

Sydney's Wedding Day Jitters

"How are you feeling, Syd?"

I smiled nervously. "Fabulous!"

She put her hand on mine and sighed. "You don't have to pretend for me. I would be surprised if you weren't nervous. This is a big day, sweetie."

I took a shaky breath. "I know. And I am nervous. But I am also really happy." I closed my eyes. "I just need to focus on that instead."

She smiled at me. "Your hair looks amazing, Syd. Your dress is absolutely gorgeous. You will look perfect."

I got up and walked towards the mirror. I had decided to wear my hair down this time, since I would wear my hair up for the next wedding. Big poofy white dresses with veils are definitely complimented by fancy updos. While my pale gray dress looked lovely with my hair in loose waves down my back.

Maya came up behind me and put her hands on my shoulders. "It's your turn, Syd. Are

I took a deep breath and turned towards her. "Let's do this!"

She laughed. "You are going to be a beautiful bride, Syd."

Maya was true to her word. She used a light foundation that had a hint of shimmer, faint rose colored blush, sparkly silver eye shadow, charcoal eyeliner, volumizing mascara and luscious red lipstick. The end result was breathtaking.

I gasped when I saw my reflection in the mirror. "Maya, I..." I just couldn't find the words to express how I felt at that moment. I hugged her gently and whispered, "Thank you."

"Well, I did promise Louis a smokin' bride." She winked at me.

I burst into a fit of giggles. Maya often had just the right expression in her arsenal. "You are too much. And I love you for it."

My mother came bustling in with my garment bag and stopped dead in her tracks when she saw me. She smiled and shook her head.

"You look gorgeous, Sydney."

I felt myself starting to well up. "Thanks, Mom."

Maya cleared her throat. "May I please have everyone's attention?"

The four of us looked expectantly at her and she grinned.

"The ceremony is in less than an hour. All we need to do is get Sydney dressed and accessorized. The main thing that we need to do now is make sure that she DOES NOT CRY. Her makeup has been done to perfection and it must stay that way at least until she walks down the aisle. Are we all clear?"

Everyone nodded. She looked at me pointedly. "Sydney?"

I nodded more vigorously. She held up her right index finger and pointed at me. "Absolutely NO crying."

My mom laughed and took out my wedding dress. As I slipped it on over my numerous lacy undergarments (this was my first wedding night, after all), I was happy to see that it looked even more beautiful on me today than it had when I tried it on at the store. I'm sure that most of that was due to hair and makeup, but I could have sworn it was also a sort of glow. Yes, I said it. I thought that I had a bridal glow. Deal with it.

I twirled and looked around the room for opinions. My mom, sister, sister-in-law and Maya - every single one of them - were all crying. It was incredibly sweet, but it made it that much harder for me not to cry. I was under strict orders from Maya though and I had no intention of defying her.

My mother wiped the tears from her eyes (while smearing her makeup) and walked over to me with a small jewelry pouch in her hands. She took out her diamond solitaire necklace and matching earrings. These pieces were only worn on very, very special occasions. I had looked forward to wearing them on my wedding day for a long time. Crap! It was getting harder and harder not to cry.

After my mom put her necklace on me and I managed to put on the earrings with shaking hands, she surveyed my appearance.

“Something is missing, Syd.” She frowned. “Your dress is your something new. The diamonds are your something old. The garter that Maya gave you is your something blue, but what about your something borrowed?”

My eyes must have bugged out of my head. How did I miss this? Was this bad luck? Everything had happened so quickly and I was juggling so many things that I just forgot! I could feel the sweat forming on the back of my neck and started to wrack my brain for something borrowed. Technically my mother’s diamonds were old AND borrowed. But...could you do that? Was it ok to double dip on your “somethings” on your wedding day? I shook my head and decided that it would not be a good idea. I had to think of something else.

In a panic, I scanned the room for possibilities. I could borrow my mother’s scarf! No, that would look ridiculous with my dress. Maybe I could stuff it in my bra? There is no rule that says anyone has to SEE it, just having it on me is enough, right? No, the dress is tight enough as it is; I wouldn’t be able to breathe. Or I could borrow Maya’s shoes! She and I wore the same size! Who cares if she is wearing black boots? My dress is really long, so people won’t be able to see much of my feet..

Kate started to laugh. “Stop panicking, Syd. I have it covered.” She shook her head at my mother and walked towards me. She handed me the white gold and diamond bracelet that I had borrowed from her the night that I had proposed to Louis. It was perfect.

I couldn’t find my voice. I just looked up at Kate and smiled. She put her arms around me and hugged me tenderly. “You make an absolutely beautiful bride.”

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