Stop in the Name of Pants

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Extract

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9:30 p.m.

Dear God, what a nightmare. This has taken my mind off the oven of luuurve situation.

Libby has wedged herself into the outdoor metal bucket. We pulled her and wiggled her about but we can't get it off.

Mum said, "Go and get me some butter from the fridge. We can smear it on her and sort of slide her out."

Of course, we didn't have any butter; we had about a teaspoon of cottage cheese but Mum said it wasn't the same.

Twenty-five minutes later

In the end Mum made me go across the road and ask Mr Across the Road if we could borrow some butter. She said I could lie better.

Mr Across the Road was wearing a short nightshirt and I kept not looking anywhere below his chin. He was all nosy about the late-night butter scenario though.

"Doing a bit of baking, are you?"

I said, "Er... yes."

"It's a bit late to start, isn't it?"

I said, "Er, well, it's emergency baking. It has to be done by tomorrow."

He said, "Oh, what are you making?"

How the hell did I know? I was lying. And also the only kind of confectionery I knew were all the cakes I had got from the bakery of love. The Robbie éclair, the Masimo cream horn and then I remembered the Dave the Tart scenario and quickly said, "Erm, we're making tarts. For the deaf. It's for charity."

He said, "Tarts for the deaf? That's a new one on me. I'll have to go down to the storeroom for some packets." And he ambled off.

And that is when Junior Blunder Boy and full-time twit came in. Oscar.

He looked at me and said, "Yo, wa'appen, bitch?"

What was he talking about and also what was he wearing? He had massive jeans on about fifty sizes too big for him. He had to sort of waddle about like a useless duck to keep them from falling down. And pull them up every five seconds. How spectacularly naff and sad he was. I just looked at him as he waddled over to the kitchen counter. He reached up to get a can of Coca-Cola from a shelf and momentarily forgot about his elephant jeans and they just fell to his ankles. Leaving him standing there in his Thomas the Tank Engine undercrackers.

I said to him, “Oscar, you are wearing Thomas the Tank Engine undercrackers. I know this because, believe it or not, your trousers have fallen off.”

He said, “Yes man, me mean to do that. Be cool, it is righteous.” And he shuffled off, still with the trousers round his ankles.

I will never, ever tire of the sheer bonkerosity of boydom.

Back in bed

It took us nearly half an hour to get Mr Bucket off Libby. We greased as much of her bottom as we could reach, like a little suckling pig. Eventually we cut through the top of her panties and managed to make a bit of leeway and free the bum-oley.

For some toddlers, being greased up and pulled by brute force out of a metal bucket might have been a traumatic experience. But then not all toddlers are insane. Libby laughed and sang through the whole episode, amusing herself by gobbling stray bits of butter and smearing other bits on my head. Oh, how I joined in the merry times. Not.

In addition, Gordy and Angus lolloped in to lick at the leftover butter on her botty. Soooo disgusting. Libby was shouting, “They is ticklin me!!! Heggy heggy ho!!!”

It is like the botty casualty department in here. My broken bottom, which I have had no time to attend to, is being supported by Libby’s swimming ring and I have a buttered-up child rammed in next to me.

Also, have I got a boyfriend or not?