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I remember, if anyone of the girls was getting married – we all dreaded it. We were dragged in, into the toilets, and we were dressed up. Well, the confetti came out next. It went down the tights and all the clothes. And then they made us a head-dress and a veil. And then they got hold of a bucket, and cleaning materials and a mop. Then we had to walk back and fore as the girls sang ‘Here comes the Bride’ and ‘I’m getting married in the morning ...