

Bye, bye, Baby...

“Bye, bye Baby, Baby good-bye...”

The toddler was quiet. Too quiet.

I remember it well.

It was a gloriously sunny day in May, the sun was beating down and the birds were singing in the trees.

I was flitting between jobs indoors, and jobs in the garden.

The toddler had his water tray out and was being a general nuisance, digging mud out from the flower bed and tipping it into the clean water.

Everything was normal.

Until I spotted a hand poking from out the dirt...

And then a foot...

And then some (very badly kept) golden locks...

I went closer (mainly due to my failing eyesight meaning I once thought I'd seen a Seal in the sea...turns out it was a seagull. Yes, really. How embarrassing).

I peered down and to my horror, I saw a face peering out of the dirt.

I held back my scream and crept in even closer...

And there it was.

Staring back at me.

A doll.



(Phew, I had you all there didn't I...bet you thought I had put my husband out there after all because of our gardening

shenannigans of late).

My doll I had as a child in fact.

Buried. In the dirt.

It didn't take me long to work out who the suspect was...he was caught red (well, brown with dirt to be precise) handed.



He was sent stright to jail, do not collect £200 as you pass
Go.



(You'll all be glad to know, the toddler treated her to a bath in the water tray as an apology later on. And the Mud had done wonders for her complexion.)

Her skin was so perfect it almost looked plastic...

They then had a cuddle and she forgave the being buried alive incident. These toddlers eh?!

Whatever next...

