October 2026

Just over a month ago, I set a recurring reminder on my calendar, so that I would have a week's notice on the monthly task of writing up a newsletter for all of you.

Coincidentally, that reminder drops on the 24th of the month. And this October 24, 2026, I was busy *getting married*.

Yes! My now-husband and I have finally tied the knot. I'm drafting this in a first-class seat on the flight down to Mexico City, where we will be honeymooning for a week. Right through to November, past the due date of this email blast...

I did consider skipping the newsletter this month. We know I don't have to explain myself to anyone. But this is comforting. I've spent weeks now, buried in wedding preparations. I keep an activity tracker, and one of those is "Did I make good progress?" And I *did*, but I've been marking progress for so long that I simply couldn't see the timeline beyond my wedding date. It's as if total rest was elusive.

I knew I'd get back to writing, and in turn, dive into Book 3 of *The Whiskey Squad*. (I've already written several scenes though!) In recent weeks, my weight loss has also been substantial enough that I'm going to take up sewing and learn how to tailor my shirts so that the entire closet doesn't need to be replaced. I've got some other projects to return to, like running larps and recording podcasts with my sister. My birthday's coming up. Thanksgiving next. Christmas. Three King's Day. The rest of life, the universe, and everything.

None of that really existed until I woke up at 3:30 in the morning for my red-eye flight. Now I've got a husband to do that with too. (Oh no, this line made me tear up a little. Lot of emotions this week!)

So, a bit of a compromise here. No "updates" this month.

I'll share a little story from the wedding day instead.

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There we were, less than an hour to go before the ceremony. The early arrivals are already at the hotel. More will come. I've underestimated the timeliness of

our friends and family, thinking they'll start filtering in at 1 pm. We say we're starting at 1:15 on the programs when we're really starting at 1:20. But *wow* people are excited to see us get married.

But right now, we're just not in sync with the processional song. We've run it twice in costume, with the DJ speakers, and it's *not working*. It's the only part of the wedding I want perfect, that Dino and I enter to the soft part of the Flat Pak soundtrack from Bluey. I've dreamed of it for months and months. *Why isn't it working?*

With no time to do another run-through, I look at the DJ's computer and notice the track is over six minutes, not the tight four minutes we'd been practicing before the big day.

Problem found. The DJ has the full version, not the edit I sent the MC.

And I will say this, *one time*, but thank *fuck* Apple invented AirDrop, and thank *fuck* that Dino, the yin to my yang, is fully in the Apple ecosystem. He downloaded the correct edit from our WhatsApp chat, sent it to the DJ.

But we're out of time. We have the right track now, and my sister, my beautiful best man, has taken the duty of sending everyone out on the times I outlined weeks ago. That's off my plate at last. But there's no time to practice it again.

Fuck it. We're doing it live.

I duck to a private room for 30 minutes. I will be playing the role of the bride, tucked away for the grand reveal soon. No phone, just bridal party members keeping me calm, *deep breaths, Nico, deep breaths*. My Mom ducked in and hugged it out with me. I know one way or another, I'll be married today. The entire thing can go up in flames and I will be married. But this song, this *beat* in my little screenplay, is the one thing I want more than anything.

Go time. My escorts bring me around to the entrance.

Casey, my officiant, is dressed as The Dude, and tells everyone to put down the fucking phones. Tells the DJ to hit it.

Right song. Right timestamps.

A Jedi and a Circle of the Moon druid lead the way. Craig and Dani. They let the wedding party be goofy at the head of the room when they arrive.

Tuxedo Man and the Trader Sam's bar in Disney. Kris and Liza. A beautiful acoustic guitar heralds the arrival of our witches.

A fly amanita mushroom and a Lady Splicer enter. Jo and Daniel. Chosen family. Childhood whimsy and video games, and honored to be a guncle to their kid.

A cow and a gender-bent Zenitsu. Lex and Kelly. Besties. The beat syncopates perfectly for their entrance.

Dr. Strange and a Dancing Lobster. Shoshana and Maria. Big sisters, chosen in time.

A pickle and Starfire. Tasha and Rosie, our best men.

Time slows. The music too. We've nailed it.

Here we go.

• • •

Halfway through the room, everyone bursts into applause.

I think, for a moment, that fairy tales do come true sometimes.

It is the passengers of the Titanic clapping for Rose and Jack in her dream.

It is Joe walking with Queen Clarisse Renaldi down the aisle of the church.

And now it's me and him. His hands are in mine, as tender as the song.

• • •

HERE WE ARE

❤️ Just married. ❤️



(Finally.)

Yours truly, from Mexico City,
~ Nico

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