

Excerpt MYSTERY AT AN IRISH WEDDING

There was a ringing sound behind her as the gallery door opened. Clementine turned to see the man with bright blue hair she'd spotted earlier on the shore front, the artist.

She couldn't look away, there was something magnetic about him. Perhaps it was the way his well defined cheekbones swept down to his chin, his beautiful sky blue eyes which seemed to be filled with wonder and enthusiasm or his radiant smile which matched his eyes in their love of life.

She realised that she was staring at him. He was staring too but turned away when he made eye contact, almost embarrassed by the intimacy of the moment.

How strange, she thought, that someone so bold in his performance art, so self assured and able to create change and inspire thought would turn away, embarrassed and vulnerable.

"You will never guess what I just saw on the beach!" Mason said in a lively tone, turning to Clem's parents Bridget and Arthur.

"You know the wedding down on the beach, the showy one with the screeching bridezilla and the nervous groom? It was well and truly interrupted!"

He barged into the gallery, a larger than life figure, taking up all the space he needed. Arthur and Bridget both greeted him with smiles but Bridget tried to butt in before he continued.

He ignored the social cue and how Clem's facial expressions were turning from intrigued to horrified.

"I mean, talk about a 'does anyone object' moment! Ha! Ha! Talk about a jilted ex!! It was hilarious. I thought that Bridezilla was going to climb on top of the Bayside hotel and take the groom with her screaming 'He My Man, He My Man'. She looked like she was about to burst and then the tirade started, I've never heard such a high pitched scream from anyone let alone a bride!"

Clem's face turned a darker shade of red.

"I mean, I heard several dogs howling. I think one of the delivery drones malfunctioned. It was like a Captain Crunch hack or something but in a bridal scream. And who was the ex girlfriend? Eh? I mean, who interrupts a...?".

His voice trailed off as he looked first at Clementine, then at her parents and then at the beach and once again back to her.

"You" he said "you're the wedding interrupter!"

"I overreacted," Clementine said, looking away.

"So, is he, like your ex or something?" he asked "Did you decide you'd object at the last moment? Hoping for a jilting? You were, weren't you?"

"No! I wasn't hoping for a jilting" Clem snapped "Well, maybe a jilting. But not because he's my ex. It's not that simple. I didn't know about the wedding, I just got back today, she was my friend. She was supposed to be my best friend and it turns out.."

"I'm sorry" he said "I didn't realise. Are you alright? That sounds like a horrible ordeal".

"Do you want me to go and say ridiculous haikus at them? I could do it, I could clear the wedding in a few moments with my poetry, I've actually done it before!".

Clem couldn't help but laugh. Even now, amidst all of this, she was grinning.