'	399
Afterword: 'We Think of Her Every Day'	419
Index	440

Diana, Princess of Wales In Her Own Words

Publisher's note: The following words are selected and edited from extensive taped interviews given by Diana, Princess of Wales in 1991–2 to Andrew Morton for publication in *Diana: Her True Story*.

CHILDHOOD

[My first memory] is really the smell of the inside of my pram. It was plastic and the smell of the hood. I was born at home, not in hospital.

The biggest disruption was when Mummy decided to leg it. That's the vivid memory we have – the four of us. We all have our own interpretations of what should have happened and what did happen. People took sides. Various people didn't speak to each other. For my brother and I it was a very wishy-washy and painful experience.

Charles [her brother] said to me the other day that he hadn't realized how much the divorce had affected him until he got married and started having a life of his own. But my other sisters – their growing up was done out of our sight. We saw them at holidays. I don't remember it being a big thing.

I idolized my eldest sister and I used to do all her washing when

she came back from school. I packed her suitcase, ran her bath, made her bed – the whole lot. I did it all and I thought it was wonderful. I soon learned that doing that wasn't such a good idea. I always looked after my brother really. My two sisters were very independent.

We had so many changes of nannies, because Daddy was a very attractive divorcee and he was good bait for somebody. We tend to think they came for that rather than for looking after my brother and I. If we didn't like them we used to stick pins in their chair and throw their clothes out of the window. We always thought they were a threat because they tried to take mother's position. They were all very young and rather pretty. They were chosen by my father. It was terribly disruptive to come back from school one day to find a new nanny.

I always felt very different from everyone else, very detached. I knew I was going somewhere different but had no idea where.

I always felt very different from everyone else, very detached. I knew I was going somewhere different but had no idea where. I said to my father when I was aged 13, 'I know I'm going to marry someone in the public eye', thinking more of being an ambassador's wife – not the top one, very much so. It was a very unhappy childhood. Parents were busy sorting themselves out. Always seeing our mum crying. Daddy never spoke to us about it. We could never ask questions. Too many changes over nannies, very unstable, the whole thing. Generally unhappy and being very detached from everybody else.

At the age of 14 I just remember thinking that I wasn't very good

at anything, that I was hopeless because my brother was always the one getting exams at school and I was the dropout. I couldn't understand why I was perhaps a nuisance to have around which, in later years, I've perceived as being part of the [whole question of the] son, the child who died before me was a son and both [parents] were crazy to have a son and heir and there comes a third daughter. What a bore, we're going to have to try again. I've recognized that now. I've been aware of it and now I recognize it and that's fine. I accept it.

I adored animals, guinea pigs and all that. I had a mass of rabbits, guinea pigs and hamsters. Hamsters breed faster than most; I never got them sexed. They all had names, but I can't remember the first one. We just had endless animals. [When they died] the goldfish got flushed down the loo. [The rabbits were always buried] under a tree. They went off in a Clarks shoebox.

In my bed I'd have 20 stuffed animals and there would be a midget's space for me, and they would have to be in my bed every night.

They were all adored. They've got a Diana Spencer nametag on them from prep school – D. Spencer.

That was my family. I hated the dark and had an obsession about the dark, always had to have a light outside my door until I was at least ten. I used to hear my brother crying in his bed down at the other end of the house, crying for my mother and he was unhappy too, and my father right down the other end of the house and it was always very difficult. I never could pluck up courage to get out of bed. I remember it to this day.

I remember seeing my father slap my mother across the face. I was hiding behind the door and Mummy was crying. I remember Mummy crying an awful lot and every Saturday when we went up

for weekends, every Saturday night, standard procedure, she would start crying. On Saturday we would both see her crying. ‘What’s the matter, Mummy?’ ‘Oh, I don’t want you to leave tomorrow’, which for a nine-year-old was devastating, you know. I remember the most agonizing decision I ever had to make. I was a bridesmaid to my first cousin and to go to the rehearsal I had to be smart and wear a dress and my mother gave me a green dress and my father had given me a white dress and they were both so smart, the dresses, and I can’t remember to this day which one I got in but I remember being totally traumatized by it because it would show favouritism.

*I remember seeing my father
slap my mother across the face.*

I remember there being a great discussion that a judge was going to come to me at Riddlesworth [Diana’s preparatory school] and say who would I prefer to live with. The judge never turned up and then suddenly my stepfather [the late Peter Shand Kydd] arrived on the scene. Charles and I, my brother and I, went up to London and I said to Mummy, ‘Where is he? Where is your new husband?’ ‘He’s at the ticket barrier’, and there was this very good-looking, handsome man and we were longing to love him and we accepted him and he was great to us, spoiled us rotten. It was very nice being spoiled because [my] individual parents weren’t attuned to that. [Peter] stood back [from the problems]. He was a bit of a manic – or *is* – a bit of a manic-depressive. His own worst enemy. So, when he had bad moods we just kept out the way. If he lost his temper, he lost his temper. It was never a problem.