

Tell me why, I don't like Monday's...

I. Hate. Monday's.

Seriously, they can bugger off. They're about as enjoyable as sleeping on a toddlers bedroom floor (yes, I was there again last night).

Its a 20 minute walk to school for us and my husband currently has my car as his is in need of a new gear box. It's very cheap to repair (bulls*%t), so he has mine and I'm having to walk.

That is perfectly fine and we enjoy the walk to school most days but I certainly didn't today.

We did the 20 minute walk to school this morning, only to realise when we get there that I've forgotten to pick my middle child's swimming kit up off the chair in the living room.

(Cue me wanting to scream and swear like a mad woman in front of the school gates but opting for a "Haha! Oh dear, what a silly mummy I am" was sadly more appropriate).

I inform his teacher with dread (nobody likes to be THAT MUM who has forgotten something important) but luckily she says not to worry and to just zoom home and fetch it.

Thankfully she tells me he isn't swimming in the first group, so I haven't completely shamed myself, but he will need it by about 9:30/10am.

Cue me running home like a bat out of hell with the toddler in the pushchair, who is wondering what on earth is going on because mummy never normally does anything quicker than a power walk and throws his arms in the air like he is on a

roller coaster.

At least someone is enjoying themselves...

I get home, get the kit and zoom out the door again to do the 20 minute walk back. I manage to jog some of the way but, as I do, one of the wheels falls off the pushchair and rolls off the pavement into the road!

For gods sake!!

(Said pushchair had a puncture so hubby put some new tyres on it for me at the weekend. He clearly wouldn't get a job for McLaren F1's pit stop team as he had failed to secure the wheel back onto the frame properly).

I put the brake on the pushchair (not that it's going to roll off with only 2 wheels) and retrieved the wheel before a car came and ran over it. After a pit stop in super quick time, that Red Bull racing would probably be proud of, I set off on my mission again.

"Yum, yums!!!" the toddler yells. So I stop and get him a snack from the bag. I set off again. "Juice!!! Juice!!!" comes the next shout. So I get him some juice from the bag, whilst he laughs at me as I hand it to him – I'm pretty sure he's enjoying seeing me struggle – and we set off again.

I haven't had breakfast.

I haven't had coffee.

I haven't run anywhere in about 2 months.

Its safe to say I'm feeling pretty much like I want to have a meltdown.

By some miracle I get to school and I've managed the journey in 12 minutes, despite the toddler yelling for supplies and the wheel falling off the pushchair.

And it's only 9:15am.

I deliver the swimming kit and walk out the school gates breathing a sigh of relief and find solace in a bag of Haribo Minions that have been knocking about in my changing bag since Christmas and begin the 20 minute WALK home (there's not a chance I'm running anymore this morning).

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I want to shoot the whole day down.

(Boomtown Rats say it best)



Monday Morning First Aid Kit