

## Things aren't looking very good, its true - so I'll just stay here and chew.

As you may or may not know readers *the man* has recently moved back to Albury for work. I say Albury instead of Wodonga (where he actually works) because I don't really like Wodonga. Sorry to those of you who live there or know people who live there, or who have ever been there.

Anyway, so with *the man* gone, I'm fending for myself for a few months. While I always had an inkling that the man took care of most of the household chores it has become readily apparent to me that 'most' actually equals all.

Cooking, cleaning, washing, cat litterbox changing, bringing in the mail, taking the bins out, bringing them in, dishwasher stacking, dishwasher unpacking, sharpening Schroddy's claws, shopping, unpacking the shopping, flossing the cats teeth, just general household stuff..the list is endless! Sure I cook here and there...but this is out of control! I barely have time to go to work, let alone sleep and train!

I'm mostly coping okay, not freaked out about being home alone at night like I thought I might be. The other night I even went and checked the mail at night without sprinting back to the front door. But after work and training its pretty hard to come home and be bothered to cook for one. For a person who doesn't train like I do this might not be such an issue but with the amount I'm doing, I haven't been feeling too great trying to train after a week of no red meat or vegetables!

Thankfully, and this is what this post is about (you knew I'd get to the point eventually) I've had some really really lovely people offer to cook for me, have me over for dinner, cook me meals and bring them into work for me, meet me for dinner etc. Some are even just people I work with and I have to say each offer made my day! It really really did, I was pretty chuffed!

It made me so happy to know that there are people I know out there who are so lovely! Special mention must go to my step-mother-in-law (SMIL?) who cooked me enough tuna mornay to last me three nights, so I could freeze some for later.

I finally made some time this weekend to cook enough meals to freeze which will last me a week or so, and with next week being full of Christmas BBQs and the man returning later in the week, I won't have to resort to anymore tuna and salad or cereal for dinners! I also got the house cleaned up, cleared out the pantry (anyone want some fish sauce from 2007?), baked twice (for the aforementioned BBQs) and just got more organised.

And hey! I found time to blog.

- Jen

p.s. The title of this post is from 'Christmas is going to the dogs' by The Eels, one of my favourite Christmas songs.