

Letter to Santa

I have been a good Mummy all year.

I've fed, cleaned and cuddled my children on demand.

Visited the doctor's surgery – more than my doctor

And sold sixty-two cases of chocolate bars, to raise money to plant a tree on the school playground.

I was hoping you could spread my list, out over several Christmases,

Since I had to write this letter with my son's red crayon,

On the back of a receipt in the utility room between washing cycles,

And who knows when, I'll find any more free time in the next 18 years.

Here are my Christmas wishes:

I'd like a pair of legs that don't ache after a day of chasing kids (in any colour, except purple, which I already have!)

And arms that don't flap in the breeze, but are strong enough to carry a creaming toddler out of the sweet aisle in the supermarket.

I'd also like a waist, since I lost mine somewhere in the seventh month of my last pregnancy.

If there's a chance of an expensive item this year, I'd like a car with

Fingerprint resistant windows and a radio that only plays adult music;

A television that doesn't broadcast any programs containing talking animals;

On the practical side, I could use a Talking-Daughter doll that says,

"Yes, Mommy" to boost my confidence

Along with one potty-trained toddler,

Two kids who don't fight

And three pairs of jeans,

That will zip all the way up without the use of power tools.

I could also use a recording of Tibetan monks chanting,

"Don.t eat in the living room" and

"Take your hands off your brother"

Because my voice seems to be out of my children's hearing range.

And please don't forget the Playdoh Travel Pack,

Which is the hottest stocking filler this year for mothers of pre-schoolers.

It comes in three bright colours and is guaranteed to crumble on any carpet making the in-laws@ house seem just like mine.

If it's too late to find any of these products,

I'd settle for enough time to brush my teeth and comb my hair in the same morning,

Or the luxury of eating food, warmer than room temperature.

If you don't mind, I could also use a Christmas Miracle to brighten the Christmas meal.

Would it be too much trouble to declare Tomato Sauce a vegetable?

It would be really helpful if you could also coerce my children into helping around the house, without demanding payment!

Well, Santa, the buzzer on the dryer is ringing, and my son saw my feet under the utility room door ... I think he wants his crayon back.

Have a safe trip and remember to leave your wet boots by the chimney and come in to dry off by the fire so you don't catch a cold.

Help yourself to biscuits on the table but don't eat too many and leave crumbs on the carpet.

Love , Always Mum

P.S. - One more than Santa... You can Cancel all my requests,

If you keep my children young enough to keep believing in You