

Here Comes the Bride

Monday

Well, here I am starting my last week as Miss Sharon Pettigrew. On Saturday, when we are married, I shall be Mrs Wayne Bacup.

I'm not mad about Bacup. I've already been teased rotten about it at work. Back-up, Shack-up and others I can't put down in this diary. I asked Wayne once if he'd change his name but he got quite shirty. Said it was good enough for his mother when she got married so it ought to be good enough for me. I found out later that his mum had been a Miss Spittle so I expect even Bacup was better than that.

His mum's quite nice, although she and Mum were in a bit of a state about their outfits. They both wanted to wear blue but his mum had bought hers first so then Mum had to think of something else. She finally went for lilac, so they should clash well on the photos.

I had the final fitting for my dress last Friday. It's fantastic, white brocade and lace with a diamante trim, and a big train down the back. Dad says it's got everything on it but the kitchen sink. Mum asked since when was he a fashion expert, and told him to just get his wallet out and shut up.

Wayne's having his stag night tonight so if he gets a thick head at least he'll be better by Saturday. I had my hen night last Friday. It was OK but Elaine was sick in the ladies (as per usual) and the Tarzanagram turned out to be a boy I knew at school so it was even more embarrassing than I expected.

Tuesday

Wayne didn't come home last night. His mum was on the phone first thing, crying and shouting. *Where the hell is he?* As if I knew. That crowd he went with could have done anything.

The hotel rang mum to say they couldn't do a prawn cocktail starter like we ordered and would do garlic mushrooms instead. Well that idea was out right away. Gran can't eat garlic and if Dad eats it he gets wind. I

cried and Mum ordered the soup instead. I wouldn't mind but we ordered this meal six months ago and, as far as I know, prawns are still in season.

Wayne turned up at teatime with his hair blue and no idea where he'd been for hours. I've told him if he doesn't get the blue out, the wedding's off. I don't care, I'm not going down the aisle with a blue-haired bridegroom. What would Aunt Frances say? She's already told me it's common to have a video recorded in a church.

Wednesday

Wayne went to the hairdresser today. She managed to get the blue out, though now he looks grey. Dad says that's nothing compared to how his hair will look in six months.

Dad's getting paranoid about the bills. He was on about a second mortgage and Mum told him this is just the start, there's Tracey and Kylie's weddings still to go. That's silly anyway, Tracey's only 14 and Kylie's 6, so he's got ages to save for their weddings. He keeps saying he'll end up in Carey Street, wherever that is. I think it must be an old folks' home.

Tracey's bridesmaid dress arrived. She looks alright but the pink clashes with her spots. She says she's overdosed on Clearasil already so by Saturday she'll have to appear with a bag over her head.

I received a present from the office today - a lovely china dog. We haven't got anywhere to put it yet, not having a house, but Dad said we can always stand it on top of the cardboard box he'll be living in when the house is repossessed. He's got a funny sense of humour sometimes.

Thursday

No more office now until after the honeymoon. I still don't know where we're going. Wayne's done all the arranging. He told me it would be somewhere hot and to be sure to have my passport and the mosquito stuff. I've got seven new t-shirts and five pairs of shorts but I'm packing my stretch lycra cocktail dress, just in case.

Aunt Frances has arrived and will stay till Sunday. She's got loads of clothes and gold jewellery. Mum says that's what comes from marrying a

bookie. I just hope she doesn't start making a fuss about Gran. I know Gran dribbles a bit when she eats but she's determined not to miss anything. Mum bought her a new hat with roses all round the brim but she keeps trying to pick them off and put them in a vase.

I'm getting nervous now. I keep thinking of all the things that could go wrong. There's another wedding right after ours and if I'm late the vicar might marry Wayne to the next girl up the aisle. He's a bit short-sighted.

Tomorrow I need to phone the car firm and make sure they know the right time to pick us up. The cat was sick on Mum's new shoes today so there's another drama.

Friday

D-Day minus one, as Dad keeps saying.

I saw Wayne this morning. I can't see him tonight as it's unlucky. Dad suggested we elope, then he wouldn't have to wear his blooming top hat. He didn't say blooming but I can't put the actual word in my diary.

Wayne's suit fits him OK, he says, and at least his hair looks better. He's been doing it with Wash'n'Go every half hour. Funny, he seems different. I wonder if he's as nervous as me.

Tomorrow early I'm having my hair done. I'm having it all curly, with ringlets hanging down to look romantic. Well, that's what the hairdresser said. She's putting the headdress on so it will be properly fixed. Dad has to pick me up, because I'm *not* walking through the streets in jeans, a bridal tiara and a full-length veil.

Kylie's playing up over her outfit. She's got a flower-covered hoop instead of a posy, and the little sod got hold of it and ran it down the path. Mum had to dash back to the florist with it. Lucky they're silk flowers and the florist was able to put it right.

I found a big zit on my chin this morning. I cried, but Mum put some stuff on it and it's gone down a bit.

This has been such a week. I don't ever want to go through a wedding again. I told Wayne we can never get a divorce. He said that was OK because he couldn't afford one anyway.

This time tomorrow, it'll all be over.

Saturday

What a day.

It went better than I'd hoped. Mum cried. Wayne's mum cried. Dad tried to unplug the disco as he said it was too loud. Gran ate the roses on her hat. They all said I looked lovely so the zit on my chin must have gone down a lot.

Wayne was even more nervous than I was. He stumbled over my name. He said afterwards that he never knew my middle name was Flora and that he had wondered for a moment why the vicar was bringing up margarine.

Tracey and Kylie were OK, they didn't fall over or drop anything, although Kylie did ask 'What's Aunt Frances got on her head?' in a loud voice. It was a peculiar hat. Aunt Frances said it was a model, and Dad joked that it was a model to pick up satellite TV. Aunt Frances didn't speak to him for the rest of the day.

The meal was good and the speeches weren't too awful, though Wayne was so nervous for his that he said, 'Thank you for coming to my wedding, I hope I'll be very happy.' Nobody knew what to say. Luckily, Gran created a diversion by being sick into the hat she'd just eaten the roses off.

I threw my bouquet, just like you're supposed to, and that dopey friend of Wayne's leapt up and caught it. He's the goalie in the local team and was showing off. I threw it again and this time Elaine caught it. She doesn't even have a boyfriend, so I don't think she can expect to be married next.

Everybody seemed to be having a good time and we didn't leave until ten. Eric, the best man, had plastered the car with notices and hung tin cans, dangling from the back. We had to pull over in a layby to get all the mess off. I tried to shake the confetti out of my hair but there was such a lot of hairspray on to hold my curls that some of it stuck, and I couldn't do much about it.

Tonight, we're in a nice hotel with a four-poster bed. Tomorrow, we're flying off, I still don't know where. Must close now, Mr Wayne Bacup is getting impatient, the champagne is getting warm, and Mrs Wayne Bacup is getting into her silk nightie.

Cheerio diary, back in two weeks.