

## THE WEDDING

Tomorrow I will be best man at my friend Paul's wedding. Tonight, in bed, the bride-to-be has proved that she will satisfy all his conjugal expectations.

Their day has dawned a hazy lazy azure blue. Preparations are already well ahead at Arlington Manor, where peacocks strut the stage ready to share a display of open vanity.

The June sun is high in the sky. Guests are escorted to their rooms where silly women in hats and posh frocks address full length mirrors asking, 'Who is the fairest of them all?' An apprehensive bride, dressed in virginal white steadies her nerves with odourless vodka.

Extreme wealth is oiling the wheels of reception perfection. Staff practised in discreet subservience pick their noses behind potted plants before emerging to agree with drunken loud buffoons who claim that they could split the atom.

Paul made an erudite speech tempered with dry humour. He is a cultured, powerful man whose looks and presence command respect along with undivided attention.

Three o'clock, dawn is full of promise. Waiters show no signs of tiring, nor does the band playing sixty's music, reminding the stalwart few shufflers of times they had hair and could see their feet.

It has been a wonderful day, enhanced by the prospect of an affair that will include Paul who encouraged a relationship between us at boarding school extending beyond friendship.

John Frostick