



THE WEDDING PLANNER by Ginny Swart.

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]

Welcome to Stories for Lipreading. If you haven't used our website before, we suggest you look at our 'How to Use' page before you begin. We hope you enjoy this humorous story set in South Africa which is called 'The Wedding Planner' by Ginny Swart.

The Wedding Planner by Ginny Swart.

“Ron, I'm going to do something for these two lovely kids of ours. I'm going to pay for the wedding.”

Ron Watson regretfully squashed the leap of relief he felt.

“I won't hear of it, Brian. It's my pleasure to pay for our Jenny's celebration.”

Sally, his wife, squeezed his arm. Was she pleased that he'd said the correct thing, or annoyed that he hadn't accepted gratefully? But Ron couldn't allow the condescending twit to pay for his daughter's wedding. Even if he had to re-mortgage the house.

“Oh, please, Ron!” trilled Brian's wife, Thelma. “Brian and I will give them a wedding they'll never forget.”

Was she implying Ron couldn't?

“Well, so will we,” said Ron airily, pouring himself yet another whiskey. “Everything they want, all the bells and whistles.”

“Actually,” Sally smiled hopefully, “Jenny and Patrick might prefer something smaller with a little party here after the church service.”

Brian Spencer looked around the Watsons' front room and pulled a face.

“We'd want to send out two hundred invitations from our side alone. We were thinking about the Windsor Hotel?”

“Of course,” said Ron, hollowly.

“And I know an excellent six-piece band - let me hire them.”

“Nonsense,” said Ron, taking a fortifying gulp. “I know a great ten-piece Mexican combo who played at our factory Christmas do. No problemo, amigo!”

Sally's nails digging into his arm were not a sign of approval.

“And what about Jenny's dress?” asked Thelma. “I'd love to take her to my little Japanese designer! I'd love to let Mr Itomo loose on Jenny.”

Sally had a picture of a kimono-clad bulldog savaging her daughter.

This meeting was turning into a nightmare. She needed to stop Ron pouring himself another whiskey and end the evening before he tried to improve on whatever the Spencers suggested next.



“Now!” boomed Brian. “My silver Rolls could take the lovely bride to the church. Then, we thought a Victorian carriage from there to the hotel. Four white horses, liveried coachman, the lot.”

“That’s the latest thing for weddings,” added Thelma.

“No need, Thelma,” said Ron. “My mate at the airfield has promised me a helicopter, uniformed pilot, the lot. Give them an afternoon to remember, eh?”

In the stunned silence that followed, Sally had an attack of coughing.

“Are you insane?” she hissed, as they waved goodbye to the Spencers. “Hiring the Windsor reception rooms? A ten-piece band? A helicopter?”

As they sat down to breakfast the next day, wondering how they could repair the damage without losing face, Jenny phoned.

“Mum? Please don’t be angry, but Patrick and I have decided we want to be married with absolutely no fuss. Could you meet us at the Court office tomorrow at eleven? And Patrick’s phoning his folks too, of course.”

“What?” Sally’s black cloud of despair lifted miraculously.

“Patrick was worried that his parents would want to go completely over the top. We’ll throw a party at our apartment to celebrate afterwards.”

“How clever of you, love,” said Sally, grinning. “Dad and I will bring the champagne. And I’ll ask your Gran to make some snacks. And don’t worry about Patrick’s parents. I just know they will be as happy as we are!”