

## Rainy Day Ship

DJ Kane

As I emerged from my Brooklyn Brownstone, I stood on top of my steps and looked up to the cloudy sky above. Feeling rich and prosperous, the best in clothes, best in shoes, and the best ride. I have made it, I have it all, my bright future is in front of me; I'm leaving my past in my rear view mirror of life.

Just as I started to take a few steps down to the sidewalk to get to my car, a cloud seemed to burst, and a few drops of rain started to fall, and soon became much heavier. I decided to return to my home and retrieve my umbrella, don't want to wet my expensive leather shoes. As I reemerged from my door, the rain stopped, as if on queue. I closed my umbrella, and started walking to my car, which was parked a block away. As I reached my car there was a boy halfway under it. I crouched down and asked him who he was, and what he was doing under my car.

He answered me, "My name is George, and I 'm trying to find sticks, to make a dam to float my ship in the water from the rain." He stood up after retrieving a handful of sticks, which he had found under my car. George proceeded to tell me, "On rainy days when the rain would cease, I would hurry down the stairs in front of my house, to make a dam to sail my ship, but today your car is parked here. I would find sticks, and take what I had collected and make a dam, sometimes more than one."

He seemed to be such a lonely boy, like the one I had thought I had left behind, in my rear view mirror of life, when I believe that I had made it, and had it all.

To George's surprise and certainly mine, I said to him, "George, I have a little time to burn, and you can continue with my help, if you want it. I've had some experience when it comes to making dams after the rain had fallen, as I would sail my ships to distant lands.

"Really?" He responded rather happily to my offer.

I answered, "Really George, so lets get started." I couldn't believe what I had offered, but I had for a second it came to mind that I was once a victim of a lonely childhood, and felt sort of bond with George, I had been that lonely boy.

George was on his hands and knees looking for sticks to build his dams. George had found all the sticks he had needed for his dams, and he was now looking for a special stick to be his ship. I knew exactly the stick he needed, and said to him, "George, I'll find you the perfect stick, one I would have used."

As I started looking under the many cars that were parked, I spotted the perfect stick, an ice cream stick that was far under a car. The stick was beyond my reach from either side of the car. Disregarding my best of wears; I bent down on one knee, stretched out as far as I could, and sill I could not reach the stick. I then had reached for my umbrella, and

continued my quest under the muddy car and street, to retrieve the ice cream stick. Which when retrieved, was dirty, sticky, with uneaten ice cream still on it, when I handed it to George.

Deep inside me I felt something was strange about this encounter.

I watched George from afar as he became excited, as he watched the water rising, and hugging the curb trying to evade the oncoming car tires. Freeing itself as it flowed over the dam, trying not to be obstructed in the middle of its flow. Thus, the adventure had begun, as the water enabled the ship to overtake each dam, as it navigates over the newly constructed dams, escaping into the open, hostile waters. As it did, Captain George sounded aloud “Ship Ahoy!”

And I as Co-Captain whispered “Ship Ahoy and smooth sailing, Captain George.”

Down the street George and I followed our ship. With George on his hands and knees and me running in our pursuit, keeping up with our ship on her maiden voyage. Our ship passed many parked and moving tires, and junk lying at the bottom of the flowing waters, all-trying to derail our voyage, but to little or no avail. Our ship had finally reached its destination of sort. Not the Caribbean, nor the Mediterranean, but the nearest sewer.

Although filled with the same excitement, our adventure would eventually end, as our ship disappeared from site, and the rainwater’s were no more. I felt sorry the adventure with George had ended. One thing that had puzzled me is, George had never had asked me my name. The answer would be revealed when George’s mother had called him for lunch. She sounded so familiar to me, when I was young as he.

As George was picking up the remaining sticks, his mother called him, “Junior, it’s time for lunch!” I’ll be right up Mom!” He yelled back.

I immediately said to George, “I’m a junior also.” George just stood there staring at me saying nothing, as he handed me the sticks. To my astonishment and surprise the sticks were all clean and dry, as if they were never used. Even the ice cream stick that I had crawled under the car retrieve, that had been sticky and dirty, with uneaten ice cream on it. They were all as clean and dry, as if they were new, but how?

George said to me, as if I was not confused already about the sticks, “I am a junior also Doug, just as you are. The sticks we had used today, I am returning to you, they were yours. You have used them many, many years ago, and hopefully you will never forget this day.”

“Forget this day, are you crazy” I exclaimed, I was stunned, actually more the stunned, if that was even possible. I looked deep into George’s eyes and I saw me as I once was, not as I am, but as I should be.

George returned home, as I had returned to mine. This was so much to digest in a day.

I am not who I was before I met George,

George is I.