

## Stitches in Ditches

Contributed by Sarah Powel

Now this is a funny little story about my brother Kent and I. It involves very little crashing, but we still have a whole lot of laughs over it. Come to think of it, we did get hurt in the crash but the hilarity and absurdity of the whole situation were still the first things we noticed even after we'd already crashed.

My younger brother Kent is a peculiar fellow. He becomes more peculiar when he imbibes any drink with even just a tiny bit of alcohol in it. We had given him the nickname "lightweight" because of his almost immediate drunkenness after just a few drinks.

One night, he had the idea of grabbing a couple of beers down at our local pub. Knowing his very low tolerance to alcohol, I agreed to accompany him on the pretext that we weren't going to be staying at the pub for very long.

Miracle of miracles, Kent was holding up well that night. The joint Kent and I smoked earlier coupled with the several beers I had already downed must have had some adverse effect on me because I started feeling woozy. Showing any sign of drunkenness before Kent is unheard of in our family.

I had no choice but to hand over the car keys to Kent to drive us back home. Kent was feeling superior over me that night because I think that was the first time he out-drank me. I'm not sure if that was the reason or if it was because of the joint, but Kent's boastful mood showed in his driving.

Up on the road, we could see a very deep ditch coming up ahead of us. It was maybe about 5 feet deep and had about the same distance in diameter. It was a really deep gaping hole and we had no idea what it was doing there in the middle of the road.

Kent didn't drive into it and in fact, he drove pass it the first time. I don't know what came over him but he decided to reverse the car to head back for the ditch.

I asked him what in the world he was doing and all he said was, "Watch this, I'm going to up the revs and we're going to fly right over that ditch".

He stepped on the accelerator. I braced myself. We didn't fly over the ditch. We headed straight into it. The car just nosedived right into the 5-foot deep crevice. We landed nose first with the back of the car up on the wall of the ditch.

The car's nose was smashed. The bonnet was crushed. I think we also broke both of the headlights. Kent's head was bleeding from hitting the steering wheel. I suffered an injury to my right knee that buckled when I stopped myself from flying into the windscreen.

I don't know why I didn't stop him from trying to fly over that ditch. We had to call the RAC to get the car out of there. Even though we both had some minor injuries, we were in stitches the rest of the way home.