Hello everyone — I’m Amelia, and I suppose this is the moment I officially become the chatty half of Mr and Mrs Bennett.

Thank you all for being here with us at our wedding breakfast. It means the world to look around and see the people who have carried us, cheered us on, and pretended not to notice when our DIY went… creatively wrong.

Five years ago, Oliver and I matched on a dating app and discovered we lived three streets apart in Bristol. Which means, essentially, we paid an algorithm to introduce us to our neighbour. Very modern, slightly embarrassing, and absolutely the best money we’ve ever spent.

Our first date was at a board-game café. I remember thinking, “If he beats me at every game, this is over.” He didn’t. He let me win one. That was the moment I fell for him — not because he lost, but because he knew I cared about the little things, and he cared about me. Also, he turned up outside with an umbrella big enough for both of us. If you can share an umbrella in Bristol rain without bickering, you’re basically engaged already.

Since then, our life together has been a series of brilliant, ordinary adventures. We adopted Pickles, the world’s most judgmental rescue cat, who is both our furry child and our strictest house critic. We bought a slightly wonky Victorian terrace, which we have lovingly restored using a combination of YouTube tutorials, good intentions, and Oliver’s calm patience as I declared, “How hard can it be?” Spoiler: harder than expected. But we did it — together — with a lot of laughter, some plaster in my hair, and only one set of shelves that lean like they’re in Pisa.

We’ve cycled along the harbour on summer evenings, raced each other past the colourful houses and the smell of chips, and then gone home to cook curries so

spicy we needed ice cream for dessert and possibly mild medical assistance. Those are my favourite nights — the ordinary magic of us.

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If you know us, you'll know I'm the chatty, creative one, and Oliver is the calm, clever one. He's the steady to my sparkle. Where I have five ideas before breakfast, he has one perfectly thought-through plan by lunch — and somehow, we meet in the middle, playful and loyal and so very us. He makes me feel safe enough to be my fullest, silliest self. And Oliver, you make everything better — even Ikea on a Saturday. Especially Ikea on a Saturday.

The day he proposed, we'd just eaten fish and chips on Brighton Pier. My hands were salty, my hair was everywhere, and he got down on one knee while a seagull sized up my dinner. It was not glamorous, and it was perfect. I said yes through tears and laughter, and thought, "This is exactly how I want our life to be: a bit windswept, very us, and full of joy."

To our families — thank you for raising us, loving us, and pretending to understand the difference between satin and silk and whatever that odd drill bit is. To our friends — you've been the soundtrack to our story, from board games to housewarmings to curry nights that set off the smoke alarm. We love you for being here, and for being you.

To Oliver: I love the way you look at the world with curiosity and kindness. I love your quiet jokes, your steady hand on my back when the world feels loud, and your belief that any problem can be solved with patience and a very thorough spreadsheet. I love that we can be serious about the things that matter, and ridiculous about everything else. I promise to keep our life full of colour — and to only start DIY projects after you've finished your tea.

And to Pickles, wherever you are — probably judging the catering — thank you for choosing us. Please don't sit on the cake.

Here's to the next chapter: more cycling by the harbour, more spicy curries, more projects we'll learn on the job, more laughter and late-night chats, more

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love in the everyday. If the last five years have taught me anything, it’s that happiness lives in the moments you build together — three streets apart, side by side, under the same umbrella.

Everyone, if you would please raise your glasses — to love that feels like home, to loyal friendship, to playful days and steady hearts.

To Oliver and Amelia — to our beautiful adventure. Cheers.

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