

Having a bad day

Off the clock
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My ex-husband had this annoying habit of bringing greasy old carburetors and things into the house to work on. So, last week, when my friend called to tell me this story, my first response was, "Where did this guy live?"



Now reassured that I was never related to him by marriage, this really is too hilarious not to share.

The way my friend told it, this guy pushed his motorcycle from the patio into his living room, where he began to clean the engine with some rags and a bowl of gasoline. When he finished, he sat on the motorcycle and decided to start it to make sure everything was still OK. Unfortunately, the bike started in gear, and crashed through the glass patio door with him still clinging to the handlebars.

His wife had been working in the kitchen. She came running at the noise, and found him crumpled on the patio, badly cut from the shards of broken glass. She called 911, and the paramedics transported the guy to the emergency room.

So far, the story is humorous — in a "that is what you get for being a big enough lout to bring your motorcycle into the house" kind of way.

But here is where I really split a gut.

Later that afternoon, after many stitches had pulled her husband back together, the wife brought him home and put him to bed. She cleaned up the mess in the living room, and dumped the bowl of gasoline in the toilet.

Shortly thereafter, her husband woke up, lit a cigarette, and went into the bathroom. He sat down and tossed the cigarette into the toilet, which promptly exploded because the wife had not flushed the gasoline away. The explosion blew the man through the bathroom door.

The wife heard the explosion and her husband's screams. She ran into the hall and found him lying on the floor with his trousers blown away and burns on his buttocks. The wife again ran to the phone and called for an ambulance.

The same two paramedics were dispatched to the scene. They loaded the husband on the stretcher and began carrying him to the street. One of them asked the wife how the injury had occurred. When she told them, they began laughing so hard that they dropped the stretcher, and broke the guy's collarbone.

Talk about instant karma.

David Biddle, V8 Currymaster 2010, has sent in this newspaper clipping from the US. There must be some cautionary hints here for a classic car enthusiast, but if you are not mad enough to start up a motorbike inside your house or smoke, you might be safe!