Studio One

Volume 39

Article 38

2014

Wedding Nightmare

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Recommended Citation

Thomas, Rita (2014) "Wedding Nightmare," *Studio One*: Vol. 39, 44. Available at: https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol39/iss1/38

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On the path he neared a cop with a boyish face. The policeman peered at him. "Excuse me sir, are you okay?" Simon stopped. "Yes, why?" "You have tears in your eyes." "It's the wind."

Simon arrived at his upper west side Brownstone after dark. He stepped into the vaulted entranceway. Elizabeth sat in a straight-back chair in the living room. She had on a black slip, bra and hose. She rose to her feet. "Where's my dress?" Simon's shoulders sagged. She said, "You always disappoint," and strode back to the bedroom.

> -Joseph Giordano Austin, Texas



Wedding Nightmare -Rita Thomas