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Two Dry Martinis and an Irish Coffee

Julia Donaldson

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Two Dry Martinis and an Irish Coffee

Julia Donaldson

Your Aunt Judith is an embarrassment. Made your Uncle Ron hold her hand at mass, up in the air like some god-forsaken receptor. Like he could hear her better. Like he'd want to. Kissed a small boy straight on the face by the door. Ronnie nearly gave out. You know, her and Louie have separate bank accounts. Like thieves. Or gypsies. Or gays. Why even bother getting married? Her wedding was the worst. She made me wear chartreuse. Chartreuse on my skin tone! Couldn't handle it. And when she gets on the phone. She'll go on and on for hours. Not saying a word.