

Rabbit needs a wash...the conclusion.

Did Rabbit survive the wash?!

Are all his limbs still attached?!

Does he still smell like a toddler who has rolled in fox crap?!



So, once the boys were at school yesterday, I got home and to my utter amazement (after the biblical rainfall that had

flooded half of our town on Wednesday) the sun was shining and there was a gentle breeze in the air.

It was the perfect drying day!

Thank you washing gods!

I told rabbit I was very sorry but that he really did pong and that he had to go to the spa for the day (i.e; for a spin in the washing machine).

He wasn't very happy about it and said he remembered how I almost killed him last time – he never fully recovered from his severe stuffing loss. It's a guilt I will take to my grave...

After some coaxing, and me reading up on the interweb that if I placed rabbit in a material bag he would stand a much better chance of survival, he begrudgingly got into the washing machine.



"Zak's mummy is such a bitch. I swear to god, if my arm comes off again she had better sleep with one eye open tonight..."



“It’s happening...”

I reassured rabbit that after a quick spin in the washing machine he could have some spa treatments, so he eventually agreed and let me put him in the machine just to see what it

was going to be like. I shut the door and I was greeted with his little face peering back at me, all forlorn. I reminded myself that this had to be done (you have to be cruel to be kind sometimes as a parent) and told rabbit it was time to get in the bag. He hopped in and I closed it up. Then I pressed...START.

Click. The door locked. There was no going back now.

I kept my fingers crossed and waited anxiously for the machine to finish, drain of water and for the thing to stop spinning at a rate of 7G's.

After an hour, it had finished and I nervously opened the door and peered into the bag..

What greeted me was...an in tact rabbit!!!!!!!!!!

HE WAS ALIVE!!!!!!!! (and he smelt of Lavender and Jasmine...)

I gave rabbit a high five and he told me that he blacked out through the stress about 5 minutes into the wash. The rest of his time in the machine was a blur (probably just as well really).

I honoured my promise to him and he was given 2 complimentary spa treatments.

He requested a facial and a neck and shoulder massage which I diligently completed...



Time for a facial. I did put carrot on his eyes but he kept eating them so changed to cucumber...



Nothing like a shoulder massage after a spin in the washing machine...

So Rabbit survived, and I placed him outside on the patio to dry off and sunbathe.

Zak was over the moon when he got home and saw rabbit all clean, and smelling like a granny's knicker drawer. He took him upstairs and snuggled him into his bed ready for night time.

And mummy had a cocktail to celebrate not having to attempt to sew anything back together. Hurrah!

The end. For now, anyway.

Rabbit needs a wash...

Rabbit needs a Wash.

“That thing stinks and it needs a wash!” I exclaimed.

.....
Stop, stop, stop.

Get your minds out of the gutter people, I'm not talking about any Ann Summers Rabbit related stuff of the Rampant kind here (you filthy lot) I'm talking about my middle son's beloved soft toy!

Crikey...you guys! ☐

Zak, my middle one, loves his Cuddly Rabbit so much it is nigh on impossible to get the wretched thing into the washing machine.

Actually, the last time I washed his beloved Rabbit, when I went to remove it from the washing it was minus an arm. Oops.

Spot the mummy who isn't fully qualified in laundry and clearly didn't get her Washer-woman badge at Brownies (I did get my hostess badge though, so if you want a cup of tea bought to you on a tray with a basket I made from weaved paper and a curtsy at the end, I'm your gal!).

I digress... (I do that a lot)

So the rabbit absolutely stinks, has it's own microclimate, and needs a date with some detergent.

He's had this rabbit cuddly toy since he was born and he just took a liking to it one day, love at first sight and all that, and they've been inseperable since. We once left Rabbit at Nanny and Grandad's house after a sleepover and that resulted in mummy having to drive back there to pick it up so he could go to sleep. He really loves it.

The trouble is, because he loves it so much, it's really bloody difficult to prise the thing from his grasp in order to give it a much required spa day. This has resulted in about 8 months worth of sweat, dribble, snot, bogeys and poo particles becoming ingrained into it and it really has developed it's own 'unique' scent. Frankly, it makes me want to vom. I've tried an anti-bacterial spray on it but it's not done the job. It needs a deep clean and a colonic, stat.

I plan on doing the deed tomorrow whilst he is at school and I'm praying for a 'good drying day' so that it'll be dried and ready for bedtime. That's the plan anyway.

I'll update you all tomorrow on how it goes.

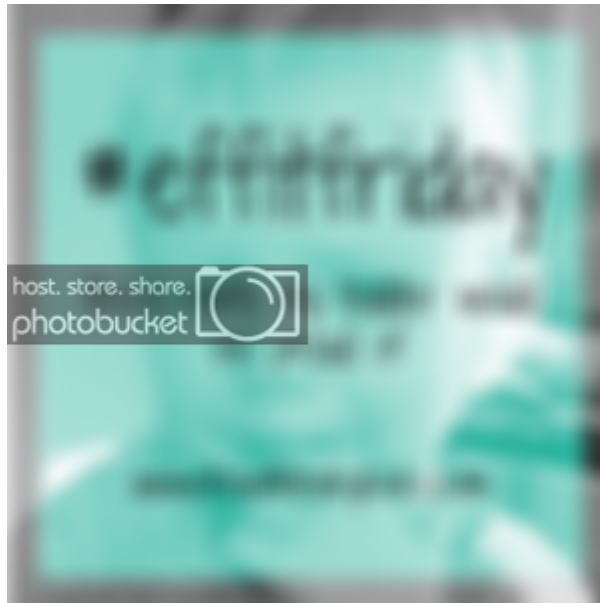
If any limbs fall off, or god forbid, it's head, I'm stuffed. Like the rabbit. I cannot sew either. Another Brownie badge I never got. I was so bad at sewing, I once sewed my sewing project to my own skirt because I was doing it on my lap. Yep, I'm an utter failure as a Brownie and a mother...but I can tell the difference between Gordon's Gin and Bombay Sapphire.

Is there a Brownie badge available for that yet?

Wish me well fellow Knutters!

(Oh, and the Rabbit. He will need all the luck he can get!)





The Polo Shirt...

**Today's pearl of wisdom,
courtesy of my 8 year old...**

Me: "Boys, please can you try not to ruin your polo shirts today. They're coming home very, very dirty and I can't keep buying new ones..."

Zak: "Ok, Mummy".

Luke: "I'll try to but I like hill rolling too much and I can't not get dirty if I am rolling down a hill".

Me: "Well, if you can try that would be super".

Zak: "Mummy, why are they called Polo shirts anyway?"

Luke (in a sarcastic, know it all voice): “Erm, because they’re white like Polo mints, stupid!”

Yes, Luke. That’s exactly why they’re called Polo shirts. Aren’t you the wisest one of all... (goes off to laugh)

