

The Tragedy of the Steel Bull

By Tammie Hansen

Written September 23, 2004 – Josie was 4 years old at the time.

Don't worry, NO people or pets are DEAD!!!

Here's what happened:

Last night as I was walking in the door and Mark was walking out on his way to scouts, we heard Dani SCREAMING bloody murder from out in the back yard. Mark went running and came back seconds later carrying a sobbing Josie, who was bleeding profusely from the head!!

Apparently all the neighborhood kids within a 5 mile radius came running because immediately we were surrounded by at least 10 little people, straining to get a look at the carnage.

Dani had been riding the "bucking bull" in the backyard. (For those of you who don't know how country kids entertain themselves, I'll describe the "bull." It's a big 50 gallon steel barrel on heavy-duty springs. Kinda like those spring horses for little kids, but 20 times bigger.) Well, Josie just happened to walk behind as it was bouncing and it slammed her right on the brow bone. (Is that what it's called?)

There was a lot of blood and guts - her shirt was soaked. But the minute I put a cold cloth to her head she stopped bawling and said, as if she were asking for a candy bar: "Do I get STITCHES???" And not another tear was shed.

Mark and I tried to clear out a spot amongst those assembled in order to assess the damage - a nasty gash on her left eyebrow. My brother, Scott, was there and he and I looked at each other over Mark's head and just somberly nodded... no doubt we'd be taking a trip to the ER - AGAIN!!!!

But Mark wasn't so sure. "It just needs a butterfly bandage and it will be fine," he tried to convince me. I was having none of that. I could practically see her brain it was so deep! So I shook my head and said, "Even if they don't stitch it, it can at least get glued." His reply was SO predictable: "I've got a bottle of superglue out in the shop."

Well, less than 10 minutes later, thanks only to my persistence and mother's intuition, Josie and I were in the van on our way.

All the way there she chatted happily about how excited she was to get stitches. What a weird kid!! And when the doctor nodded his head and said, "This definitely needs a few stitches," I swear she actually said "YESSS!" under her breath. Did I mention she's a weird kid?

Three stitches was all it took, it's only about an inch long. But the Doc said it was quite deep - all the way down to the muscle. GROSS!! (Don't get a visual.)

But let me tell you, that is one amazing kid. She did not even flinch when the Doc was poking her several times with a needle to deaden the wound. I was about to pass out, but she didn't even squeeze my hand!!

On the way home she wanted to call everyone and tell them. She called home and then her two Grandmas and next she really wanted to call her Aunt Andrea - but it was pretty close to 11 pm Florida time. She also wanted to call her cousin Ailsa, but I wasn't so sure about a call to Scotland from my cell phone!

So, there's the whole story. She's happy as a clam showing anyone who will pause long enough. She tells the story with pride - especially the part about how she didn't even cry. What a funny little kid!!