

Snow joke...

Ah, the great British let-down that is Snow.

We were forecast some yesterday and everyone waited with bailed breath to see if the weather forecasters had got it catastrophically wrong (yep, a bit like the pollsters did with Brexit and Trump) or whether they had actually got it right for once.

Turns out they were right. Kind of.

About 5:45pm last night, after a biblical amount of rain in the afternoon, it snowed. The kids squealed with excitement, even I pushed my face up against the window to see the magical flakes fall from the sky, but sadly the joy was short lived, as it all so often is with regards to snow here in the southern UK.

By 6:30pm, the kids had been out in it, got themselves soaking wet because it was so slippery and were moaning that their hands hurt because it was so cold.

By 6:45pm the kids had walked soaking wet shoes and clothes through the house (despite being asked to take them off at the door) so I was moaning about cleaning it all up.

By 7:30pm it had turned to slush thanks to the earlier biblical rain.

By 7:35pm my husband had phoned to say the traffic was at a standstill and that he wasn't sure if he was going to get home because cars were sliding down hills.

By 7:40pm the kids were moaning that the snow hadn't been very good.

By 7:45pm, mummy had a [G&T](#) in her hand.

Daddy got home 5 hours after he set off. The journey normally takes 45 minutes.

Proof enough that the England cannot cope with snow I think.

This morning we woke up to frozen slush and ice. It was pretty treacherous out there which the kids thought was fantastic.

Mummy yelled at them, "Don't skid on the ice on the edge of the kerb!"

So they did it some more.

Mummy yelled at them, "Don't try and skate on the black ice in the road as we cross it!"

So they did it some more.

Mummy yelled at them, "Don't throw ice balls at each other! It isn't snow anymore, it's as hard as a rock and you will hurt each other!"

So, yep, they did it some more.

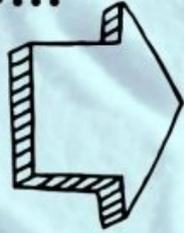
Such command and control I have over my children isn't it? I do astound myself at times.

So, in conclusion, the 'Thundersnow' we were forecast lived up to my personal expectations of causing maximum chaos and disruption whilst letting everyone down with it's shitness. We built a slushman, but sadly no snowman.



I posted this on my Facebook page but it made me chuckle so thought I would share it over here on my [blog](#) too. It sums up Southern UK snow pretty well I think...

How kids
imagine the
snow will be...



www.lifeisknutts.com

How the snow is
in reality...

