

The Angle

Volume 2007 | Issue 1

Article 13

2006

The Roof

Megan Vause
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

[How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Recommended Citation

Vause, Megan (2006) "The Roof," *The Angle*: Vol. 2007 : Iss. 1 , Article 13.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss1/13>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss1/13> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.

The Roof

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"The eight of us had spent dozens of summer nights on the gently sloping roof, the outlines of the neighboring houses softly blending in with the creases of the night. On those nights, our quiet laughing slipped from our mouths and glided through the air, settling among trees, on the ground, on houses until everything around seemed to be laughing with us in the warmth and joy of summer nights."

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 7, Issue 1, 2006.

MEGAN VAUSE

THE ROOF

The eight of us had spent dozens of summer nights on the gently sloping roof, the outlines of the neighboring houses softly blending in with the creases of the night. On those nights, our quiet laughing slipped from our mouths and glided through the air, settling among trees, on the ground, on houses until everything around seemed to be laughing with us in the warmth and joy of summer nights. On those nights, we knew that the eight of us would spend the rest of our lives together on the roof. Some nights would be marked by silliness. The boys would hang from the jutting gutters, race up and down the angles of the roof, and pretend to slip while leaning precariously over the edges. The girls would tickle the palms of the boys hanging from the gutters; declare the winners of the roof races, or pretend to shove the boys who were leaning precariously over the edges. Some nights, the soon arriving summer rain would be palpable through the dark. Other nights, when the sky was clean and clear, we would watch the stars beckoning above us, shining with the secrets of other worlds, eloquently expressing the vastness of the dark. Occasional nights the smoke from a nearby bonfire would sift its way through the shadows, clinging to our bodies, leaving the scent of wood lightly in our noses. Some nights might pass quieter than others with the sound of the giant trees and melodic crickets willing us into a dreamy silence broken by the occasionally deep breath of a friend slipping into sleep. Each night would be spent together, contentedly in each other's presence. We would live our nights on the roof, in the trust and comfort that comes from knowing we would always be surrounded by those who love us.

Tonight was different. The warmth of the night was replaced by the cool, brittle feeling of the soon arriving fall rain. The sounds of the night were taut and forced, as though an invisible power was making the trees sway and crickets sing despite their true desire to find protection from the coolness of the autumn air. The darkness, which was usually so fluid and smooth, was chokingly tight and dense, its sharp edges slicing through the air. Summer was ending and much time would pass before we spent any nights together in the comfort of the roof. As we descended from the roof and spoke our goodbyes, the autumn air caught our breath in threads of white that quickly vanished into the piercing dark.