

## **Best Man Speech**

My lords, ladies, gentlemen, past, present and future inebriates, chemists and the bloke at the back with the spinach in his teeth. It gives me great pleasure to welcome you all to this soiree in celebration of the marriage of ■■■■ and ■■■■, my great friends and the finest experimentalists I have ever known.

There are several rules to choosing a best man, not least of all selecting a long-term friend who knows the best anecdotes (but won't divulge the sordid details) and has the eloquence to tell them in a light and humorous manner.

### ***Pause***

However, the groom in this instance was too busy looking at the pretty pictures for his new business to be bothered with actually reading the rules. Hence my summons to be his executioner...

For my part, there are also certain rules:

1. Limit the drinking beforehand. One is enough. ***Lift bucket from under table and take a mouthful.***
2. Be complimentary about the bride and the bride's mother. Well, there was never any danger as far as the wonderful Mrs. ■■■■ was concerned but omitting the stories of ■■■■ has ruined two thirds of my speech.
3. Avoid mention of the groom's numerous girlfriends and indiscretions. Ha. Piece of cake! ■■■■ has always been a delightful, clean living chap with nary an indiscretion and his heart and mind set firmly on the priesthood. It took the simple love of the angel ■■■■ to tempt him from his holy path.
4. Don't make any mention of the stag party, ■■■■'s complete ineptitude with the quad bike, his disappearance, finding him in the country pub, his abduction by gargantuan breasted alien strippers that massaged his face with certain appendages, finding him again in Soho and his final disappearance. Oh shi...
5. Absolutely do not, at any stage of the speech, resort to lies or profanity.

### ***Pause***

Well, bollocks to all that. Let's get down to business.

█████ and I have spent many years in each other's company and should probably know a great deal about each other. But as our sober and coherent moments have accounted for about 18 hours in total I have very little to go on other than the regular blackmail letters he receives and the public records at the county courts. In short he has been a lost boy for many years.

But first, in these speeches the bride is often overlooked in favour of stories about the groom's activities and his roles in private movie collections. Whilst those are certainly worth hearing about and will be on sale after the reception, I'd like to redress other's errors and start with the bride: the delicate rose in nature if not in name, a portrait of perfect innocence.

The former Miss █████ has always been studious and reliable, sensitive and giving, on time and in control: a stark contrast from her recent acquisition. ***Turn and smile at █████.***

From her early teenage years she developed a strong interest in clubbing and all things scientific to the point of replacing her George Michel posters with copies of the periodic table and formulae for her own imaginative concoctions.

Her passion for 'alternative' medicines has led her along a path of life where reasoning and good judgement have been vital to her. While savouring all that is beautiful in Covent Garden a few years ago, █████ approached a friend, known only as █████, for an introduction to █████. When she was told that he was unavailable she accepted the challenge and took matters into her own hands. █████ still bares the scars.

But love is a rocky road and romance didn't develop until some years later when █████ and I shared a flat in Battersea. We used to hold regular 'scientific experiments' in our flat and █████ became the most industrious student that █████ had. In more ways than one. But even with her flare for intuition and character assassination...sorry, character *assessment*, █████ was completely enamoured of her future husband stating on one occasion that 'Yes, he has been a complete twat over the years,' and later to his face, 'You're far too weird for my liking. Let's give each other a wide berth.' Suffice it to say, some things change...

█████ on the other hand has always found life rather confusing. Even the simple things. It started in the early days when most children were short and slow and █████ discovered that he was tall and fast. The truth of the matter is that his parents lied about his age and held him back by five years so that school days might be easier. Alas, that was not the case and even sports days were a time of complete befuddlement for him.

On one such occasion at the age of 8, █████ had been selected to run a race with his classmates. Within a minute he was leading the field by a great distance and

was certain to not only win the race but also to break the school record. Unfortunately confusion set in again and, realising he was on his own, [REDACTED] stopped running and waited for every last one of them to catch up and overtake him.

His confusion has also led to an appalling memory. Just this morning he greeted me with 'Oh my god. What did we *do* last night?' But then [REDACTED] knows all about this. Just ask her about the party they attended together when [REDACTED] went to gather their belongings and promptly left without her.

Or the daytrip he took her on and then drove off abandoning her at the station without a ticket..

But despite his constant state of bewilderment, [REDACTED] likes to be prepared for all eventualities. His medical supplies outweigh his clothing for the honeymoon alone and when I first met him at the launch party for Madonna's book, *Sex*, [REDACTED] bought two copies 'in case one runs out..'

The victim of an all-boys school, [REDACTED] reacted the way all constrained lads do upon his release. He experimented wildly and did everything he possibly could to get as much as possible...of advertising and eventually photography! Oh yes, the ultimate wild child.

Eschewing the debauchery that I tried to lead him into, today he has focused on life through a lens and enjoyed nothing more than photographing other people's wild nights and parties. It was only when a major pharmaceutical company asked him to be one of their testers that he found a common passion with his future wife.

Before settling down to a life of domesticity and reliability, [REDACTED] decided it was important to find himself and did so with dramatic consequences. I am delighted to say that I experienced the pleasure and pain of two of the most grounding moments of that period.

As a child, [REDACTED] had often visited the north coast of Cornwall and had found a cliff in Perranporth that led to Thunder Cave, so named because of the thunderous roar created when the sea comes crashing through it. Presumably deciding that the part of him he needed to find was stuck in the cave, [REDACTED] led us down the precarious cliff to capture the atmosphere. All was perfect until we decided to leave. As we stood, we noticed a huge wave rolling towards us. With no time to clamber up the cliff, [REDACTED] reasoned that we'd be better off hiding behind low wall of rock. Obediently we sat and waited... and looked up in time to see the column of water raining tennis ball sized drops of water onto us. Our lives flashing before our eyes, we gritted our teeth and waded through the crashing water and debris from the cliff side back to safety without having found any new parts of [REDACTED].

Not content with one life-threatening stunt, ■■■ decided to take it a step further with the aid of Ireland's finest liquid. Believing six pints of Guinness tasted great and therefore made him invincible, ■■■ insisted on taking us for a ride in his car at breakneck speed down a gravel lane. Sober, we would have seen it coming but in our current state the first we knew of the impending doom was when ■■■ attempted to treat the lanes as a roller coaster and flipped a loop the loop before landing the car on its side. Apparently the gods were smiling and yet again we lived to tell the tale.

It would seem that the two death defying escapes have worked their magic for ■■■ and ■■■ and today we are honored to be able to celebrate their long and hazy life together.

I'd like to take this opportunity to read a few telegrams and messages that have been received for the bride and groom.

**Read all telegrams etc.**

And one final one from their hero and mentor:

*Sorry I can't be there for you but I'm on the run again. Don't forget to keep the package safe for me, mate and remember our agreement on sharing everything. ■■■ is all red, ■■■ is red too, can I come upstairs, when he's into you? Have a great day. Howard Marks.*

■■■, it's been an honour to be your best man today. We've been great friends over the years and I look forward to our friendship continuing far into the future. ■■■, you were the best flat mate I could have had but for god's sake stop doing that thing you do in the bathroom if you want him to stick around.

Well, time and experience changes all of us and ■■■'s and ■■■'s time together has changed them both for the better. ■■■, you are an incredibly lucky man to be marrying ■■■ today. She deserves a good husband and you should be thankful that you got her before she found one.

Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to invite you all to stand and raise your glasses in a toast to ■■■ and ■■■: the new Mr. & Mrs. ■■■. **(Turn to them both)** may we wish you the very best of all things for the future and long and happy marriage.

The Bride and Groom!