

The Longest Day

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For my friend Rob and
all stay home parents
doing it tough

It was a beautiful day. The sun was up, the sky was blue. The dogs were rolling in the dew.

We were home with dad for the day. Work had told him to stay away. It was super cool to be home from school.

We did baking, and singing and colouring too.
We built tree forts and Lego castles and junk
models with glue. Phew!

“Is it time for morning tea yet dad?” we asked.
“No” said dad, its only 8am (eek)!”

So we carried on playing.... We did a bug hunt.
'til the little kids starting fighting. It was
annoying really, not that frightening.

Dad said “they have the attention span of a fly”.
It's not hard to see why.

We played cricket and football and swing ball with ease. We bounced on the tramp and we climbed trees. We even slipped and skinned our knees.

“Is it time for morning tea yet dad?” we asked.
“No” said dad, its only 9am eek!”

We played hop-scotch in the drive. We drew with chalk. We took a walk.

We had a teddies picnic, we played doctors and looked after the sick.

We rode our bikes, scooters and skateboards.
We played teachers and made classrooms from cardboard.

We jumped rope, we skipped, we hopped we ran. We even made a card for Nan. “Is it time for morning tea yet dad?” we asked. “No” said dad, its only 9.30am!”

Finally it was time for morning tea, dad announced with glee. We ate our apples and our pears. Soon the food was barely there.

We ran outside to play again.. pirates, spacemen, farmers, cowboys. Then we built a massive den. “Is it time for lunch yet dad?” we asked. “No” said dad, its only 11 am!”

So in we went. Jigsaws next, puzzles, painting and the rest. We made a big, enormous mess. Clean up time, that was next.

We cleaned the house from bottom to top. Who knew we could all use a mop? We scrubbed and polished and hoovered dust. Make it tidy, we knew we must.

Finally it was time for lunch, let's sit down and have a munch. Out came the apples, chippies, sammies too. A carpet picnic felt quite new.

We sat our bums to eat and fill our empty tums. And pushed and shoved and whinged and moaned. It was all quite bad 'til mum phoned. "Be good kids, do things right. I'll see you later on tonight".

Off we went to play again. Dad stayed back inside our den. By 1.30 he was fast asleep. So we sprinkled glitter on his feet.

Dad woke up at quarter to three. By that time the little ones were tied to a tree and we'd made our own afternoon tea.

Cowboys and Indians we were by then. The cat was never seen again.

We played some cards in the tree house. Dad was quiet as a mouse. He looked quite tired, yawning quite hard as we yahooped around the yard.

“Is it time for dinner dad” we said? By this time, dad was thinking “bed”.

So on we played into the night. When mum got home, she got a fright. The house was clean, we were still alive. But the toys were scattered down the drive.

“Is it time for bed dad” we said? “No” said dad with a look of dread. Clean up said mum, and off we ran. Get it done then we’ll skype Nan.

Dad went off to the shed, hoping, praying for his bed. We skyped Nan to see she was ok. We try to ring her every day.

Finally it was time to sleep. We flopped into bed without a peep. We dreamed great dreams of home-school life.

And dad wished he could swap his life. Off to work for some adult relaxation, instead of this nightmare childcare staycation.

..and tomorrow we get to do it all again 😊 yeah!