



Twist Starry Night

Jimmy Prune was camping in his backyard with his babysitter, Marsha. He pointed to the twinkling sky.

“I spy a star that’s moving,” he said. “I’ll call it the Jimmy Prune Star.”

“Stars don’t move, Jimmy Prune,” said Marsha. “You see the night lights of an airplane.”

Jimmy Prune kept looking upward. Again he pointed. “I spy another star that’s moving,” he said. “I’ll call that the Jimmy Prune Star.”

“Stars don’t move, Jimmy Prune,” Marsha repeated. “You’re now looking at a firefly. The light on its end is blinking.”

At that moment, the campfire cracked. Again Jimmy Prune pointed to the stars. “I spy another star that’s moving,” he said. “I’ll call that one the Jimmy Prune Star.”

“Nope, stars don’t move, Jimmy Prune,” Marsha reminded him. “You now see a spark from the fire.”

Jimmy Prune yawned. He crawled into his sleeping bag. He lay on his back, studying the stars some more.

A bright flash streaked across the sky.

“But that star moved,” he said. “I’ll name that the Jimmy Prune Star.

“That’s not a star either, Jimmy Prune,” said Marsha. “You saw a meteor. A meteor is a space rock burning up in the earth’s air.”

Jimmy Prune went to sleep. The next thing he knew it was morning. A bright, blue sky spread over him.

Jimmy Prune shook Marsha awake.

“What is it, Jimmy Prune?” she grumbled.

“Stars do move,” Jimmy Prune said.

“What are you talking about?” said the babysitter.

Jimmy Prune pointed to the sunny sky. “See. All the stars have moved away.”