

Movin' on up...

No, not the M-People, 90's smash hit song!



Stop singing it!

Stop!!! It wasn't good the first (or second) time round.

I meant at school!

This week we found out what class our precious offspring were going to be in for the next 2 years.

At the end of year 2 at our school, they jiggle the classes about and the children/friends they've been with since reception are prised apart.

As are the parents.

The kids reaction to this...they couldn't care less.

The parents however...whole different ball game.

Watching the parents find out what class their perfect little Dudley (I've used this name for both dramatic and comic effect...apologies if you're in possession of a Dudley) is in, is like watching the 5 stages of grief play out before your

very eyes.

First: Denial

"Oh how ridiculous! They must have made a mistake. It's very simple, I'll just go and speak to Dudley's teacher and tell them they've put his name on the wrong class list and it'll all be sorted. He couldn't possibly have been put with those children, they're not in his 'friend group'. All a simple misunderstanding."

Second: Anger

"Are you serious?! What in the name of all that is holy were they thinking when they put my darling Dudder's in a class with those mini ASBO's?!"

Were the teachers out on a social and pissed on Lambrini when they dreamt up those class groups?!"

I'm going to the head about this. She will change things, you mark my words!"

Third: Bargaining

"Please Head Teacher. Please. You've got to move my Dudley out of this class of hooligans. PLEASE!!

I'll do anything, I'll sign up to help on every school trip, I'll volunteer to help with changing on every swimming day. I'll even organise the school Christmas Fayre! You've just got to change the class my boy is in!!!! Please!!!!!"

Ahem (Composes ones self)

"Do you like champagne head teacher? I've also got a time share in the Algarve if you fancy a little holibob. No fee of course...?"

Four: Depression

"Well, that's it. Dudley's life is over. At the age of 7, he's had it. He doesn't stand a chance in a class full of mini chavs and Vicky Pollard's."



He might as well go and get in line at the job centre now with a kebab in one hand and a Tenants Extra in the other and sign on.

Wheelie bin cleaner. That'll be his job. Still, at least he will always be in work, people will always have wheelie bins that need cleaning..."

And finally...

Five: Acceptance

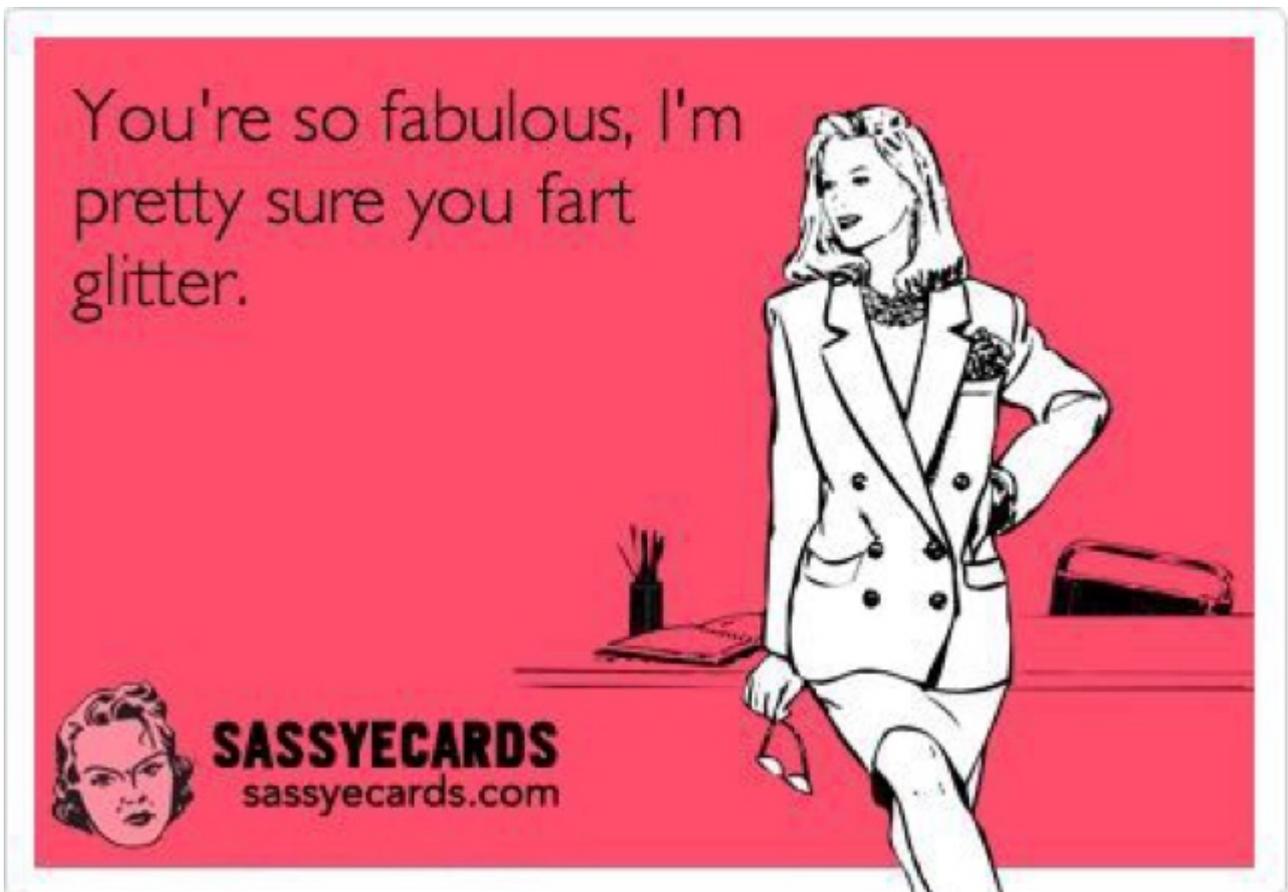
"Where's the gin..."

I'm sure the kids are going to get on just fine. They adapt really quickly (they're fickle little wotsits like that) and they'll just get on with it. The gaggle of parents at the school doors however, take a little longer...



I've decided I'm not ready for all this 'grown up', 'being an adult' stuff.

I want to go back to school and be that 7 year old 'Dudley', carefree (well, apart from the crazy mum he possesses that is...). A life full of expectation, opportunity and farts. Farts are funny. Fact.



Here's to the next 2 years of their school lives. Go and learn little ones. Suck all the knowledge (and probably the life) out of your teacher and most of all, have fun and be happy. Without the need for Gin.

**When I was 5 years old, my
mom always told me that
happiness was the key to life.
When I went to school, they
asked me what I wanted to be
when I grew up.
I wrote down "happy."
They told me I didn't
understand the assignment
and I told them they didn't
understand life.**