THEY GROW SO FAST

I remember when Saturdays were hangovers and reading. Now it’s off to the pack, to the play-ground, at the first sight of a bit of sunlight. 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. I could happily fall asleep on this bench but you have to keep them on sight all the time. You never know what might happen if you take your eyes of off them for a second it’s a dangerous world.

Oh God,” that old woman is heading my way please don’t sit down beside me please, please, please….. yeep! There she goes right next to me now she is going to talk. I just don’t have the energy for that. “They are lovely when they are at that age she beams at me I manage to grunt back at her”.” But they grow up so fast”, she informs me in a seriously annoying old lady voice,” you should treasure this moments,” am not going to hit her. She means well and really, I simply don’t have the strength.