Good evening everyone,

I’m the Chief Bridesmaid, and Sophie’s oldest friend from secondary school — we met on the first day of Year 7 when she lent me a spare pen and, in true Sophie fashion, also a colour-coded timetable. She’s been organised and warm-hearted ever since, and thank goodness, because I was neither.

I met Daniel when he bravely joined our pub quiz team. He arrived calm, patient, and oddly cheerful about the picture round. By the end of the night, he knew three things about us: we take tapas as seriously as trivia, we’re fiercely loyal, and Sophie — even while correcting our spelling — has the kindest laugh in the room.

Sophie and Daniel met at a mutual friend’s housewarming in Manchester seven years ago. It started with a chat by the snack table and turned into a first date at a tiny tapas bar, where they negotiated shared patatas bravas like seasoned diplomats. Two years later, they moved in together — the flat quickly filled with city-break maps, Sunday roast experiments, and one very unimpressed rescue cat who, naturally, adores Daniel’s patience and Sophie’s carefully scheduled cuddle slots.

I’ve watched them build a life where the small things feel big. The pub quizzes where they whisper answers but celebrate loudly. The Sundays where the gravy is an experiment and the kitchen becomes a science lab — with Sophie keeping score and Daniel providing comic relief. And the weekends away where they wander new streets and collect private jokes like souvenirs.

And then came the engagement in the Lake District — quiet, thoughtful, and completely them. No dramatic fanfare, just the kind of certainty you feel when you’ve found your person. Sophie, organised and warm-hearted, and Daniel,

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witty, endlessly supportive, and so steady you could build a home on him — which, let’s be honest, you have.

I’ve seen Sophie at her bravest, and Daniel at his kindest. I’ve seen them face the everyday together — from lost luggage on city breaks to cat-related sofa crimes — and they always come back to laughter and care.

So to the two of you: may your life be full of shared answers, last roast potatoes you pretend you didn’t want, and adventures that begin with a map and end with a story. May patience meet passion, and may warmth meet wit, every single day.

Please, raise your glasses with me —

To Sophie and Daniel: to seven years of love already lived, and a lifetime more to come. Cheers.

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