

Help me... (Mum hangover)

I went out for dinner and drinks last night.

I didn't have to drive (thanks Steph!)

I ended up drinking.

I got into bed at 12:50am.

The toddler got me out of bed at 3am.

I gave up fighting at 4am.

I fell asleep on his bedroom floor until 6:30am.

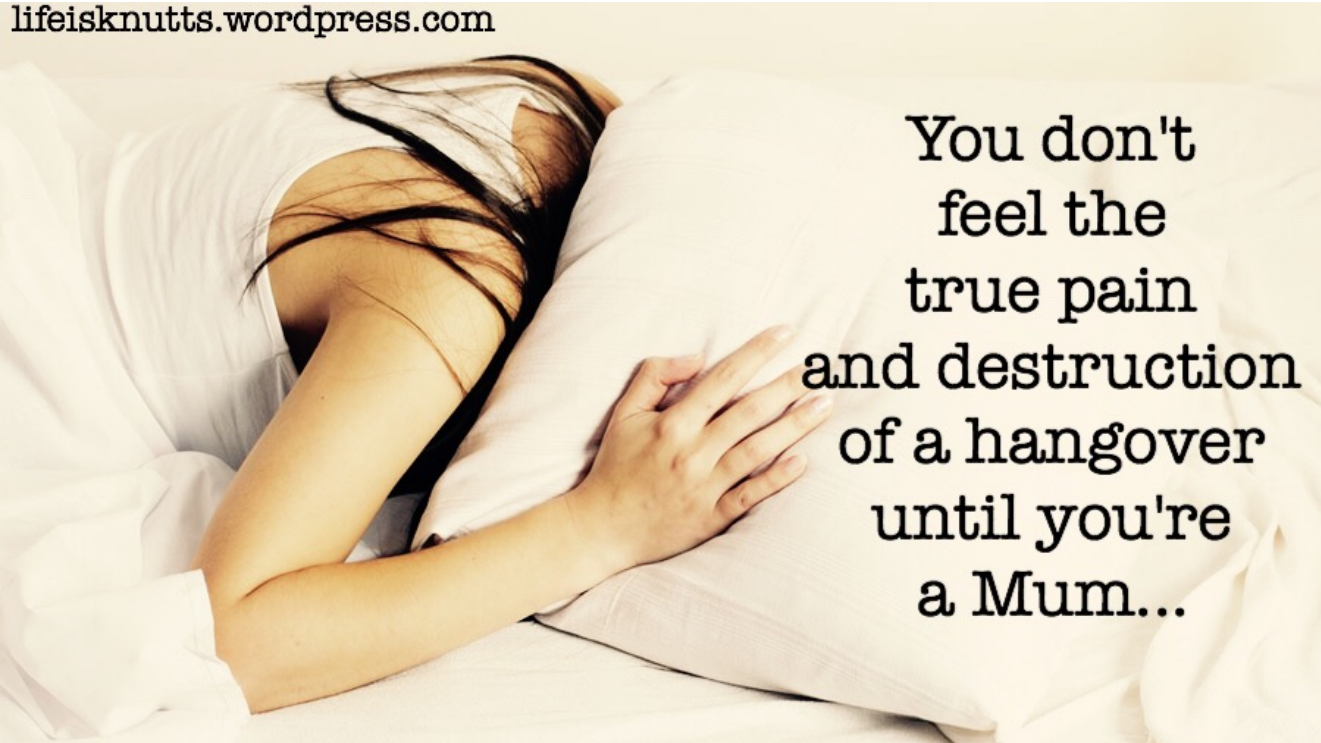
The weekly food shop came at 7am.

Nothing good has come of this episode of events, but on a positive note I had a lovely time last night and some bacon arrived in the food shop, along with some Revels.

Time for breakfast....

(Yes, I know... What a Massive fail of epic proportions booking a shopping slot so early on a Sunday, but when you realise 10 minutes before going out for the night on a Saturday that there's only 5 nappies left in the house – when your toddler has an upset stomach with Vesuvius poo I hasten to add – you'd panic and get some nappies delivered in a stupidly early shopping slot too).

Help me. I think I'm dying...



You don't
feel the
true pain
and destruction
of a hangover
until you're
a Mum...