

For the mums... A 'poem'

Being a mum is really quite busy, I often end up in a bit of a tizzy.

Too much to do, can't go to the loo, without a kid holding onto your leg.

"Mummy! Mum! Mum! Mummy!" the children all cry, at the same time and my brain starts to fry,

"Can you wipe my bum please?"

"Can I have some more juice?"...the toddlers escaped and he's now on the loose.

Im trying to juggle twenty things by myself, cooking and cleaning and putting up a shelf, which my husband had promised me that he would do, but if I wait any longer it would be year 2092.

"It's time to do homework!" I shout to the kids,

"But we don't want to do it!" And I gouge my eyelids. Why is this homework always such a struggle? If only they know what it's like when you're older trying to juggle, work and home and family (and gin. There's always time for gin, gin will always win) then they wouldn't whine and scream and shout, or look like Kim Kardashian with a trout pout.

The kids just don't know how easy they have it, when all they have to worry about is wanting a rabbit, those childhood years are fun and carefree, and that's the way it should be if you ask me, but I would sometimes appreciate a little more help, without having to holler or bicker or Yelp.

Despite all the stress and strain of daily life, I do hope I manage to be a good wife, a mum that is loving and caring and fun, and a bum wiping expert for all of my sons.

So here's to all you other 'normal' mummies out there, with sick on your jumpers and food in your hair, I promise you're all being the best you can be, because being a mummy is real tough you see, no training is given and definitely no fee.

These kids we created will pay you with love, and you ultimately know that when push comes to shove, these little monsters that we all rant about, will grow up and eventually they will (hopefully) move out, so treasure it all, the good and the bad, and gin is always the answer if you start to go

mad (always. Always).