Wedding Bells

by Jake Barnes

I avoid weddings like the plague. Two of mine didn't turn out very well. One was in my bride's sister's house in Las Vegas. Among the guests were a casino owner and a hit man for the mob. The mayor and the governor of the state were there, too. Later, when my new Mrs. and I got to our motel, she locked herself in the bathroom and wouldn't come out.

Another one was in the apartment where the bride to be and I had been shacking up. The wedding was okay. It was later on that the trouble started. My wife quit her job and went back to school and majored in speech. She left me for a professor in the speech department at Cal Poly.

My current bride and I have been married for twenty years. We got married in the County Clerk's office at Lake Tahoe. We had a view out the window of a parking lot and the Bijou Moonlight Laundromat. As the clerk read the words, a young couple came in. After I had kissed the bride, the clerk told the young folks that they were next. The boy turned red. “I just stopped by to get a fishing license!” he said. The girl gave him a dirty look.

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