

The Potty Training Poem...

Before I start, a disclaimer. Any similarities that are found in this poem to my life, or that of anyone else's, is purely co-incidental.

Oh, who am I trying to kid, of course it's about my sodding life!

Potty training.

Literally and metaphorically, a shit time in your parenting life...

The time has come my little one, for you to use the potty,
Life is so much better when there's no poo upon your botty.
This part is where your wee comes out and this part lets you
poo,
and when you've mastered the potty my child, you can sit upon
the loo.

"Wee-wee coming" the cry rings out, the toddler needs to pee,
"Go-go-go" the mummy yells, as she whips him off her knee..
Down come the trousers, as quick as a flash, then onto the
potty he goes,

"Wee-wee gone" says the little one, a false alarm I suppose.

"Uh-oh!" says the toddler, with a grin on his face, he's stood
in a puddle of piss,

"Oh sodding hell!" the mum says in her head, "how the chuff
did my life become **this**?"

"Don't worry darling!" she says out loud, forcing a smile from
within.

"Fuck this shit", she says to herself, "I'm off to crack open
the Gin".

"Poo-poo coming!" the toddler now yells and the mum runs as
fast as she can,

she slides on the floor like a ninja and whisks him away to
the pan.

"Uh-oh!" says the toddler, a smirk on his face, a distinct
whiff of faeces appears,

a peek down his trousers reveals a huge stinky turd and sadly
confirms her worst fears.

"Where do we poo my sweet little boy? On the potty or in your
trousers?"

The mum tries her best not to shout, "What the fuck!" as she
deals with this stinkiest of encounters.

Her nostrils offended, her stomach is churned, the stench will
not sod the hell off,

How can a person so small, cause such a stench which makes

you gag and cough?

Weeks pass on by, and with each one that does, the training doesn't get any better,

She begins to think her child's pissing on things, merely to upset her.

The sofa is covered in stains and weird smells, "Is that stain on there chocolate or poo?"

She gives it a sniff to investigate more, "Ah, it's definitely the latter. Ewww!"

The mum decides that maybe her toddler just isn't ready for potty training yet.

"I mean, to be honest this child of mine doesn't care if his nappy is wet."

She decides that it's best to just call it quits before her patience is thinner than thin,

so she puts him in a nappy, heads out to the kitchen and pours a fecking massive Gin.



Interior design addition by my toddler. Piss on the sofa...

One of the most fun times in your parenting career isn't it,
potty training?

Intravenous Gin. It's the only way forward...