

Enough Excitement For One Day

At least of this kind. The grocery was the place to be Saturday afternoon around 3:30. A seven-year old young man and his mother came in and grabbed a cart. As they are usual customers, I know how rambunctious the young lad can be. My co-worker even politely warned him to settle down a teeny bit.

As I was working on my list of things to do I could hear the little one running up and down the aisles pushing the cart. A sort time later, I hear someone shout **"OH, MY GOD! OH, MY GOD!**

I NEED HELP!" By the time I got over to aisle 4 (of 4), my co-worker had the two of them up by the window. I found an overturned cart and blood trailing up and down the aisle.

What really got me was the absence of a loud crash to announce the accident.

So I got the phone, called 9-1-1, and had the ambulance there in short order. The child's finger was cut down to the bone.

Understandably, he was quite inconsolable. After getting off the phone with the dispatcher, I call the manager who told us to make out a report and get the party's information for our records. Since I knew the two of them, the report could wait until the situation was under control.

After the paramedics transported the little guy to the hospital, I set about cleaning up the area. Amazingly, there was a glass jar of spaghetti sauce that was unharmed. I then grabbed a pair of gloves and bleached water and scrubbed the trail of blood. The cart itself had no evidence of the mishap. Strange...

Yesterday, the boy's father stopped in and proclaimed me a "hero" (SHEESH! and I wasn't even wearing my Superman t-shirt ;)). Honestly, I was more interested in the welfare of his son. Apparently, he had broken his finger and had to go to the surgeon to have it taken care of.

And who said that life in a two traffic light town was dull?