

The deed is done...

And the deed is done...now to dismember it and put it in the green wheelie bin of doom.

I'm 100% in the dog house once the kids get home. Maybe if I'm lucky they'll put me in time out and send me to my room...

Here's hoping.



Festive Tree Tantrum...

Telling the kids the Christmas tree has got to be taken down this weekend has gone down about as well as telling them a beloved family pet has died...

We've had tears.

We've had shouting.

We've had actual tree hugging (until they got spiked by the needles...)

We've had hatred for mummy and them forming a human chain in front of it to block access.

We've had a bit more crying and stroking of tree ornaments.

It's like the stages of grief playing out before my eyes.

I however can't wait to see it gone.

I've had 'hayfever' for the whole of December and have come to the conclusion I'm allergic to the Festive house tree dweller.

I'm officially allergic to Christmas...