

For what it's worth Jamie First

Relationships are complicated.

After the first blush of excitement about meeting someone new, getting along famously and wanting to spend every waking moment with them comes the realisation they don't necessarily like everything you like.

Such as football. Personally — and I realise I'll be ostracised by many for saying so — I couldn't care less if it was obliterated from the planet.

Yet, over the past few months, I've been forced to watch grown men in short shorts fighting over a piece of leather for hours on end.

And movies. Let me be honest, seeing wholesale destruction, copious amounts of blood and guts, and car chases galore on screen doesn't do it for me.

For my partner though, this is brain food.

Shopping ... I can't get enough of it. I love walking into stores and trawling the internet looking for the latest and greatest.

Stilettos are my real weakness (my dream is to have a room dedicated to them), but with little push that can extend to the whole ensemble.

Despite this, no amount of prompting, or even none-too-subtle persuasion, can convince my man to ditch the shoes he's been wearing for the past three and half years.

The fabric may be all but shredded and the soles virtually non-existent, but still he puts them on day after day.

And the only other pair he owns — save for the ubiquitous thongs — are for "special occasions", which I gifted him out of frustration.

Long ago I accepted he is simply a shopping Neanderthal.

While I have learned through gritted teeth how to handle all of this, I'm still struggling to come to terms with his choice of pet.

In fact, according to him, and he puts this so eloquently, I don't get a say.

Why? Because the compromise in our relationship means I get to design the look of our new house (which I would've done anyway), as long as he can choose the dog.

But my fear is he's likely to select the most God-damn awful looking animal in the world, big and slobbery, while I'm after a clean, fluffy, white pooch that can sleep on our bed and knows not to soil himself in the house.

Fortunately, I guess all this pales into insignificance when I think about the best thing about our relationship and the time we spend together.

He makes me laugh. I love that about him and always have.

So, regardless of the hidden gems, which I have revealed today, we actually get along really well and, by now, have a good understanding (I hope!) of each other's foibles ... or maybe not, after this gets published.