Susan talaso

THEY GROWUP SO FIRST

I remember when Saturdays were for hangovers and reading, now it’s

off to the park, to the playground, at the first sign of a bit of sunshine. I

am so tired, so not up for this, the youngest has hardly slept for an hour

all week, so naturally neither have I. It’s not like their father will do it.

could happily fall asleep on this bench but you have got to keep them in

sight all of the time, you never know what might happen if you take

your eye off of them for a second, it’s a dangerous world.

Oh God! That old woman is heading my way, please don’t sit beside

me, please please please…Yep, there she goes right next to me, now

she is going to talk. I just dot have the energy for this. “They are lovely

When they are that age” she beams at me .I manage to grant back at

Her, “but they grow up so fast” she informs me in a seriously annoying

Old lady know it all voice. “You should treasure tis moments”.

I am not going to hate her, she means well. And really I simply don’t

have the strength.