

“It’s time for lunch!”

I got up at 6am this morning to make the children’s packed lunches, and one for my husband.

In a sleep deprived stupor, I’ve just noticed that I have packed my husband off to work with my middle ones lunchbox and not his own.

A Thomas the Tank engine lunchbox at that.

I hope he enjoys the cheese sandwich, jelly, babybel, juice carton and fruit smoothie tube he’s going to be presented with at lunch time when he opens it.

To soften the blow, if he comes home later and has eaten it all, I’ll be sure to present him with an ‘empty lunchbox’ reward sticker.

Time for coffee...

(I promise I didn’t put any of the rum in it...even I draw the line at rum for breakfast. Prosecco however...) ☐

Chuffing hell.

