



# Honeymoon

by  
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## Honeymoon

Jane's paint strokes got shorter and more aggressive. 'Simon is not coming.' Ed's roller work became slow and deliberate. 'It would only be for a couple of days.'

Jane turned from her work and glared. 'No!'

Ed continued painting as if he hadn't noticed Jane's anger. 'He's coming all the way from India to be at the wedding. We haven't seen him for nearly two years.'

Jane shook her brush at him. 'Listen to me Ed.'

Unhurried, Ed stopped painting, put the roller in the tray, leant on the extension pole, and looked directly at her.

'I know Simon is your best friend and you haven't seen him for a long time, but this is my... our wedding. Simon is not coming on the honeymoon.'

'No, of course not, he can fly to meet us on our Greek Island on the way back to India after he's had some time with his family.'

Jane felt like she was punching a tar baby. 'No, no, no! It will still be our honeymoon.'

'Am I allowed to talk to other people on this honeymoon?'

'Of course, but ...'

'Then why can't it be Simon?'

Jane threatened to throw her paintbrush at him but didn't follow through.

'I'm painting our house so we can have the wedding here and save money for the trip. He can't come, not on your life, no way, never!'

They both turned to resume their painting.

'I'll tell him we're still discussing it then,' Ed said calmly.

'ARRGH,' Jane exploded as a wet paintbrush hit Ed in the back of the head.