

She  
says...

# Brideszilla Bites!

*Her big day is just months away, and no, Aoife Stuart doesn't have every little detail sorted. Just don't ask her if she's stressed...*



**W**ith my wedding looming, I've been bombarded with people asking how all the planning is going. "You must be so stressed," they say. "It'll be a relief to get your weekends back once it's all over." And, until a few weeks ago, I'd typically roll my eyes in mock exhaustion, occasionally throwing in a sage, "We're getting there," while mentally high-fiving myself for being to wedding planning what Lady Gaga is to worst-dressed lists – that is to say, I was all over it.

You see, far from running around in a whirl of tulle and tiaras, my weekends had been spent smugly curled up with my intended watching a *Dexter* box set. The church, venue and band were booked last year (all it took was two phone calls and an email to my brother's DJ friend), the bridesmaids' dresses made months ago (thank you, Dreamgirls) and my Reem Acra gown and Manolos were sitting pretty in my mum's wardrobe (spoils from a shopping trip home last summer). Even the *Wall Street*-themed hen night, complete with enough red sequinned braces and faux cigars for 20, was sorted (one of the benefits of having three sisters). Yep, I quietly had this whole marriage malarkey sussed. Stress? Pah! All that was left to do was say 'I do', sign the whatsit and swan off on holiday... Just dotting the 'T's and crossing the 'T's, really...

Then my super-efficient little sister (think Monica from *Friends*, with a clipboard) got engaged and, after setting her date for a few months after mine, she

was keen to swap tips over email. And so it started. Had I remembered to book the wedding cars? Well, no, I hadn't. Did I get a group discount on the corsages? Oops, we forgot about those too. And, wait, we were supposed to haggle? What about favours? When my fiancé admitted that he thought a wedding favour was something he was expecting from me on our wedding night, I knew we were in trouble. And there was more to come: the tablecloths, the ring pillow, the centrepieces, the place-cards... This wasn't just dotting the 'T's and crossing the 'T's; it was shopping around for the best 'T's and 'T's we could afford, then fighting about the fact they don't match the chair covers (oh, and you can forget about those dots and crosses, there's simply no time).

Now, as my inbox expands with checklists, courtesy of little sis, my skin has started to develop a clammy red rash and my temper has begun to fray. Brideszilla is alive and kicking the hell out of my complexion. Each new email

presents increasingly imaginative topics for my man and I to butt heads over (the wedding list: he wants an X-box, I want Loub's. We settled on tableware. The guestlist: I vetoed his friend 'Party Hands' Dave, he retaliated by banning my pink cupcakes.) The helpful diagnosis from friends on the increasingly frazzled state of our union? Wedding stress.

And so our cosy weekends in have been replaced with Saturday afternoons packed with table-plan tantrums, fights over frosting and wedding wars. As for how the plans are coming along? What can I say? We're getting there... ■

**"I vetoed his friend 'Party Hands' Dave, and he retaliated by banning my pink cupcakes"**

Really? I can't put Louboutins on the wedding list? Why?!