

OVERNIGHT FUNFETTI CAKE BATTER FRENCH TOAST CASSEROLE {WITH RAINBOW CHIP ICING}

My hubby's birthday was last Wednesday. It was an interesting birthday to say the least. But it wasn't actually much of a birthday. And even though it's a long story, I'm going to share it. I'll try to keep it short. It's just too crazy – sad, funny and happy all at once! So bear with me. Hopefully it will give you a good laugh.

If you have a weak stomach though, you may want to just scroll to the recipe. You've been warned.

So last Monday night (a week ago), the hubs and I got home from work to find our sweet lab had had an awful day. She must have gotten some kind of stomach bug and she had diarrhea and vomited all over the pen she stays in while we're gone (it's about 6 feet wide, circular). And the pen was on the carpet. In our bedroom.

Now normally it's in a different room, but because our family had been visiting, she was still in our room for the day.

There was poop EVERYWHERE! No actually, not poop. There wasn't anything solid enough to be called that. It had just soaked into the carpet. And she was covered in it. The poor thing. She had been trying to get out all day. We felt awful. The hubs hopped in the shower with her while I tried to clean up the mess.

The next day, I called in the professionals. Carpet cleaners, that is. I figured this was a job for those that knew what they were doing. Our dog was fine, but I was scared now for our carpet.

They arrived late that afternoon, got to the door of the room and stopped. "We can clean it, but it will be double what they quoted you. That's a really large and heavily soiled area."

In fact, he said, they'd recommend we just replace it altogether. They could clean it, but there'd probably still be stains and maybe even a smell if it got into the padding.

I appreciated his honesty. He put down some kind of enzymes that would help with the smell at no charge and went on his way.

Bummer! We'd be spending our second night sleeping in the guest room and our weekend looking at carpet. Fantastic.

Wednesday – the birthday – rolled around. It had been 24 hours so the enzymes needed to be vacuumed up. This is where it got really fun.

We pondered what to do. Should we actually vacuum this poo infested enzyme stuff up with our home vacuum? Instead, the hubs came up with an idea that only a man would think of.

"We can use the leaf blower! It sucks up at a really high power!"

Oh dear.

The only problem, he said, was that the bag on it is fabric and tends to let a lot of dust out. The solution? Tie a plastic trash bag around the outside of the fabric bag and let that catch the poo dust.

Because of my lack of better ideas, I went with it. After about a minute of him sucking up the enzymes, he turned off the blower/sucker and said "I'm getting poo air blown right in my face!"

I couldn't help but laugh.

But then it got even better.

He went into the closet and came out wearing a ski mask and ski goggles. I almost died right there. The sight of my husband on his birthday leaf blowing/sucking our bedroom poo infested carpet with ski goggles and a ski mask on was too much. If it hadn't been his birthday, I would have taken a picture and posted it on Facebook. He would have hated me for it though. Haha. But everyone I've told this story immediately asks if I took a picture. I'm sorry, but I didn't. It was my birthday present to the birthday boy who for his birthday quite literally got poo in the face.

I won't bore you with the details of the rest of the story. I will just tell you that I had a lot of poo dust to clean up this weekend and after buying about \$50 worth of pet stain remover (with a battery powered gun – no hand cramps for me!) and getting on my hands and knees for I don't even know how many hours, I got most of it up. There were still stains though and I thought we'd still need to replace the carpet. Then I rented the rug steam cleaner from Home Depot for \$30 and miraculously I seem to have gotten it all up. The only problem is now I want to steam clean everything! I'd never used a steam cleaner and wasn't sure it could do much more than I'd already done, but I was wrong. With every run over those spots, it got better and better. I think I'm obsessed now. I want to steam clean our entire house. Lindsay – 1, Dog poop – 0.

After almost a week in the guest room, we finally got our king sized bed back last night. Man, I missed that thing.

So the stain appears to be gone. The smell is gone. And I am one happy camper. But since my husband got poo in the face on his birthday, I wanted to do something nice for him over the weekend.

I considered making my Funfetti Cake Batter Pancakes since he'd been such a big fan. But as I was considering that, the lightbulb went off.

Funfetti Cake Batter French Toast Casserole! AND something else. But you'll have to wait to find out what until a little bit later today.

So Saturday morning we had a wonderful birthday breakfast. And by the end of the weekend, he also had a clean room to live in again. Happy Birthday to the hubs!

Here's the recipe for the Funfetti Cake Batter French Toast Casserole. It is seriously a party in my mouth. So french toasty and yet so funfetti cake batter-y at the same time.

Also note that what is pictured is a half recipe but the recipe below is for the full casserole. Since there's only two of us, a full recipe is just too much for us to eat. Unless we want to explode.

Until later! I promise there won't be another poo story. Just good food.