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Third time lucky

by Sho Botham

This wedding is some hell. Full of people smiling to your face and stabbing you in the back. They say with a grimaced smile how delighted they are for you. Are they fuck? Why can't they just be honest and say that they don't want us to get married? What's it to do with them anyway? It's about time I choose to do what I want. I've done my bit. I had the big white wedding to please mummy and daddy when I was twenty-one. I produced two suitable children, a boy to carry on the family name and a girl to keep the boy company when they were young.

When they were teens she provided potential girlfriends for her brother and I'm sure he threw a few of his friends in her direction too. Not that she is the marrying type. Much more the, modern hippy kind, with plenty of wanderlust in her heart. She had to come back from Hong Kong for this hell of a wedding. I told her she didn't need to come. It's not as if it is the first time she has seen her mother getting married. She was eighteen last time and the travel bug was just grabbing hold of her. Ten years later it hasn't lessened. She loves nothing more than stepping off a plane somewhere she's never set foot before to start another adventure.

It's third time lucky for me in the wedding stakes. That's the plan. I don't need all the wedding trimmings this time. They are no guarantees of a long and happy marriage. This time, I'm going to make the most of it. No more putting things off for a more suitable time. No more waiting for retirement only to find out that I've left it too long to do what I want to do. Our opinionated guests can all argue amongst themselves about the rights and wrongs of a bride marrying a bride especially one who's already had two husbands. I'll be too busy finding out about marriage heaven to worry about the aftermath of a wedding hell.