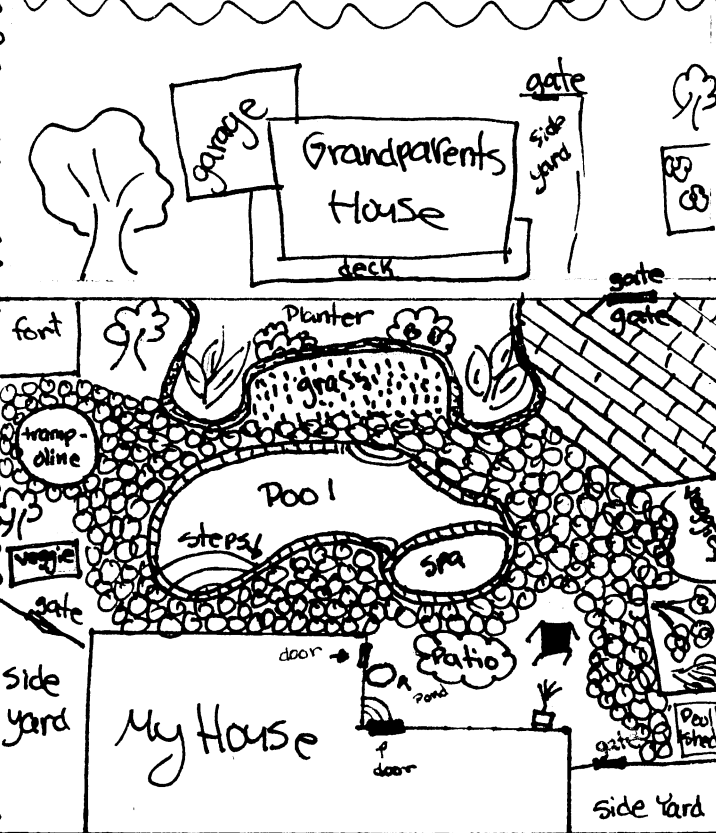


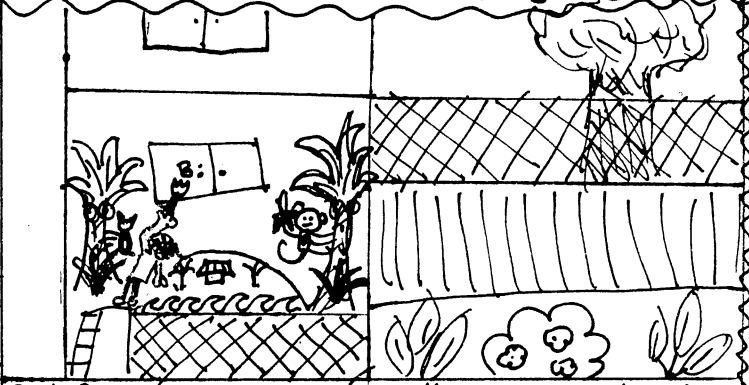
The Thumb

dedicated to Margaret & John Hutz (who both lost their thumbs)

This is a map of my grandma's house, and my house!!!



summer 2003 My 'Fairy God Mother' (family friend) + I were painting my font... the 'beach shack' (July) Summer 2003

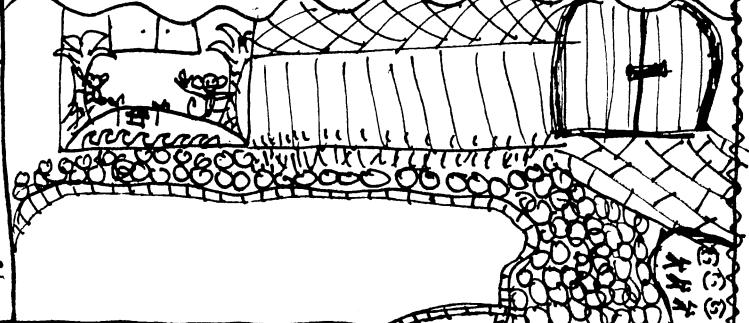
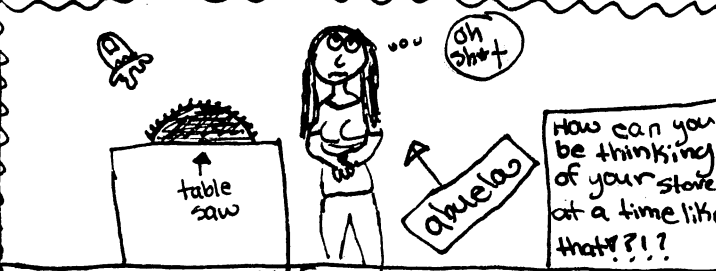


first of all, you need to know that my grandma is a "Power granny" (that's what we call her now) she's always riding her bike, doing projects with "sharp objects", and working in the yard!



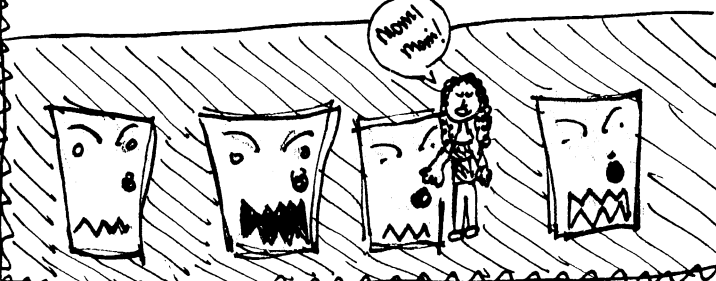
So, while we're repainting abuela (my grandma) turned off her table saw, and said in a very calm, and casual voice "Claire, I cut off my thumb. I need you to take me to the emergency room. Don't forget to turn off my stove."

So, she comes over grasping what's left of her thumb in her shirt. she asked for a dish towel (for her thumb.)



I went to go look for my mom. I couldn't find her anywhere? what if she already left to go out with her friends! The doors seemed to be going on, and on forever...

There was only one place left to look... the bathroom. I pounded on the door. she was in the... SHOWER!!



May 2004

I opened the door a crack, and yelled
Mom! A cut off her thumb she needs you to take her
to the emergency room. Then, slammed the door and
ran away



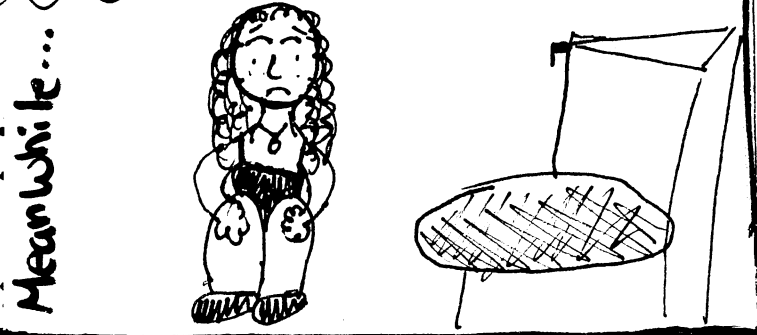
She got dressed and ran down the hallway in what
seemed like slow motion (slow motion.)



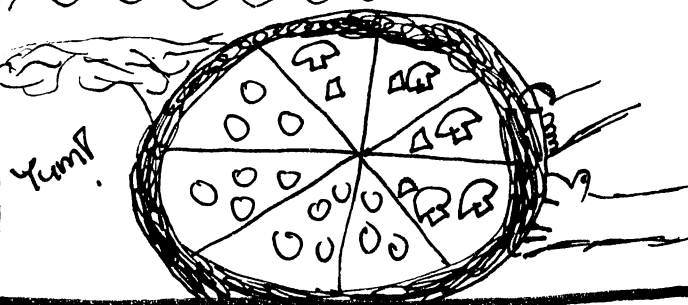
My mom drove Abuela to the hospital. When they
got there, the nurse made Abuela fill out paper
work!



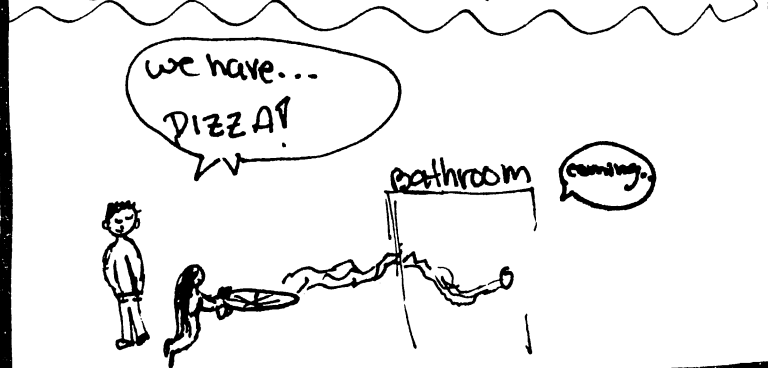
I locked myself in my parents bathroom, and
cried...



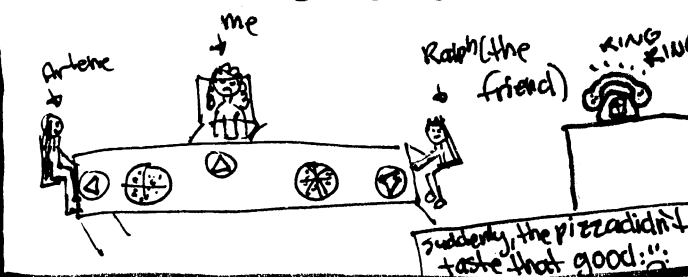
Arten's friend was supposed to bring
over pizza. When he arrived, she "clued"
him into what happened



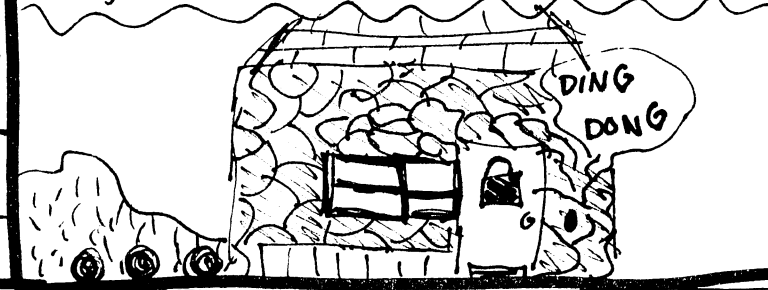
They had to bribe me out!



We ate dinner, and then my mom called.
She said that we needed to find the thumb. So
they could "sew" it back on! Aahhh!

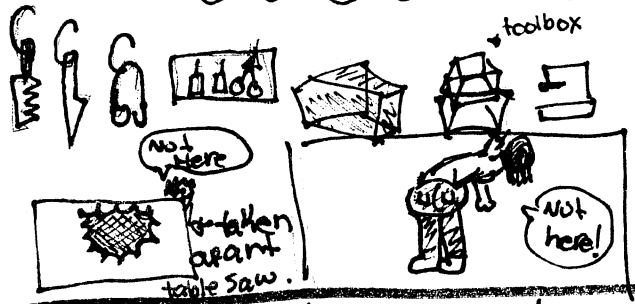


We invited our neighbors over to help. Later
on, our neighbor Joanne said "I was on the phone,
and don't usually answer the door, but I had a special
feeling I should have!.. she did."

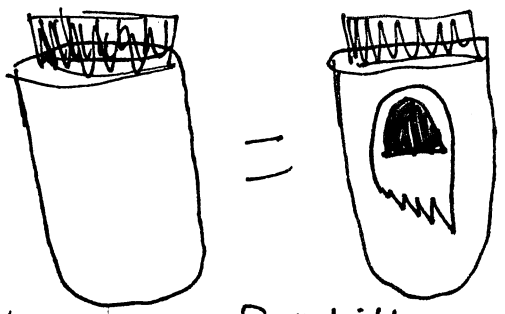


2008 APR 2

We took apart the garage (the scene of the "crime") - literally - twice looking for the thumb, but alas, we did not succeed in finding it. It was amazing though, cause there was NO BLOOD! AMAZING!

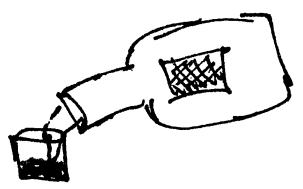


My Mom came to help us, but we just couldn't find it. The doctors gave us a little vial to put the thumb in if we found it.



But, we never found it!

Abuela came home later that night, w/ a bandage for her thumb, and asking she was full of pain killers, and having a shot of Whisky.

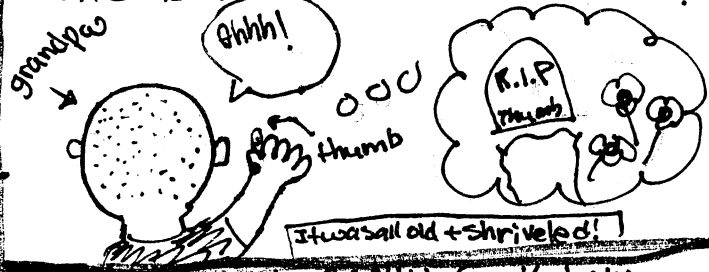


Oh, this? Where it goes

FREAKY!!

(not that freaky, just a lil')

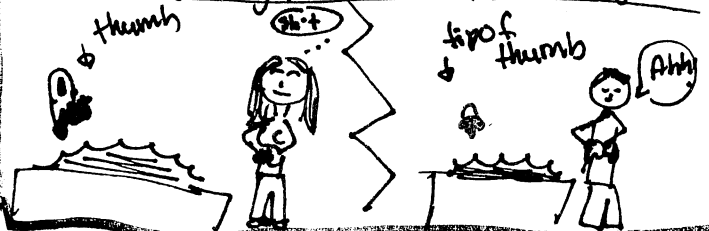
3 months later, my grandpa (Brian) was going through his work bench (in the garage). He found the thumb!!! He wanted to have a little funeral for it!



You know what my grandma did? She ATE IT! J.K (Just Kidding!) got you there, didn't it? She actually took the thumb in a napkin, and through it away. Just like that! Goodbye MR. THUMB!



You know what's REALLY freaky? My Real grandpa (they got divorced) cut off his thumb too! Just the tip of it though... w/ a table saw too! I'm not Joking! he screamed though... she didn't even cry!



The

End

(this is a true story!)

YOU SAW