

1/11/2026

Soaked

“Gaa” a little scream escapes me. I clamp my mouth shut slightly embarrassed but no one notices. They are in the middle of little screams of their own. I wipe the unexpected raindrop, the source of my scream, off my nose. When no additional raindrops follow I relax once more, a big mistake for it leaves me doing a surprised little dance when the real rain starts. Once the adults, my sleepaway counselors Brice, Rob, and Margo, regain composure they direct everyone to the van all the while repeating “Hurry up, hurry up!” and “To the van we’ll continue the night in there.” I am amidst the others running to the van. With all our sloshing shoes we sound like some kind of band, a very novice band.

I take a seat on what I assume must be damp leather. All I feel is the soaking fleece coating me unwilling to get off. Like the fleece a disappointed residue sticks to me and I can’t shake it off. Tomorrow is the last day of camp and tonight was going to be a mini celebration, was going to be so fun but now it’s so not. Trying to shoo away the feeling I look out the window at the tall trees, leaves wilting by the weight of the water.

“I can’t believe it’s raining, it was so clear and then kaboom” my sleepaway friend Clara explains.

“Ugh my hair is like so ruined,” my not exactly sleepaway friend Zoe complains.

“You look so different with your hair matted down,” I say to Clara ignoring Zoe to which she answers “And you Illy, no offence look a little like a zombie,” My sarcastic answer is “wow thanks” and we both start laughing.

The silence begins once more and my disappointedness returns to me. I sink into it so deeply I barely hear the pounding rain. My thoughts pester me, *this is going to be the worst night ever and you'll go from a wet van to an extremely wet tent and an extremely muddy pillow.*

Margo makes an announcement. “Tonight is not living up to our expectations” *no kidding!* I think. Margo continues “but we are still going to have the party simply inside the van!” We wait in expectation, “as soon as I find the gummies!” Margo awkwardly cheers. In the short moment of silence that follows I admire Margo. She ignored the situation's disappointment and replanted joy in the crew. While she planned this all I did all I did was wallow. But now I think to myself I won't wallow, I'll have fun and think about what fun it is not the fun it could be.

“More gummies!” the boys in the back demand waving twizzlers in the air like swords. Margo said three pieces of candy per person but the boys think all is fair in love, war, and party. With a little-laugh scoff Clara tosses the gummy bear bag to the back accidentally hitting one of the boys smack in the face. They declare war and are quickly shushed by Brice. “Oh yes, lets all wage war. I wonder what type of van this will be during our 3 hour drive tomorrow. Maybe a wrecked one.” I whisper to Clara, receiving in return a giant burst of laughter.

Tonight was great and happy...(well actually maybe actually chaotic and happy) ever since I made the choice to let in the joy. Now I know anything can be happy if I am.