

When Jenny Jumped Off the Roof

About four years ago, when I was six, we had just gotten a dog. Her name was (and still is) Jenny and we got her from the pound. She was (and still is) a great dog, but she had a bad habit of chewing things to bits when she was left alone. Once she even ate part of the remote control (she's okay now though). Since we couldn't leave her alone, we had to lock her up in the guestroom.

One day it was so hot out that we had to leave the window open so that she could breathe when we went out. There wasn't a screen on the window. (It was full of holes so we took it off.) So, Jenny nudged the window open all the way with her nose and jumped onto the roof. (We know all this because our next door neighbor told us.) Once Jenny got on the roof she jumped into the yard and started playing with her tennis ball.

When our next door neighbor saw Jenny jump off the roof, she thought that Jenny had killed herself. (Oddly enough she didn't go over to check. She said the sight of blood made her queasy.)

When we got home, the neighbor ran into our driveway and said, "I'm so sorry your dog jumped off the roof and I think she is dead!" I started to cry really hard ... but then we heard barking. It was Jenny!!! I was so happy to see her that I gave her a bone. She chewed it to bits and I had to clean it up. She does that to my stuffed animals, too.

The moral to this story is: Never leave your dog in a room where she can open the window with her nose, jump onto the roof, and then into the yard, and make your neighbor think she is dead.