

## Celebration, Calamity and ....?

Dawn came softly, dreamily over the Cornish hills. The sun, yellow as custard, slipped lazily over the trees in the valley, brightening the sky with intense light.

Anna slid out of bed, padded across to the window and opened the curtains. Smiling, she admired the day. It was going to be fantastic, this being the perfect venue for the celebration.

Her husband stirred slightly, grunting, oblivious to the intense planning that had gone into today. Later, she would surprise him with the plans, but not now. After showering, she quietly dressed in t-shirt and leggings, and then went downstairs. Grabbing a strong coffee, she strolled to the marquee that had been erected yesterday afternoon. Flowers had already been delivered---- creamy white roses with dark green foliage nestled in tall vases. Tables with dark green cloths had sparkling crystal glassware and creamy napkins.

As Anna gazed at the tables, one of the team (her best friend's company) sidled up, smiling nervously. Anna frowned, was there a problem she wondered?

'Hi. I'm Sean. Umm.... The champagne hasn't arrived ; delayed on the motorway, enormous pile up,' he muttered. 'No worries. Will be here later.... Er ...much later.'

Anna froze. Not now. No problems now, today of all days. As she didn't respond, Sean continued.

'There's something else. The special singer has phoned in sick. Claude the Caruso has tonsillitis. But... our small band can still play songs. Ok? '

'Hi. This looks great. What's the occasion honey?' Anna's husband Iain stood in the doorway, munching a croissant dripping with jam.

Surely not, thought Anna. This can't be happening.

'Darling, you remember? Our anniversary. Thirty years. Our guests will arrive for luncheon, then after it's music, dancing ; but the singer I hired is ill.

It'll be a calamity. Oh! I just can't bear it!

Iain stared at Anna. Thirty years. Today. Really? How had he forgotten?

Suddenly he had an idea. Folding a now sobbing Anna into his arms, he cooed softly,

'Don't worry. I'll sort the singer. It'll be fine. You just get ready for our guests.'

And with that, Iain turned and raced back into the house. By midday Iain had made a phone call, and was busy having a martini. Guests started to arrive, air kissing Iain and Anna, who had now appeared nervously by Iain's side.

As the guests began seating themselves, with a glass of sparkling wine or juice, a guitar could be heard coming nearer and nearer. The guests turned towards the sound; a young man with long hair, playing his guitar, together with a young lady wearing a long, dark wig and a very short white dress.

'Please welcome our singers.....' Iain cried, 'Sonny and Cher.'

The singers broke into 'I've got you Babe'; well it would be that wouldn't it?

Later, as the guests had finally departed, Anna kissed Iain and said, 'Thank you. Where did you get those singers?'

'Oh,' replied Iain, 'they are my distant cousins. They do the circuit, but had had a cancellation for this weekend, so I asked them to sing for us. Let's have a toast to us.'

So they toasted each other with the sparkling wine..... as the champagne never did arrive.

**Liz Crossingham**