

The birds and the...bellybutton?!

It dawned on me and my husband recently that 'the talk' needs to happen with our eldest two sons soon. You know, *that* talk. Luke will be 10 just after Christmas and Zak is 8.

Yes, we fear it is almost time.

The Bells of Doom Toll

[via GIPHY](#)

We aren't prudes (surely you guys all know that by now #hellowpottymouth) and we have never lied to the kids and told them baby's come from the sky, delivered by some bizarre bird who flies with it dangling precariously over land and sea in a blanket from, actually I have no idea where Storks get the babies from – goes off to google – apparently they find them in Caves, like you would Wookey Hole cheese. Make of that what you will.

Anyhow, just as I decide in my head that 'the talk' needs to happen, and as we have boys I feel that it's only right that this duty falls to Daddy, the boys start springing questions on me.

*Cue sweaty palms, frantic brain activity trying to think of an answer and nervous laughter from mummy*I have decided the talk falls to Daddy because he knows far more about all the 'boy stuff' (god I am loving the inverted comma usage today) than I do. Penises. There I said it, no more inverted commas, he knows more about Penises than I do. There's a fact I'm sure my parents are relieved about.

For goodness sake Gemma, you always promised yourself you would be a 'cool' mum who was honest and chilled out about sex

and babies with her kids. Now look at you! You look like a 1940's housewife who's child has just said the word Vagina at the family Christmas dinner table.

This whole bombardment of questions started because of CBBC. There was a programme on and the boys were watching it with great enthusiasm. It's all about the human body and this episode happened to discuss babies, more specifically, how babies eat and poo in the womb. Of course 9 and 8 year old boys are going to pay attention to that...*of course they are.*

They used the phrase, "Did you know, when you were in your mummy's tummy, your belly button used to be both your bottom and your mouth!"

I stare at the TV with a death stare willing a power cut to occur whilst the boys pick their jaws up off the floor and then begin hysterically laughing.

Thanks CBBC, no, really. Thank you. I really needed that sentence to be heard just as I am dishing up Herta Frankfurters and Pasta for the kids (nothing but nutritious dinners here folks).

"MUMMY!!!!!!!!!"

The boys yell at me.

**"We used to eat and poo out of our belly buttons when we were in your tummy!!! That is so gross!!!!
Hahahahaha!!!!!"**

Yes darlings, isn't it. Gives a whole new meaning to the phrase Potty Mouth doesn't it.

“Well, yes, I suppose that is a way of looking at it” I reply
hastily.

Then Luke pipes up, “But if we pooped out of our belly buttons
in your tummy, and then the poop went along the tube thingy
that was attached to it, where did my poop go then?! Did you
have to poop our poop out for us?!”

Then Zak pipes up, “Did you just poop all the time when we
were in your tummy mummy? You know, because you had your own
poops and then our poops too? That must have been very hard
work for you. And you must have been pooping all day!”

Kill me now

Then another question comes from Luke, “So mummy, if I was
hungry, did that message pass along the tube thingy and make
you eat because I needed to?”

**Now, this I could use to my advantage to explain my
preposterous weight gain**

“No Luke. You didn’t ‘tell me’ you were hungry by sending a
message along the umbilical cord to make me want to eat an
entire packet of Pork Pies because that’s what you fancied. I
just ate like normal and some of the nutrients would go to you
via the Umbilical cord and that’s how you ‘ate’. You didn’t
get sent a pepperoni pizza and a tub of Ben and Jerry’s via an
umbilical version of Deliveroo, sorry about that”.

Then, just as I think this conversation can’t get any weirder,
Zak says,

“Well, this all makes sense now because mummy’s poo babies out
of their butts so if our poops were getting out that way,
that’s how we got out too”.

**Darwin award for Biological knowledge at a young age goes
to...not Zak**

So, in light of this little exchange, I think I might be scheduling in a mummy and Ben morning outing fairly swiftly so Daddy can have some quality father/son 'bonding' time to discuss these important matters further.

I would hate for him to miss out on this important parenting milestone...



Painting on a smile...

I posted this on my Facebook page today but felt it needed sharing on here too so apologies if you've already read it over there.

Sometimes it's the people who seem the strongest, who are actually the ones who are struggling the most.

A bit of a serious one this morning, but reading this post over my morning coffee stopped me in my tracks.

On this blogging journey I've 'met' (albeit virtually) some wonderful people and one of these wonderful people is Laura from [Dear bear and beany](#).

It's a funny old place the blogging world, but Laura has been around for a similar amount of time as me and we just 'clicked'. She is kind, knowledgeable, funny and caring and nothing is ever too much trouble for her.

So this morning, as I read her post about her hidden struggle with post natal depression, you can imagine my shock and sadness that;

- 1) I had no idea so couldn't support her when she must have really needed it, and;
- 2) She has had to hide it and try to carry on as normal just so people think she is coping.

It broke my heart.

The sad thing is, I know many people that silently struggle on and I truly believe it's beyond important to seek solace in someone, even if it's one person, so the burden is shared.

I got a message from a lovely reader of mine a week or so ago with a poem she had written about suffering from PND. I didn't know when was the right time to share it. It was so honest and so raw that I couldn't just put it on Facebook without doing

it justice.

Anyhow, I feel that now is a good time to share it, along with Laura's post at the bottom. The two things combined are so powerful and if reading this helps just one person, it was completely worth them bearing their souls like this.

You aren't alone.

There is help out there.

Tell a friend.

Things can get better.

Loads of love Knutters.

Gem

X

*"Every day I try my best,
To smile and say I'm fine,
But the truth is that sometimes,
My worst enemy is my mind.*

*I can't always see through,
The clouds inside my head,
The thoughts that spiral inside,
Whirl around and spread.*

*I know I have a lovely life,
A family I can call mine,
A job, a house, a happy place
A husband that is kind.*

*So many things have happened,
All of which have made me me,
The person that I am,
But not the one I long to be.*

*All these jumbled mixed up feelings
I wish I could just sort*

*The anxiety and depression,
The horrid meaningless thoughts.*

*They stop me feeling happy,
These feelings that lie inside,
The crippling depression,
I try desperately to hide.*

*One day I will be better,
One day I will be free,
One day I will be happy,
One day I will feel like a new me".
By Chloe.*

And here (below) is a link to Laura's post.

DO head on over for a read and leave her a comment if you like. I am sure she will find comfort in the fact she has been understood and isn't alone.

**[Living with Post-natal
depression behind closed
doors.](#)**

**By Laura @ Dear Bear and
Beany.**

[This has made my morning!](#)

A, quite frankly, ridiculous and bizarre news story blogged about by [Eeh Bah Mum](#) this morning...it had me in stitches! ☐

(Click on her name to view the link!)

Apparently it's a real 'thing' and some people own said item.

Imagine if you forgot to remove it before the school run...nobody wants a bit of One Direction blasting out their bits by mistake at the school gate do they?!

<https://www.facebook.com/eehbahmum/posts/756918997776950>