



Twist Cold Hands

Jimmy Prune stood on the snowy school playground. He wore a wool coat, wool hat, and rubber boots. But his hands were bare.

“My hands are *sooooo* cold,” said Jimmy Prune.
“My hands are *sooooo* cold.”

A girl with bangs, braids, and braces tossed a snowball at the swings. “Rub your hands together, Jimmy Prune,” she said. “Your hands will warm up if you rub them fast.”

Jimmy Prune held his hands together. He rubbed them up and down. His hands got warmer, but they soon grew tired.

“My hands are *sooooo* cold,” said Jimmy Prune.
“My hands are *sooooo* cold.”

Jimmy Prune’s best friend, Loud Larry, was stomping a giant L in the snow. “Blow on your hands, Jimmy Prune,” he called out. “If you blow on them, they won’t be cold.”

Jimmy Prune put his hands over his mouth. Smoke

poured through his fingers as he blew. His hands got warmer, but he soon ran out of breath.

“My hands are sooooo cold,” said Jimmy Prune.

“My hands are sooooo cold.”

“Shake your hands in the air, Jimmy Prune,” called Marsha, a fifth-grader, who was building a two-headed snowman. “That gets your blood flowing. Shake your hands, Jimmy Prune.”

Jimmy Prune spread his arms. He flapped them like a penguin. His hands got warmer, but his arms soon wore out.

“My hands are sooooo cold,” said Jimmy Prune.

“My hands are sooooo cold.”

Mrs. Friendly, Jimmy Prune’s teacher, walked over. “Why don’t you stick your hands in your pockets, Jimmy Prune?” she asked. “Your pockets are snug and warm.”

Jimmy Prune sniffed. “I can’t. I can’t put my hands in my pockets,” he said. A tear flowed from his eye and froze on his nose.

The teacher looked puzzled. “Why ever not?” she asked.

“Because my pockets are full,” Jimmy Prune replied. “I have my mittens in there.”