

Pocket money tidy up...

I was (begrudgingly) having a post Christmas clean up today – you know, unwanted veg that had been hidden under the table (that could've been Daddy's handy work to be honest, he isn't a veg fan...), Christmas tree needles that have somehow ended up in your bed, tree chocolate wrappers hidden down the sofa, that kinda thing – and my 6 year old asks if I want some help. "Of course!" I said, "I'd love some!" and then he said, "but only if I get pocket money for doing it".

(Industrious isn't he?! I think he also gets that from his daddy...)

I agree to £1 if he does a good enough job.

After 2 minutes, he's bored.

"I know mate, it's rubbish isn't it having to clean up," I sympathise, "but it's not going to get done on its own and mummy has to do it all the time with no thanks or payment for it" (Cue sorrowful violin music and visions of Cinderella).

And with that he buggers off.

Great.

And I feel like doing the same.

...but much to my surprise, he then reappears a few minutes later and taps me on the arm.

"Here you go, Mummy," he says, and he opens up his hand to reveal £1 he's taken out of his money box.

"It's for you for doing lots of hard work".

Cue cuddles and sobbing from mummy and my husband shaking his head at mummy's ridiculous emotional reaction.

They can be lovely and surprise you at times these kids...

(And of course I gave him his £1 back, it was a very generous offer but really, he's got a lot to learn. You can't even buy a gin in a tin for that!)

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It's the final countdown!! (Love a bit of Europe)

I don't know about you, but I can't wait for the end of term. The kids are so exhausted that even asking them what they want for breakfast results in a slanging match (it's tempting to tell them just to eat their entire advent calendar as breakfast and be done with it) and I'm so exhausted I now see red if they request toast or crumpets because I class that as time consuming cooking..

Myself and most of the fellow parents on the school run look like extras from a zombie movie and all I seem to do all morning is shout, "no!" or "stop it!" or "is it bedtime yet?!" like I'm experiencing a politically correct (and frankly rather boring) bout of Tourette's.

I know most folks think it's probably harder having your kids home with you rather than at school, but I'm certain the general consensus is that we are all just so exhausted that we don't care about that and the Christmas holidays can't come soon enough.

I can't wait for the school run (mostly in the piddling rain of late) to be done with.

And when the holidays do arrive, it'll be Gin for breakfast. Cheers to that!

(Obviously that's a joke, maybe brunch, but not breakfast...)

We're nearly there folks.

Only 2 Christmas church nativity visits with a maniac toddler to go...

Keep on pushing on.



Breaststroke

A lovely friend's husband took his son, and my 2 eldest, to their swimming lesson for me tonight.

It was great to not have to go and sit in the steam and splash filled sauna that is the school pool and sweat, sorry, I mean glow, in public.

Upon dropping them home, he diligently informs me that they've done breaststroke and backstroke this evening.

With that, my friend's son shouts something from the car which I can't quite make out.

I ask what it was he said and my friend's husband replies, "He said he hates breaststroke".

I decide, no wait, my mouth decides (before my brain) that it would be funny to reply immediately to that comment with...wait for it,

"Well he won't be saying that when he's a bit older will he?!" (Cue me laughing demonically on my own doorstep at my own joke – bloody hell Gemma...)

Christ sake.

Chuffing hell.

(Cue polite, but awkward, laughter from friends husband).

Hangs head in shame and goes off to find Gin in the kitchen

(Sorry Pete...) ☐

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...