

Of course everyone under the age of ten had to have a love for McDonald's at some point in time, but my brother and I just had a love for the toys. The toys at McDonald's had something special about them; it wasn't the fact that they were cheaply made plastic or under \$1.00 to make, it was the fact that they were hard solid plastic that could really hurt you if you pegged them at someone. I was in first grade and was very carefree, I loved to have fun. My long blonde curls and I went and did anything my brother told me to do which wasn't always good. We lived in a midtown house, three stories including the basement. The basement in our house was pretty big and had toys strewn in every inch of the floor that we annually cleaned. My brother and I used to play toy wars, a game like bombardment but with toys. My brother would hide discretely behind all sorts of objects and I would crouch behind something else and he would attack me with the toys while I tried to throw some back. I liked pretending to be an Indian and my brother was a cowboy so I could "throw arrows" at his head when he wasn't looking.

I had a babysitter whose name was Travis. Travis was tall with brown hair and always said that if you talked to much your brain cells died. Travis was around 17 at the time and he wasn't too excited about babysitting us. One night Travis was upstairs while the TV flickered into the dark and we hid downstairs with the toys in piles ready to throw. Some were pointy, some soft, some hard plastic and some were aliens with gooey noses and green hair, red eyes that glowed in the dark with black clothes and a faint yellow glow to their bodies. My brother and I yelled for Travis to come downstairs as we

quickly ducked behind the couches with the toys. Travis hit the bottom step and I came out screaming trying to distract anybody from throwing a toy at me as my brother threw the first toy and it hit Travis's leg. Travis threw some back at us as I was still running around the room but stopped occasionally to make sure I wasn't being hit. My brother threw another toy and it just so happened to hit Travis in the head. His head started bleeding and it looked like it hurt; there was a huge line where he had been it sliced open on his head. My brother had thrown a very hard toy at him; Travis had to go to the hospital and get stitches. We called our parents and they sent my grandmother over to our house to be with us. I think my brother thought it was cool that he could throw a McDonald's toy with such force to make someone get stitches.

Travis babysat for us a few more times after this incident but he stayed upstairs, away from the seven year old who sent him to the hospital. Though it was only stitches in his forehead, I think he regretted being hit in the head by a McDonald's toy, especially when someone in primary school threw it. I was now afraid to play with McDonalds toys so we soon found a new game to play which was see who can jump out the second story window and land in the bushes. I don't eat at McDonalds even today, but I can't say that that is completely because to what happened with Travis.

