



Twist Sweeping

Mrs. Friendly stood in front of her class. “It’s time to do our classroom jobs,” she said. “This week it’s Jimmy Prune’s turn to sweep the sidewalk outside the door.”

Jimmy Prune groaned. He rose from his desk and grabbed the yellow broom in the closet. “Sweeping is the worst job at school,” he said.

Outside on the sidewalk, he gripped the broom handle with one hand. He stuck the other in his pocket. He moved the broom back and forth.

Loud Larry stood in the doorway. “Jimmy Prune, that’s not how to sweep,” he called out. “You have to hold the broom with both hands. Let a pro show you how.”

Larry took the broom. He swished it across the sidewalk.

“I see. I see,” said Jimmy Prune. “You do that very well,”

Loud Larry swept another row before handing the broom back and returning to the room.

“Sweeping is the hardest class job,” Jimmy Prune

said.

He spread his legs. He moved the broom forward and backward as if it were a croquet mallet.

The Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces stepped out of the classroom. “You’re using that broom all wrong, Jimmy Prune,” she said. “Here give it to me. Now watch.”

The girl’s braids swished left and right, as she swished the broom left and right.

“I see. I see,” said Jimmy Prune. “You are very good at sweeping.”

After the girl left, Jimmy Prune shoved the broom forward as if it were a wide push broom. He spotted, Mr. Good, the principal, walking toward him. He

“That’s no way to sweep, Jimmy Prune,” said the principal. “Swing the broom like a hockey stick. I’ll show you.”

Mr. Good swept a strip of sidewalk. He stepped backward and swept another.

“I see. I see,” said Jimmy Prune. “That’s very helpful.”

The principal took two more sweeps and returned the broom. “Keep up the good work, Jimmy Prune,” he said.

Most of the sidewalk was now clean. But not all of it. Jimmy Prune bent and grabbed the broom by the bristles. He whisked it back and forth as if he were

dusting off home plate.

Marsha came out of the fifth-grade classroom.

“Jimmy Prune, you’re not sweeping right,” she said.

The fifth-grader snatched the broom. She began to sweep. “Watch how I do it, Jimmy Prune,” she said.

“I see. I see,” said Jimmy Prune. “I see. I see.”

By the time Marsha stopped sweeping, the sidewalk was all clean.

Jimmy Prune took the broom and returned to his classroom. “Sweeping is the worst job at school,” he repeated. “In twenty weeks it will be my turn again. By that time, I think I’ll have forgotten how to do it.”