



# DWAYNE

The Storm Drain  
A DRAIN FOR ALL SEASONS



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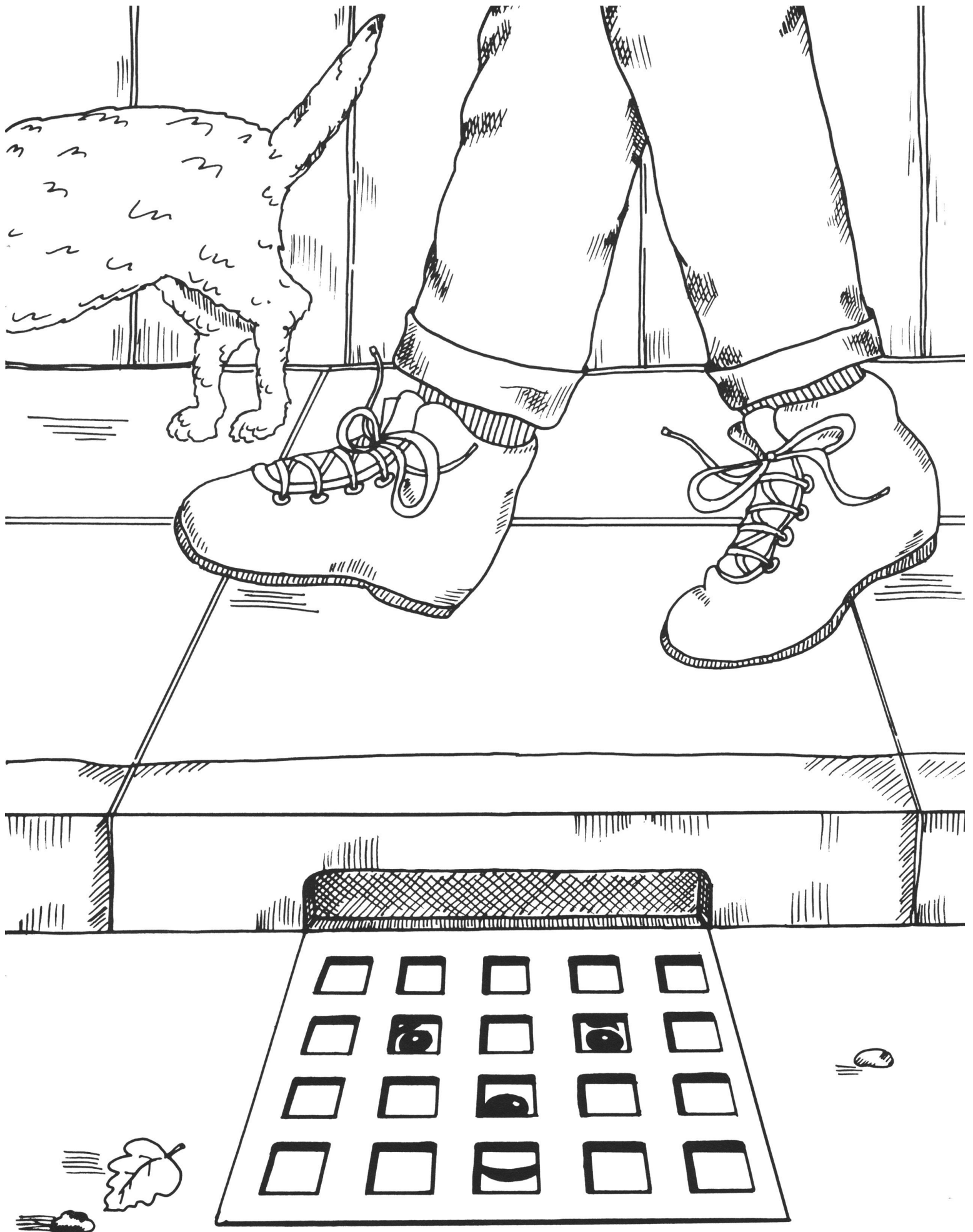
The Storm Drain

A DRAIN FOR ALL SEASONS

This afternoon as you  
are walking home,  
Think back to right now  
and remember this poem.

Stay near to the curb  
keeping safe from the street,  
Look down by the road  
and just follow your feet.

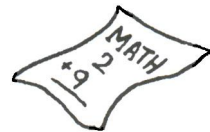


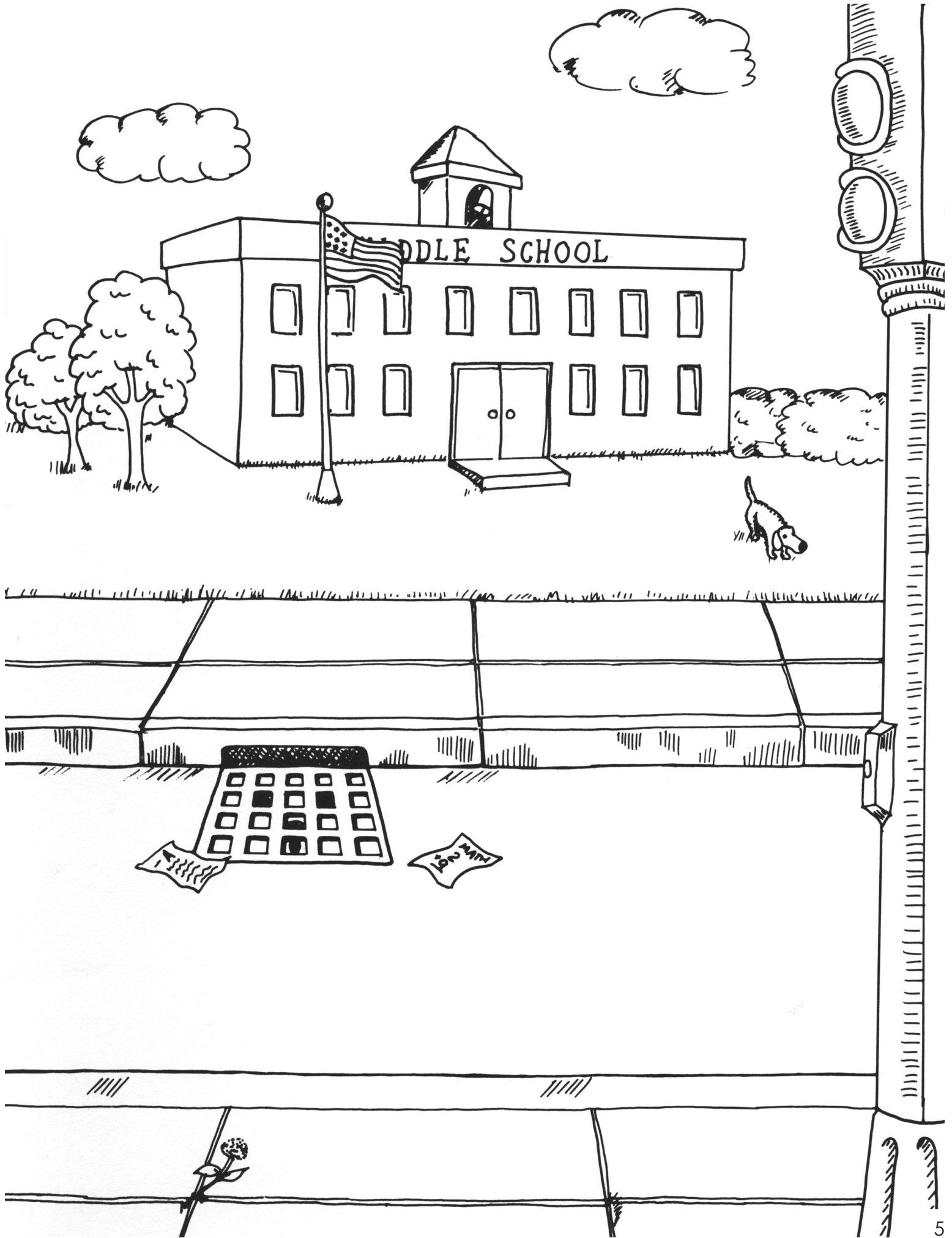




Maybe you'll see me  
if you carefully search,  
Maybe you'll find me  
near a temple or church.

I am nothing quite fancy  
and my color is dark,  
"Psst, I'm over here  
near the school by the park."





Here I am! I'm hanging  
out in this gutter,  
Watching people go by and  
not a word do I utter.

But, if I could speak  
I'd look up and shout,  
"I'm Dwayne the Storm Drain  
come check me out!"



Come  
check  
me out!

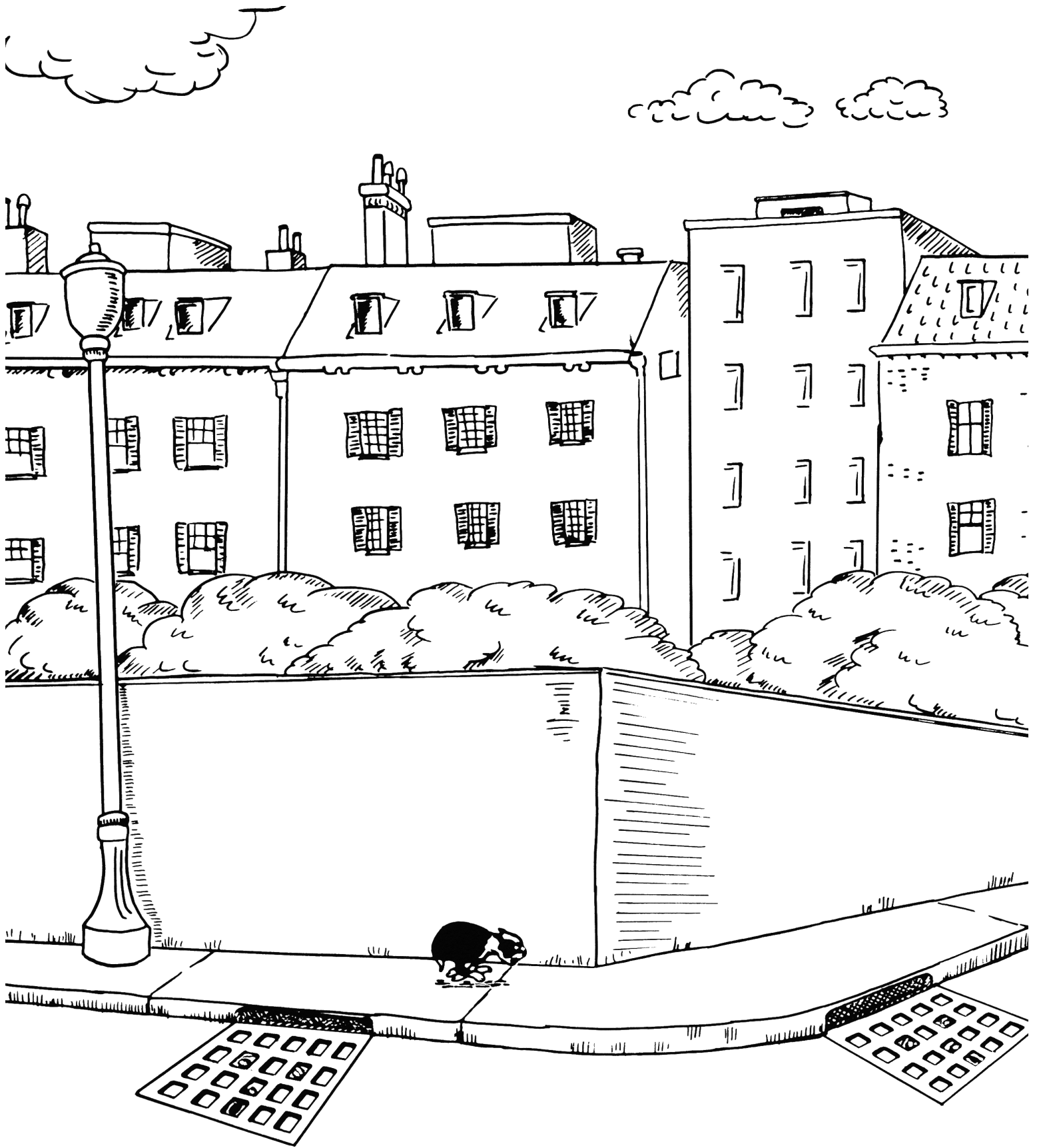


I'm made of cast iron  
and resemble a grate,  
If you walk a few blocks  
you'll meet another fine mate.

I'm shaped like a square  
and have bars that are crossed,  
I keep objects from drain pipes  
that are littered or lost.







Gutters are my business  
this street I dutifully drain,  
I am often overworked  
in times of heavy rain.

Rainwater runs through me  
travelling down to drain pipes,  
But along with the water  
I see garbage of all types.



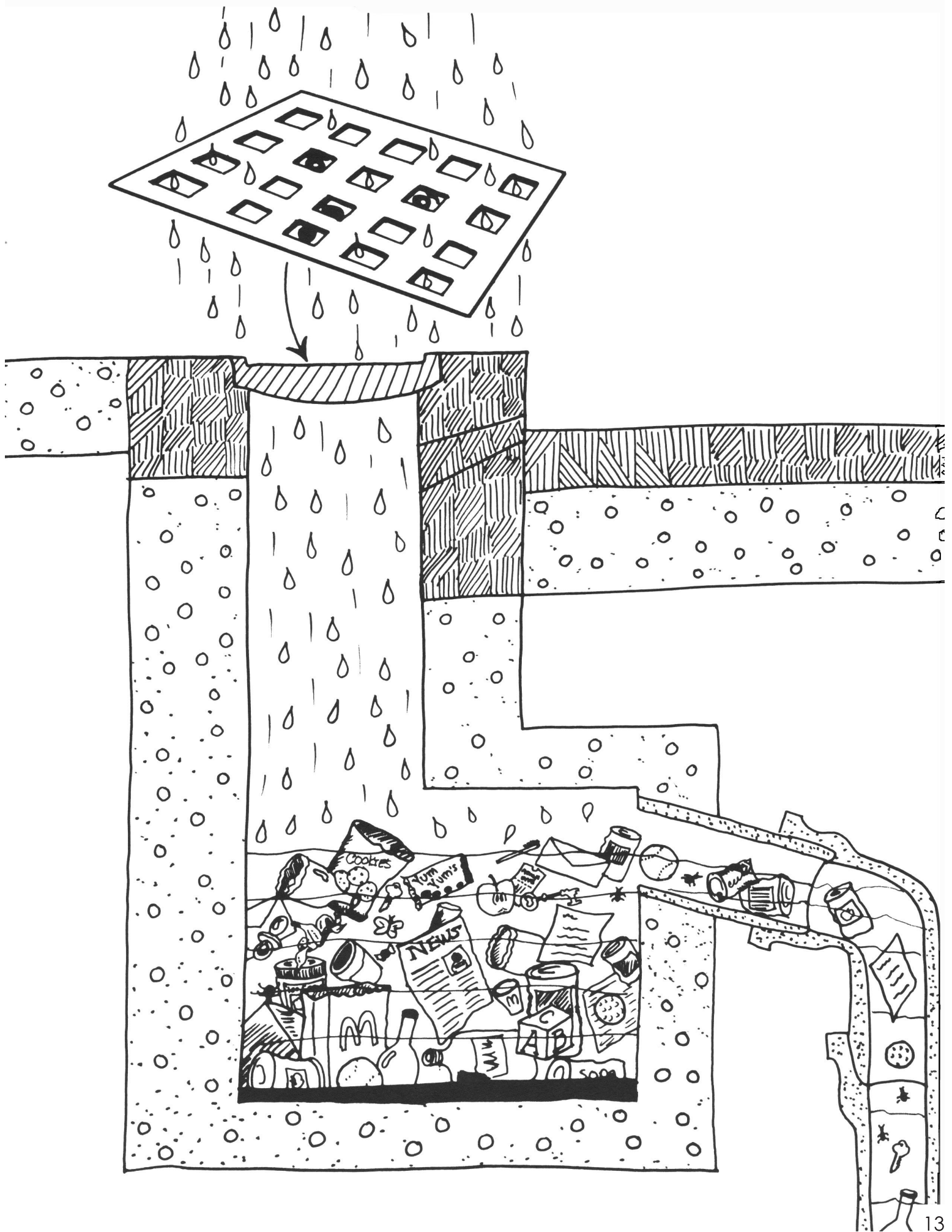




Don't use me for dumping  
I've got a specific purpose,  
I am here to drain streets of  
rainwater that may surface.

BUT...

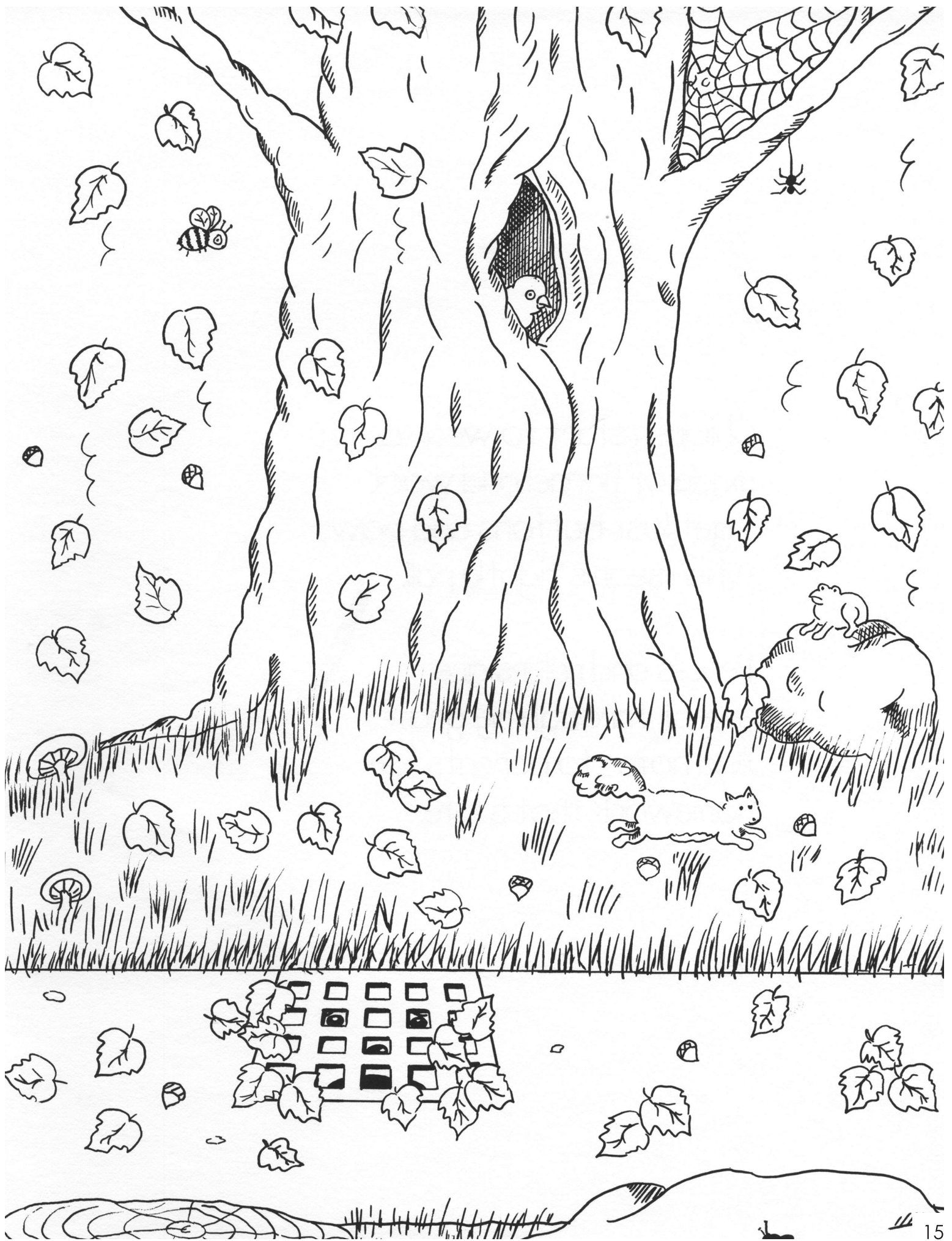




In autumn when school starts  
I am loaded with leaves,  
Washing down with rainwater  
when they fall from the trees.





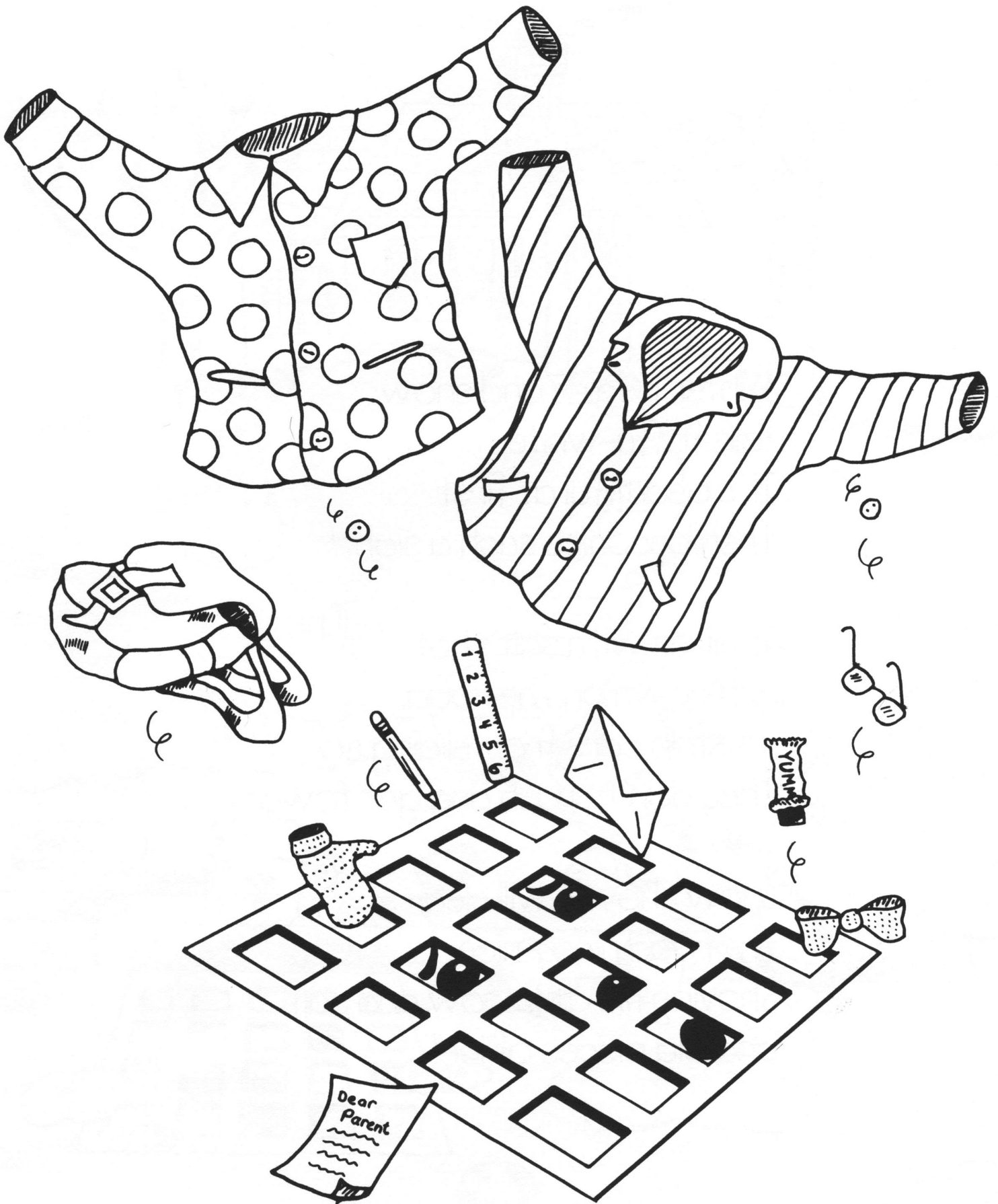


Children start to wear coats  
made of flannel and wool,  
I get lost buttons and bows  
when seams tightly pull.

Pencils and rulers are  
swept through my grate,  
And notes to parents  
for homework that's late.







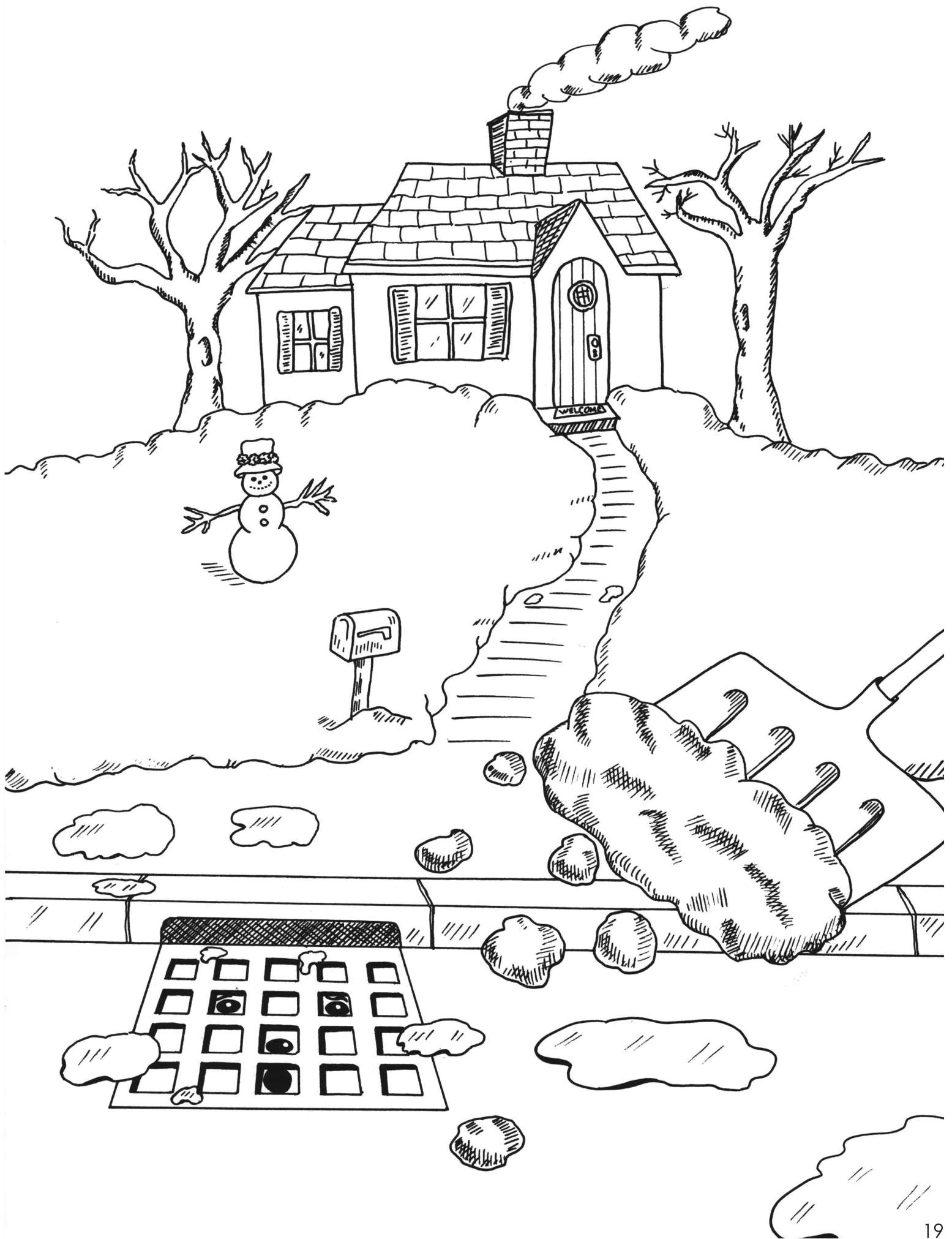


Winter begins and snow  
falls fluffy-white,  
It's beautiful at first  
then becomes such a sight!

It mixes with salt  
that is thrown on the road,  
To stop cars from sliding  
so they don't crash and get towed.

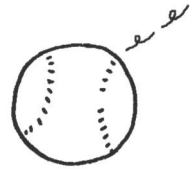
Snow shovels will clear  
the roads nicey-nice,  
Shoving me dirt, snow, and salt  
and big pieces of ice!

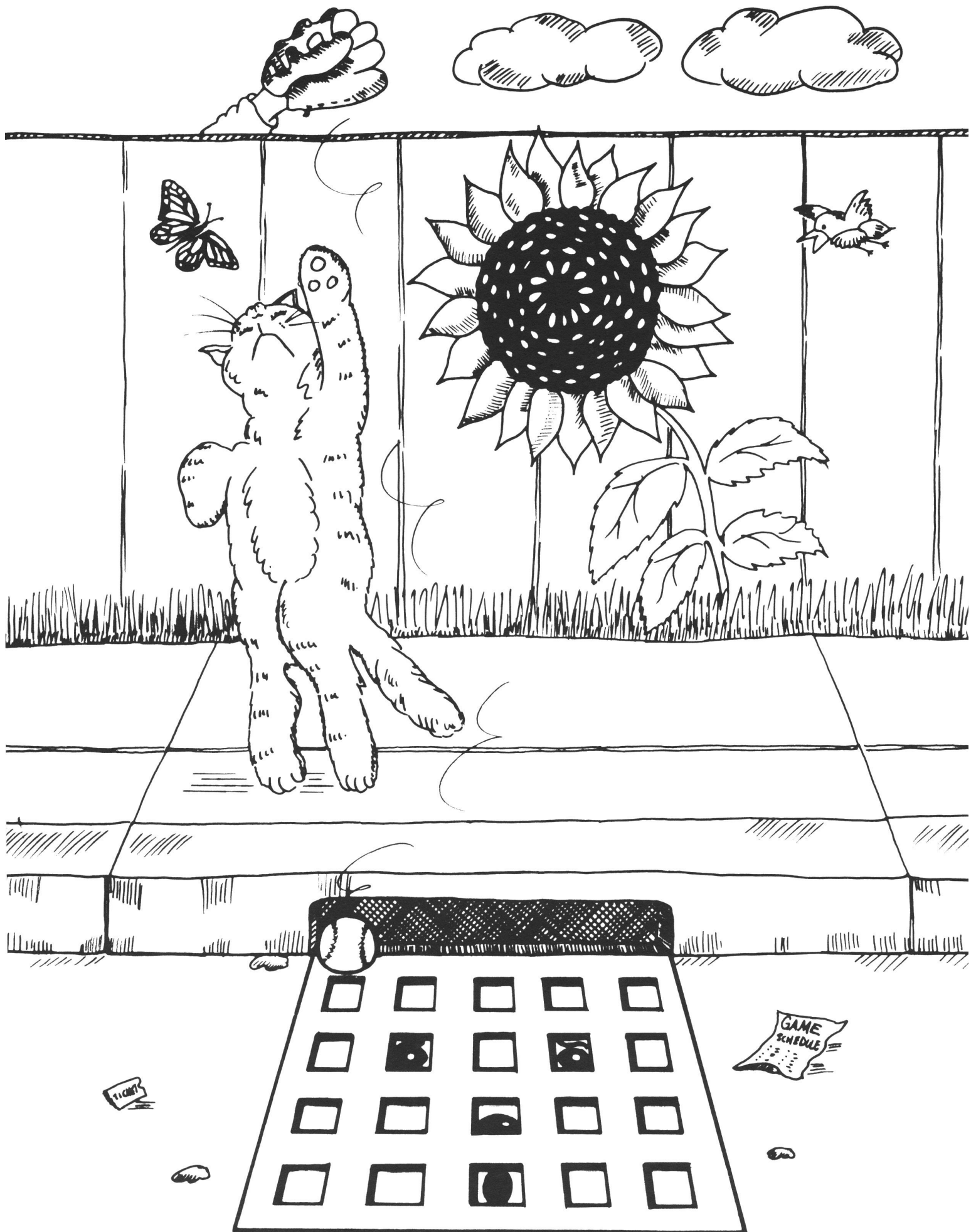




This stuff it gets through me  
all winter and fall,  
It's a sure sign of spring  
when down rolls a ball.

At the park children play more  
in the school yard as well,  
When the weather is warmer  
and lovely flowers I smell.



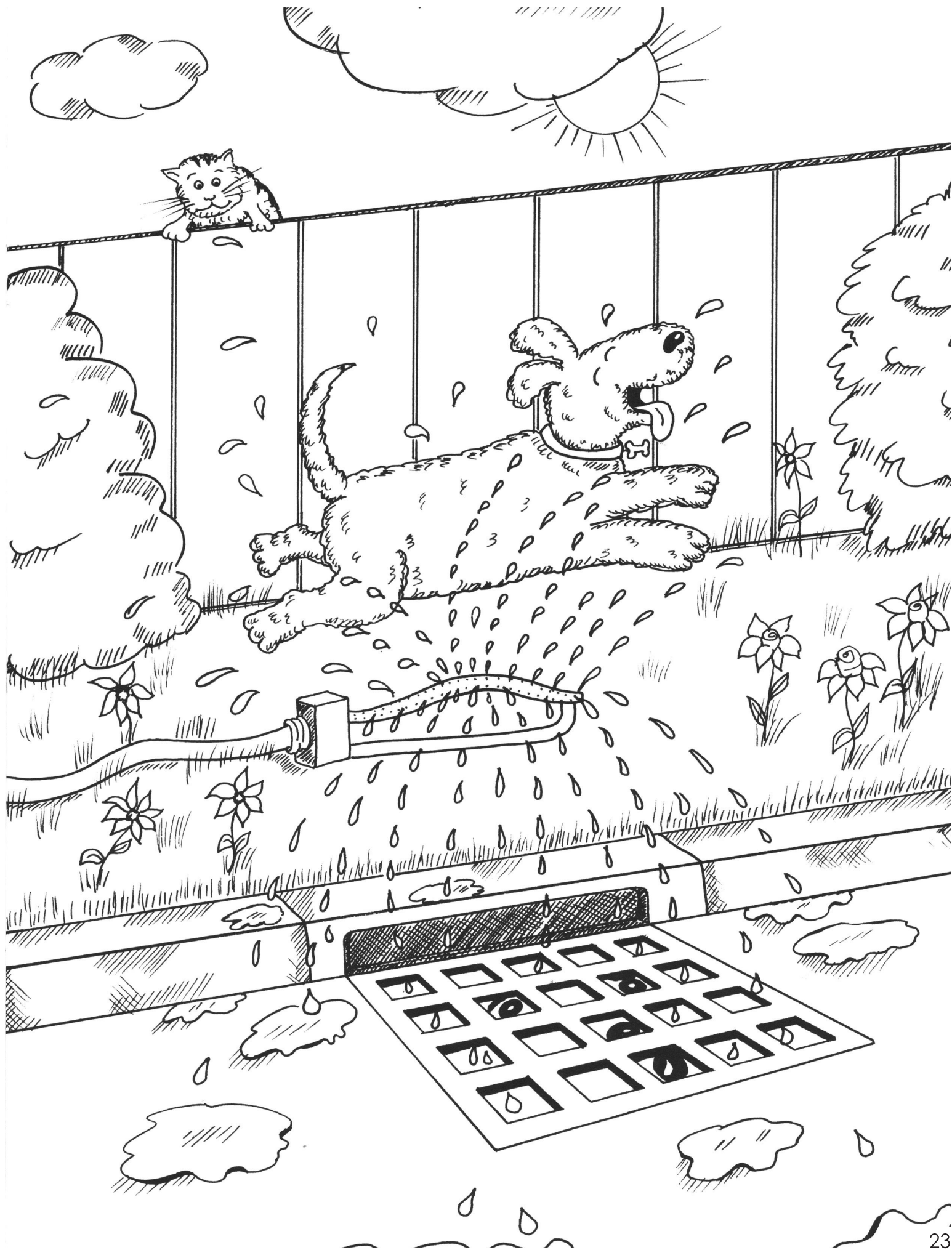


Spring has sprung to life  
and it rains a lot more,  
So into my grate  
flows water galore!

From hoses comes more water  
when sprinkling the lawn,  
In spring neighbors wake up  
to water at dawn.





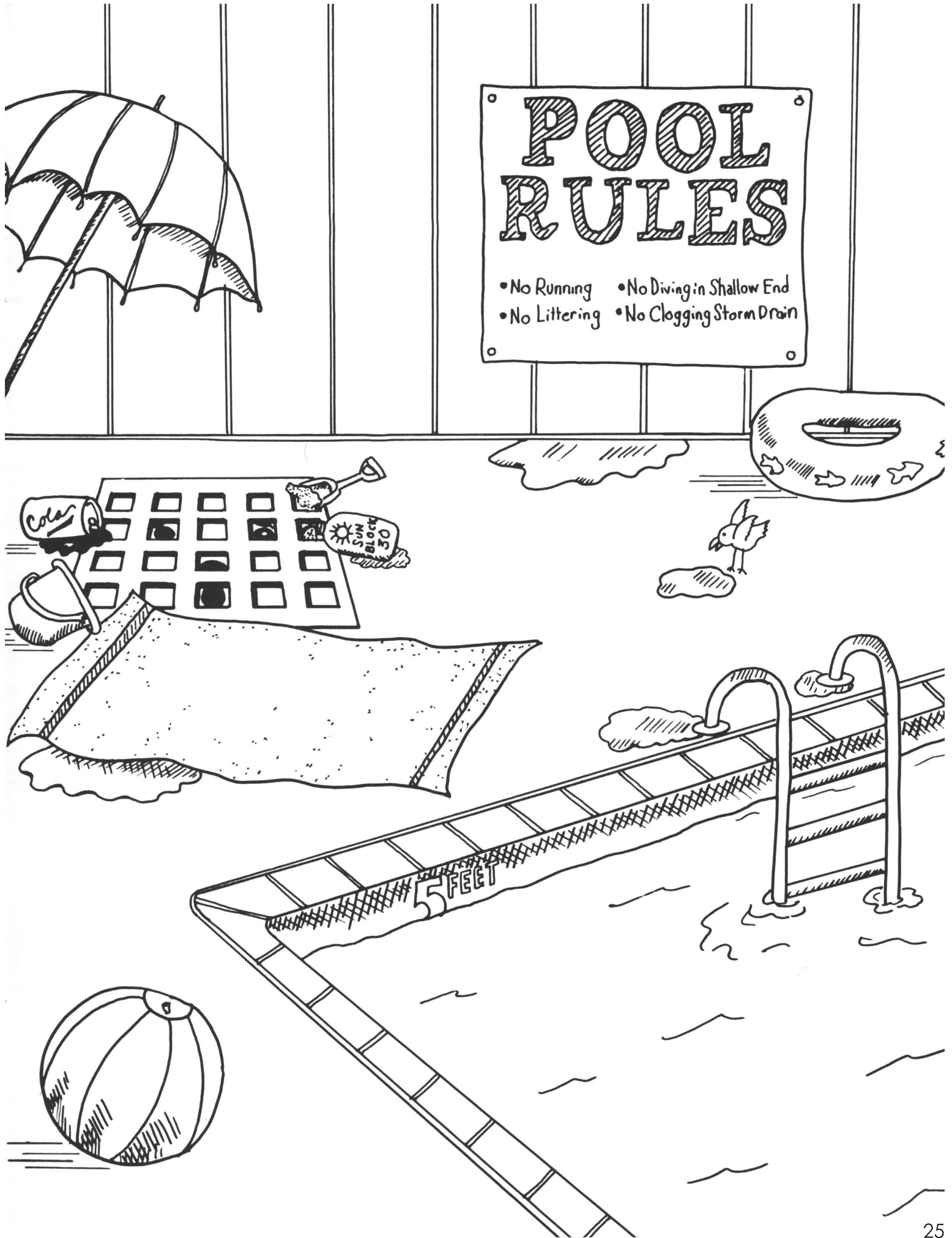


When summer arrives  
the children leave school,  
And they move to the park  
where there is a big pool.

A lost towel and water toy  
swept through me today,  
Someone was wet and was cold  
and without something to play.







With the days growing longer  
dogs are walked up 'til nine,  
There's more dog-poop curbside  
that's eventually mine.

So what's my point  
as I chatter on and on?  
What does it all mean  
to you I now warn.

*Where does it go?*  
I'm sure you will ask,  
Explaining this now  
is no easy task.





After rain and other items  
go down through my grate,  
They travel through sewer pipes  
a journey clear and straight.

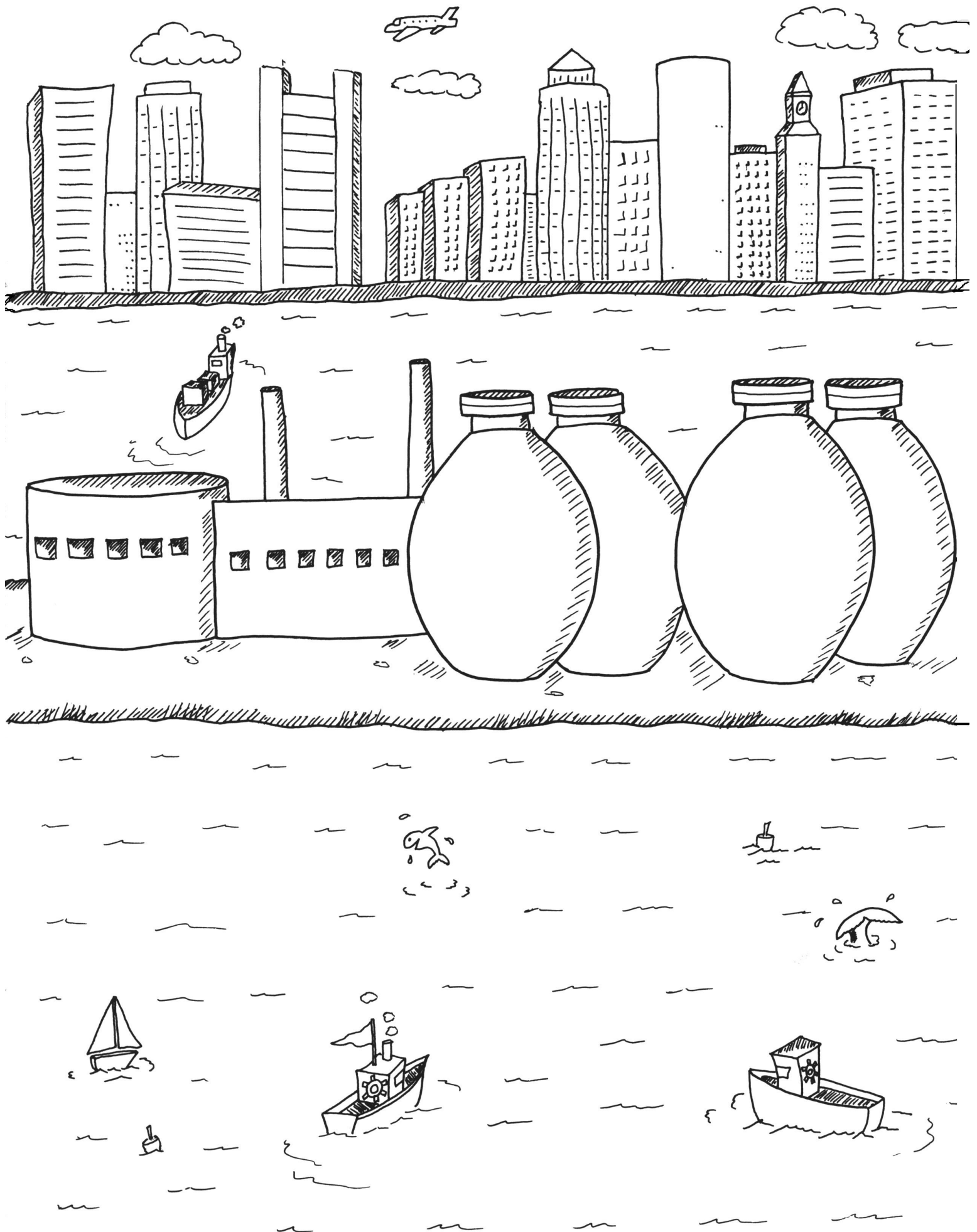
In some towns this all goes  
to a sewage treatment plant,  
The water is chemically cleaned  
and becomes effluent.\*

But in most cities and town  
what I will tell you is true,  
All this water and gunk  
flows to water that's blue!

\*effluent-the "cleaned" wastewater or final liquid that flows out  
of a treatment plant.







Near your home there's water  
either a brook, pond or lake,  
That receives all the rainfall  
and other objects I take.

Things like dirt and leaves  
are recycled back to earth,  
Things like litter and garbage  
have no rebirth!

These things are people-made  
and cannot be broken down,  
This junk hangs on forever  
polluting water in your town!



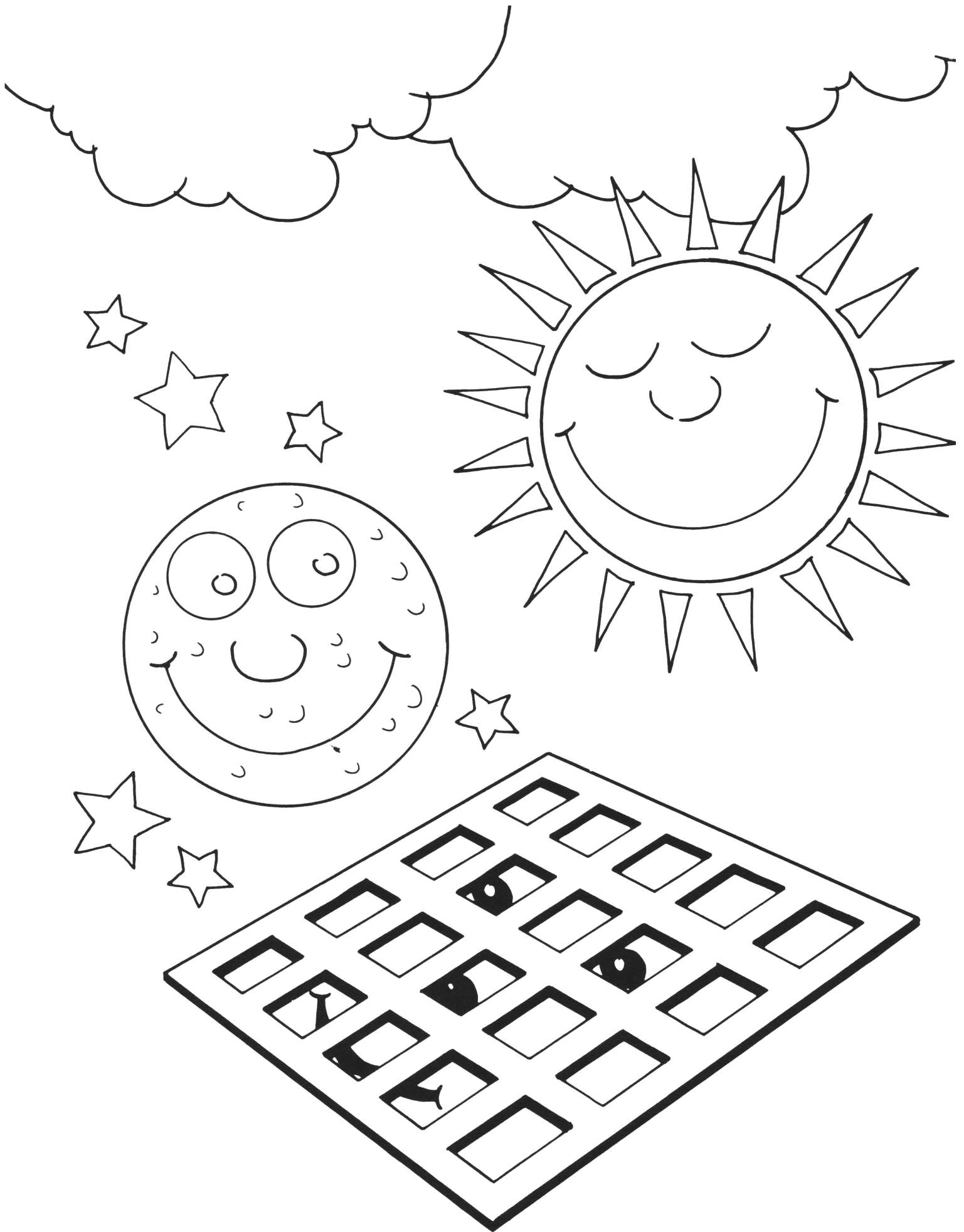




So next time you spy me  
show me you care,  
After reading this poem  
you are surely aware.

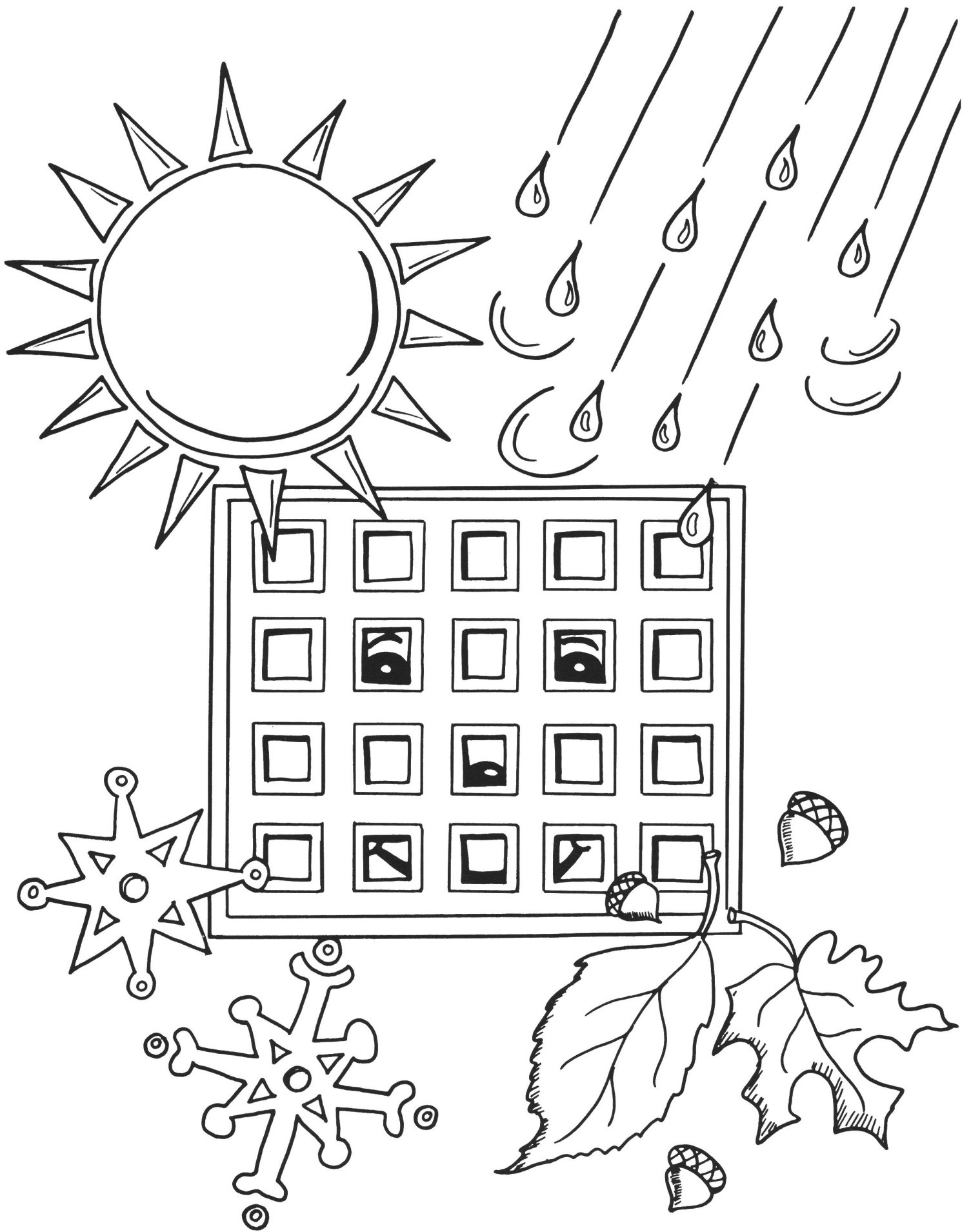
My job is important  
whether January or June,  
By the light of the sun  
and the light of the moon.



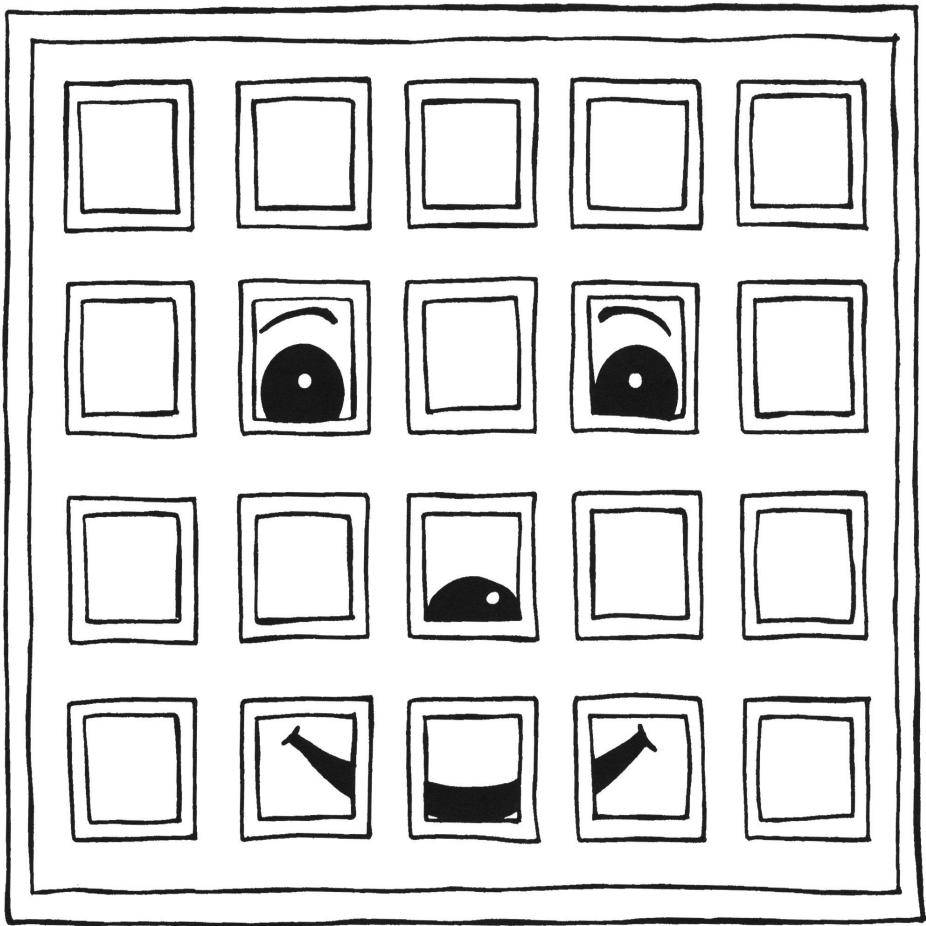


That's my story -  
I'm a drain for all seasons,  
I keep streets clear and dry  
health and safety are my reasons!

*The End*



What shape is Dwayne? Using familiar objects such as paperclips or string, measure Dwayne’s height and width.



What did you discover about Dwayne?

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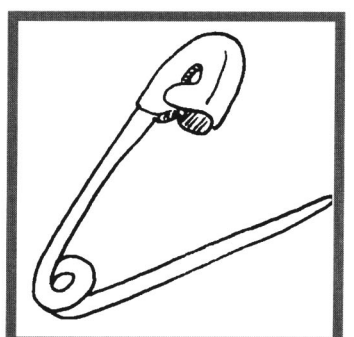
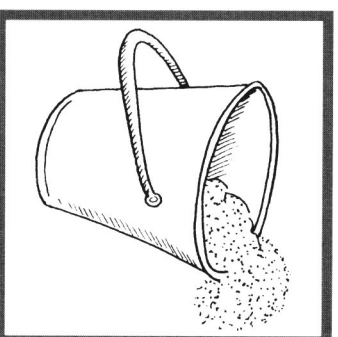
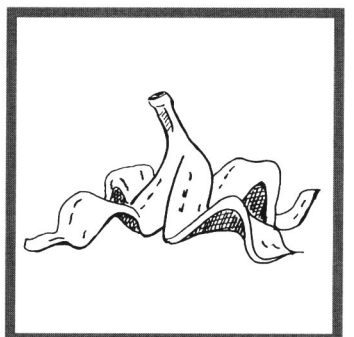
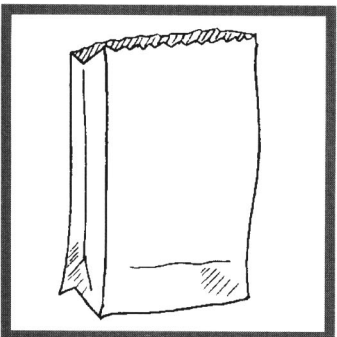
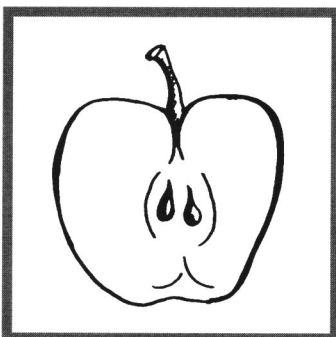
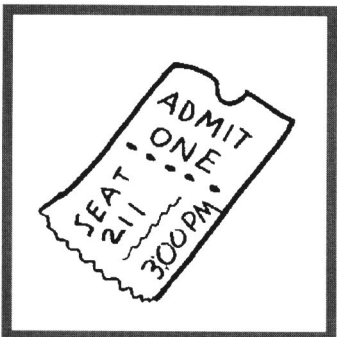
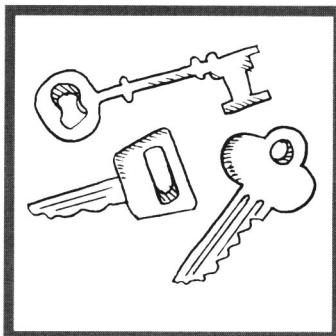
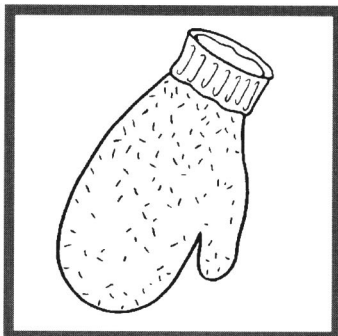
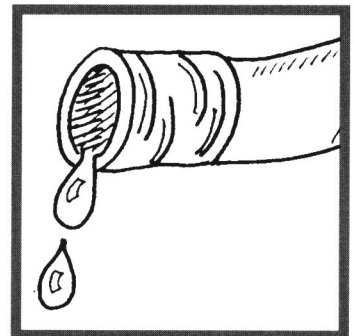
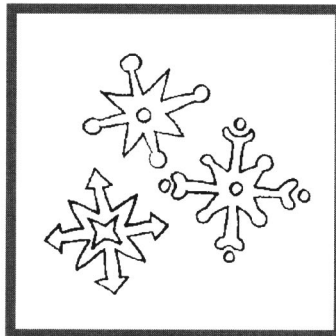
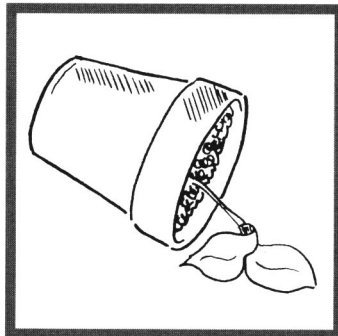
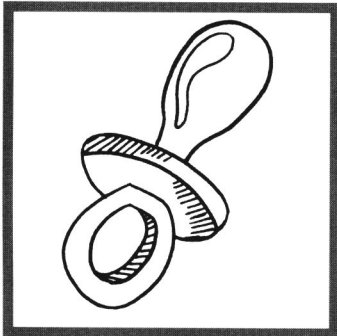
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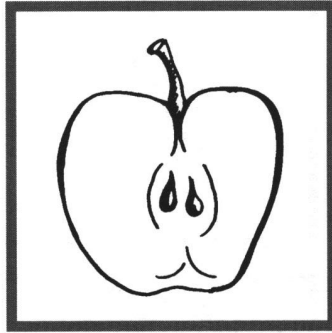
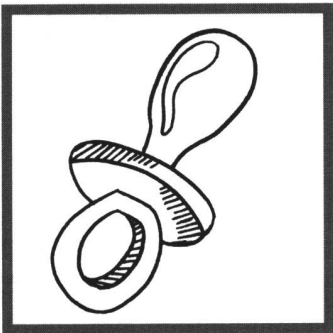
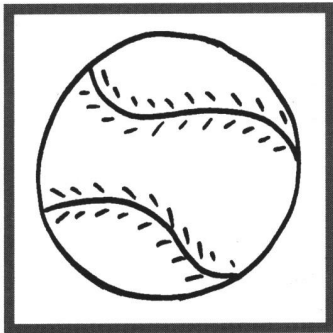
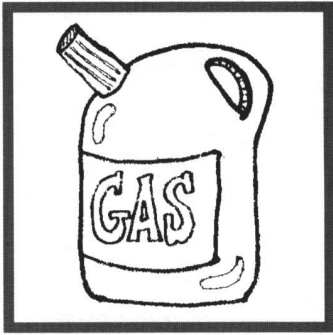
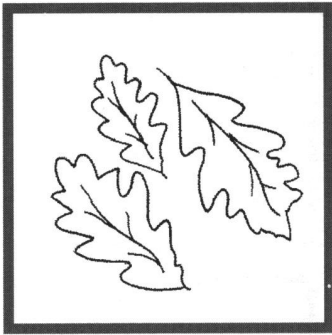
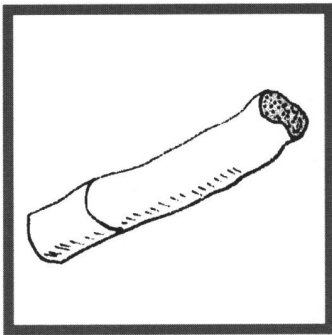
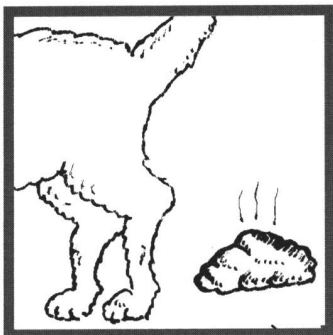
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Here are some of the things that might end up in a storm drain. Which ones are safe for Dwayne and the environment?





Pretend that you are one of the objects below. Tell or write a story about how you got through Dwayne the Storm Drain and into the drain pipes.



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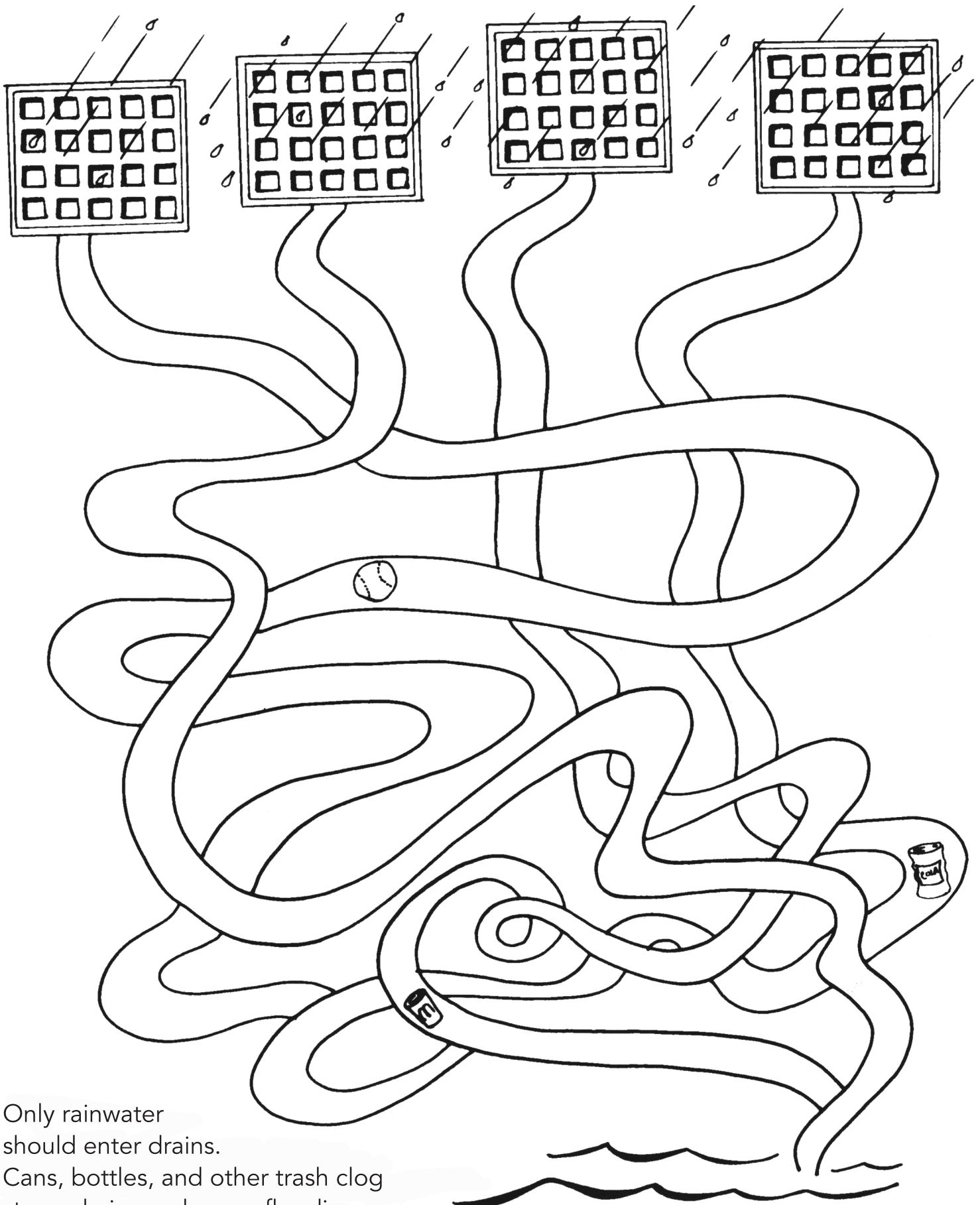
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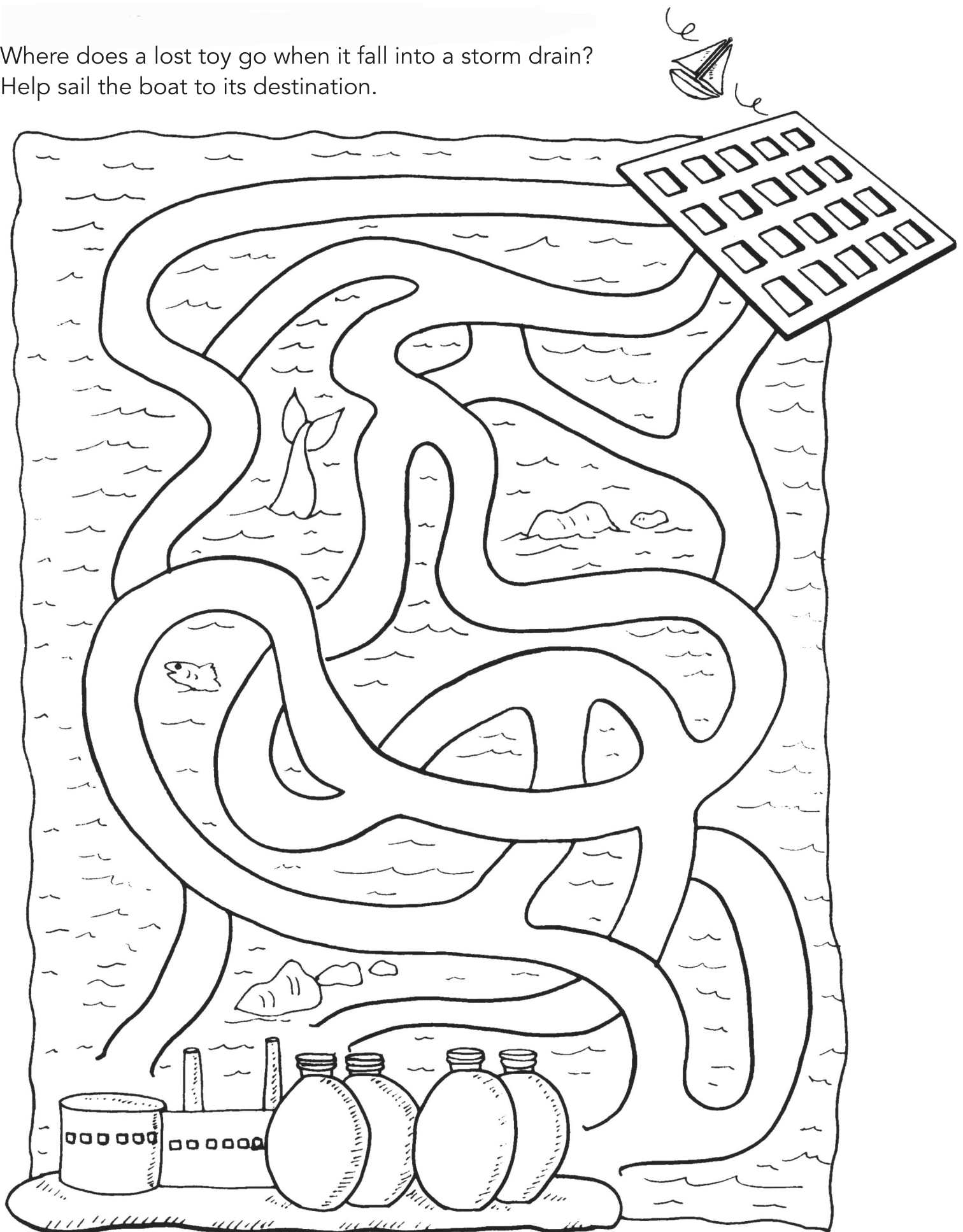
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Find the storm drain that has a clear path from start to finish.



Only rainwater  
should enter drains.  
Cans, bottles, and other trash clog  
storm drains and cause flooding.

Where does a lost toy go when it fall into a storm drain?  
Help sail the boat to its destination.









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# A DRAIN FOR ALL SEASONS

Written by Donna Papapietro. Illustrated and designed by Rita Berkeley  
for the MWRA School Education Program

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