**THEY GROW UP SO FAST.**

I remember when Saturdays were for hangovers and reading. Now it’s off to the park, to the playground, and 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 would do it. I could happily fall asleep on this bench but you have got to keep them insight 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 don’t have the energy for this “they are lovely when they are at that age” she beams at me. I managed to grant back at her. “But they grow up so fast” she informs me in a seriously unknowing old lady know it all lady. “You should treasure these moments.”

I am not going to hit her. She means well. And really, I simply don’t have the strength.