

# Breaststroke

A lovely friends husband took his son, and my 2 eldest, to their swimming lesson for me tonight.

It was great to not have to go and sit in the steam and splash filled sauna that is the school pool and sweat, sorry, I mean glow, in public.

Upon dropping them home, he diligently informs me that they've done breaststroke and backstroke this evening.

With that, my friends son shouts something from the car which I can't quite make out.

I ask what it was he said and my friends husband replies, "He said he hates breaststroke".

I decide, no wait, my mouth decides (before my brain) that it would be funny to reply immediately to that comment with...wait for it,

"Well he won't be saying that when he's a bit older will he?!"  
(Cue me laughing demonically on my own doorstep at my own joke – bloody hell Gemma...)

Christ sake.

Chuffing hell.

(Cue polite, but awkward, laughter from friends husband).

\*Hangs head in shame and goes off to find Gin in the kitchen\*  
(Sorry Pete...) □