

# OC Post Marries in Private Ceremony

The big news here in Orange County is the **OC Post** married **The Irvine World News** last week in a private ceremony. I am overjoyed that the Post has finally found someone who appreciates his slight stature and brevity. The Post and I dated briefly in the beginning of 2007, but it didn't work out for us, see painful breakup letter [here](#).

So, you can imagine my surprise when I received an invitation to the after-wedding reception. **The Orange County Register** called me and asked if we could go together, as both of us aren't seeing anyone right now and hated the thought of going alone. I agreed, with the promise from **The Register** he wouldn't talk about the housing market the whole time. "The words 'credit crunch' won't leave my lips the entire night," he said with irrefutable assurance.

When we arrived, we found **SqueezeOC** standing just outside the door crying softly into her hands. I approached her and asked what was wrong. "My boyfriend is such a nincompoop (but she didn't use the word nincompoop). He was supposed to be here an hour ago, but he just sent me a text saying his band's van broke down and he won't be able to come." Trying to comfort her I said, "I'm so sorry, maybe you can come in and sit with us." When hearing my generous offer, she just scowled at me and started feverishly texting someone more empathetic to her tragedy.

**The Register** and I entered the lovely ballroom just in time to see **OC Weekly** make his entrance. He sauntered in, showing everyone his signature hand gesture and shouted something about the institution of marriage being a "total sham" and how we were a bunch of "pathetic grey-wastes" or something like that. Then he just kept walking, straight out the back door,

but not before pushing off the backward baseball cap of the middle-aged D.J. (Apparently, I found out later, he wasn't invited to the party.)

At that, the kids' table, filled with all of the high school newspapers and yearbooks, just fell to the floor laughing and chanting "Weekly, Weekly..." But, **OC Family** and **Parenting Orange County** found no amusement in OC Weekly's "little show" and quickly covered the ears of the uninvited children they had with them.

Then I spotted two seats at the table with **OC Metro** and **Killer Orange**. I asked **OC Metro** if the seats were taken, not realizing she was on her phone. She held her index finger straight up in the air, poised right at my nose, to indicate she would be right with me. I looked over at Killer, "May I ask you a question?" He quickly replied, "I am here just to help." (Always so helpful.) He said they were saving the seats for **SqueezeOC** and her boyfriend, but he just received a text and they weren't coming.

**The Register** went to get our drinks and that is when I felt the piercing tension between **Coast Magazine** and **Orange Coast**—They were just seething. **OC Business Journal** leaned in, and whispered in my ear, "Aren't professional rivalries the best!" I nodded faintly, never looking up from my goat cheese salad. It was very uncomfortable and I was happy when **The Register** returned with our drinks.

We had a very nice dinner and decided to leave a little early—there is nothing more disturbing than seeing dozens of tipsy community papers and ad inserts doing "The Macarena." As we waited for our car, we were met by **DayBreak OC**. "Have to be up real early you know, at D-A-Y-B-R-E-A-K," he laughed, I am sure for the 15th time that night. "I get it," I assure him, "Funny."

When we got in the car **The Register** blurted out, unable to

hold it in any longer, "I really think we will see a bottom in 2008." Ahrrrr, he promised!