

My mums cooking...

I spent an hour of my time this morning lovingly making some chicken casserole for my toddler.

He even 'helped' by rolling potatoes across the kitchen throwing the carrots on the floor.

I've just sat down to give him said casserole and the look of disgust on his face was comparable to that of a mum who goes to the cupboard, only to find there is no gin left.

That was a waste of time then wasn't it.

I let him out of his highchair and admit defeat, at which point I see my darling little cherub eating a raisin and a sticker off the floor.

I'm sure it's not a reflection on my cooking skills...