

Things that go 'blah blah blah' in the night...

What is that noise?!

Is it a possessed Demon?

Is it a monster?

...nope. It's the toddler.

Honestly, this kid was only 2 in March and hasn't needed a daytime nap since 20 months old...20 months!!!! Utterly outrageous behaviour.

People, listen up. Make the most of nap times. It might dictate your life schedule for a while but when the good times come to an end, life is never the same again. Nor is your sanity.

The toddler had 45 minutes sleep this afternoon whilst he was in the pushchair on the school run. It's unusual for him to nap, but he was super grouchy during the day and clearly needed it. The only problem is, even if his eyes close for just 2 minutes, his batteries are fully charged and he's good to go for another 6 hours. I'm not even exaggerating...

And go he has. I tried to get him to sleep at about 7:45 but to no avail so I bought him back downstairs so I could have dinner. He spent a good 3 minutes whilst me and his daddy ate our dinner, doing doughnuts in the living room with the Trunki...round and round and round and round and round and round...you get the idea. He went on for a while. Such fun

I eventually had enough and, at 9pm, I took him back upstairs to attempt to get him to sleep. This took until 10pm. And in the meantime, in the pitch black of his bedroom, this is the noise I was having to put up with. It's not at all disconcerting...

[Click here to Listen!](#)

Help me... (Mum hangover)

I went out for dinner and drinks last night.

I didn't have to drive (thanks Steph!)
I ended up drinking.

I got into bed at 12:50am.
The toddler got me out of bed at 3am.

I gave up fighting at 4am.

I fell asleep on his bedroom floor until 6:30am.

The weekly food shop came at 7am.

Nothing good has come of this episode of events, but on a positive note I had a lovely time last night and some bacon arrived in the food shop, along with some Revels.

Time for breakfast....

(Yes, I know... What a Massive fail of epic proportions booking a shopping slot so early on a Sunday, but when you realise 10 minutes before going out for the night on a Saturday that

there's only 5 nappies left in the house – when your toddler has an upset stomach with Vesuvius poo I hasten to add – you'd panic and get some nappies delivered in a stupidly early shopping slot too).

Help me. I think I'm dying...

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