The sky was thundering bucketsful of water by the second, filling the streets with lakes of water. The streets were empty except for the rush of a car here and there. It was perfect. Unlike most people who loathe going out in the rain, I only want to go out when it rains. There was something calming about the pitter-patter of droplets hitting window panes and rings that formed on the biggest puddles.

I ran to the front door forgetting the most important necessities required for puddle play: boots and a rain jacket. Remembering at the very last moment, seconds away from soggy socks, I paused. Backtracking down the foyer I found my favourite pair of squeaky, hot pink boots and yellow, plastic rain jacket. My favourite doll, a mermaid Barbie, was firmly clutched in one hand, while a toy boat was in the other. Nobody could stop me now as I approached the sidewalk, preparing for the moment I stepped into the storm and became completely engulfed in water. I was beaming from ear to ear.

Mother usually requires me to have an umbrella, although I’m not sure why exactly because the whole point of playing in the rain was to get wet. Looking both ways before stepping onto the pavement, I looked for the biggest, most gigantic puddle I could find. Nothing could stop me from standing directly in the center of it. Waddling over on my tiny, four-year old legs, I stood on the brink of the mass of water. I imagined it as a deep ocean and I was the sailor going out on my boat, the SS Rainy Day, to catch some fish. There wouldn’t be any real fish because that would be absurd, but there were sea monsters that looked strikingly like earth worms.

I started playing my favourite game. The stupendous sailor of the SS Rainy Day was on a treasure hunt for Pirate Jack’s lost treasure. It was buried somewhere on a lonely island located in the middle of the vast ocean. However, when the sailor saves a mermaid from the clutches of a giant sea monster, she decides to join the sailor on the quest for the lost treasure. The sailor refused to let her join at first, but eventually gave in and let her tag along once he got tired of her pestering.

The tales of the SS Rainy Day only ended when dinner was ready. My mother’s voice echoed throughout the neighbourhood as she called my name. I almost ignored her, not yet ready to finish my little game. The rumbling of my stomach, however, had a different opinion. The smell of food finally coerced me from my puddle when the rumbling became too much for my body to handle. Food was the next destination for the SS Rainy Day.