**The Twins Become Sewer Rats**

When Grandpa Thom and I were just little guys, maybe 6 years old or so, our mother use to dress us in short pants. We hated short pants! We thought short pants were for sissies. And, when we wore those pants, it usually meant we had to go somewhere nice and look like cute little boys.

One day, we had our little short pants on and we were all clean to go somewhere. Our mother was getting ready and we thought it was going to take a long time. So, we started down our dead-end street. When we got to the end, there was a drain in the curb that lead to a larger culvert. We had been down that drain many times before and thought we could do it again and stay clean if we were very careful. That was a bad idea.

We squeezed through the opening in the curb and slid into the culvert which is a large metal, round tube that went for about 25 feet. We had to hunch over and walk with our hands tangling to the bottom of the culvert and splashing in the water and mud. Our idea of being careful and staying clean was not working.

When we go to the end of the culvert, we could look down about five feet into what was called a giant cement wash. This is a place where all the culverts from the neighborhood emptied. It was too much of a drop to go into the wash, so we turned around and headed back to the opening in the curb. When we got outside, we were a filthy mess!

We started home knowing that we were in big trouble. What was out mother going to say? We came into the house and our mother was absolutely horrified. She could not believe her eyes! She grabbed us and we both got a good hard swat to the bottom. Then, she said, “You boys get to your room and get out of those dirty clothes immediately!” The spanking hurt, but we were happy we could take off our sissy pants and wear something different!

Years later, we would be brave enough to go down into the big cement wash. From there we would go to a certain place where there was a large square opening in the wall – big enough to walk through. We would take a 15-minute flare and start down this opening as far as we could go until our flare stopped burning. When it stopped, it was pitch black. You could not see a thing. Then, we would start running back the way we came yelling and screaming at the top of our lungs.

Eventually, we could see some light. It was very small to begin with, but as we got closer to the opening, it became bigger and bigger.

Part of Twin Power is exploring. But it is always important to be safe and to let your parents know where you are going, what you will be doing and when you will be home.