

# A tale of Christmas woe

Ok, so listen up because I've got a story to tell. A story of Christmas woe. It'll break your heart kids...gather 'round.

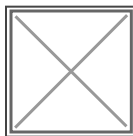
I was out shopping for Christmas presents, as people do at this time of year. I had just purchased an item at the FutureShop in Bayers Lake and was ready to go home to wrap it. This was my last present to buy. I was done. Finally. I pulled out of my parking spot, and drove down to the throughfare at the bottom of the parking lot to make my way back to the road and home. As I was passing in front of the SuperStore, a large hairy man in a small white car dashed out of the lane right in front of me, without any hint of slowing down. I slammed on the brakes. It was too late. There was a relatively loud "crunching" sound and my bumper became intertwined with his driver's side rear door like some sort of macabre dance.

Then, the swearing started.

**Updated!** Diagram of accident scene inside.

**Updated again!** I finally got the pictures off of my cell phone.

Surprisingly, I wasn't involved in any of it. The hairy man proceeded to call me a fucking this and a fucking that while I remained a paragon of tranquility. He yelled at me that he was calling the cops, which actually relieved me, since this meant that he probably wasn't going to speed away. (I found out later that he would not have been able to "speed away" since his car would no longer start.) Since he was calling the police, I phoned my insurance company and opened a new claim.



A while later, the fire engine arrived. Wait a second...The fire engine? Yes, the fire engine. We managed to get all three types of emergency vehicles at the scene. The ambulance and the police car arrived after a short time. Then, since nobody was hurt (or on fire), the fire engine and ambulance left in disappointment. The police officer remained. He took our statements: first the hairy man's, which involved a goodly amount of arm-waving and pointing. I didn't really have much to say because when he got to me, he was able to infer exactly what had happened based on the position of the cars, probably in direct opposition to the hairy man's testimony. All I had to say was "Yes."

I backed my car up and the hairy man pushed his out of the intersection. The cop went on about his

business taking down information. Here's where it gets interesting:

	Me	Hairy Man
Drivers Licence	Yes	No
Insurance	Yes	No

Yeah. So the guy should not have even been driving. Wonderful. No insurance! Even better.

Luckily, my car is still drivable, but I'm more than a little embarassed about driving it around with the front of it all smashed up. I took it to the collision place (conveniently also located in bayers lake). Unluckily, they will probably be unable to get parts until the new year, after the holiday season.

So anyway, that's my story. Stay tuned for updates. I'll be posting pictures as soon as I can get them off of my damn phone. Yeah, that was the only camera I had with me at the time.

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