THEY GROW UP SO FAST.

I remember when Saturdays were for hangovers and for reading. Now it’s off to the park, to the playground. At the sign of abit of sunshine. I am so tired, 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 in sight all the time. You never know, what might happen, if your eyes off of 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…..yep there she goes right next to me, now she is going to talk I just don’t have the energy for it, their lovely when they are that age she beams at me I manage to blunt back at her. But they grow up so fast she informs me in a seriously annoying know it all lady, you should treasure this moment, am not going to hit her .she means well. And really I simply don’t have the strength