

# Rabbit needs a wash...

## Rabbit needs a Wash.

**“That thing stinks and it needs a wash!” I exclaimed.**

.....  
Stop, stop, stop.

Get your minds out of the gutter people, I'm not talking about any Ann Summers Rabbit related stuff of the Rampant kind here (you filthy lot) I'm talking about my middle son's beloved soft toy!

Crikey...you guys! ☐

Zak, my middle one, loves his Cuddly Rabbit so much it is nigh on impossible to get the wretched thing into the washing machine.

Actually, the last time I washed his beloved Rabbit, when I went to remove it from the washing it was minus an arm. Oops. Spot the mummy who isn't fully qualified in laundry and clearly didn't get her Washer-woman badge at Brownies (I did get my hostess badge though, so if you want a cup of tea bought to you on a tray with a basket I made from weaved paper and a curtsy at the end, I'm your gal!).

I digress... (I do that a lot)

So the rabbit absolutely stinks, has it's own microclimate, and needs a date with some detergent.

He's had this rabbit cuddly toy since he was born and he just took a liking to it one day, love at first sight and all that, and they've been inseperable since. We once left Rabbit at Nanny and Grandad's house after a sleepover and that resulted in mummy having to drive back there to pick it up so he could go to sleep. He really loves it.

The trouble is, because he loves it so much, it's really bloody difficult to prise the thing from his grasp in order to give it a much required spa day. This has resulted in about 8 months worth of sweat, dribble, snot, bogeys and poo particles becoming ingrained into it and it really has developed it's own 'unique' scent. Frankly, it makes me want to vom. I've tried an anti-bacterial spray on it but it's not done the job. It needs a deep clean and a colonic, stat.

I plan on doing the deed tomorrow whilst he is at school and I'm praying for a 'good drying day' so that it'll be dried and ready for bedtime. That's the plan anyway.

I'll update you all tomorrow on how it goes.

If any limbs fall off, or god forbid, it's head, I'm stuffed. Like the rabbit. I cannot sew either. Another Brownie badge I never got. I was so bad at sewing, I once sewed my sewing project to my own skirt because I was doing it on my lap. Yep, I'm an utter failure as a Brownie and a mother...but I can tell the difference between Gordon's Gin and Bombay Sapphire.

Is there a Brownie badge available for that yet?

Wish me well fellow Knutters!

(Oh, and the Rabbit. He will need all the luck he can get!)



