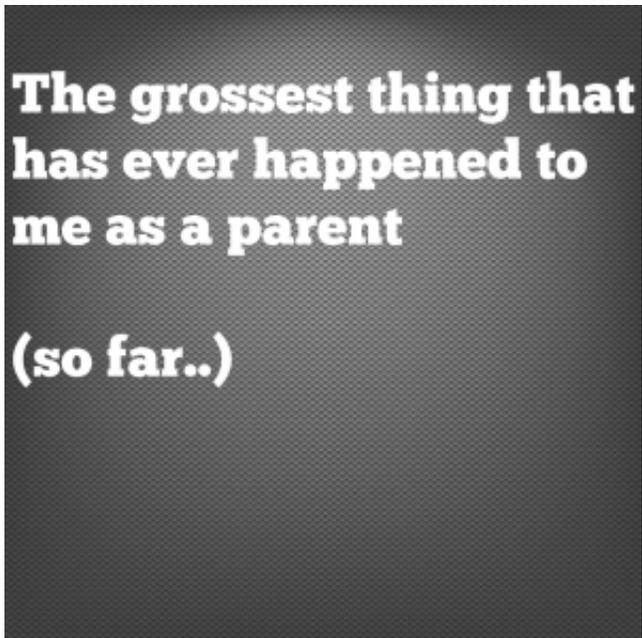


The grossest thing that has ever happened to me as a parent (so far)



Babies are revolting. Sure, they are sold as these sweet smelling newborns but really...especially eight months on - they're revolting. Especially boys. Boys are gross.

So in eight months I've been puked on - regularly. As a mother of a reflux baby I am actually USED to getting vomited on. Projectile, chunky, warm, dribbles - I've had it all. And I'm okay with that.

I've cleaned up lots of poo too, a few number threes and a few really big poos which made me wonder how such a small baby MAKES something so big.

But what happened this week has trumped all the spew and grossness of the past eight months.

I actually asked people on Facebook what was the grossest thing their baby had done and most of the comments involved poo.

And so does my story.

Our story takes place in the bath. And yes I know, some of your stories involve poo in the bath.

This poo however was not one or two nicely formed...logs floating around (or sinking depending on the diet of your little one).

Nope! This poo was large in volume, and well ...runny.

Oh that's disgusting you say! Disgusting!! How can you bear to write about such disgustingness!

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It gets better.

On this particular occasion Angus had a friend in the bath. A good friend. The very *best* friend a baby boy can have. That's right.

His mother.

Yes, it was I who was in the bath when *little man* decided to 'release the hounds' so to speak.

Oh the screaming (from me).

The bath toys and I will be scarred forever.

And that's all I have to say about that.

- Jen