

# The Hornet

I have just spent the last 20 minutes doing battle with a chuffing MASSIVE Hornet which was stuck up in the skylight. It was so big, and literally sounded like a remote control helicopter. Obviously I was really brave and dealt with the situation in a very grown-up, Mummy fashion.



TRANSLATION: I squealed like a 5 year old girl does when there is a blade of grass in their shoe, said "chuffing hell!" a lot when what I really wanted to say was "F\*\*king hell!!" and kept running out into the garden to regroup my thoughts and next plan of attack.



After various attempts at getting it to bugged off, involving weapons and methods such as lobbing a tied up tea towel at it, squirting it with a super soaker and reasoning with it (it works with the kids, why not a Hornet?), the winning weapon was...a Phlat Ball.

"All hail the Phlat Ball!!!"

(It's a ball that you can squash into a frisbee type shape and as you throw it, pops into a ball upon launch).



After 26 (and a half) throws (one was a half throw as the thing dive bombed me and my Phlat Ball launch was aborted mid-way) I got the beast and it came crashing to the kitchen floor. I threw a towel on it (and jumped up and down on it for good measure, you have to be sure of these things...) and it's now laying dead under there ready for my other half to dispose of as soon as he gets in from work. Just what he wants when he walks through the door I'm sure...

The kids were suitably proud of me for downing the beast (by that I mean completely freaked out by seeing me scream and run in and out of the house whilst shouting at them to "get away from the doors in case it flies out!! Mummy's made it angry!!!)

And I'm now having a glass of wine with my sausages, waffles and spaghetti hoops to settle my nerves.

Victory is mine.

Until we meet again, Hornet...



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## [You cannot be serious!!!](#)

I've just been to Asda to get a DVD for the 5 year old and the little one that they only sell in their shop.

Upon checking out at the self service till, the voice of the till commands me to wait for assistance.

The assistant appears and then proceeds to ask me for my age. I tell her and then she looks at me all bemused as if I'm lying. Then asks me to provide proof of age...for this DVD.

No, I'm not joking...

Chuff, chuffing, chuffing, chuff!!!



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## The Cinema

So my other half is incapacitated with a poorly foot and can't walk at the moment, therefore I thought I'd make use of him not being clad in Lycra and out on his bike this weekend and put him on babysitting duty whilst I treat the elder 2 monsters to a cinema trip.

I dutifully prepared him and the little one some lunch (important info for later in my tale of woe) and placed it in the fridge wrapped in foil, put some snacks out on the worktop for the 2 of them and informed my husband of this.

Foolproof.

They'll both be fed and watered while I'm out – result, a guilt free trip out for me and the older boys.

Why is the cinema so chuffing expensive these days? (God I

sound old...'these days')

It's the summer holidays and the kids have seen 4 films advertised that they NEED to see during them. (Sadly none of the films mentioned are called 'Magic Mike XXL' – now that I would sit through, especially in 3D...)

The top picks are Inside Out, Pixels, Minions and another new Thomas the Tank Engine Movie. Who knew a train could have so many adventures and hemorrhage so much money out of parents...we have so many train tracks now I could probably replicate the entire island of chuffing Sodor (hey, that profanity cover up is actually in context on this occasion! Chuff, chuffing, chuffing, chuff! God I feel better for that little outburst. I'm so rock and roll).

So for me and the 2 older boys, we are looking at spanking £22 on tickets per cinema trip. Then we have the inevitable gauntlet of the pick and mix to get past. It doesn't matter how hard the kids try and tear me away, I just can't walk past the damn thing.

By the time we have bought cinema tickets, some sweeties, some popcorn for the one who doesn't like sweeties, and a couple of luminous coloured slushies (that make them hyperactive whilst they're being told they have to sit still in a cinema chair for 2 hours...the irony) we have been siphoned of close to £50.

That equates to at least 3 bottles of Gin.

That's 12 bottles over the course of 4 movies. I know what I'd prefer...

Outrageous.



I look back to when I was a kid and when my mum, whenever we went to the cinema, would make us go to Woolworths before hand to get our sweets and drinks because the cinema was expensive. I used to get so cross that I wasn't allowed to buy a slush puppy from the cinema food stand and the shame of meeting friends in the cinema who were buying their super cool supplies in there and I was turning up with my Woolies carrier bag.

Now I'm a mum...I couldn't agree with her more! Yes, it's finally happened.

There's nothing wrong with popping into poundland before the cinema for supplies.

Today we went to see Inside Out. A few friends have seen it already and pre-warned me that it's a bit of a tear jerker so I prepared myself before-hand by reminding myself it was just an animated film, so there's really no need to get upset, and by stashing some tissues in my bag, because inevitably I will. We get to the cinema and collect our tickets. I was savvy and pre-booked them as I assumed it would be busy because it was

the weekend, and as it is a new film. Reality was that the cinema only had 10 people in it and we could have sat wherever we liked. Typical.

I had also managed to pick the wrong seats (according to my 7 year old) as we are meant to get seats in the row that matches the film's title. So, for Inside Out, we should have picked row I. I picked row E. I'm clearly an idiot, I should have known that one...(?!)

We settle into our seats and, despite the cinema being virtually empty, a dad and his kids walk in and see it's pretty empty and decide to sit wherever they like. That meaning, right in front of us. Normally I wouldn't mind but I'm the size of a hobbit and he was the size of a giraffe on stilts and was sat directly in my view.

Bloody hell!!

£9 for my ticket and get to stare at someone's badly brylcremed hairstyle...and there's other empty seats everywhere!!

I use my death stare on him and swear in my head at him (chuff, chuffing, chuff, chuff) then, by some miracle, he moves! Hurrah for the death stare!! (thanks to my friend for teaching me that one at soft play the other day...)

The film begins with a short film they've made called 'Lava' – "these are always cute" I thought to myself. "Though that one they did with the umbrellas who wanted to be in love but kept getting blown away did make me cry..."

"I'll be ok..."

30 seconds in....

*"Nope. Cancel that, I'm not ok!!! I'm Bloody sad, that's what I am. Damn you Pixar!! Damn you!! Every bloody time!!"*

By the end of the 4 minute 'short' film – I'm a blubbing mess and the main event hasn't even started.

What's having kids done to me?! I used to be emotional before the kids (and before I found Gin), don't get me wrong, but not to this snotty nosed, red tear-stung eyes extent. Over a cartoon.

The kids peer over at me and I expect them to give me a hug, touch my hand or, at least, a sympathetic smile. Nope. Not them.

My 5 year old takes one look at me and says, "Mummy, it's just pretend, you don't need to cry. Funny Mummy". Clearly he's inherited his Dad's finely tuned emotional skills...

And the 7 year old, is stuffing his face with some more pick and mix. As did I, but mine was more comfort eating.

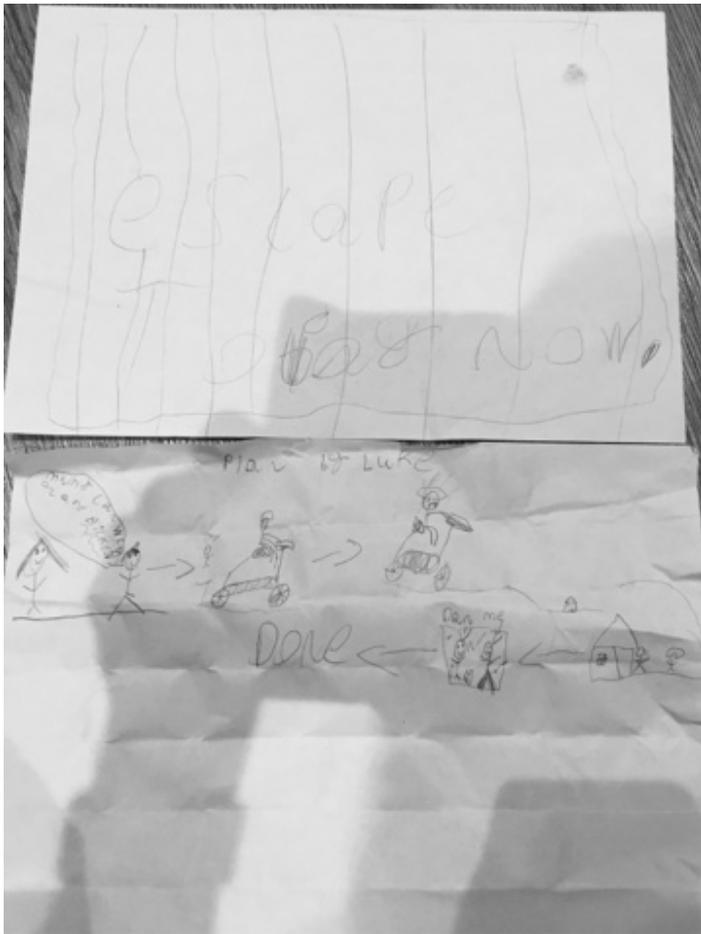
The film is great and focusses on an 11 year old girl, called Riley, who has had to move home. You see her emotions play out in her mind, which then has an impact on what she does in reality. Very thought provoking and brilliantly made. It really struck a chord with the kids who were copying the little girls expressions each step of the way.

As suspected, I cried within the first hour and then didn't stop until the end – when I was verging on hysterical. Like when the Gin bottle is nearly empty at home...I feel every emotion going then. Except Joy. Never Joy in that situation. Thank god the cinema was almost empty and I'd taken my secret stash of Kleenex.

I don't want to say anymore on the film as I don't want to spoil it for you all, so if you don't want to read this part, skim over this paragraph, but one part of the film involved the little girl wanting to run away. I did wonder if this would give my kids ideas but shrugged it off as nonsense mummy worrying.

Needless to say, my eldest had a bit of a rough afternoon (quote from him, "the worst day ever!!!!") with the middle brother and that resulted in a tirade of drawings in his room that looked a little like this...not that this part of the film had any effect on him whatsoever and I was worrying needlessly...

(Translated scrawl: "Escape today now" and "Plan by Luke. Mummy can I ride my bike please? Zooms off as I cry. Cycles to his friend Dan's house and stays there forever".)



### [The Great Escape...](#)

After the cinema, about 3:30pm, we head home and find my other half asleep on the sofa with the little one. Typical 'daddy is doing the childcare today' position.

"Ah...how cute". I think to myself. At least the house is still standing and they're both still alive. A success all round.

I go to the kitchen and see my other half has eaten his lunch I left him and feel pleased that I played dutiful wife and made sure that he and the little one were looked after before I went out.

The little one's highchair tray is scattered with quaver remnants – another sign of a happy lunchtime.

I go to make the kids dinner at about 6pm and, to my bemusement, find the little ones lunch plate still in the fridge with the foil still on. Weird...I think. Maybe he gave him a cooked lunch...

"Hun, did you give Ben lunch?"

"I gave him the quavers you left out".

"Ok..." I reply. "But what about his actual lunch I told you I'd left for him?"

"I couldn't find it". He replies.

*You couldn't find it?! You have got to be shitting me!! It was next to yours in the chuffing fridge!! Chuff, chuffing, chuffing, chuff!!!*

"So all he's had is some quavers...?" I ask.

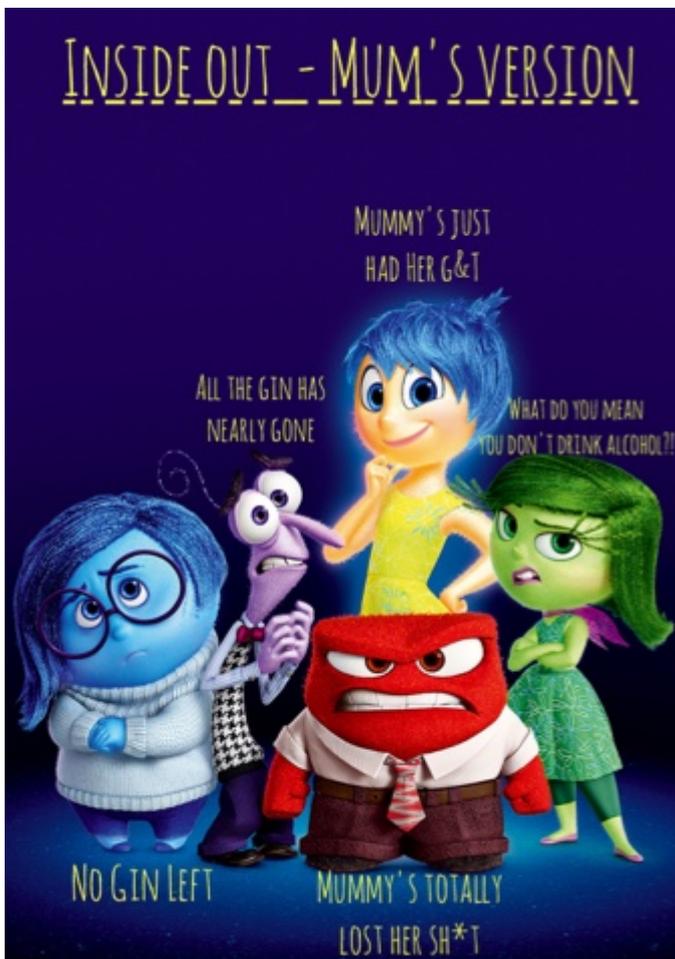
"Yes. Oh, and some dried banana crisps. He liked those."

*I bet he liked those! He was basically foraging!! Poor little monkey!!*

Men.

And I've created 3 more of the them...

So after another eventful day, here is my personal take on "Inside Out...the Mummy version":



By lifeisknutts.xx

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## Fact of the day. 1st August 2015

Who knew...

According to my 7 year old, this area of the body is known as the 'leg pit'.

It's similar to an arm pit but, obviously, found on the leg (just behind the knee).

Genius.

I'll be sure to spray my leg pits with Impulse from now on...



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## Fact of the day. 29th July 2015

There is no such thing as a 'non-spill' cup.

Everyone lies – don't believe their hollow claims or elaborate marketing ploys.

This boy is hell bent on ensuring he finds a way to splatter juice out of every cup I try. Its a new hobby of his and he displays much satisfaction when he smears the juice into the furniture, and then into his hair.

He has been sent to destroy me...and my newly painted walls.

