

# Mummy's fault...

The boys had their swimming lessons last night.

It's a late lesson, 6:30pm, and by the time we get there my brain is normally completely frazzled, I've been in and out about 8 times already and the kids (okay, and me) are in exhaustion meltdown mode.

The lessons actually go fine and at 7pm, the boys hop out of the pool.

I give my middle one his towel, tell him to have a quick shower and then go to dry himself. He manages to do this with no trouble at all.

I give my eldest his towel, tell him to get a shower and then get dressed.

I then catch him walking into the shower, whilst still in his towel and turning the shower on.

(Am I actually seeing this?! Yes, I am).

"Luke!!!! What are you doing?!?!" I shout.

"Well, you told me to go and get a shower so I did..."

"Yes, but you've showered wearing your towel and now you've got nothing to dry yourself with!!"

"Well, it's your fault mummy because you gave me my towel first and then told me to go and get a shower. If you hadn't have given me my towel that wouldn't have happened would it".

Ah yes, it's my fault.

Yes, that's right.

I give up.

Gin 0'clock.



Gin & Tonic

Mummy's  
Little  
Helper

