

The Falling George

I am George. I love to climb a lot. I used to climb up the tree in my back yard. Of course, soon my parents would yell at me to come down.

One day, my family and I went to the city, a place surrounded by a forest of concrete towers. It was an opportunity to be a little daring devil. My parents wanted to visit our grandmother and so I secretly snuck myself up to the top floor of my grandma's apartment.

The roof was perfect. There were poles wide enough for a foot and they evenly stood apart from each other, about two to three feet apart. The chosen starting part was on top of the staircase roof. The surface of it was slanted down so you could get on it, and the nearest pole was just a foot away.

I climbed on the top of the roof and looked for a finishing point. Just by the ledge of the roof of the apartment sat a box-shaped generator that seemed to be dead and unused for a long time. That looked perfect! Now I must decide what I should go for, the number of flower circuits along the obstacle course and the number of moves it took. Oh! I decided to time myself- the fastest time I could complete this course.

I made myself ready and kneeled down to a leaping position. Then I heard voices downstairs and I instantly dropped down, lying down low and waited. The voices seemed to fade away; the people must have gone down. I returned to my leaping stance and counted to three.

At three, I jumped as far as I could and landed on the third pole. I nearly lost my balance, but with effort I steadied. I took another deep breath and jumped and landed on the fourth pole. I sighed in relief but remembered I was timing myself. So I speedily jumped from pole to pole. Finally I reached my destination. I landed my first step. And I slipped! I fell off from the generator and I fell off the apartment, landing and rolling off each balcony. I broke my legs and arms and when I finally reached the ground I stamped my head on the hard concrete floor and went unconscious.

The next day, I woke up in the hospital. My parents were sitting beside me; their faces were soaked with tears. I knew what they would say and I took it as a lesson.

After all, it was a big lesson for me.