

# The end of 'Summer'



Almost the end of the summer holidays and we are all still physically in tact and (almost)sane.

I therefore proclaim that this has been an almost successful summer holiday.

That said, the kids have officially had enough of each others company.

Arguments have begun over incidents such as:

- 1) Breathing too near each other.
- 2) Middle brother threatening to wee on his older brother for stealing a toy. Older brother laughing in his face at the stupidity of the threat, which resulted in middle brother calling his bluff in epic style and following through – maybe I shouldn't have chosen that exact phrase... – committing 100% (that's better) to the threat resulting in a rather wet carpet and mummy loosing her mind.
- 3) One of the boys had 5 malteesers and one had 4 and a half as his was misshapen and didn't qualify as an official 5th

ball of chocolate coated bubbly yummy-ness. NOTE: The maltesers were bought for mummy who, out of an entire box, ate approximately 5 and a half of them. The rest were polished off by the boys and daddy. Apparently I should be thankful they ate them all as it meant I didn't consume unnecessary calories and end up feeling guilty. They're so thoughtful...



Who knew that being a mum requires the skills of a United Nations Peacekeeping Ambassador.  
Move over Ban Ki-Moon.  
We are almost there.  
I can see the light at the end of the tunnel.  
The poor teachers...they deserve a medal. And free Gin on prescription.

Duct tape + Kids = Silence

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I'm Joking, they are  
locked in a  
shed



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