

## **True love**

CHARLES, I think it best to tell you, but this must be between you and me, i.e. not a word to Martha who would kill me. Briefly, if something else comes up for the 30th later this month, go for it. I really can't see the bloody nuptials going ahead at all under the circumstances. And the circumstances? Well, the union Josh and Emma are planning would, as I always suspected, be a disaster and thank the Lord they both now seem to have come to their senses and realised. That's the thing with what the Herald Sun would call a whirlwind romance, they don't leave you time to think.

Emma seems a nice girl, from a good family and good stock (and between you and me rather better stock than ours, though again don't EVER tell Martha I said that. She's very sensitive about that side of things. I keep telling her not everyone is as impressed as she thinks they are that her granddad dragged himself up from nowhere, but the penny still hasn't dropped).

Josh? Well, you'll know your godson by now, sadly not the sharpest blade in the box quite yet, though I wasn't either at his age, so there's hope. He's got his degree and the job seems to be working out, but he's still got some growing up to do, and marrying now for no very good reason except being in love does seem a little hopeful. Emma does have her head screwed on, I have to say, certainly more so than Josh. In fact, if I can put it this way I even detect signs of a future ball-breaker if she doesn't land herself a strong man to match her, stronger than Josh certainly, to be cruel, though it's no secret to him that's how I feel. He's just too nice for his own good, far more inclined to give a stray kitten a good home than drown the bloody thing as you and I might do, and that's no basis for a good marriage. Nothing's yet been said or decided, of course, but I feel it in my waters and they are rarely wrong. Thank God they went for a simple do, more Emma's thinking than Josh, so her father won't be pissing away too much moolah if and when, and as I'm sure you've gathered I'm pretty certain it will be when rather than if.

So if something else does comes up for the 30th, by all means accept without a second thought and don't bank on finding yourself getting pissed on good wine out in the sticks chez Emma's mum and dad. I hope that doesn't screw up any other plans you have made, but I thought I'd do you a favour and give you a heads up rather than spring it on you with five minutes to go before the unhappy couple were pronounced man and wife.

Cheers and all the best to you and yours, Rupert.