

Title: the best laid plans of mice and men...

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Prompt: Cues. "A series of unfortunate events—bad to worse, comedies of errors, 'things can't get any worse' days, bad luck, etc. in whatever length (2/8/05)."

Notes: WC-1044. This is basically a lengthened day of the wedding, without actually making it to talking about the wedding, from "life @ 23". Sophie/Daniel. It's the crumminess of events leading up to the wedding. If I'd thought more about it, it'd have been a lot lot worse. About 3 pages.

The plan was as follows: wake up at a reasonable hour. Eat something that would hold her, but wasn't properly filling. Get her hair done so that it was intricate, easy, and most importantly, up off her neck. Make it to the reception hall to get dressed and take the pictures everyone would see in the album. Pictures, final touches, and a moment to gather herself before the ceremony started. The plan was perfect because it only asked her to go to 2 places, if that. The plan was basically foolproof because everything was done beforehand.

She woke up 3 hours later than she planned after her parents' house blacked out. No alarms went off, nothing was working and no one knew what happened until it was far too late to do anything about. Sophie groaned as she saw the sunlight flooding bright through her window and cursed the way the day was already going before rolling out of bed into the shower. Hot water always does a body good.

Apparently, no one had told the water heater so, and a cold shower became the invigorating shock choice of the morning.

Still grumbling as she went into the kitchen, she began to moan ever bothering to wake up. To say there was no food in the house would have been an understatement. Sophie sighed as she saw that even the ever-present stock of yogurt—not her favorite dish, but it'd do in a pinch—had dwindled to one that was so far past due, she wondered why no one had thrown it out yet. Finally finding one scrawny and squished piece of bread seemed like a miracle. Sophie mustered up a smile, figuring the day could be turning for the better after all.

Until the toaster burnt the poor little morsel of bread past recognition, and left Sophie hungrier than before.

She headed for the reception hall, giving the hairdresser a call to meet her there. No chance, came the reply. 2 other customers were being covered in the timeslot allotted for So, and there was nothing left open for the rest of the time between now and the wedding. Sorry, but there'd be a partial refund. Sophie nearly screamed as she slowly shut the phone and pulled over to the side of the road.

Yes, So pulled over to the side of the road and nearly sideswiped a telephone pole in the process.

She took a deep breath as she turned the car off and called Daniel. If there was anyone she could talk to for a pick-me-up, it was him. She waited as the phone rang on and on. Just as she was about to give the call up as loss, he answered, a bit breathlessly.

“‘Ello?”

“Daniel? Y’alright?”

He breathed out a sigh. “So. Jesus, you scared me. No one’s called this morning, and you just caught me in the shower. Is everything alright?”

She rested her forehead against the steering wheel. “Everything’s going bad this morning. Everything sucks this morning.” She pouted, hoping he heard it over the phone. “Tell me everything’ll be alright.”

“Everything will be alright, Soph. I know it.” His smile transmitted across the airwaves. “I’ll see you at the hall in about an hour, alright?” The phone line clicked off before she could answer. She smiled a little and closed her phone, getting back on the road as quickly as possible.

Traffic could’ve been worse, she imagines. One accident that holds up the queue for a half an hour is less than she’d imagined when she set off again. She even made it to the hall where her dress was waiting for her in generally the same amount of time as she’d allotted at the first. She finally sighed in relief as she saw it, still hanging on the door to the dressing room in its garment bag, nothing ripped or torn. Maybe the day was going to finally start going right.

Until her sister Elana called and said that her daughter was sick and couldn’t be the flower girl, and that she’d be late because of her.

Sophie disappeared into another room and set about hiding out from everyone. It wouldn’t do to have the pictures ruined because Ela couldn’t show up, or because Jordan wasn’t feeling well, or because Celestine didn’t like her hair, or because—.

Daniel walked into the room and sat beside her on the floor, barely missing her hand in the dark as he sat. “Still feel like going through with it, love?”

“Today sucks.” She felt just like a petulant teenager, and pulled her arms around her knees.

He put an arm around her as she sniffled. “What happened?” he asked, trying to sound concerned and not amused at her antics.

“I woke up late, I’m hungry, Jordan’s sick, Ela’s not here, Celestine’s being picky, my hair’s horrible, I nearly had an accident on the way here and I wanted everything to be perfect and it’s not,” she finished in a long sigh.

“Is that all?”

She batted him on the arm. “Is that all?? Don’t you get it? Today’s supposed to be super ultra rememberable, and nothing’s going right. I can’t even get my pictures done because I wanted Ela and Jordan in it.” She sniffed again. “Can we postpone this for next week?”

“And tell all our guests that because today sucks, next week would be better?”

“Stop being reasonable,” she muttered, leaning her head on his shoulder. “Can’t you see I’m being emotional here?”

He gave a little chuckle. “Come on, love. Ela’s here with Jordan, who just had a jittery tummy from all the excitement. The photographer’s waiting. And I think you look gorgeous no matter what your hair looks like.” He paused a moment. “Well, I don’t think I’ve seen it first thing in the morning, so I’ll reserve judgment on that.”

Sophie laughed back at him. “They’re here?! Oh, I have to get dressed!” She pressed a quick kiss to his cheek as she scrambled up and dashed out of the room, leaving Daniel in an amused heap on the floor.

The plan was as follows: fall in love with a boy, get married, live happily ever after. Step one and two, accomplished.