

Internal Monologue of a Disorganised, Menopausal Woman!

6pm

Ok, so this evening I've got to:

Cook dinner, a Jamie Oliver pork casserole,

Take down the Christmas decorations,

Write Watford Writers competition entry, and

Varnish the bookshelf.

No rest for the wicked. It's ok, I can do this.

Right, was that recipe on Facebook or Instagram?

6.47pm

This spice rub smells delicious. Ok what do I need to do now!

What, Marinate for two hours then slow cook for four hours! Why didn't I read the whole recipe first.

Quick, Google, what can I turn this into?

7.52pm

Oh no. Why did I check my notifications. I've wasted an hour and still haven't found a recipe for this pork!

Right pork in the fridge for tomorrow. I'll just have toast. I can eat toast while I'm taking down the tree and thinking about my comp entry.

No bread!

Cereal?

No milk!

Weight Watchers Cuppa soup it is then. Looks like I'm starting my New Year's diet whether I want to or not.

8.03pm

Why don't I have a tall man in my life to reach the loft ladder down?! Sometimes being an independent female is a right pain in the

The house phone! It has to be mum. Better run down to get it, just in case.

8.34pm

Why do I have a corded landline? With cordless I could at least be taking the baubles off the tree, while listening to Mum. Oh heck, what did she just ask me?

9.35p

How did it take Mum 90 minutes to tell me about Uncle Jacks prostate! I'm never going to get everything done.

My cuppa soups still in the kitchen, stone cold. Decorations are still on the tree, their boxes still in the loft and I haven't even started thinking what to write. I've had all Christmas to write this, why do I always leave it to the deadline!

Ok, can't get it all done. Need to priorities.

It's too late to eat, I'd be up all night with heartburn. That's one think off the list, I suppose. I'm not superstitious, what does it matter if the tree isn't down by sundown on the twelfth night. I'll do it when I get in tomorrow.

Perfect, just need to write my comp piece. What was the theme? Where did I put my phone?

9.47pm

Where the bloody hell is my phone and why is it going straight to voicemail when I call from the landline!

Did I leave it in the loft?

11.04pm

That was a waste of time. Phones not in the loft. But it was nice looking at my old school photos, I don't remember ever being that thin. Right, bed.

Oh, I can't set an alarm without my phone. Better go back in the loft to get my old alarm clock.

6.30am

What the hell! ...Oh yeah, my alarm clock. Need coffee!

Wee first.

Right, now coffee.

Oh yeah, need to put the pork in the slow cooker. What's my phone doing in the fridge!