

Migay & Migay

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"Ooh, I like this one!" Came the excited shriek of a bride to-be, Julia. Her maid of honour cackled her funny laugh and peeked over at the dress. They were looking for bridesmaid dresses for Julia's wedding in a month. Her fiancé, Killara, had wanted the wedding to be in spring, to signify the beginning of something new. Their wedding was scheduled for 1st of September.

"I agree! Let's keep looking though." Lily responded, humming in thought shortly after she spoke. She wandered off absentmindedly before popping up behind a rack of dresses. "Hey, what's the deal with the smoking ceremony at your wedding?" She inquired.

"We aren't having one." Julia mumbled, dazed and distracted by the vast selection of shoes and dresses in front of her. Lily immediately jumped up, a gasp tumbling from her lips before she could stop it. She added something about how ridiculous that was, but she understood that it could be quite difficult to plan and prepare for a ceremony that vital. If done wrong, the whole point of warding away bad spirits is completely swept under the rug.

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When Julia came home that night she went straight to the bedroom to find her fiancé. Her fiancé, Killara, had been named after the Wiradjuri word for 'always there'. Killara had a special connection with ceremonies such as smoking ones, but they had decided to let the wedding be the only ceremony of the day. Although they had come to this conclusion, almost everyone in the both of their families had recommended a smoking ceremony to take place, but nothing had persuaded them yet. That night Killara woke up to the smell of smoke and melted plastic. The cat had accidentally turned the stove on and just about burnt the kitchen down! When the smoke cleared, they looked at each, bewildered. They laughed as they went back to bed, 'That would have to be our bad luck taken care of for a good long while!'

At first, these kinds of events were few and far between, but about 2 weeks before the wedding, things started to go downhill fast.

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Killara was sitting at the mahogany table in the dining room of their parent's house. The room was subtly beautiful. The walls were a pale yellow that were covered in photos of their extended family... so many photos. The floor was a wood the colour of jarrah. The antique dining table sat upon a hand-woven rug that was created by Killara's great grandmother in her younger years. The family sat at the table and were eating a roast dinner that was carefully prepared with love when Killara left the room to take a call from Julia. She had broken her arm and would be in a cast for 2 months.

A day later, their cat got sick. Then their window smashed. A bird decided to take a bathroom break right on top of Killara's head. The wedding photographer cancelled. At least one bad thing happened each day!

Their fathers said the same thing. "You need to have a smoking ceremony!"

Julia was sat at her desk, the laptop screen that shone brightly onto her face temporarily blinding her as she looked away. Gum trees scattered their backyard and she sighed. She leaned back in her chair. "Killara! Come here." Her voice rang throughout the house and Killara soon followed it. She knew they were going to have to plan a smoking ceremony. It was inevitable.

So they spent the next few hours making calls and arrangements to plan a smoking ceremony.

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After all the chaos had died down, the wedding was a go, even though Julia's arm was still in a cast. It was a lovely bright green cast with colourful pen marks covering it from left to right. Killara had finally gotten the pigeon poop scent to fade to a reasonable amount. The smoking ceremony was ready to be performed and the venue was looking magical.

The proud fathers welcomed family and friends to the wedding and asked them to pass through the smoke, letting it wash over them as they entered and took their seats. The Smoking Ceremony allowed all the bad thoughts and spirits to be washed away and encouraged the happy couple to truly start their lives together. Killara passed through the smoke, taking the time to really cleanse, thinking about the future.

As Killara stood under the flowery wedding arch, the whole crowd watched as Julia passed through the smoke and began down the aisle. She looked stunning in her white, flowing gown and her bright, green cast. Killara wore a white tuxedo with an off-black undershirt and green bowtie that matched said cast.

The vows went smoothly and the whole time the two were itching with anticipation to call it a day and finally be a married couple. After all, they had been waiting years for it to be a legal opportunity. With a final breath of fresh air, the minister smiled and looked up from his notes. "Julia, you may now kiss your bride."

The two women started giggling as they leaned in, kissing each other to the applause of family & friends.