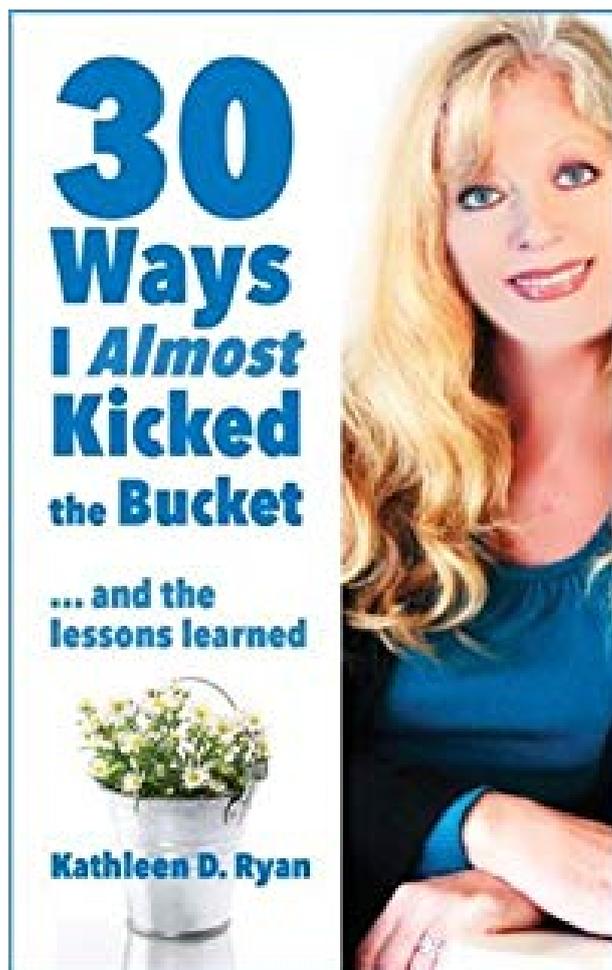


# 30 Ways I Almost Kicked the Bucket



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If cats have nine lives then I must be one very lucky kitty because over the course of my life I've probably had more brushes with death than Evil Knevil himself! Now, don't get me wrong. I'm no dare devil—just an ordinary woman with an extraordinary knack for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or, maybe I'm just truly gifted at digging up trouble. Either way, I've been playing a dangerous game of hide and seek with the angel of death since I was old enough to recite the alphabet! It's not like I've been impaled by a two by four and lived to tell about it or anything like that. Mine are more like those uh-oh moments when you come so close to death that it takes your breath away—something so scary and so profound that it shakes you to the core and changes your whole outlook on life. You know the kind I mean. We've all had them at one time or another. The kind that bring you so close to death it takes your breath away. Only for some reason I seem to have way more of them than most people. They fall all around me like snowflakes—each one different and icy cold. 30 Ways I Almost Kicked the Bucket . . . and the ons learned is a 379 page non-fiction book that reads like an action novel as it propels the reader through thirty of my most thrilling “almost died” experiences. Each chapter unfolds another episode of nail-biting near misses during the course of my life that make the Perils of Pauline seem like a walk in the park. Since none of these experiences have actually killed me yet—at least not permanently—I share the valuable ons I managed to stumbled away with in a frank, humorous and entertaining style. Imagine The Waltons on Fear Factor, or Erma Bombeck, if she had actually fallen into the septic tank! Yuh, that's my life. Being human and subject to physical infirmities, I've suffered numerous bouts

of sickness and disease that nearly tagged me out over the years. But those events paled in comparison to some of the more creative near misses I've managed to survive; alligator attacks, poisonous snakes, lighting strikes, tornadoes, hurricanes, an epic blizzard, sharks, and quicksand to name a few. I've also had a knife pressed to my throat by a crazed gang member, was stalked by a psycho, caught in a riptide, nearly stomped to death by a horse and pummeled by thirty foot waves! Now, I know what you're probably thinking, and I don't blame you one bit. Really, I don't. It sounds pretty far-fetched even to me. If I hadn't lived through it I might not believe it myself. But sadly it's all quite true. My hope in sharing these stories is that they will inspire each of us to be all the more determined to look on the bright side of life as we gasp, cry, cringe, commiserate and even smile in the face of impending death. But most importantly RUN—as far and fast as you can!