My Dad loves blueberry muffins. They are his favorite breakfast food, so we always make him a batch on Father's Day. One Father's Day, when I was six, my Mom woke my sister and me up early to ensure we had time to write cards and make the muffins. It was a calm morning with my Mom baking and my sister and me sitting at our kitchen table writing. After a while, it was time to put the muffins into the oven, and I decided I had to go to the bathroom real bad. During this period of my life, I had a habit of running everywhere in our house so I could slide across the hardwood on my socks once I picked up enough speed. My Mom knew this, so when she saw me get up from the table, she told me to walk the other way around our kitchen so I didn't run into the open oven door. Now, I was, for the most part, a decent kid, so I listened and did my running and sliding on a different path to get to the bathroom. I successfully used the bathroom, and I guess while I was in the bathroom, I had decided that my Mom was probably all done with the oven and had closed it. Operating on that assumption, I figured I was free to sprint down the hallway into our kitchen. So I flew open the bathroom door, made a sharp turn around the corner, and entered an all-out sprint down the hallway. Unfortunately, the same socks that allowed me to slide so far also prevented me from stopping myself.

Consequently, as I sped down the hallway and noticed that the oven door was not, in fact, closed and that it happened to be at the exact height of my head, I was incapable of doing anything about it. I smacked right into the door and then smashed right onto the floor. The door hit me right between my eyes, and the blood was pouring out. My Mom, who hadn't seen me actually hit the oven but sure did hear the thud and all the crying, went into parent mode. She quickly ran upstairs to get my Dad, who had already been awakened by my screaming and rushed me over to the ER. So, my Dad didn't get to eat his blueberry muffins and spent his whole Father's day sitting in the ER worrying that his son might have lost an eyeball. Luckily, I had avoided losing an eye, but it sure was close.