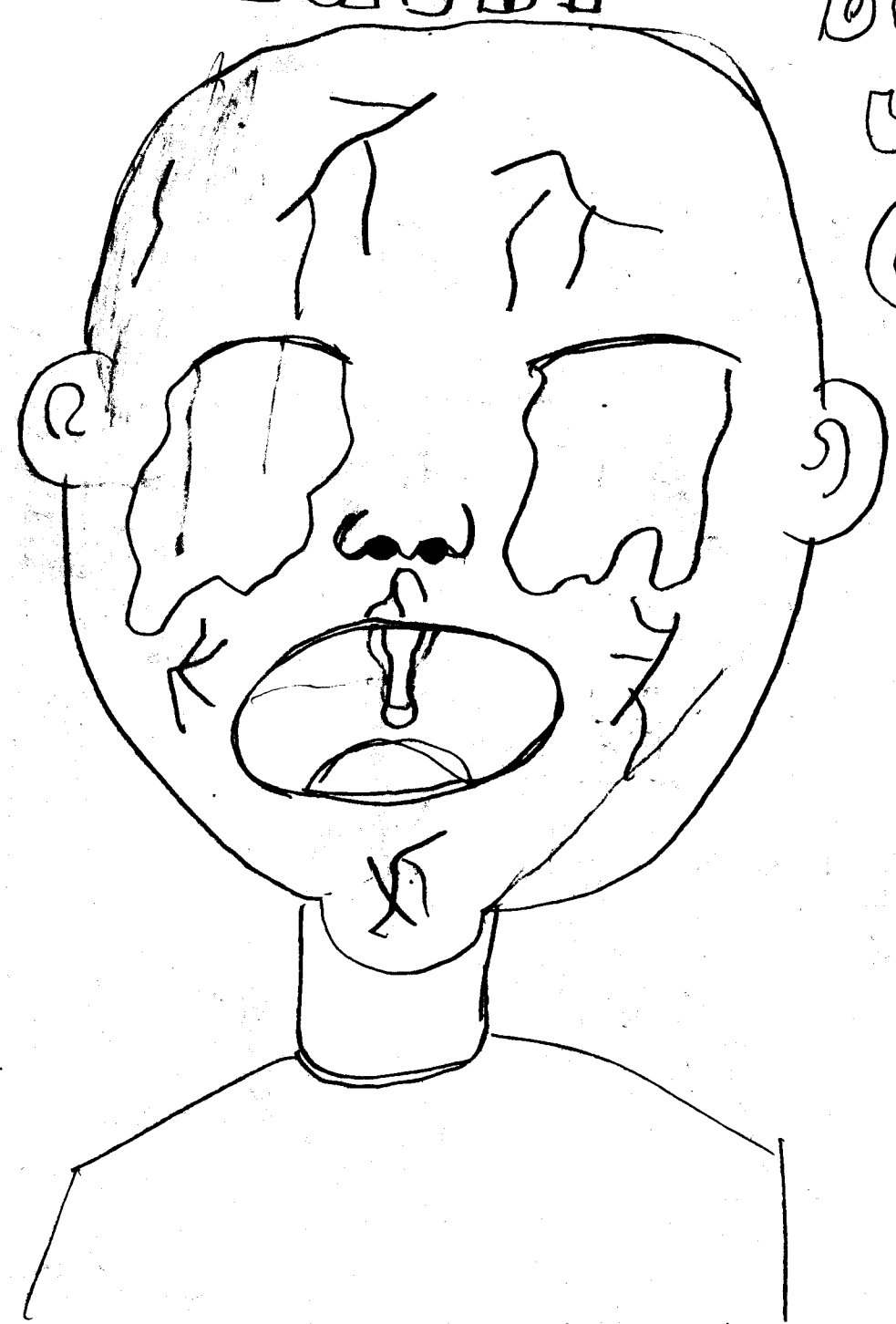
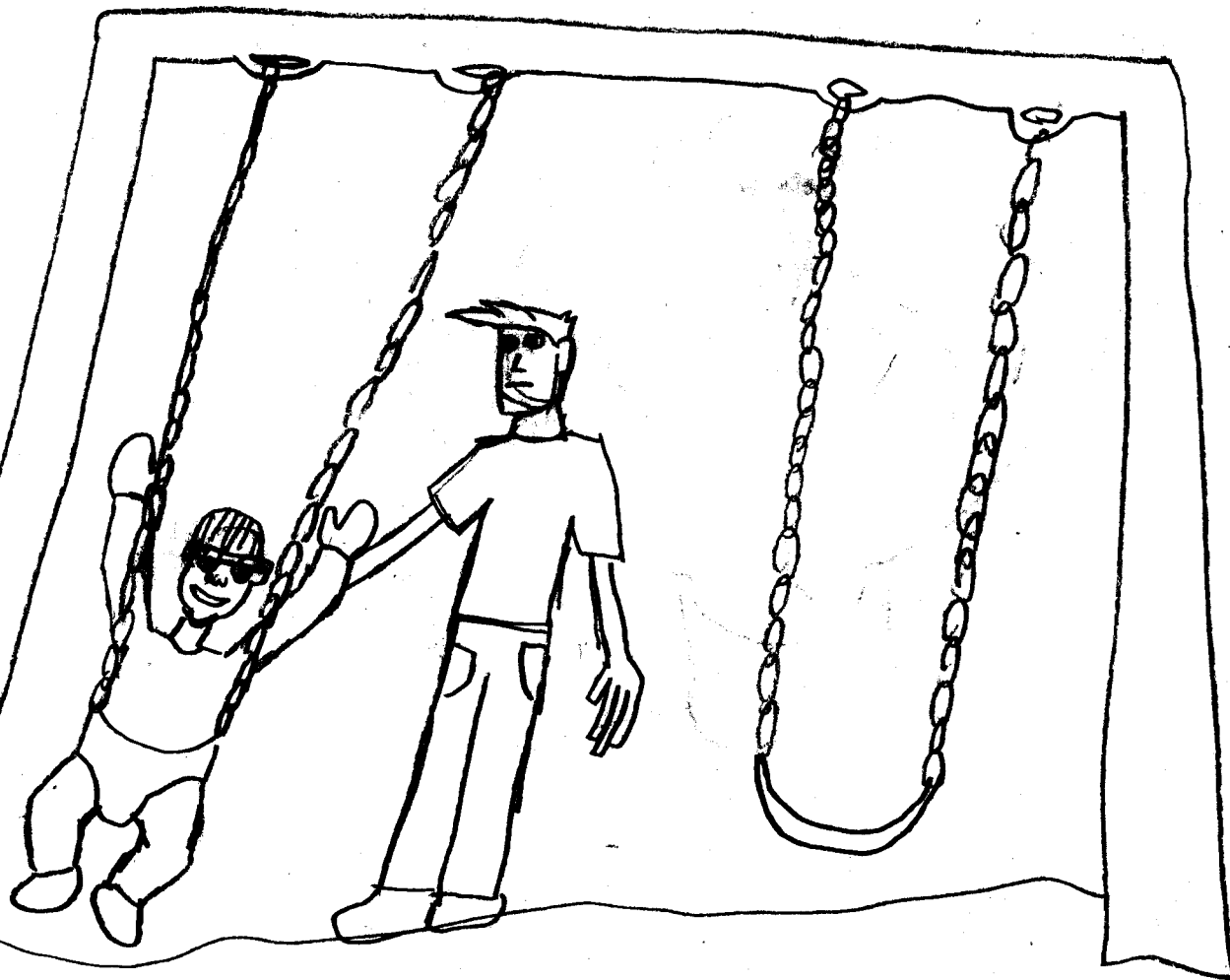


My Big Accident

by
Cobb
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I was at the park with my dad, swinging, sliding down slides, and playing in the sand. It was about a week after my second birthday. In a little while my dad and I decided to leave the park.



While we were walking home, my dad asked me to run up the driveway. You would think that it was a fine thing to ask, but it wasn't. They had just graveled the driveway. But since I was two years old I ran up the driveway anyway and BAM! I had slipped and fell face first into the freshly graveled driveway. I started to cry endlessly.



My dad picked me up and brought me into the house. My mom ran a bath with hot water. She did it so that it would soothe and numb my cuts. My mom picked little pebbles out of my cuts and scratches.

I can still remember the pain of pebbles being picked out of my flesh. I even have proof that this happened. If you look right under my nose you will see a little scar from when I had my big accident.

