I sure do love the sound of rain pattering off my roof, driveway and Olympic-size hopscotch arena! I wonder what it would be like to be a drop of rain water? Rushing all over the place, going wherever I want with no burdens or responsibilities... ZZZZZZ… WHEE! This is fun!

OOF! Gee, this driveway is rougher than I thought... and who are you guys?

I'm motor oil, and this is my buddy antifreeze—we're both dropouts from automotive tech. Can we hitch a ride with you?

UH... OK, I guess. Finally, some soft grass! I could use a little rest.

OW! Ouch! H2O

Keep it moving, Pal! We gotta roll off of this pavement, too!

Yikes! What a traffic jam! Maybe I can rest for a while in this gutter... if only these guys would stop shoving!

But... well, OK.

Nope—this water is moving, too.

Hey—where did all of you come from??
I'm Phosphorus, of the fertilizer family, and these are the Doo triplets: dog, cat and raccoon. We ran into you on the lawn and decided to tag along!

And I'm dirt—I was minding my own business on the side of this gutter when you ran into me! I didn't want to go anywhere!

What a bunch!

Thank goodness we're finally coming to a storm drain, maybe I can lose these guys and get a little elbow room.

And so our dreaming hero is crowded through pipes, creeks and rivers, rushing and pushing and picking up more unpleasant company along the way.

Oh no!

Finally, at the lake—

Oh, right.
Hi! Were you in that storm too? I just got here!

But... but... How is that possible? It's been days! And you look so relaxed... and clean!

Well, I guess I took the scenic route...

“First, I bounced off the roof into a rain barrel, where I made some friends...”

“Then I was used to water a lawn...”

Whee!

“...which drained into a rain garden full of interesting hangouts and foliage rides...”

I say! Care for a drop of the old bubbly?

It’s an excellent vintage... last Thursday’s rain.

“...but I decided to seep down down into the ground instead.”
But if you seeped into the ground, then how did you end up here, and why aren’t you covered with dirt?

“From underground, I meandered into a creek, and then into a river…”

Don’t you know? Even water that’s under the ground is always moving somewhere – and since it’s not in a hurry, it moves around dirt particles instead of knocking them loose.

Wow – that’s a long trip!

Didn’t you run into any of these creepy guys along the way?

Well, I’m going to evaporate into a cloud and go around again! Have fun with your… friends!

A few, yeah – but they got scrubbed off underground… or, in some cases, microorganisms ate them.

Eep!

Wait! Take me with you!

Don’t leave me…

Why are you planting a garden where your hopscotch arena used to be?

I decided to put in a different kind of entertainment… something for a rainy day.

Wait! Let go! I… whew! It was all just a dream!

Or… was it?