

Frooted

Approximately one million years ago (BC)* we started renovating.

On and on and ON it has dragged and while the tradies we've had by all accounts have not been 'that bad' it has still taken a long time. And by 'not that bad' there's still the plasterer who almost got into fisticuffs with the painter and then threatened that he'd come back and rip off all of the plaster he'd put up, but y'know apart from that - not too bad.

But I have had to go to the next level of nagging *the man* to follow up with tradies to get them to come back and get the bloody thing FINISHED. Like ULTRA nagging. If nagging was a sport I would be competing in the Olympics. He's over it. I'm over it. OVER IT.

But finally, finally the concrete downstairs was 'cured' whatever the hell that really means and we could continue with getting downstairs finished. Then finally the flooring guys showed back up and put the flooring in. Then sanded it. Then polished it. Then sanded it again. Then polished it. And then we WAITED for it to set properly, and only started walking on it in bare feet a few days ago.

Then yesterday our usually excellent builder showed up (or one of his lackeys did) and put the skirting boards back on. I'm sure I mentioned the new flooring to him, well he commented on the flooring anyway....and initially he had socks on.

Anyway, flooring guy comes back today and the floor is FROOTED that's right, its FROOTED which is a nicer way of saying it is EFFING ROOTED.

The builders boots or the skirting boards or SOMETHING has been dragged all over it.

FROOTED.



Floor guy says it needs to be resanded and repolished and then we will have to wait until the end of time before we can walk on it or put any furniture on it.

Because we are TRYING (perhaps currently failing!) to be more positive people the nice thing is that the floor guys are not going to charge us for fixing it.

FABULOUS!

- Jen

*BC - before Crankgus (*little man*) was born

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