

OMG. *It's actually* HAPPENING

Our real bride-to-be Clemmie, shakes off those last minute worries



This cider is going to taste so good!

“It’s the morning of my wedding and my hair is greasy and unwashed and my skin looks awful. My fiancé Adam is panicking because his parents are stuck in traffic and my mum has gone ahead and decided to throw away my carefully made wedding decorations and is instead stringing up strips of toilet paper around our collapsing marquee. Yep, the wedding nightmares are here.

It’s now two weeks before the big day and these disturbing dreams are coming thick and fast. They do vary – sometimes it’s raining cats and dogs,

sometimes I can’t find the venue, and occasionally no one shows up, except (weirdly) one of my teachers from secondary school.

In real life things are, thankfully, a little better: We’ve now made 1,000 origami cranes and we’re in the process of stringing them up (just 321 to go!). We’re putting the finishing touches to our spreadsheets (yes, that’s spreadsheets *plural*) and despite my mum continually ringing to compare our wedding to her friend’s daughter’s (“Well,

she wanted to organise every last detail – not like you.”) we’re quietly confident that everything should (kind of) come together.

More than anything else though, I am so incredibly, ridiculously, stupidly excited, I can’t really think about anything else. I can’t wait to get to the top of the aisle and see all our friends and family there to celebrate with us. I can’t wait to awkwardly shuffle around the dance floor (Adam and I are gifted with four-left-feet). I can’t wait to tuck into insane amounts of cheese. But, most importantly I can’t wait to share a cool glass of scrumpy with my new husband! Bring it on.