

# Welcome!

Well hello there readers and welcome to my blog, "Life is Knutts".

It's a play on words as my surname is Nuttall, and my other half possessed the nickname, Knutts because of it. And well...it's true, life is nuts. As am I.

So, due to high demand (well, 2 people suggesting it) I've finally decided to start up a blog.

What's the blog about...? Well, the answer is, I don't know yet!

I like to write, my husband says I have a vivid imagination (you have to when you live in a house with 4 males to keep your (in)sanity...) and life can sometimes throw things at you that make a pretty good story which deserve to be written about so, all that being said, here I am!

So, a little about me.

I'm a married mum of 3 boys.

I am currently a stay at home mum, who does nothing except drink coffee, eat cake, watch This Morning and Jeremy Kyle to make myself feel better about my own life and go to the hairdressers whilst my children are at school and the baby is asleep all day.

(NOTE: The above statement may be subject to a severe amount of sarcasm).

I used to be a dance teacher in my previous life, but since my 3 little darlings appeared on the scene, this is something that I've had to put on the back burner. I'm not sure I can even touch my toes anymore...it's a bonus I can now see them at least without my stomach getting in the way, so every cloud and all that jazz...

My husband works in IT (don't ask me anymore than that, it's pretty over my head, but he does come in handy when the computer decides it's going on strike and turning it off and on again doesn't cure the problem). We've been married since

2012 and together for 10 years this year (Christ!! 10 years!! Where has the time gone...? Ah, having 3 boys, that's where the time went!)

We live in Surrey (not the leafy part, the concrete jungle part) and as I've mentioned, we are (scarily) now in possession of 3 boys. 3 joyful, completely bonkers (code for feral), bundles of energy who have completely changed our lives.

I'm little. 5ft to be precise...maybe half an inch over on a good day. It's genetic unfortunately, as my mum is also hobbit-like (minus the hairy feet) and is something I've learnt to deal with over the years.

I also look quite young for my age (I know, I know, I'll be grateful for it when I'm older...blah blah blah) so I'm very used to the scathing glances I get, whilst out with my 3 boys, from strangers who must think I'm 20 with 3 children and about to appear on my favourite TV show, Jeremy Kyle (I need to add I've never watched this guy, he's very shouty and reminds me of myself in the mornings when I'm 'speaking' to my children to get them to school on time).

I (try to) play field hockey (that's how I met my other half) and i love it. It is a great aggression reliever and a brilliant way to get rid of life's stresses. The only downside is that i suffer from hockey induced Tourette's, I have to stifle my bad language so much at home that it all seems to manifest itself once I have a hockey stick in my hand ☐

So, that's a little about me. And that's all for now.

I'll be back soon once I've had some Gin and found my whit...bear with me.

TTFN!

Mrs Knutts