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Two weddings and a grudge

The royal wedding is totally stealing my thunder, and it's turning me into a raging bridezilla.

Here's some background: Last year, two brunettes announced their engagements to their longtime boyfriends. One broadcast it on BBC ... yawn. The other woman—this would be me—was surprised with a marriage proposal in RedEye's Five on Five. And yet somehow mine's not the one being made into a Lifetime movie.

It's not fair. No matter how much of my savings I shell out, or how many bridal magazines I scour to prepare for my nuptials, it doesn't seem half as elegant as that other wedding.

Allow me to illustrate.

Kate Middleton will be marrying Prince William on Friday at Westminster Abbey followed by a reception at Buckingham Palace hosted by the queen. I, on the other hand, will be getting hitched at a church near Wrigley Field followed by a family-style dinner at a banquet hall in the suburbs (turn right at the Dairy Queen!).

While the design of Kate's wedding gown is one of the best-kept secrets, I am proud to share that my dress was purchased for a bloody steal from House of Brides. Kate, if you're still looking, ask for Lucille—she'll find you a gown that sucks in the gut.

The royal guest list is filled with names such as Sir Elton John, David Beckham and Queen Elizabeth. My great-uncle Jerry will be at my wedding if his golf trip doesn't fall on the same weekend, and my auntie Di will be in attendance if she can get someone to watch her dog that just had kidney surgery. Both are truly a list of who's who.

Honestly, the whole thing is Kate's fault. I was engaged first, and yet somehow she's managed to whip up a wedding within a few months. Perhaps if I had a royal court and footmen to manage my day, I wouldn't be so upset. Instead, I have my M.O.H. younger sister who sends me text messages asking if she can wear a cape and demanding she have a dance solo during dinner. She's 22.

At least I'm not alone. Brides everywhere this year are dealing with the added stress of having their weddings compared to William and Kate's. Now in addition to hearing the title "Mrs.," we also will have to get used to hearing, "You were married the same year as the royal couple? That was the greatest wedding of the century. How was yours?"

I don't understand where all this fascination about Britain comes from. Doesn't anyone else remember a little something called the American Revolution? There was a war, people, and we won.

So while all of the tea-drinking, crumpet-eating royal fans are watching the wedding and ordering collector plates Friday morning, I'll be at Starbucks looking over wedding colors and shooting the scones an evil glare.

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