



CHATTERBOX

By Alice Griffin

OK so I only had one child and not six, but I had the shades and a belief that I could look uber-cool swaggering through the airport with a two-year-old in tow. Sadly for me I didn't quite work it as perfectly as I had hoped, but happily for me I have just returned from a fairly successful UK trip with all my hair still intact and without the need for any calming spa treatments (although that would of course be lovely). Yes, I have been to sunny Bristol with my delightful daughter and when I fully divulge the details of our little jaunt, I am sure you will rejoice with me that OK magazine reporters have no desire to photograph me.

So the trip started serenely with my little one firmly strapped into her horse harness, a great little invention that kept her happy (she was taking the horse for a very important walk you see!) and more importantly, made sure I could hang on to my boisterous and investigative daughter whilst struggling with baggage, passports, tickets and raisins (more on the dried fruit in a moment). Anyway, as I said, things were going swimmingly until I was faced with an exceedingly long queue of passengers waiting to check their baggage in = mother's nightmare. Cue sound of emergency foghorn in background. I had a huge back-pack, a toy bag, my handbag and at this point little miss did not feel like walking so in order to keep the peace I was carrying her, too. You can imagine. By the halfway point I had broken out in a sweat and she was getting increasingly fractious so I put her down and thankfully a lady in the queue played peek-a-boo for a while. This was great until it got the little miss so worked up that she wanted to run here there and everywhere and left me trying to keep my place in the queue, keep control of my baggage whilst untangling her from various barriers. By this point I had given up all hope of looking cool, put the sunshades away and resorted to the raisins.

As I left the house in a hurry that morning I had swiped the remainder of a bag of raisins

that were in the cupboard paying little, in fact no, attention to how many were left. A little less organised than I like to be I'm afraid, but we all have off days. Anyway, I pulled out the packet and handed it to my daughter, but of course, because she was so happy and still and quiet and all those lovely things you want your child to be in such situations, I failed to notice until we were almost at the check-in desk that she had devoured possibly hundreds of raisins. Cue emergency foghorn in my head again. STOOOOOOPPPPP I cried silently as I imagined scenes of aeroplane nappy carnage high in the sky, but there was no way my feisty little lady was about to relinquish her favourite treat and instead she opted for the 'scream blue murder' tactic. Oh well, you live and hopefully you learn.

So, bags finally checked in and despite a few headaches along the way, which of course I can laugh about now and hopefully you will too because it would make it so much more worth it, we did have a relatively good travelling adventure together. However, I didn't swagger too gracefully through arrivals, neither could I wrestle my shades out of my bag in time to look cool for the waiting paparazzi *ahem*. No, instead I fell in a jumbled heap into the arms of my friend who found the whole thing totally hilarious.

I do now ponder just how the Brangelina clan do it. I guess I need a nanny or something, but in their absence I implore you, all my lovely readers - if you see a lady struggling to get her backpack off the conveyor belt whilst hanging on to some horse-reins for dear life, please do help her. She would be absolutely thankful beyond belief, but please don't play peek-a-boo for too long or sit too closely to her raisin-obsessed daughter on the plane!

Hope you'll join me next week when I'll be talking boobs, glorious boobs and whether 'normal' ones are a thing of the past.