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Writing

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6-Tallmadge

Thankful

One day I was playing with my brother Jeff who was 4 years old, and I was 6 years old. We were playing with marbles when we started to put them in our mouths and spit them at each other. I put one in my mouth and started to laugh. One went down my throat and I started to choke.

I started to cry and my dad asked me why I was crying? I told him to call 911. It took about 20 min. until the fire department came. In that time, my dad made me drink a bottle of water then he hit my back. I threw up on his new shoes, but nothing worked. So then he made me drink water and hit my back at the same time.

It worked but when the fire department came, my dad **flipped out** on them because they took 20 minutes to get to my house and I could have died. Also, he made my brother and I get rid of all the marbles.

I was thankful for my father being home at the time because he saved my life. My brother or I would have never thought of drinking water and hitting my back at the same time and I would have possibly died that day. That is what I am thankful for!