

I would like to share with you one of the worst experiences of my life. As you know, I don't like weddings, and usually with good reason. There now follows the reason why I don't like weddings.

I was asked to play the organ at this wedding at the weekend, and these are the results.

Good Lord.



So here you will see the motley collection of Groom, Best Man and other assorted males. The one sporting the red shirt and trainers is the Groom.

I think some confusion must have ensued as to what the dress code actually was. Some red ties, some black, and one with no tie whatsoever.

I also thought the choice of location for the photographs was also quite astonishing. Opposite the church was a row of garages, and it appeared to be the most suitable backdrop, presumably to prevent any upstaging of the men here pictured.

And so, as if couldn't get any worse, the bride arrived...



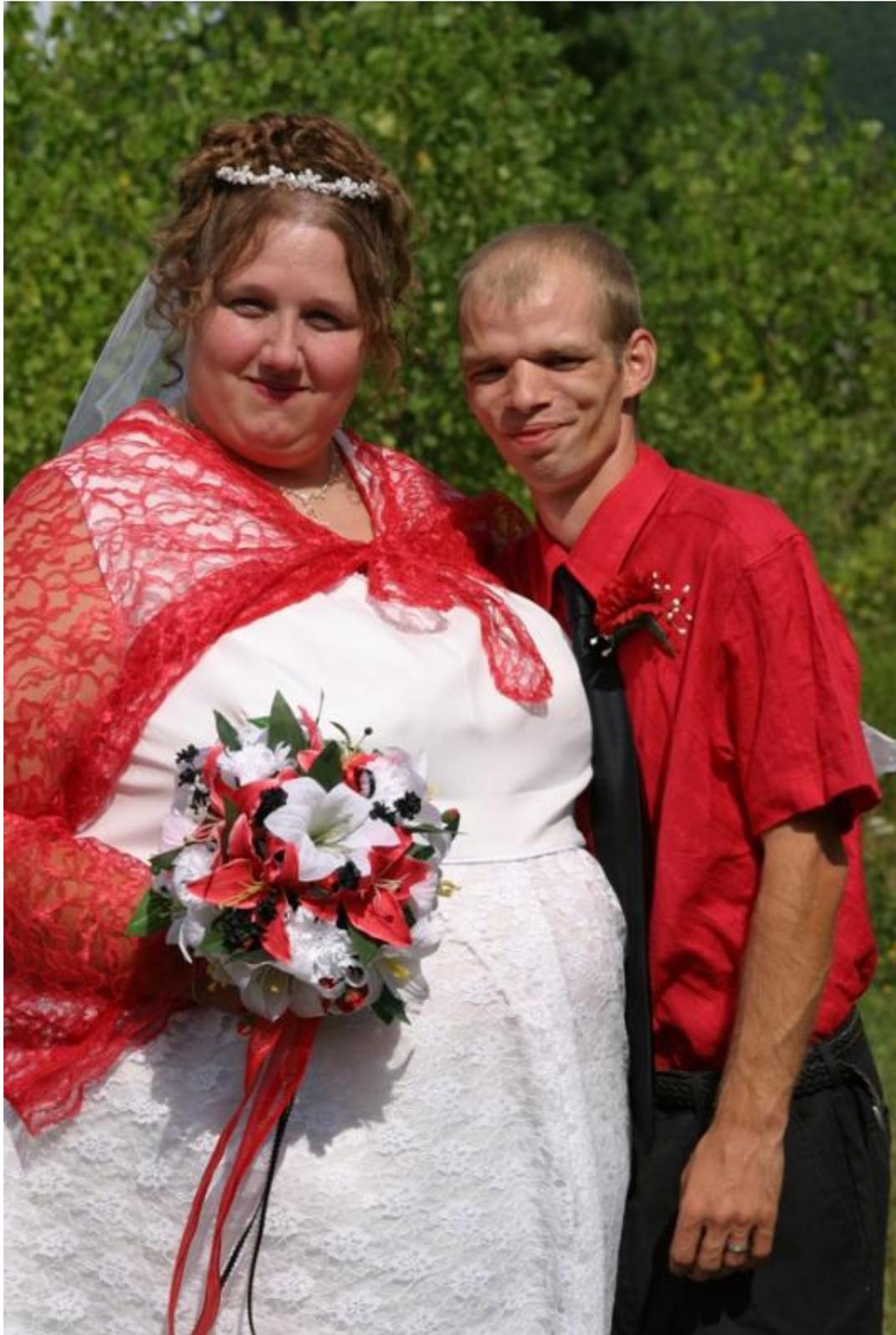
Not everyone can pull off such a vibrant red, but here I think they manage it quite well.

Now in my experience there is usually a bride, a couple of thin bridesmaids and one great wopping one on the end. But in this case the fat bridesmaid has become the bride.

Alarm bells, should, incidentally, be ringing around now. If they aren't they will be soon.



Deciding that the backdrop may actually improve the picture, the happy couple strolled into an adjoining field for this wonderful picture.



It was noted during the exposure of this wonderfully composed image that the groom's head was roughly the same size as her left breast, and probably contained a similar sort of substance.



This is one of my favourites. What is she showing us here? A severe case of knee gout? Whatever it is she is doing, the husband is in even more fine fettle (thanks to the showing of the ankle) than certainly I thought was possible.



Mentally disabled is probably the term best used here. Or fat pig and ugly little weasel. I'm sure they have the same effect.



“Here, let me help you up...”



Our good-looking groom is apparently reaching for something and having trouble locating it. Perhaps a forklift truck might help raise the blockage?

I think this proves to us all that there is someone out there for all of us.

Let's just hope they don't breed.