Well where to start… coming in to a fully grown family was really scary, not only was I nervous every time I saw my new girlfriend, but I also had to see these three grown up children. The eldest daughter made me feel quite at home but the second daughter was very rarely there, and when she was, she very rarely spoke. Then there was the boy. Well he never came out of his bedroom so it was hard to build a relationship with him. Because I was there every night and used to bike over from the other side of town, my girlfriend asked if I wanted to move in. I jumped at the chance seeing as I really liked this woman, but was also scared because I felt like her children hadn’t really accepted me. I mean, Gemma was the only one who really spoke to me and at that time I wasn't working so I became a sort of house-husband whilst my girlfriend went to work. I used to clean, cook, wash and dry all the clothes with no help from the children whatsoever. They just came in, stuffed their faces, left the pots and buggered off to their bedrooms or went out. This was all so frustrating for me as I just wanted to do something nice for my girlfriend.

I used to tell her what everything was like but she just said they’ve lived this way for years and I would be a genius if I was able to change them now! This was no help for me and I started to think what the hell am I doing here? My girlfriend tried to tell the kids a few times to be fair, especially the lad, as I would wash and dry his clothes and put them in his room only for him to chuck them on the floor. This really did upset me. Every time I tried to do something nice for the lad he would pick a fight with me. One time, we were all in the kitchen one night and everyone was shouting at him as they knew I had had enough, and he shouted “WHY DON'T YOU JUST FUCK OFF?” Now I knew that was aimed at me, and my girlfriend did shout at her son, but he said it was aimed at Gemma.

Things continued like this for about six months. But I have always kept trying and I’ve never given up. It’s funny, the one who accepted me was actually the first to turn on me and now the one that never accepted me really is my solider. I have such a great relationship with this boy now, I mean I see him as my son and I would do anything for him. I feel so so proud when he calls me… dad.