

2011  
A Dress

Nine twelve a-m: Guests are continuing to arrive at Westminster Abbey now. Chelsy Davy has arrived, wearing an emerald green dress by Alberta Ferretti, with a cream pillbox fascinator with veil. Guests so far are mostly friends of the family. What was Samantha Cameron thinking? Surely, she could have asked for help in styling? And how the heck did Clegg get a wife like that?

Nine fifty a-m: There's John Major. Is it over yet? Can I come out now?

Nine fifty-nine a-m: With an hour to go the media have been allowed in and the Abbey is filling up fast. Do you reckon Prince Andrew is chalking all this up on his expenses account?

Ten o'two a-m: Elton John has given his own spin on the tails look by clashing up a yellow waistcoat with a hot pink tie. Classy and fun. This is nearly as exciting as Eurovision.

Ten o'three a-m: Piers Morgan has been discussing whether Diana would have enjoyed today if she were alive. Exclusive revelation: yes. Apparently on Fox News the discussion has revolved around where Diana would have sat if she were alive. Haha! French TV is rather good. It's being presented by Karl Lagerfeld who's just said everyone is overweight and badly dressed.

Ten o'five a-m: The lunchtime reception this afternoon is at Buckingham Palace and hosted by the Queen. Fiona Cairns created the cake, a traditional multi-tiered fruit cake decorated with cream and white icing. Prince William also asked McVitie's to make a chocolate biscuit cake based on a royal family recipe. Claire Jones, the official harpist to Prince Charles, is to perform. The evening reception will be hosted by Prince Charles before the older royals are due to melt away and leave the hip young things to party.

Ten twenty-six a-m: William and Harry have arrived at the Abbey. Who's that ginger lad? He has a quiff! What was he thinking? I love Harry's geezer walk.

Ten thirty-two a-m: Mother of the bride Carole Middleton is arriving in a Jaguar now. Beckham's got a medal? Was that for kicking that Argie & getting sent off in the 1998 World Cup?

Ten forty-two a-m: The Queen and Prince Philip are being driven along the Mall now. Look out the Boss lady is on her way. LOL! wouldn't it be fun:

God save *me*  
Long live *me*  
Long to reign over *you*...

Tell you what, if I was driving on the mall and the road was closed for me, I would fucking floor it. Bollocks to the crowds

Ten forty-four a-m: Prince Charles and Camilla are arriving now. I'm a bit disappointed that the Scandinavian royals haven't arrived by bike, but glad that his brother decided against that Nazi uniform.

Ten forty-five a-m: The foreign desk reports that even Al-Jazeera is showing the wedding. Has prince Phillip insulted anyone yet?

Ten fifty-three a-m: First glimpse of the bride leaving her hotel: hair down, intricate lace overlay over a v-neck shaped bodice that shows possibly just a hint of cleavage. Train seems long judging by faff getting it in the car. OMG! OMG! OMG! She's wearing a .... DRESS!!!!

Ten fifty-four a-m: We are 99% sure that that was Sarah Burton of Alexander McQueen we just saw holding the train as Kate got into the car.

Ten fifty-six a-m: The bride's procession is walking through. Bloody foreign channel Al Jazeera has interrupted the royal wedding coverage to discuss some triviality in Syria. Makes me mad. I am literally shaking. How dare they ?

Eleven o'one a-m: Kate is getting out of the car now. The BBC is reporting that Sarah Burton of Alexander McQueen *is* the designer. Oohh... waving like a commoner there Kate. You'll need to practice. What a waste! She is so good looking and could have any guy she wants, yet she settles for one from a dysfunctional family. There's nothing like a royal wedding to remind me that I'm single and broke. And, at the moment, very, very bored. Come on... Austerity cuts, what austerity cuts! Remember, "we are all in it together", so I suppose we can find the extra money for all of this by shutting down a hospital or two. Perhaps if poor people didn't smoke and drink so much we wouldn't need so many hospitals.

Eleven o'two a-m: Buckingham Palace has just put out a statement about the dress:

Miss Middleton chose British brand Alexander McQueen for the beauty of its craftsmanship and its respect for traditional workmanship and the technical construction of clothing. Miss Middleton wished for her dress to combine tradition and modernity with the artistic vision that characterises Alexander McQueen's work. Miss Middleton worked closely with Sarah Burton in formulating the design of her dress.

The dress epitomises timeless British craftsmanship by drawing together talented and skilled workmanship from across the United Kingdom. The dress design pays tribute to the Arts and Crafts tradition, which advocated truth to materials and traditional craftsmanship using simple forms and often Romantic styles of decoration. Ms Burton's design draws on this heritage, additionally giving the cut and the intricate embellishment a distinctive, contemporary and feminine character.

Thank the lord we have Fern Cotton to tell us what to think. Oh yes, yeah, yep...I get my dress designer to reflect my relaxed character too.

Eleven o'three a-m: Kate and her father are now in the abbey. It's a delicate lace top overlaying a strapless bodice, with a full skirt and delicate tight-fitting full sleeves. Rumour had it the bride wanted flowers in her hair but is instead wearing a diamond tiara. The train is, I reckon, around 2-3 metres long and being carried by her sister Pippa in a short sleeved, bias cut ivory gown with scooped cowl neck and a slight fishtail - simple to the extreme.

Eleven o'four a-m: William and Harry have walked to the front of the abbey as Kate and her father make their way slowly along the aisle.

Eleven o'eight a-m: *The Introit* is being sung as Kate takes her place beside William. "You look beautiful," he says.

Eleven o'nine a-m: The congregation are now singing *Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer*. You know what, right now would be a superb time for a zombie apocalypse to begin.

Eleven twelve a-m: The Dean of Westminster is giving the welcome and introduction.

Eleven fourteen a-m: Phew. Nobody had any just cause why they should not be lawfully joined together in matrimony. The Archbishop of Canterbury is beginning the solemnisation of the marriage. Oh dear, here's the religious bit... BORING!!

Eleven fifteen a-m: "I will", says William. "I will", says Kate.

Eleven sixteen a-m: William is giving his vows. Hmm... I wish one of the royals was gay. Cos that'd be the funniest fuckin' thing ever, watching *The Daily Mail* coverage chasing itself: "it's beautiful, it's horrible, it's stunning, it's unnatural"

Eleven sixteen a-m: Still holding hands, Kate recites her vows. And so begins a lifetime of waving at serfs.

Eleven seventeen a-m: William puts the ring on Kate's finger.

Eleven eighteen a-m: No ring for William, by the way.

Eleven twenty a-m: The Archbishop pronounces them man and wife.

Eleven twenty a-m: They're married. The congregation sings *Love Divine, All Loves Excelling*.

Eleven twenty-four a-m: James Middleton, Kate's brother, is now reading the lesson, from Romans 12: 1-2, 9-18: "Live in harmony with one another; do not be haughty, but associate with the lowly."