

## Pocket money tidy up...

I was (begrudgingly) having a post Christmas clean up today – you know, unwanted veg that had been hidden under the table (that could've been Daddy's handy work to be honest, he isn't a veg fan...), Christmas tree needles that have somehow ended up in your bed, tree chocolate wrappers hidden down the sofa, that kinda thing – and my 6 year old asks if I want some help. "Of course!" I said, "I'd love some!" and then he said, "but only if I get pocket money for doing it".

(Industrious isn't he?! I think he also gets that from his daddy...)

I agree to £1 if he does a good enough job.

After 2 minutes, he's bored.

"I know mate, it's rubbish isn't it having to clean up," I sympathise, "but it's not going to get done on its own and mummy has to do it all the time with no thanks or payment for it" (Cue sorrowful violin music and visions of Cinderella).

And with that he buggers off.

Great.

And I feel like doing the same.

...but much to my surprise, he then reappears a few minutes later and taps me on the arm.

"Here you go, Mummy," he says, and he opens up his hand to reveal £1 he's taken out of his money box.

"It's for you for doing lots of hard work".

Cue cuddles and sobbing from mummy and my husband shaking his head at mummy's ridiculous emotional reaction.

They can be lovely and surprise you at times these kids...

(And of course I gave him his £1 back, it was a very generous offer but really, he's got a lot to learn. You can't even buy a gin in a tin for that!)

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