

How?

He wanted to do his own packed lunch this morning. It's the first day of year three and the older he gets the more he wants to be in control of things. It has taken a while, but the morning chaos is in decline and he even eats his breakfast without the need for too much encouragement. Now it's the other one. The four-year-old. Getting his uniform on is like wrestling a small ape but starting school is a step closer to repose. At least he has always had a great appetite. I said for so long that I didn't want kids. You know the usual stuff about not wanting to bring children into this world or some other such bullshit, but I think I was just scared. It is hard and it can be a challenge. But despite all of the frustrations and having wellies thrown at me when they're angry, sometimes, when I look at them, this wave of uncompromising love washes over me and I wonder. How the fuck did that happen?

-Dale Hardy