The Time I Broke Something Important

(Guilty, fidgeting)

So. Um. I did a thing. A bad thing. An accidental thing.

I broke… Grandma's vase.

THE vase. The one she always says, "Be careful near that!" and "That's been in our family for years!" and "DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT TOUCHING IT."

Yeah. That one.

I wasn't even doing anything crazy! Just… practicing my karate moves. But then my foot kicked the table, the table wobbled, and then—CRASH. Pieces everywhere.

For a whole ten minutes, I debated running away and starting a new life in the woods. But then I thought, maybe honesty is better than living in a tree forever.

So I took a deep breath, found Grandma, and said…

"Before I tell you this, just remember—you love me."

(Long pause.)

She wasn't happy. But… she didn't yell. She just sighed, hugged me, and said, "Well. At least you told the truth."

And then she made me glue every single piece back together.

(Sighs.)

Pretty sure I'm never doing karate again.