



Twist

Missing Chair

“This afternoon we’re getting a new student, class,” said Mrs. Friendly, the teacher. “Jimmy Prune, the new boy will sit next to you. Will you show him around the school and help him with anything he needs?”

“Sure,” said Jimmy Prune. But at once he saw a problem. The desk next to him had no chair.

At recess time, Jimmy Prune walked down the hallway. “I’ll find a chair for the new boy,” he said.

Mr. Z, the school janitor, stood by the Boys’ Room door.

“Mr. Z, do you have any extra chairs?” Jimmy Prune asked.

The janitor turned a bolt on the door with his wrench. “Can’t help you now, Jimmy Prune,” he said. “I’ve got to finish putting this wider door on the restroom.”

Jimmy Prune continued down the hall. He spotted a new ramp leading up the library steps. Inside the

library, he found Mr. Good, the school principal, moving tables.

“Are there any extra chairs in here?” asked Jimmy Prune.

“None to spare, Jimmy Prune,” said Mr. Good. “But come help me. We need to clear a wider passageway to the book shelves.”

As Jimmy Prune pushed a table toward the window, he saw workers in the parking lot. They were painting blue lines by the school’s front door.”

The recess bell rang.

“No one cares about where the new boy will sit but me,” Jimmy Prune told himself.

Back in the classroom, Jimmy Prune watched Mrs. Friendly. She moved the computer to a wider table and lowered the pencil sharpener. Jimmy Prune was going to remind her about the missing chair when the classroom door opened.

“Class, meet Sam, our new student,” the teacher said. “Sam, your desk is next to Jimmy Prune’s.”

Jimmy Prune smiled. Now he understood everything. The new boy didn’t need a chair at his desk after all. He had his own, a wheelchair, and as he wheeled himself into the classroom, Jimmy Prune stood.

“Come on, Sam,” he said. “I’ll show you around our classroom.”