

think you're having a bad day?

A man was working on his motorcycle on the patio, his wife nearby in the kitchen.

While racing the engine, the motorcycle accidentally slipped into gear.

The man, still holding onto the handlebars, was dragged along as it burst through the glass patio doors.

His wife, hearing the crash, ran in the room to find her husband cut and bleeding, the motorcycle, and the shattered patio door.

She called for an ambulance and, because the house sat on a fairly large hill, went down the several flights of stairs to meet the paramedics and escort them to her husband.

While the attendants were loading her husband, the wife managed to right the motorcycle and push it outside.

She also quickly blotted up the spilled petrol with some paper towels and tossed them into the toilet.

After being treated and released, the man returned home, looked at the shattered patio door and the damage done to his motorcycle.

He went into the bathroom and consoled himself with a cigarette while attending to his business.

About to stand, he flipped the butt between his legs.

The wife, who was in the kitchen, heard a loud explosion and her husband screaming.

Finding him lying on the bathroom floor with his trousers blown away and burns on his buttocks, legs and groin, she once again phoned for an ambulance.

The same paramedic crew was dispatched.

As the paramedics carried the man down the stairs to the ambulance they asked the wife how he had come to burn himself.

She told them.

They started laughing so hard, one slipped, the stretcher dumping the husband out.

He fell down the remaining stairs, breaking his arm.

You think you're still having a bad day ?