

The sound of Silence

Cooking dinner tonight and I thought the toddler was rather quiet.

The first warning sign known to all mothers, is silence.

If there is silence, you know shi* is going down – you just don't know the extent of it until you go and investigate.

It's a bit like Cluedo...

"It was the toddler, in the kitchen, with the cellotape and a potato..." That kind of thing.

I stop what I'm doing and go upstairs to find said toddler in the bathroom.

With a toothbrush.

And enough toilet roll on the floor to make mummy costumes for an entire reception class.

The little machine of destruction has the toothbrush (not his I hasten to add but his brothers) in his hand, and his hand is right down the toilet having a good old scrub about.

There is wet tissue all over the floor and his mouth is wet.

After a little detective work it would appear that, after scrubbing the toilet clean with his brothers toothbrush, he then decided to clean his teeth with it.

Delightful.

I won't be asking him for a kiss at bedtime.

