



Twist Exploring

Jimmy Prune grabbed his hiking stick and hiked out of his backyard.

“I’m going exploring,” he said. “I’ll become a famous explorer.”

Jimmy walked until he came to a creek. He stuck his stick in the muddy bank.

“I, Jimmy Prune, name this the Jimmy Prune River,” he said.

A fish flopped in the water, as Jimmy waded across the creek. With muddy shoes, he began to explore some more.

Soon Jimmy came to a grassy hill. He climbed to the top and stuck his stick in the tall grass.

“I name this Mount Jimmy Prune,” he said.

A hawk flew by, as Jimmy marched across the hill. He ran down the other side, but tripped at the bottom. Green streaks stained his blue jeans, as he continued to explore.

Next, Jimmy came to a wire fence. He crawled under the fence and stood in a cow pasture.

“I, Jimmy Twist, name this Jimmy Pruneland.”

A cow mooed, while Jimmy crossed the pasture. He climbed the far fence, but his shirt snagged on the wire. With a tear in his shirt, he started exploring some more.

Now Jimmy hiked down a dusty road. Blackberry bushes lined the sides.

“I name this the Jimmy Prune Highway,” he said.

A rabbit scrambled into the bushes, while Jimm picked some berries. His fingers turned purple, before he started exploring again.

The road ended at a pond. Five ducks bobbed on the water.

“I name this Lake Jimmy Prune,” said Jimmy. The ducks quacked, as he lay down on the edge of the pond to take a nap. Exploring was hard work.

Evening came. Jimmy awoke and stood on the edge of Lake Jimmy Prune.

He looked right and left. “I must get home,” he said. “But which way do I go?”

Then he noticed his purple fingers and remembered. He ran down Jimmy Prune Highway, past the blackberry bushes.

“Now which way?” he said.

He looked at his torn shirt and remembered. He climbed over the wire fence and raced across Jimmy Pruneland.

“So which way now?”

He checked the green on his blue jeans. Then he ran up Mount Jimmy Prune and down the other side.

“Now which way?” he said.

He saw the mud on his shoes and remembered. He waded across Jimmy Prune River and stood on the far bank.

“Now how do I go?” he said.

He searched his clothes for a clue. But he spotted nothing.

At that moment, a voice called through the trees, “Jimmy Pruuuuune! Time for supper!”

Jimmy smiled. Then he ran toward his backyard.