

Holy crap...literally

I had no sleep last night thank to the demon toddler. The little sleep I did get was whilst lying on a beanbag next to his cot in a less than desirable position because he wanted me to hold his foot, yes, that's right, his foot, for the duration of the night.

Due to this, I woke up in a less than cheerful mood this morning.

Even coffee hasn't helped, and now I'm even more grumpy because he's making me resort to eating a calorie filled Danish pastry because a sodding banana just isn't going to cut it this morning.

By some miracle, we still managed to get out of the house fairly swiftly this morning despite me wheeling the laden down pushchair (today we had 2 school bags, 2 lunch boxes, a change of clothes in a bag for an after school tea visit for my eldest, a bag containing forest school outdoor wear for the middle one, football kit for the middle one, a cardboard shoe box for the middle one and an array of cardboard boxes for the middle one. As well as 3 children) out of the garage only to find it had a flat tyre. I pumped it up and noticed the air hissing out. It's not a puncture, it's a hole in the actual tyre. Arses. That'll be a gaffa tape fix until tomorrow whilst i wait for some new ones to arrive in the post. Damn you inflated pushchair tyres, damn you!!!!!!!

We set off on our way to school and our route takes us down lots of alleyways. They're all pretty grim with dog poo, Tenants Extra cans and decomposing leaves strewn down most of them, but it shaves 20 minutes off our walk to school so we can't complain too much.

Me and the boys decided to turn down one of the side alleys between some houses this morning on the 'morrison's alleyway'

(it's a picturesque alleyway which takes you over train lines and past the local morrison's. It's the height of excitement most mornings).

As we turned off the main alleyway onto the side one, i am greeted by the sight of a lady runner, crouched down with her pants and trousers down doing a crap down the alleyway. I kid you not.

I stared in disbelief at the woman who was squatting in the alleyway clad in her designer running gear, she looked stunned that she had been caught (why I'll never know because it was school run time and a lot of parents use these alleyways as well as commuters walking to town) and we had clearly spooked her...but sadly not spooked enough to give her stage fright and prevent the poo from making an appearance.

With that, she pulled her trousers up quicker than you could say 'poo!', barged past me and the kids knocking us out the way and ran off leaving a steaming pile of turd down the alleyway.

I kid you not, it took everything in my power not to throw up right then and there. Even the kids who like to eat their own bogies were disgusted and retching. That's how bad it was.

We swiftly made our way out of the alleyway and were flabbergasted at what we had just been subjected to on the school run. I mean, for goodness sake, if you have a funny tummy don't go out for a run, or try and hold it in and get to morrison's where there are toilet facilities. Seriously. Gross. I always knew running was bad for you... ☐ And besides, doesn't she realise how cold it was this morning?! She's lucky she didn't get frostbite...

Please, whoever you are, don't ever do that again. It's bad enough when the kids on the school run stand in the numerous dog turds that are strewn all over the bloody shop (I've seen 2 dogs in the last week – whose owners children go to our

school – poo on the path we have to walk on and the owners have done nothing about it and left it there...seriously not cool).

This experience this morning has made me want to vom and move away to the middle of nowhere in Scotland where I don't have to deal with poop alleys (pardon the punn)...and this whole episode has unfortunately put me off my Danish that I was in such dire need of.

And that's made me really angry... ☹️

