

My mother took me to the park one Friday afternoon when I was five. It was just another ordinary Friday afternoon, nothing special. As we walked down the street heading for the park, two high school students came in from a cross road and walked ahead of us. The girl with the pony tail kept her head low as if she was reading something, but I couldn't tell what it was. The boy was wearing ear muffs with lines connected to a small black box he held in his waving hands. I was too young to know what an iPod was.

My mother and I were talking to each other when both of us saw the girl crash into a tree at the corner of our eyes. A little box, just slightly bigger than the boy's box, fell out of her hand and landed on the ground with a "crack". My mother rushed to the girl to see if she was OK, and I picked up the little box. It was more like a thin block of glass, actually, with one side almost shattered to pieces. Thankfully, besides scratching the skin on her forehead, the girl was fine. Then, my mother <sup>started</sup> giving her a lecture <sup>but</sup>, all I heard was iPhone, something, something, and not when you're walking.

### 背面可繼續作答

During this time, none of us ~~had~~ noticed the boy had trailed off the sidewalk and was dangerously walking in the middle of the street. While my mother was still busy giving her lecture, I heard someone honking the horn, and it was only human nature to turn your head when you hear something. I still regret doing that until this day. The truck behind the honking car got impatient and turned sideways to the other driveway. The boy, for some reason, leaped sideways too, namely, right in front of the truck, and, well, things got a little messy.

My mother heard the noise, screamed and covered my eyes; only it was just too late. I had seen it all—the blood, the unconscious boy and the iPod that landed by my feet. The witness of the accident gave me nightmares for a whole decade.

Now that years have past, and I am as old as the boy and the girl was then. I finally understood that the boy's... "ear muffs" were headphones and the little boxes were iPhones and iPods. The boy was probably dancing to the music when he leaped sideways and got hit by the truck. By the way, he died before the ambulance came. The strings of his headphones got tangled around his neck and suffocated him when he was unconscious.