



“Dip-time”

Short True story by Michael K. Primavera

“Be wise and improvise.”

Few knew that like Dad. He had a remarkable talent for it. One hot summer, he created a thrilling way of cooling me down. Dad always said, “It’s not what you have but what you do with it that matters.” In this case, he transformed a mere trashcan into a wild summer theme ride.

First, he would fill it with cool water, while his face lit-up with excitement. Dad was a muscular and spirited paratrooper, a real child thriller! He would cat and mouse me into complete exhaustion. Then, he would swoop me up like a bird of prey and fly me to the can.

Briefly, he would dangle me above it, to heighten my expectations. Then, with bulging eyes he would exclaim, “Dip time!” Dad would dip me chest deep, again and again. I felt like a giggling little teabag. Water and laughter would fill the yard! My Dad sure was great with a trashcan.

One day our routine changed unexpectedly. This time, both my parents chased me. Dad swooped me up, Mom covered my eyes and they carried me away. When I touched down, the water was shallow. My eyes opened to a colorful splashing pool. It was surely an appreciated gift...but the trashcan was an adventure!