

## The terrible 2's...

**“The Terrible 2's actually begin in your child's second year of life, so after their 1st birthday. It's all downhill from there...”**

Don't get me wrong, I love my kids.

I count my blessings that we were able to have them, that they arrived safely into the world and they've turned out (almost) perfect (ahem).

That said, nothing can prepare you for how much hard work they are. Especially when they hit the so called, 'terrible 2's'.

Now, I learnt very very quickly that the 'terrible 2's' as they are known, do not begin once your chubby little cherub has had their second birthday, they start in their second year of life, so once they have stuffed that first birthday cake in their chops...that's it.

It's on like donkey kong.



They are champions of mental torture, masters of manipulation and take no prisoners. They still have those chubby cheeks, big doe eyes and little fingers and toes of a newborn, but they have quickly developed the brain which resembles that of a North Korean dictator ("do as I say mother or I will drop the bomb").

My 15 month old did exactly that for the first time this week, and in epic style.

(Actually, now I come to think of it, so did my 5 year old...and my 7 year old. I can't tell you that they 'grow out of it' because I don't think they do, you just learn to find solace in simple things to make yourself feel better, like having a glass of wine with your weetabix at breakfast time.

Technically wine is just grape juice and therefore part of your '5 a day', or is it '7 a day' now?? God knows, I'm lucky

if I manage to eat 7 things in a day!)

The tantrums come at the most awkward times too, when you're on the phone, when you're speaking to other parents whose children are positively angelic, gliding around with halos sparkling above their heads, when you're on the loo mid-wee or when you're at the shops.

Ben this week decided to it while I was at my most vulnerable...I was without the pushchair.

Rookie. Mistake.

That battle-ram come chariot is the answer to all toddler meltdowns – he makes a mere hint of a squeal and I'm on him like a ninja – KAPOW! In the pushchair you go you naughty little dictator. I'll show you who's in charge here.

Meltdown averted.

Sanity saved.

Dignity in tact.

Mummy 1 – angry little baby dictator 0. Smug.

Never underestimate the power of the pushchair.

I thought that now my little cherub is toddling like a drunkard, I would let him walk from the school car park to the school field to fetch my eldest from football training. It's a 2 minute walk for adult legs, or a sprinting 5 year old...20 minutes for a set of chunky baby legs. However, we were in no rush, it was a lovely day, the sun was shining, I was in a good mood (for a change, probably thanks to my breakfast wine) and I felt like I had this mum stuff all under control so left the pushchair firmly in the boot and let him toddle.



you tomorrow, have a lovely evening' to friends and other mums through a gritted teeth smile, and make my way to the car park.

My 2 minute walk back to the car is now taking considerably longer and I resemble a packhorse in a sauna. I'm a sweaty, flustered mess and I just want to get back to the safety of the car where I can restrain my demonic toddler in his car seat.

He continues to scream, hit and thrash all the way back to the car (as I attempt to wave to my sons teacher who looks at me with a lovely sympathetic smile, but which at that time feels like she is saying, "see, 3 children was never a good idea was it love. See you on Jeremy Kyle...")

I get to the car and force the Tasmanian devil child into his car seat and shut his door. I vow to never leave my pushchair in the car again...even when my boys are 16 I'll still have it nearby to shove them in it when I've caught them trying to get into a pub underage.

The tantrum lasts the whole journey home and in total took 25 minutes to conclude.

The moral of the story...I don't have one. But never underestimate a toddler, or how useful a pushchair is...or to forget to have wine for breakfast.

TTFN.x



“Of course I can put this helmet on by myself you stupid woman. Look at me, I look perfect!”

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## Freeze Pop Friday

(I posted this on my Facebook page last week but thought i'd share it on my blog too)

So every Friday, school runs,  
'Freeze Pop Friday'

It's a fundraiser for school where you can queue up to buy your little darlings a freeze pop for 20p from some class volunteers, to save them from the heat, and kick off the

weekend in a happy and fun way.

That's the theory.

The reality is that parents queue for about 20 mins for a freeze pop in the heat with screaming babies, get to the table of volunteers (who are sweaty, stressed out and wielding scissors like ninjas in order to cut the freeze pops free from their plastic sleeve prisons) to find the blue ones (everyone wants a blue one, they make you the most hyperactive and your mouth luminous) have all gone.

You settle for another colour (safe in the knowledge you've bought your children up to be reasonable, sensible and appreciative and you're sure they won't mind what colour freeze pop you managed to get and just be thankful you got them one). WRONG!

It's Friday, it's hot, and your children are about as reasonable as Angela Merkle is speaking to the Greek Finance Minister. The cola freeze pop you presented them with is received with a scathing glare reminiscent of presenting someone with a turd on a plate.

Screaming, feet stamping and tears ensue and in the meantime, the offending freeze pop has taken its bid for freedom and launched itself out of its confines and onto the pavement. Because melting on a school pavement is a better end to life for it than being eaten with contempt by an unappreciative school child.

Only half an hour to go until the battle of the freeze pops commences.

There will be blood, sweat and tears...and that's just from the parents.

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## Welcome!

Well hello there readers and welcome to my blog, "Life is Knutts".

It's a play on words as my surname is Nuttall, and my other half possessed the nickname, Knutts because of it. And well...it's true, life is nuts. As am I.

So, due to high demand (well, 2 people suggesting it) I've finally decided to start up a blog.

What's the blog about...? Well, the answer is, I don't know yet!

I like to write, my husband says I have a vivid imagination (you have to when you live in a house with 4 males to keep your (in)sanity...) and life can sometimes throw things at you that make a pretty good story which deserve to be written about so, all that being said, here I am!

So, a little about me.

I'm a married mum of 3 boys.

I am currently a stay at home mum, who does nothing except drink coffee, eat cake, watch This Morning and Jeremy Kyle to make myself feel better about my own life and go to the hairdressers whilst my children are at school and the baby is asleep all day.

(NOTE: The above statement may be subject to a severe amount of sarcasm).

I used to be a dance teacher in my previous life, but since my 3 little darlings appeared on the scene, this is something that I've had to put on the back burner. I'm not sure I can even touch my toes anymore...it's a bonus I can now see them at least without my stomach getting in the way, so every cloud and all that jazz...

My husband works in IT (don't ask me anymore than that, it's pretty over my head, but he does come in handy when the computer decides it's going on strike and turning it off and on again doesn't cure the problem). We've been married since 2012 and together for 10 years this year (Christ!! 10 years!! Where has the time gone...? Ah, having 3 boys, that's where the time went!)

We live in Surrey (not the leafy part, the concrete jungle part) and as I've mentioned, we are (scarily) now in possession of 3 boys. 3 joyful, completely bonkers (code for feral), bundles of energy who have completely changed our lives.

I'm little. 5ft to be precise...maybe half an inch over on a good day. It's genetic unfortunately, as my mum is also hobbit-like (minus the hairy feet) and is something I've learnt to deal with over the years.

I also look quite young for my age (I know, I know, I'll be grateful for it when I'm older...blah blah blah) so I'm very used to the scathing glances I get, whilst out with my 3 boys, from strangers who must think I'm 20 with 3 children and about to appear on my favourite TV show, Jeremy Kyle (I need to add I've never watched this guy, he's very shouty and reminds me of myself in the mornings when I'm 'speaking' to my children to get them to school on time).

I (try to) play field hockey (that's how I met my other half) and i love it. It is a great aggression reliever and a brilliant way to get rid of life's stresses. The only downside is that i suffer from hockey induced Tourette's, I have to stifle my bad language so much at home that it all seems to manifest itself once I have a hockey stick in my hand ☐

So, that's a little about me. And that's all for now.  
I'll be back soon once I've had some Gin and found my  
whit...bear with me.

TTFN!

Mrs Knutts