

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.