

Deer with a Beer: The final Trilogy

IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE!

How the feck has this happened all of a sudden?! I think I am ready for tomorrow. The kids are in bed, albeit one of them is not asleep (the eldest, despite threats of Santa not coming) and I am on the Baileys after a few rum and cokes.

The wrapping is done, the Christmas day prep is done and now it's time to kick back, relax and eat my way into a delirious festive stupor.

Merry Christmas one and all.

Here are the last 3 installments of Deer with a Beer for you...the final trilogy.

How will things pan out for Rudolph?!

[Deer with a Beer Day 22](#)

[Deer with a Beer Day 23](#)

[Deer with a Beer Day 24 – The Finale](#)

Deer with a Beer: Day 21

It's the end of term!!! We made it (by the elastic in our knickers). Christmas has now officially begun for us in the Knutter household.

I'm holding out hope that the kids sleep in until 10am and we stay in pjs all day watching films and scoffing popcorn. The reality of it will probably be a 6am wake up and I should think I'll have shouted at one of the kids by 6:45am...
Optimistic aren't I?!

Here is day 21 of Deer with a Beer.

Happy reading!

Deer with a Beer: Day 20

Well, today was fun.

If you class fun as having your toilet and bath become so blocked no water can pass down them resulting in sewage coming back up, and the if realising your car battery has died as you're about to leave to take your son to his guitar lesson.

Yeah, today has been real fun.

Fuck a duck.

Not literally of course, it's just a favourite saying of mine at the moment. That's not how we stuff a duck, even at Christmas.

[Here is day 20 of Deer with a Beer for you all. Is Rudolph finally back on track with his life?!](#) (He's probably more on track than I am!)

Deer with a Beer: Day 16

Well, today consisted mainly of being very tired and now a little bit tipsy. I just made a cocktail but it needed 'tweaking' so I made another one and now I am typing this feeling a little more festive than I did before said cocktails.

I was tired because the husband was out on his work do in London last night.

He should have been home about 1:30/2am because the last trains to where we leave go from Waterloo about 1am. Alas, 3am came and went and he still wasn't home. I text him at 1:30am but he didn't reply and then at 3:45am I receive one saing his has missed all the trains (no shit Sherlock) and that he is getting a taxi home. Said taxi cost him, sorry, us, almost £100. Utter madness.

He got in at 4:45am and 'slept' on the sofa which made the downstairs smell like the Queen Vic's cellar. Lovely.

Needless to say he is exhausted this evening and I am feeling less than sympathetic, hence my cocktail induced stupor.

I hope you've all had a good week and spouses less drunk than my own.

Here is Deer with a Beer day 16 for you all.

Has Rudy won back Ruby or not?!

Deer with a Beer: Day 14

So, those of you who read yesterday's Deer installment will know that I spent over an hour wrapping a pass the parcel yesterday, only to run out of paper on layer 29 of 30.

Yep. Ain't life a bitch.

Today however, life trumped yesterday's bitch when I realised I had made a pass the parcel faux pas. I should have made 2 parcels of 15 layers and not one enormous one of 30 layers.

So yep, you guessed it, today I spent over an hour of my time unwrapping 15 layers of the large pass the parcel so I could then wrap another prize in 15 layers of paper to ensure I now have 2 pass the parcels.

My life is so rock and roll that I'd make Mick Jagger look 'beige'.

[Anyhow, here is Day 14 of Deer with a Beer for you all. Today is a real corker, and no reading is involved. Win!](#)