

The day had come so fast I didn't see it coming, but I knew I was there.... all my senses were on alert. The room was covered with orange, yellow, and red. I liked seeing people around me wearing saris and lachas, but the smell was the best. With Indian spices in the air....it almost smelled like home, but then suddenly I started shaking....shaking with fear....fear of messing up ....fear of ruining everything.

On the big day the whole church was filled with camera men all over the place flashing pictures surrounded by myriad lights. I was decorated like a big Christmas tree and I could barely walk! I started feeling goose bumps crawling up my back. My heart started to race. Thud! Thud! Now I knew what people meant when they said they had butterflies in their tummy.

Everyone started coming down the red carpet aisle which was covered with petals. My legs started to wobble. I tried to smile, but I knew that it didn't work. I looked across at my sister to see if I could signal her but she was looking straight forward and looking like an angel. "Bettina, Bettina please look over here!" trying to see if I could instant message her through my mind. Suddenly, I felt my foot catch on my pink silky dress. It got stuck on the net and I started looking like I was playing hopscotch. Glaring, the audience watched me as I stumbled upon myself. I could hear them whispering and I knew what they were talking about. "Should I just hopscotch all the way to the altar or should I sit down in one of the benches?" I asked myself, but it was too late I felt myself falling! I was going to crash into the floor! Never mind I wasn't going to hit the floor.... I was going to hit the bride!

She hit the floor with a loud smack! My eyes widened with surprise and astonishment! My parents called 911 and helped the bride up. My sister glared at me. She wasn't an angel anymore; she became the devil!

The bride had to go to the hospital and my mom was really mad at me. As fast as the day came a month went by. My cousin got out of the hospital with a few stitches across her head. She came up to me one day and with eyes drowning with tears I looked up and kissed her head and said

"Sorry." She looked down at me and told me

"You know that I still love you right?" With a big smile I threw myself against her and I knew everything was going to be alright.

Even though I caused a lot of ruckus I still loved being the flower girl ...too bad I never got to be a flower girl again!

# The Disastrous Wedding

By: Blessina B.

## About The Author

Blessina B. is 12 years old and has lived in Saudi Arabia for more than half of her life [even though she's a Indian] .Since the age of 6 she has been writing stories. She lives in Houston, Texas and goes to school at Baines Middle School. When she grows up she wants to become an author and a journalist. To all the other kids in the world she wants to say: "Keep on dreaming and maybe one day your dreams may come true." :]