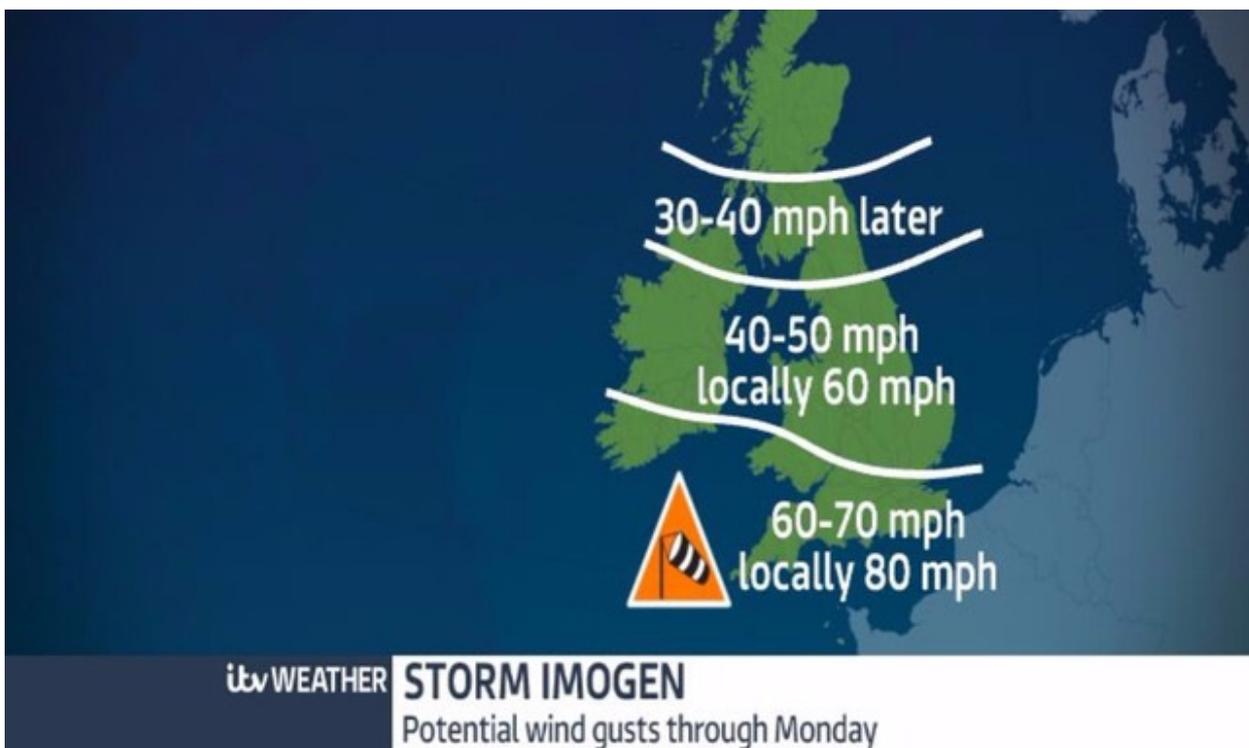


# Stormy weather...

Bit windy out today... (Understatement)

The sort of day you don't really want to be outside any longer than you have to be.

I was already dreading the school run because of the fact it's Monday (piss off Monday – I think we should have 3 day weekends which incorporate Monday's because they're so pants, I'm going to write to the queen to suggest it in a minute...) and because of Imogen. (No, that's not anyone's child at school, I wouldn't be that rude, even on a Monday – that's the name of the latest storm to grace us with its presence).



We set off for school and the middle one stops on the driveway to tinker with his Match Attax (if you've been lucky enough to not know about these bloody things yet then high five to you. You're one of the luckiest people I know). They're footie cards which cost £1 for 10 and you have to collect all the players in the FA Premier League to fill a folder and so you can play a game with them. Modern day football stickers. They're a pain in the posterior and have caused more arguments

in our house than Kim-Jong-Un has caused in the world because of his questionable haircut and Nuclear weapons fetish...



Anyway, I digress, middle child sorts out his poxy match Attax and catches up with me and his brother who are at the end of the close. We dodge the fallen fences down the alleyways and get to school safely. Upon reaching the school gate I wave my older one off, checking he has all his stuff as he goes. I then glance at the middle one who seems empty handed apart from his rucksack on his back.

“Zak, where’s your lunchbox I handed you this morning...?” I ask.

“Erm...uh oh” comes the reply.

“Uh, oh...great. Well, that can only mean one thing – where’ve you left it?!” I ask full of dread.

“On the driveway...” he informs me.

Great!!! Chuffing great!!! So now I’ve, yet again, got to walk all the way home, retrieve the lunchbox off the driveway and walk all the way back again whilst battling against Imogen (she’s a right pain in the arse this one...)

It’s one of those moments where you want to go,

“Argh!!!!!!! For fecks sake!!! How difficult is it to keep something that belongs to you in your chuffing hand?!?! You little bugger!! Now I’ve got to walk home and come back again!! Argh!!!”

but instead, to try and not make a scene, I went with,

“Oh dear, well this is a bit of a nuisance for mummy isn’t it. Never mind, it’s my fault for not carrying everything myself”

(Yeah, it’s my fault for not tattooing a checklist of all the things we need for the week onto my forehead for ease of referral).

I launch the middle one through the classroom door and curse under my breath most of the way of the return journey to and from school.

Luckily the little one didn’t mind being out in it too much and behaved impeachable for once (hurrah!) but he did end up with snot blown all over his face and a nose so red that Rudolph would be proud of it.

Here’s a picture of us a bit windswept (and mummy pissed off) when we eventually got home after a school run that lasted a total 1 hour and 5 minutes.

(A friend from school said a Baileys coffee at 10am wasn’t out of the question after that ordeal. I don’t need to be told twice, a truly great idea, I’m off to put the kettle on...)

