

I remember when I was four. Unknown to me, my cousins broke the swing in the back of the garden. The next day, I went to play on the swing, as I went to sit down, I felt the hot metal bars around me trembling. I started to swing and the poles of the swing set came tumbling down and crushed me under their moderately heavy weight. I couldn't recall what had just happened until I let out a loud cry that sent my dad running to help me out of the metal cage I had been entrapped in. The warm mid-summer sun had heated the bars to a high temperature and burned my arms.