

## Reading sample of the novel „The Bridesmaid“

by Vic P. Victory

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The table vibrated under the repeated impact of her head. Her left arm, swinging in beat with the wooden boards, hung down past her knee. Immersed in her own self-pity, she kept lifting her head up only to let it fall back down onto the wooden planks. Tears rolled down her face and her nose ran, feeding the puddle on the table. She was oblivious to the hammering in her temples. In her misery, she didn't care about anything. With her right hand she worked the cell phone continuously, dialing her friend's number only to, once again, be connected to her mailbox. She dialed again - finally with success.

“My God, Emma, are we heading for the apocalypse? Thirty-seven calls in twelve minutes? Have you lost your mind? Unless you are about to die, I swear ...,” Marie barked angrily into Emma's ear.

“But ... he has ... where are you?” stuttered Emma, not taking any notice of her friend's anger.

“What did he do, Emma? What?? Did he finally take you seriously, after you dumped him for the umpteenth time?” asked Marie.

“Marie, he's got someone new. We'd hardly separated when he ... when he ... what's that humming noise in the background?”

“My vibrator. Emma, what is wrong with you? Be happy that you got rid of him. You deserve better!”

“Ha ha, obviously, but would you be so kind and switch off your electric tooth brush? Marie ... he replaced me. His new chick looks like a supermodel, all malnourished, with big fucking tits and a red suction pad for a mouth. A designer coat hanger with an IQ of ...”

"Emma!"

"Yeah, but she isn't his type and, anyway, who wants a woman who looks like she's out of a graphics program with a soft-focus filter? And me? My new best friend's name is chocolate muffin and soon I'll look like one too."

"Freeze! No one move! She's lost her self-esteem!" Marie could not help but giggle.

"Seriously, I developed a skin rash from a glutamate overdose, and I'm bloated from all the jelly beans stuffed with saccharine. I could pass for the Kool-Aid Man or a ...."

"Emma!"

"... cherry tomato on a stick. I now know why it's called an eating disorder. I'm out of shape, fat, ugly, gross, disgusting ...."

"Goofy? Mawkish? In need of attention? Hey Emma, listen to me ...."

"Somewhere in my stomach I have a switch. Bang! I eat a burger with fries and fatty mayo, you know, just the stuff you need to survive. And then? Bang! Still hungry."

"Girl, you know what? You should try out for the State Fair - as a showman."

"Thanks. You are right, I'm the fairground of fatty cell duplication, meanwhile my mood is on a roller coaster and ...."

"HEY! Let some blood flow back to your head! I don't feel like chasing down your diminishing brain cells and ...."

"Good hunting!"

"Well, at least you still have your sense of humor."