

Crap celebration...

So, with Potty Training almost under control and in 'full flow' (pardon the piddle related pun) we now have the joyous task of celebrating poos done on the potty.

What a milestone.

Never in my life did I imagine that I would reach a stage where I inform my husband as I greet him after a long day at work by announcing proudly that Ben has sat on his plastic throne and created a turd.

High praise ensues.

Daddy tells him well done and gives him a high five, mummy gives him a hug and 10p (yep, I stupidly bribed him with MONEY to shit on the pot. He now tries to squeeze one out every time he visits so he can increase his piggy bank stash. Rookie mistake), his brothers jump about chanting, "Ben did a poo!
Ben did a poo! Yay!!!!!!!"

It's utter madness if you were an outsider looking in. Us, all there, celebrating the latest poo like we have won the lottery.

The most unusual bit about Ben's toilet training compared to my previous experience with his brothers, is the fact that he is rather 'attached' to his crap creations. Each time he has completed his pooping session, he stands up, has a good visual inspection of it and then informs me of what it looks like and tells me to look too. It's bloody grim, but he has to do it every single time otherwise he (literally) loses his shit.

So far we have had a snake, an apple, a worm, a banana, a cat, a tree, a monster and a snowman.

He then tips his crap art down the toilet, says, "Bye, bye! Have a nice swim!" and flushes them away before presenting me

with his hand so I can tip him 10p for his latest creation.

I've never known a kid like it.

He also refers to his poo as 'him'. Like it's a person.

"Can me see him?"

"Can me put in toilet?"

"Me say bye him?"

I'm surprised we haven't had to have a ceremony where we crack a bottle of champers on the side of the bog as we flush it away on it's maiden voyage down the drain yet.

I'm just hoping that it's a phase that he grows out of soon.

Or that he shits out an epic masterpiece I can put in the Tate Modern and get him a little university trust fund going.

Kids.

Poo.

Sleep.

Repeat.

