

The #YouHaveToLaugh tag

There is a new blogger tag on the block and it's called the #YouHaveToLaugh tag. The tag is the brainchild of tena-lady laughter inducing bloggers, [Fran](#) (Whine, Whinge, Wine) and [James](#) (A life just Ordinary) and I have been nominated to take part by the equally funny, and also really lovely, Dawn from [Rhyming with Wine](#). Thanks Dawn you leg-end!

If you haven't checked out Dawn's blog, you really must. I'm not just saying this, she is properly funny. My fave post of hers (and this was so hard to narrow down) is this one called, "[Quest to the Front Door](#)" – ooooooh! Doesn't that sound like a first draft of a Harry Potter book to you guys?! I love how Dawn has managed to capture everything that is a complete and utter ball-ache about trying to leave the house with children, whilst getting it to rhyme. She is an actual genius – Jay-Z has nothing on this homie – and never fails to make me laugh manically in front of my laptop!

So the basic gist of this is I answer a few questions whilst attempting to be vaguely humorous in the process.

Don't hold out much hope.

If you don't have expectations, you can't be disappointed.

My life mantra.

What a positive one eh?!

1) Fill in the gap: Before I had

children I never

...realised people could be such judgemental arseholes. Woah! I'm straight in there aren't I?! Honestly, before I pushed a small person out of my lady bits, I had no idea of how opinionated people could be. The Judgy McJudgepants of the world seem to be all around you once you have younglings and they aren't afraid to tell you when you're doing something wrong, or different to how they think you should do it.

Look, if I am being a complete knob-head and feeding my baby a bottle vodka instead of milk (*just to set the record straight before someone calls Social Services, this has NEVER happened, it's merely an elaborate example for dramatic effect*), by all means jump in and set me straight, but if I have chosen to *shock horror* not warm up my babies 'ready to drink' carton of milk, don't go all Katie Hopkins on my ass and start telling me I am going to make my child have stomach ache and possibly give them constipation (yep, I got told that). As luck would have it, my first baby would drink his milk at any temperature so should we be out and about, I could just open a ready made carton and feed him. Job done. No fuss. No drama.

Until Judgy McJudgepants arrives that is...

Kids having a tantrum in the supermarket? Judgy McJudgepants arrives.

Child isn't potty trained by three and a half years old? Judgy McJudgepants arrives.

You take your kids to Maccy D's as a treat every now and then? Judgy McJudgepants arrives.

You get the idea.

Word of advice Judgy McJudgepants, keep your opinions to yourself, or start writing a blog about how much everything annoys you like I have.

Basically, poo comes off better than puke in my experience and while poo smells of, well, shit, Puke is in a category all of its own. The stench of that stuff can linger for weeks. Such an incident occurred in our car once and trying to clean a child's car seat accessorised with vomit has to be up there as one of the most soul destroying things I've ever done. It's just grim. In the seat buckle, in the padding of the seat, on the straps. Need I go on. It was awful. Poo all the way.



4) Is Peppa Pig more annoying than Postman Pat is bad at his job? Discuss.

I can't believe I am going to say this, because I am really not a fan of the talking Bacon Sandwich as those who read my blog will know, but Postman Pat really pushes my buttons. How the fuck is the guy still in a job?! Royal mail cutbacks and redundancies have been rife and yet, this nincompoop has managed to maintain his job as well as being given a helicopter, a sidecar, a van and a lorry for being a complete and utter fuckwit. And his nose looks like a penis. What a calamity his life is.

It actually makes me a bit sad being so mean about old Pat. I used to love him as a kid and my nan used to sit with me and watch it but this new Postman Pat STD, or SDS, or whatever it is now, is just stupid. You cannot teach kids that choosing to be a postman when you're older can mean fucking up a delivery every day causing pandemonium. If they did that in real life, they would end up jobless, homeless and cursing their childhood role model of Postman Pat STD, or SDS, whatever. Have a word Pat.

5) What time constitutes a lie-in in your house now and how does this compare to your pre-child days?

7am. That is golden. If I can sleep, uninterrupted until 7am I feel like I've hibernated for half a year.

I have to tell you all, it really does get better. No word of a lie. As a mum to a 9 year old, a 7 year old and a 3 year old, I know that (thanks to my older two) the kids do being to cherish their beds more, the lack of sleep really isn't

forever. We do still have the odd shit night – feck my life when all 3 of them get a sickness bug at the same time. It’s happened and I felt like a zombie by the end of that week – but on the whole, things have really improved.

(Cue karma ruining my life tonight and all 3 kids waking up at 5am tomorrow morning).

6) What is your favourite swear word or swear word combo and when was the last time you used it?

Wank-Puffin is my favourite swear at the moment. Sadly this gem of a cuss can only to be used whilst on my own or mumbled under my breath, but it has a somewhat satisfying comedy about it which often dissipates the rage I am feeling. I love to use it for driving faux-pas. For example;

“Not using those pretty flashing lights called indicators today then you Wank-Puffin?!”

“What a Wank-Puffin you are parking in a parent and child space when you don’t have a child”.

See, works doesn’t it?

Wank-Puffin.

7) Tell us your worst ever nappy or potty training experience.

Sadly the worst experience didn’t involve a nappy or a potty...and that’s why it was so bad.

My eldest, then aged 2, was a bit of a nightmare for removing his nappy at nighttime just to piss me off. Sadistic little bugger. Anyhow, he did it one night and yep, you guessed it,

he did a huge shit and smeared it all over himself and his bedroom. He had cream carpet in his room at that time. And white walls. It was like a horror film. I won't ever let him forget that (18th birthday story ammo for sure) and it caused us to replace his carpet with wood flooring so that any further shincidents wouldn't be quite as bad to clean up.

8) Do you agree with young children being allowed to play on Tablets and Phones?

Yes.

Sorry Judgey McJudgepants, I am royally going to piss you off but I have let all 3 of my children play on tablets and, on occasion, my phone from a young age. Pokemon Go is the reason my kids play with my phone, but we are out and about in the fresh air whilst they play so that's not all bad, surely?!

There is a time and a place for tablets and devices but as a mum to 3 boys, you can't let one do something and say no to the other, so that's how they've ended up playing from a young age. Also, shit just needs to get done sometimes and if that means I let my toddler play a Peppa Pig app so I can put some washing away or cook dinner, then so be it. The older they get, the harder it is to prise them away from their devices I think but we have an app on there which limits screen time each day. Basically, I think it's up to each individual family to make their own rules and I couldn't give a toss if that's what works for them. My toddler has actually learnt a lot from various things he has played and watched on the iPad (maybe not opening kinder eggs so much but counting, colours, songs etc) and I still do a lot with him myself. It's finding a balance isn't it. As for my older two, the iPad has become a huge part of life because they do 'homework' on there. They practice spellings that I load into an app each week, they do

maths challenges, but they also have down-time and play games.

Life has changed.

Technology is part of life now and I think we need to embrace it and stop the judging. Lord knows it helps my sanity to sit next to the toddler at night as he goes to sleep and laugh at the many posts on social media to remind me that I'm not alone in this mad parenting game!

9) Do you go to bed early to make sure you get enough sleep or do you stay up late to relish the peace and quiet once everyone else is in bed?

It depends. Some days I am so knackered I cannot wait to get into bed and switch the world off but at the weekend, I do like to stay up later than my usual curfew of 10pm (how old am I?!) and relish the silence. My husband goes to bed at 10pm regardless (unless we have found a good film to watch and he will push the boat out and stay up until 11/11:30 – we are so rock and roll!) and so I try to go to bed at the same time as him so we aren't like ships that pass in the night during the week.

10) If squirrels ruled the world, what do you think would be the advantages and disadvantages?

I have a massive issue with Squirrels at the moment ([I wrote a post about it a couple of years ago in fact such was my rage](#)), the grey variety, not the illusive red ones, and it's all

since I became a fan of gardening. Again, how old am I?!

I love gardening but for the last few years we have had 3 grey squirrels wreaking havoc in my flower beds. Jesus, I sound like I am on a Radio 4 phone in...

Basically, the little grey ball sacks are diggin up all my tulips, onions and alliums and it's really pissing me off. I try tapping the window to 'shoo' them away (how middle England of me) but they totally have an 'I don't give a fuck' attitude to life like the local ASBO's and carry on digging away in my plants. I have to actually go out there and charge at them before they fuck off into someone else's garden for a good old rampage.

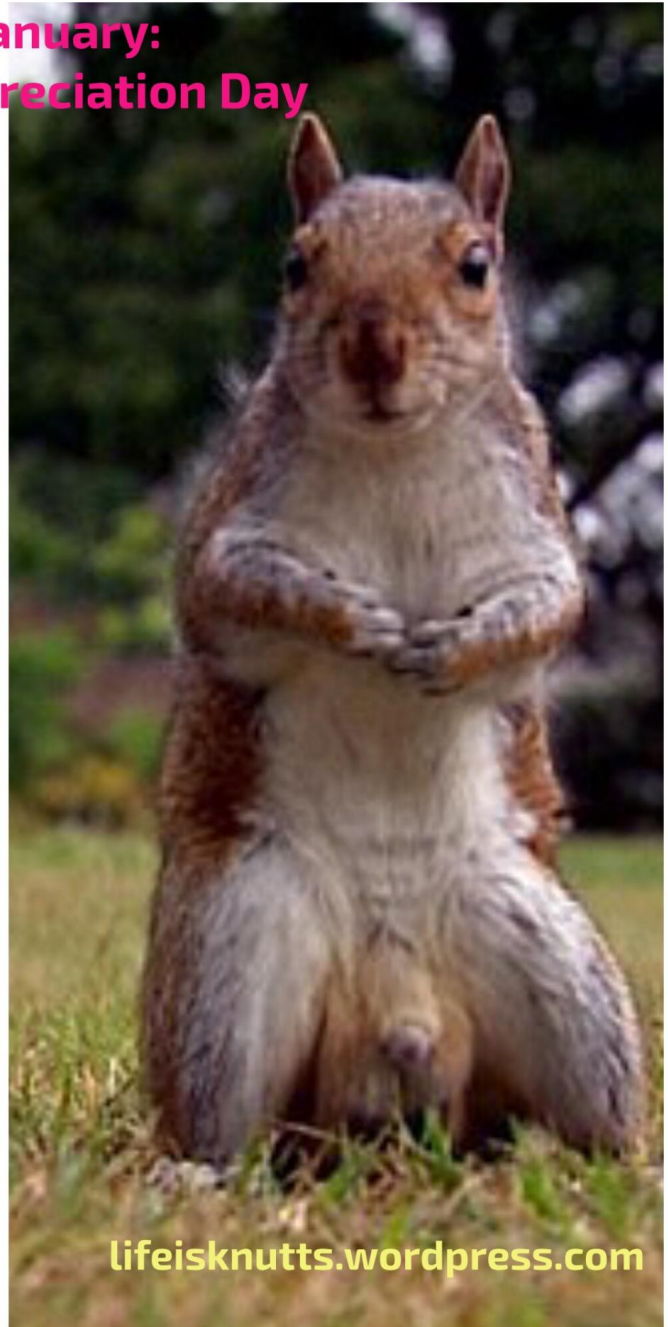
Look, they're cute and stuff, and it cracks me up watching my neighbour get cross at them stealing the nuts and seeds she has put in 'Squirrel proof' holders in her garden but, NIMBY
Mr Squirrel, thank you please.

Anyway, I went a tad off point there, if Squirrels ruled the world, I am not sure there would be many advantages. There would be no more tulips, alliums or onions because the little fuckers would have dug them all up and, as I mentioned, they have this "I don't give a fuck" attitude to life a bit like Donald Trump so I think we would be a bit screwed.

Red squirrels however, they can take over. Introverted, keep themselves to themselves, look after themselves, I like those little guys.

Sidenote: The only grey squirrel I am truly fond of is the chap that rose to stardom thanks to treating the world to a full frontal nudity display on the Great British Bake off that one time. Utterly brilliant.

21st January:
Squirrel Appreciation Day



11) If you could have anyone round for dinner, alive or dead, which 3 people would you choose? (NB – If you pick a dead person they would be alive during dinner – you

wouldn't just be dining with a corpse. That would be creepy)

Oh I am useless at these but maybe;

1. Kit Harrington – he wouldn't have to do much, just sit there and smoulder. Yep, I'm shallow like that. Cor he's a bit of alright isn't he?!



1. Peter Kay – the guy cracks me up and also, on the surface, seems to be such a down to earth bloke. I could see myself being friends with Pete and would happily car

share with him ☐

2. Dave Grohl – The musician. The songwriter. The legend. The bands this dude has been in are incredible and he is also bloody hilarious. The stories he could tell you over dinner would probably blow your mind...and he would provide the best after dinner entertainment ever.

12) What is your favourite funny blog post ever (your own, or someone else's)?

It has to be "[Shit I don't have time for](#)" by Kirsty at Eeh, Bah, Mum. Kirsty hasn't written on her blog for a while I don't think but she was one of the first bloggers I discovered and I could immediately relate to her, and she is as funny as fuck. Literally, I have almost pissed my pants laughing at this woman's writing and have definitely laughed out loud at inappropriate times because of something she has written. She is a comic genius, with a wicked and sarcastic sense of humour. Everything I aspire to...

So, that's that then!

I am now going to nominate 3 of my fave bloggers to take part – please don't feel you have to but I am tagging you anyway because you're amazeballs!

The lucky winners (of nothing but a warm fuzzy feeling, a link from my blog and the nomination of doing some more work) are;

[Mummy Rules](#)

[Pink Pear Bear](#)

[The love of a Captain](#)

You guys all know I think you're fab and if you want to complete the questions just click [here](#) to visit the #YouHaveToLaugh site for the rules and the badge code. Please tag me in @lifeisknutts so that I can share the giggles too! Thanks again to the fantabulous Dawn at [Rhyming with Wine](#) for nominating me to take part and, if you have read to here, well bloody done because I have completely rambled on. Have a G&T on me.

