

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

By Tony Eley



I really shouldn't have been up the ladder, but it was one of those things; I had been sitting in the conservatory when I realised that there was an enormous noise coming from the roof.

I looked up to see a cascade of water pouring from the drainpipe onto the conservatory roof, bouncing off with an enormous racket and cascading on the patio.

Any sensible person would have waited until the rain stopped, but whoever said I was sensible.

So here I am standing at the top of the ladder, perched against the house wall, 30 ft. up in the air, in the pouring rain, in my wellington boots.

I had already looked at the bottom end of the drainpipe in the vain hope that the blockage might be at ground level, but as one would expect this was not the case.

I put my hand into the drainpipe, it was full of water, I wiggled my fingers around hopefully but nothing happened, the drainpipe, like most drainpipe has an angle bend right at the top, clearly this was the site of the blockage.

Well, it's a plastic drainpipe, it's probably not too difficult to take the angle off and clear it.

Mistake!!

As soon as I removed the angle joint, the water previously trapped in the guttering above poured through the hole, down my sleeve, inside my waterproof jacket, down the inside of my waterproof trousers, and into my wellington boots.

So here I am, all alone, standing at the top of the ladder, in the pouring rain, with the water pouring down my sleeve through my clothing into my Wellington's and then down the ladder.

Mistake!!

There was really nothing I could do I stood there like the Statue of Liberty with the water pouring round, through and over me until it stopped.

I tipped the angle of the drainpipe upside down and the bird's nest and the mud fell out.

I replaced it, and carefully, very carefully stepped down the ladder.

