PREVIEW: Howdy. Come on in and sit down. Make yourself comfortable. Can I get you something to drink?

I’ve invited you here to tell you an intriguing story. One that will keep you on the edge of your seat. But first, you best take a trip to the restroom, because once I start, you won’t want me to stop.

Here is an excerpt to wet your appetite:

The first words out of Dad's mouth were, "Where have you been Bud? (He always called me ‘Bud’ when I was in trouble). You’ve been gone darn’t near three hours!"

I hadn't realized it had been that long. I told Dad about the accident. He went out to examine the car and like me, couldn't hardly believe his eyes.

"How in God's name did you do this? And the car is still running?" he asked as he scratched his head.

"I think I must have hit a pothole," I lied.

That night as I was getting undressed to take a bath, I noticed my underwear was on inside out. I must have been in a hurry to get dressed that morning. My left elbow must have been bleeding, because there was dried blood on my long sleeve shirt. But when I looked at my elbow, all I could see was a scratch. There was no blood on my elbow or arm anywhere. I was thinking that was weird, but I was tired and just wanted to bathe and go to bed.

Dad went out the next day to examine the area of my accident. He was gone a long time. When he finally did return home all he said was, "Give me the car key. You're grounded."

Guess he couldn't find any potholes. What I would discover in the future, though, would make that night even more mysterious.

I awoke several days later with blood in my underpants. Young boys my age have wet dreams and I must of had a dilly the night before. I had blood in my semen. My folks took me to the doctor's office. After the examine the doctor told us that it appears something had been stuck up my penis. Not to worry, it would heal in a few days. It was impossible convincing the folks I hadn't a clue what had happened." Come on Man, that had too of hurt!" I'm cringing just thinking about it.