

PRINCE HARRY'S STAG, ARE YOU IN?

Read the email that the ginger prince sent round to his mates ahead of his wedding to Meghan Markle (probably)



From: Windsor, Harry <the-ginger-prince-1984@hotmail.co.uk>

To: undisclosed recipients

Boys. Ginge here. Wazzzzzzup!

Listen, I'm getting married to Rachel from Suits soon. Anyway, the wedding is in May and I need to get a stag do sorted sharpish.

And, yes, I know that the groom isn't really supposed to organise stuff like this, but I've already asked Wills what we should do and his best suggestion was a jigsaw-puzzle pyjama party at his. I'm bugged if I'm going to go down that road. Seriously, that boy. Such a bed-wetter. His skinhead isn't fooling anybody.

So it's Verbier instead. We'll fly out, stay in Uncle Andrew's chalet, get mashed off our absolute boxes, fly back and then never have any fun ever again. Are you in?!

But listen, guys, before things get too crazy, I need to make something perfectly clear. Things have changed for me. I know it's weird to think, but I'm the popular royal now. I'm the relatable one. Stuff might have got a bit hairy in the past, but somehow I'm the only one of us that anyone actually likes. Maybe it's the beard.

My point is that I quite like being the popular one. I'm mates with Obama, and Usain Bolt, and I'm making good inroads with Sheeran, and I want to keep it that way. It might all go downhill in 2021, because that's when I hear The Crown is planning an entire episode of Rupert Grint running around done up like Rudolf Hess, but we'll cross that bridge later. In the meantime, best behaviour, everyone. Even you, Pelly, you bloody maniac!

Anyway, I've drawn up a quick list of dos and don'ts that I hope you'll all adhere to. It's pretty simple really.

First, don't be afraid to make friends. I've invited a whole load of chaps from all sorts of different backgrounds to the stag, and I want you all to get along. No barriers, please! Blunty, I know we've been through this before, but people warm to you faster when you're not singing, so leave the guitar at home. Skippy, Landers, Jakey, Bid-Bid: for God's sake try to be nice to Wills this time. He's a shy boy and he's

very sensitive about the state of his head at the moment, so no playing the bongos on it! Skippy, I'm looking at you here, you insane ledge.

Now, this is the most important bit. If Obama responds to my invitation — and he has to, right? We're bezzies! — then I get to sit next to him in the car and on flights and on the ski lifts and at dinner and I get first dibs on sleeping in the bunk underneath him at night. You are all my friends, and I love our fun bants, but if you, me and Obama were on a hot-air balloon and it started losing altitude, I'd fling you to your death in a heartbeat. I'm not joking. A heartbeat.

What else? Oh yes, billiards. This goes against everything I stand for as a man, but I'm afraid I'll have to insist that all billiards during the break must be played fully clothed. True, everyone should be free to play billiards as naked as the day they were born, and there is no pain on earth like the mid-billiard chafe of cotton on skin. But I've been burnt before and, quite honestly, it's a buzzkill to initiate a media-wide image embargo when you're off on your holidays. If you've got a mankini, feel free to bring it just in case, but I'll have to run it past the lawyers first.

Finally, I know every good stag do needs a theme, but can I just preemptively veto some ideas? I'd also rather not have to dress up as the following:

A member of Isis / a Red Indian / a funny chav / Rolf Harris / Oscar Pistorius / Bill Cosby / anything that involves me having to put a bone through my nose.

That pretty much covers it. Look, the most important thing is that this is a chance for me to bring all my closest friends together (and Wills! Lolzilla!!) to celebrate the dying days of my time as a bachelor. I know I used to be King of Bants, Prince of Piss-Ups, but once I'm married I'll be spending all my time with Meghan. This is our last chance to paint the town red. But, you know, very respectfully and discreetly to avoid pissing off Obama — seriously, that man is everything to me.

Let me know ASAP if you're in.

Peace out,

Harry