



This Wedding Is Some Hell

by Miriam Silver

Every girl wants her wedding day to run smoothly. I went into this business, knowing just how important that was. I have, to date, organised over a hundred of these occasions, which has given me plenty of experience and knowledge of the anxious, worried and sometimes even timid clients. My reputation has grown and now I am fully equipped to deal with a wide variety of bride's requests, I am able to include anything in their big day.

That is I thought I could, until I was approached by Zillow, long haired, willowy blonde lady, thickly mascaraed eyes, wearing obvious designer clothes, and waving a Gucci handbag, vaguely mentioning that husband to be was away on a gig and she had to do 'all of this' on her own.

"Yer will 'av heard of me, sang wiv 'em Roarers," she explained, as I duly smiled in recognition.

She was quick to tell me that she was only using my services because of her in-laws, they apparently knew of me through the celebrities that frequent their supermarkets

The first indication that she might be hard to please was when we discussed possible venues. Going through the possibilities, old fashioned, local, village, seafront, hometown, this country or abroad, all of which she dismissed, Nothing attracted her though she did vaguely mention Mexico or Mull, and was going to leave it all at that until I suggested that her big day was only five months away perhaps she might like to make some decisions now.

I offered my assistance with bride's clothes, theme colour, reception, disco, invitations, numbers of guest, seating plan, florists, photographer, jewellers, caterers and cars. I was unable to interest her in anything, she was adamant, she wanted to choose for herself,

"It is MY day! I know what I want so leave it to me, I have lots of friends, all keen to help, yer know, big band people."

"We are very experienced," I murmured anxiously, only to be ignored as I began to wonder why she was using my services and tried to make a date when we could at least decide on a location.

I had heard of bridezillas, but had never met one before this. I began to worry about my reputation, which would be ruined if she went ahead without having any inkling about the planning involved with such an important occasion, but I had no choice.

Later, her fiancé phoned to assure me they really wanted to use his family's supermarket as the venue. It was all arranged, the assistants would all wear their uniforms made from shiny material, local registrar would officiate, food would be for 500 all supplied by them too, and when he took a breath ended with,

"Hope that's ok, leave it to you, you're the expert," and left me at the end of the phone not knowing what to do next.

I need not have worried because Zillow was soon in my office, again, furious,

"Zoony's out of his mind, in case you don't know that's my fiancé, I'm not getting married in no supermarket!" she shouted, "he hasn't a clue, the stupid man, just wants his parents money input."

“They never liked me, but I’ll show ‘em I’m no wag, Orlando will fix everything, he’s our manager, has a way-in with that fashion mag too, Goodbye, they’ll cover expenses, no worries - I think I’d like somewhere remote like Tristan, no one’s been there, guests could be jetted in,” then thoughtfully added, “maybe a beach, we’d have the sun, blue sea, sand and palms, better for our Birdie May too, she loves building sandcastles.”

I let her get it off her inflated chest whilst wondering how this marriage would survive. Whatever which way, I’d give it no more than nine months.