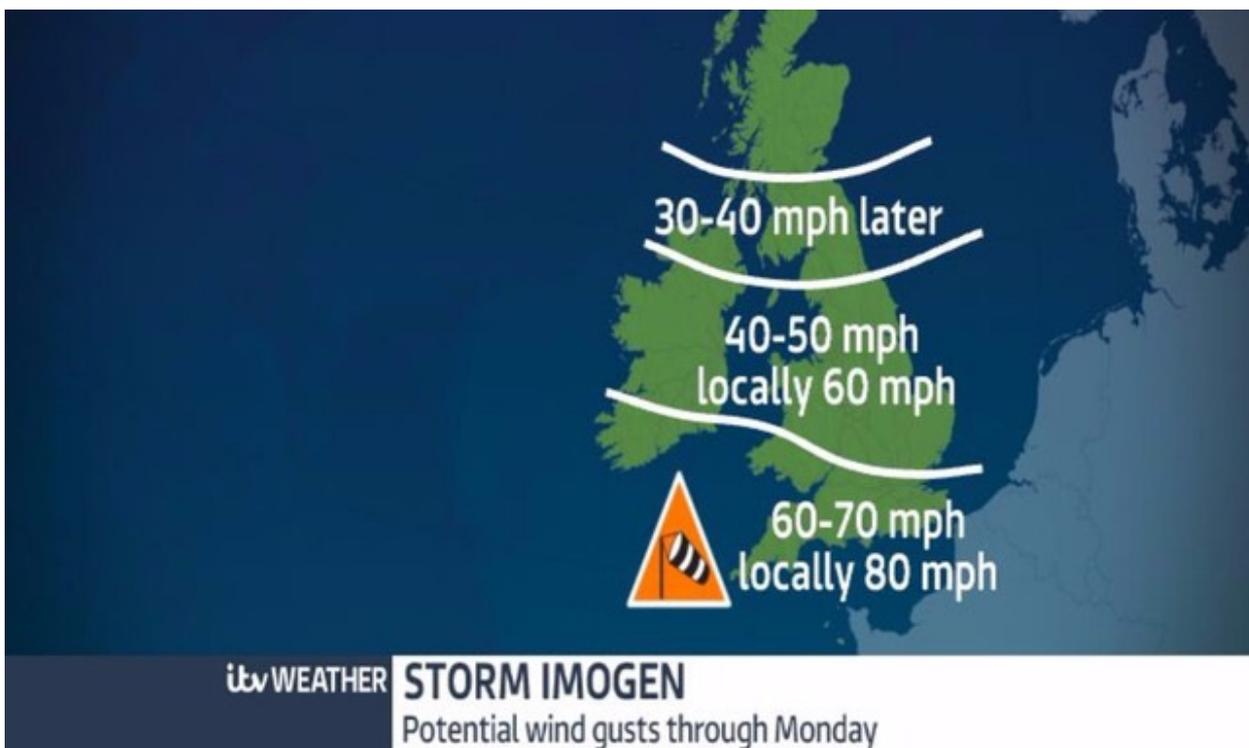


Stormy weather...

Bit windy out today... (Understatement)

The sort of day you don't really want to be outside any longer than you have to be.

I was already dreading the school run because of the fact it's Monday (piss off Monday – I think we should have 3 day weekends which incorporate Monday's because they're so pants, I'm going to write to the queen to suggest it in a minute...) and because of Imogen. (No, that's not anyone's child at school, I wouldn't be that rude, even on a Monday – that's the name of the latest storm to grace us with its presence).



We set off for school and the middle one stops on the driveway to tinker with his Match Attax (if you've been lucky enough to not know about these bloody things yet then high five to you. You're one of the luckiest people I know). They're footie cards which cost £1 for 10 and you have to collect all the players in the FA Premier League to fill a folder and so you can play a game with them. Modern day football stickers. They're a pain in the posterior and have caused more arguments

in our house than Kim-Jong-Un has caused in the world because of his questionable haircut and Nuclear weapons fetish...



Anyway, I digress, middle child sorts out his poxy match Attax and catches up with me and his brother who are at the end of the close. We dodge the fallen fences down the alleyways and get to school safely. Upon reaching the school gate I wave my older one off, checking he has all his stuff as he goes. I then glance at the middle one who seems empty handed apart from his rucksack on his back.

“Zak, where’s your lunchbox I handed you this morning...?” I ask.

“Erm...uh oh” comes the reply.

“Uh, oh...great. Well, that can only mean one thing – where’ve you left it?!” I ask full of dread.

“On the driveway...” he informs me.

Great!!! Chuffing great!!! So now I’ve, yet again, got to walk all the way home, retrieve the lunchbox off the driveway and walk all the way back again whilst battling against Imogen (she’s a right pain in the arse this one...)

It’s one of those moments where you want to go,

“Argh!!!!!!! For fecks sake!!! How difficult is it to keep something that belongs to you in your chuffing hand?!?! You little bugger!! Now I’ve got to walk home and come back again!! Argh!!!”

but instead, to try and not make a scene, I went with,

“Oh dear, well this is a bit of a nuisance for mummy isn’t it. Never mind, it’s my fault for not carrying everything myself”

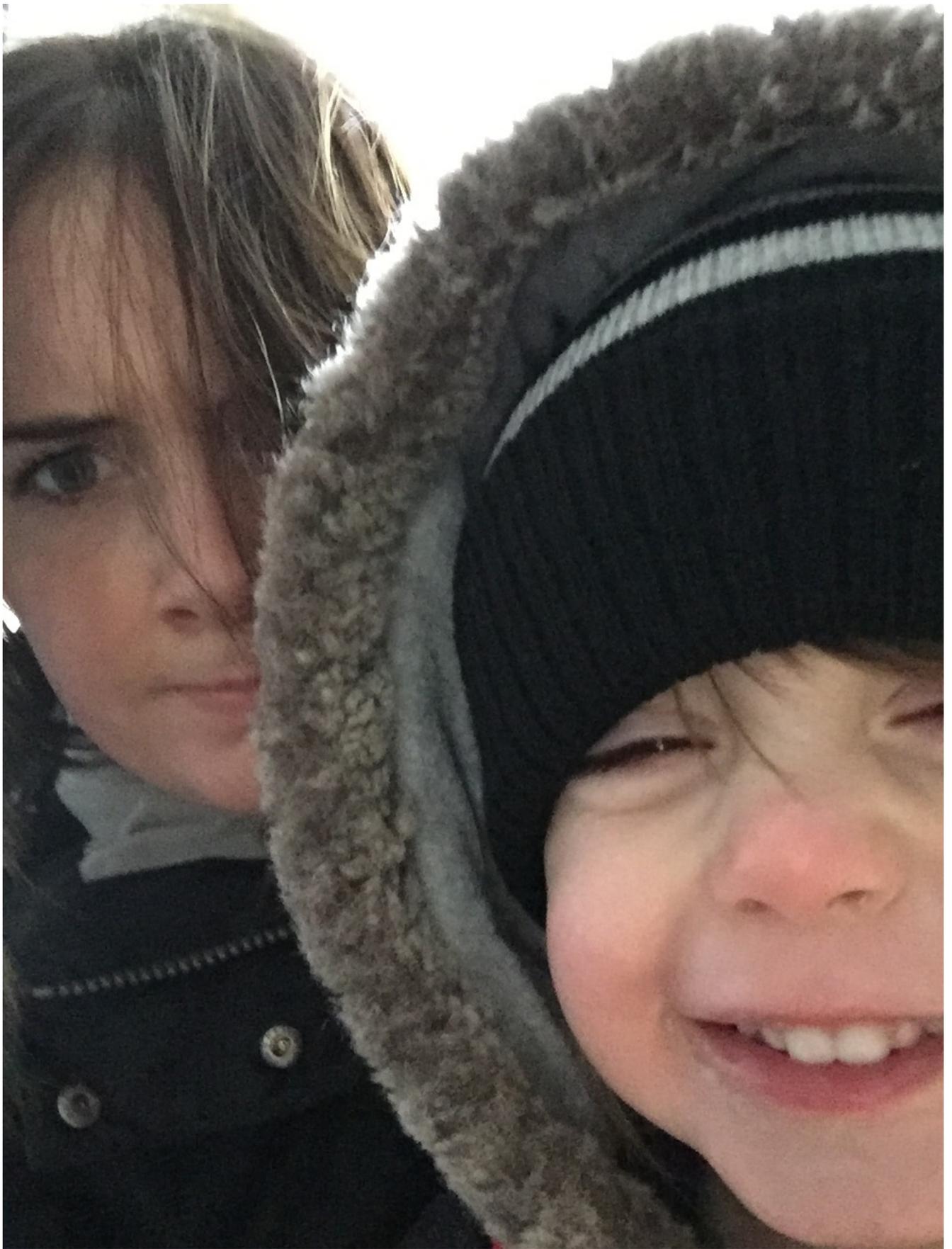
(Yeah, it’s my fault for not tattooing a checklist of all the things we need for the week onto my forehead for ease of referral).

I launch the middle one through the classroom door and curse under my breath most of the way of the return journey to and from school.

Luckily the little one didn’t mind being out in it too much and behaved impeachable for once (hurrah!) but he did end up with snot blown all over his face and a nose so red that Rudolph would be proud of it.

Here’s a picture of us a bit windswept (and mummy pissed off) when we eventually got home after a school run that lasted a total 1 hour and 5 minutes.

(A friend from school said a Baileys coffee at 10am wasn’t out of the question after that ordeal. I don’t need to be told twice, a truly great idea, I’m off to put the kettle on...)



Tell me why, I don't like Monday's...

I. Hate. Monday's.

Seriously, they can bugger off. They're about as enjoyable as sleeping on a toddlers bedroom floor (yes, I was there again last night).

Its a 20 minute walk to school for us and my husband currently has my car as his is in need of a new gear box. It's very cheap to repair (bulls*%t), so he has mine and I'm having to walk.

That is perfectly fine and we enjoy the walk to school most days but I certainly didn't today.

We did the 20 minute walk to school this morning, only to realise when we get there that I've forgotten to pick my middle child's swimming kit up off the chair in the living room.

(Cue me wanting to scream and swear like a mad woman in front of the school gates but opting for a "Haha! Oh dear, what a silly mummy I am" was sadly more appropriate).

I inform his teacher with dread (nobody likes to be THAT MUM who has forgotten something important) but luckily she says not to worry and to just zoom home and fetch it.

Thankfully she tells me he isn't swimming in the first group, so I haven't completely shamed myself, but he will need it by about 9:30/10am.

Cue me running home like a bat out of hell with the toddler in the pushchair, who is wondering what on earth is going on because mummy never normally does anything quicker than a power walk and throws his arms in the air like he is on a

roller coaster.

At least someone is enjoying themselves...

I get home, get the kit and zoom out the door again to do the 20 minute walk back. I manage to jog some of the way but, as I do, one of the wheels falls off the pushchair and rolls off the pavement into the road!

For gods sake!!

(Said pushchair had a puncture so hubby put some new tyres on it for me at the weekend. He clearly wouldn't get a job for McLaren F1's pit stop team as he had failed to secure the wheel back onto the frame properly).

I put the brake on the pushchair (not that it's going to roll off with only 2 wheels) and retrieved the wheel before a car came and ran over it. After a pit stop in super quick time, that Red Bull racing would probably be proud of, I set off on my mission again.

"Yum, yums!!!" the toddler yells. So I stop and get him a snack from the bag. I set off again. "Juice!!! Juice!!!" comes the next shout. So I get him some juice from the bag, whilst he laughs at me as I hand it to him – I'm pretty sure he's enjoying seeing me struggle – and we set off again.

I haven't had breakfast.

I haven't had coffee.

I haven't run anywhere in about 2 months.

Its safe to say I'm feeling pretty much like I want to have a meltdown.

By some miracle I get to school and I've managed the journey in 12 minutes, despite the toddler yelling for supplies and the wheel falling off the pushchair.

And it's only 9:15am.

I deliver the swimming kit and walk out the school gates breathing a sigh of relief and find solace in a bag of Haribo Minions that have been knocking about in my changing bag since Christmas and begin the 20 minute WALK home (there's not a chance I'm running anymore this morning).

Tell me why? I don't like Mondays.

Tell me why? I don't like Mondays.

Tell me why? I don't like Mondays.

I want to shoot the whole day down.

(Boomtown Rats say it best)



Monday Morning First Aid Kit