

# Rugger bugger...

It's 6 Nations Rugby time here in the UK.

Today England were playing Ireland.



Rugby. A game where grown men battle it out for the opportunity to grab a funny shaped ball...

Now, before I start my rant, I must stress that I love the rugby, so my issue here isn't with the rugby itself. It's to do with bitterness and resentment (my usual topics... ☐)

There used to be a time, BC (that means before children), that I used to be able to sit and watch an entire rugby match. I'd get involved, totally immersed in the highs and lows of the match, have a drink or two and most importantly, I'd sit down. For the WHOLE match!

Now we have kids, all of whom are sadly uninterested in the Rugby, I don't stand a chance of even watching 10 minutes of the game.

During the match this evening I've put a load of washing on, I've changed 2 nappies, I've made the kids tea, I've fed the toddler his, I've made our tea for later and I've put the toddler in the bath and got him ready for bed.

Now, when the rugby started, Daddy announced to the household, "Right, everyone. The rugby is about to start so behave!"

That translates in my head to,

"Wife, the rugby is on. Assume that I am actually not here sat before you on the sofa, and should anything need to be done, any of the kids need help or assistance, ensure I'm not bothered until the final whistle has gone".

And that's exactly how it goes.

To be fair, now the rugby is finished, he's playing with the older 2 boys – a strenuous game of sleeping lions...yes really.

Men. And I've created 3 more of them...sorry everyone.

□



Knock, knock! Who's there?

Hello?! Anyone?! Ah yes,  
thats right, the rugby is on.  
Nobody is home...

