

Sydney's Total Meltdown

Introduction: Sydney has just discovered, on the morning of her dream wedding, that the hotel has misplaced her wedding dress. Let the well-deserved freak out commence...

Louis ventured into the conversation that I was having with myself. "Your mom has every employee of this hotel looking for your dress at this very moment. We will send every member of our families out to look too if necessary."

Our families. Abruptly a very disturbing thought occurred to me. I snapped my head back to him. "You know, if it weren't for your mother and her four fucking suitcases, we could have been able to fit my dress in the van with us and I wouldn't be in this situation!!!"

Finally, I had someone to hold responsible for this atrocity. And it felt good! Right now, I didn't really care if it were entirely her fault or not. Louis certainly could have told her that she couldn't bring all four bags with her, but he chose not to. He hadn't wanted to engage in that kind of battle. That decision had just bit him in the ass. Hard.

Louis looked at me, weighing his options of how to respond to this statement. He knew that there was a great amount of truth to what I had said, but probably wanted to protect his mother from my wrath.

He opened his mouth to speak. I held up my hand to silence him. "Do NOT even think of defending her right now."

He sighed. "Syd, we will find the dress."

My eyes widened in mock surprise. "Really? Well, if you're sure, then there is no reason to be worried." Is he kidding me? Patronizing me like that? Acting like it is no big deal that my dress is GONE?

It was at that moment that the pent up rage that I had against his mother burst. I was absolutely livid at the thought of all of the hoops that I had to jump through for her. I thought of all of the costume changes, the endless parade of visitors I was pranced around in front of and most of all, the number of humiliating performances she required me to give. I began to seethe with anger as I thought of the various times she had laughed heartily at my expense. And now, because of her selfish need to have every possible clothing option available to her for a TWO DAY trip, I did not have my wedding dress. Something had to be done.

I hadn't realized it, but my hands were balled into fists and I was literally shaking with fury from head to toe. I met Louis' gaze and found that he was looking at me with an expression of pure panic on his face. This is highly unusual for someone as calm as my husband, but I believe that it was clear to him that his mother should fear for her safety at this moment in time.

I started for the door and Louis instantly pulled me into his arms. "Syd, please calm down."

I made a futile attempt to escape, flailing my arms uselessly against his iron grip. "I am perfectly calm. I just need to TALK to your mother."

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Louis released his grip and sprinted over to it. If his mother were on the other side of it, he would need to remove her from my sight *tout de suite*. Thankfully for all parties involved, he opened the door to find Zoe and Maya bearing gifts. Zoe had a pint of Ben & Jerry's Chocolate Therapy and Maya had a bottle of tequila and three tumblers. (Apparently shot glasses were too small for this type of occasion.) What an interesting pair they made. It was certainly enough to distract me, if only for a moment.

Zoe came over to me and pulled me into her arms. "Listen, sweetie. I know that this sucks. I know that you are scared and pissed and just...outraged. But I promise you that it will be ok." She had that right. I was pretty damn outraged. At the hotel. At my crazy mother-in-law. At the world. But what good would that do me? It wasn't going to change the fact that my dress was just gone.

I sighed and squeezed her tight. "Thank you. I really want to believe you, but..."

Maya rubbed my back. "Syd, I guarantee you that the hotel staff will find that dress." I would later discover that she threatened to have her extensive and well-traveled network ensure that this hotel paid for their extreme carelessness in losing one of their bride's gowns.

I turned to Maya. "I wish that I had your confidence."

She smirked. "Of course you do."

I smiled weakly at her. "What if you're wrong?" Now, if Kate had told me that my dress would turn up, I

would have to believe her, because as we know, she is always right. But Kate was nowhere to be found. She was most likely leading the dress recovery expedition. If it were in the hotel, she would find it.

Maya rolled her eyes at me. “When has that ever happened?”

Excerpt from *French Toast* by Glynis Astie, Copyright 2014