

The Day my Dad Fell off the Roof



Have you ever climbed up on the roof in the wintertime? My dad did once, and he fell off! How did this happen? Read on to find out more!

When my dad was a kid he lived in an old farm house. When he and his family moved in it was all falling down, and they had to climb up onto the roof and replace the shingles. The house came with 2 acres of land, and two barns(a big and a small) and lots of good climbing trees(He felt very excited about the good climbing trees.) .

A couple years later in the morning in the summertime he was looking for a spot to read(supposedly one where his siblings couldn't find him and ask him to play with them.) when he came across a fine

climbing tree right next to the smaller barn! “If I could climb up on the roof from the tree,” he thought excitedly, “my siblings would never find me!” So he did, and it worked! Then for the rest of that summer whenever he wanted a quiet spot to read he would stick his book in his pocket and climb up there. Then he would swing his legs over the point in the roof and take his book out of his pocket and read in the shade of the tree. It made him feel relaxed.

One extra snowy afternoon in the wintertime my father got up, got ready, put his book in his pocket, and went outside. He fooled around in the snow for a little while, and then he felt bored so he decided to climb the tree up to the roof. He scampered up the tree and crossed over to the south side of the roof to sit down and read in the sun, but what he didn't know was that the previous day the sun had melted all the snow on that side. And then overnight it had frozen, and more snow had fallen on top of the ice so that you couldn't tell that it was there. He got out the book that he was

carrying and started to swing his leg over the point in the roof, but slipped and because there was nothing to hold onto but snow he fell over the edge...

“AAAHhhhhhhhhh!” he yelled as he fell.

“Whoosh” the wind replied.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAHhhhhhhhhhhh” he screamed back.

The wind only hissed.

There were some tall and overgrown bushes next to the edge where he fell down, and he fell on the top branch. It creaked, sagged, and cracked under his weight. The same with the next, and the next, and the next, and the next, all the way down to the last branch. The last branch sagged (but didn't break) and set him down gently in the snow.

My father sat there, feeling stunned and checked first himself, then the the roof for any scratches or bumps, but there were none. Then he quickly made a silent vow to himself that he would never go

up on the roof again, and then he looked in the window to see if anyone had seen what happened. Nobody had so he picked himself up, went inside for hot cocoa, and never told anybody what had happened. *Until I came along...*

That was the time my dad fell off the roof. I hope you found it entertaining. If you want to hear about the time my dad fell out of the 35 foot tall pine tree, well you'll have to ask him yourself.