

4/4/10

My families stories

The first loaf of white bread

My grandad grew up only eating brown bread made mother, he had never tasted a loaf of white bread in his life, not even a single sandwich. One morning his mother awoke him at five in the morning to cycle down to Cahermore cross shop to buy the first loaf of fresh bread, he quickly woke up ran down stairs and ran out the to the shed and picked up his bike, he sped down the road down to the shop and bought the bread. On the cycle home he could not resist the smell of the freshly baked bread and ate half off the loaf.

The magnificent rafters

My Great grandad build my house, how ever he could not afford wood to make the rafter for his roof so he went down to the beach and found some wood from a ship wreck, he used this wood build the rafters. Then when my mom and dad inherited the house they wanted to extend the house, near the end of the build a builder told the rafter were made of the fine wood you could get.

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