

CAMPING IN THE RAIN

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“Yippee, it’s camping day!”
Seth cheered. He leaped out of
bed and scrambled down to the
kitchen.

“Good morning, munchkin,”
Daddy said as he knelt down for
a hug.

Seth put his arms around
Daddy’s neck and squeezed tight.

“Seth,” Daddy said. “I have
some bad news. It started raining
early this morning.”

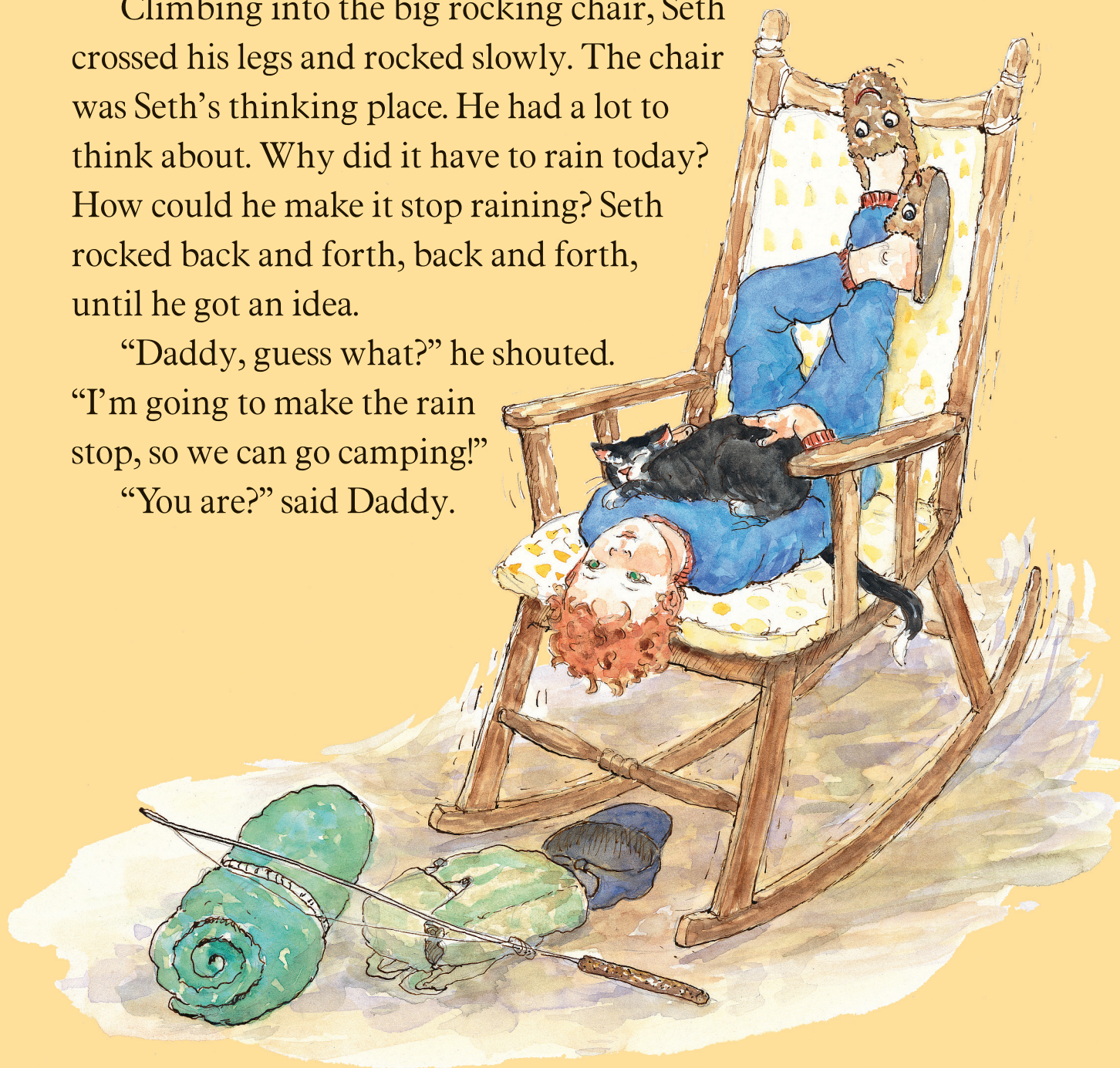
Seth ran to the glass door and
looked out. Rain dripped from his
swing set and ran down the slide,
making a puddle at the bottom.

“We can still go camping, can’t
we?” Seth asked, leaning his head
against the cold glass door.

“I wish we could, Seth,” Daddy answered, “but it’s supposed to rain all day. It wouldn’t be much fun getting all wet and cold. We couldn’t even build a campfire.”

Climbing into the big rocking chair, Seth crossed his legs and rocked slowly. The chair was Seth’s thinking place. He had a lot to think about. Why did it have to rain today? How could he make it stop raining? Seth rocked back and forth, back and forth, until he got an idea.

“Daddy, guess what?” he shouted. “I’m going to make the rain stop, so we can go camping!”
“You are?” said Daddy.



“Yes. At school, Mrs. Percy told us about rain dances. I’m going to do an *un*-rain dance.”

Seth dug around his toy box until he found his headband with the bright rainbow feathers. He put it on and started dancing around the room, singing “Rain, rain, go away, come again another day.” He danced around the room three times. Then he ran to the back door and looked out. It was raining even harder!

Next Seth put on his magician’s cape and his pointed magician’s hat with stars and moons on it. He waved his glow-in-the-dark wand at the rain and chanted, “Hocus pocus, alakazam. I wave my wand, rain be gone!” Seth counted all the way to twenty, but the rain kept falling.

“It’s never going to stop raining,” Seth said, throwing off his magician’s hat. He slumped onto the couch next to Daddy. “I don’t like rain.”



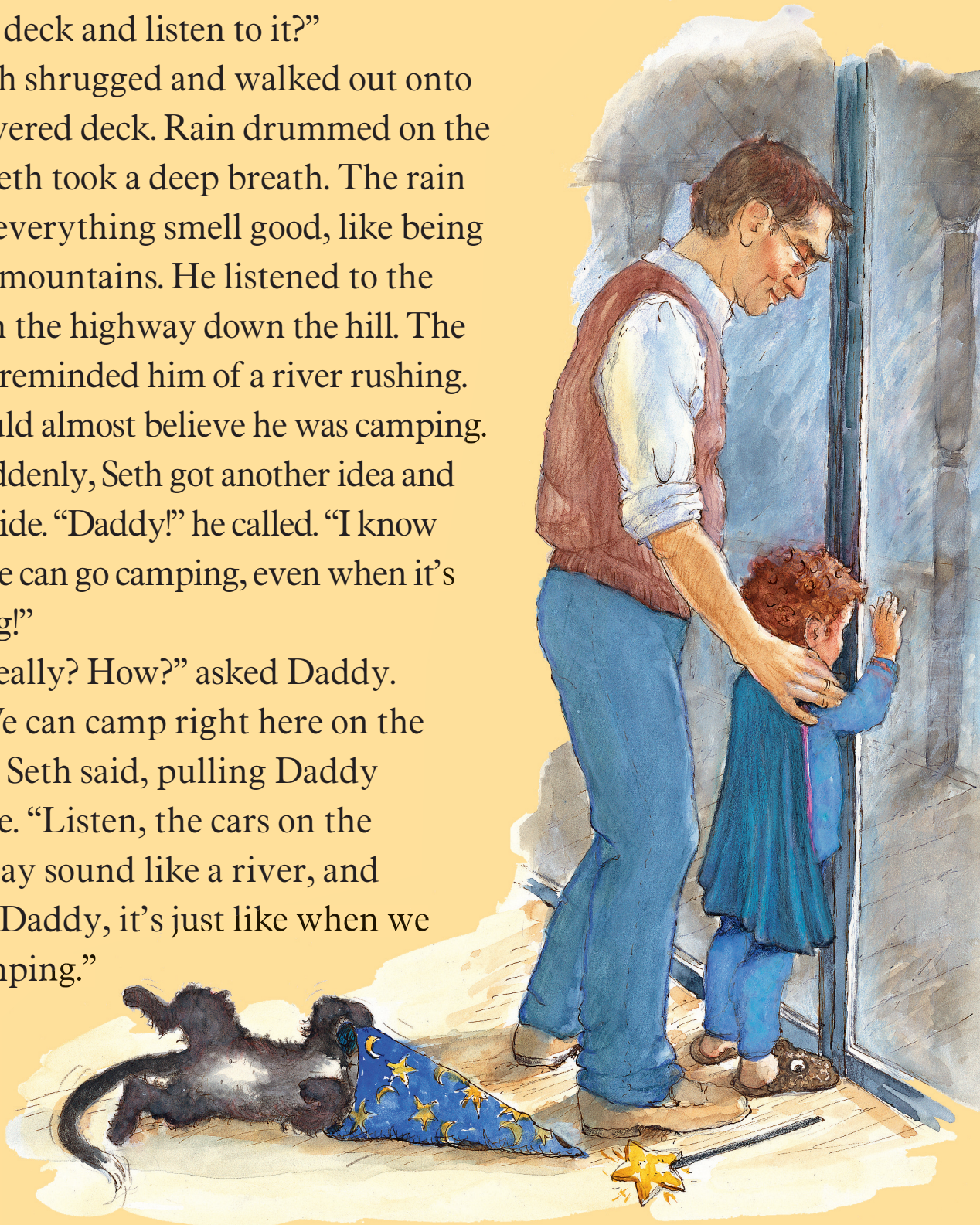
“Seth, you’ve always loved rain,” Daddy said, putting his arm around him. “Why don’t you go out on the deck and listen to it?”

Seth shrugged and walked out onto the covered deck. Rain drummed on the roof. Seth took a deep breath. The rain made everything smell good, like being in the mountains. He listened to the cars on the highway down the hill. The sound reminded him of a river rushing. He could almost believe he was camping.

Suddenly, Seth got another idea and ran inside. “Daddy!” he called. “I know how we can go camping, even when it’s raining!”

“Really? How?” asked Daddy.

“We can camp right here on the deck,” Seth said, pulling Daddy outside. “Listen, the cars on the highway sound like a river, and smell, Daddy, it’s just like when we go camping.”



“Seth, that’s a terrific idea,” Daddy said.

“Can we roast marshmallows on the grill?”

“Sure, and hot dogs, too.”

“Can we set up the tent, and eat popcorn, and play games, and tell stories, all snug in our sleeping bags, just like when we’re camping?”

“You betcha.”

“Yippee!” Seth cried, dancing around in circles.

“We’re going camping, we’re going camping in the rain!” 🐛

