



Twist

Cold Hands

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

“My hands are sooooo cold,” he said. “My hands are sooooo cold.”

Nearby, a girl with bangs, braids, and braces was busy building a snow fort. She looked up. “If your hands are cold, Jimmy Prune, rub them together, palm to palm,” she said. “It’s called friction. Do it fast, and they’ll warm right up.”

Jimmy Prune pressed his hands together and rubbed. They did get warmer, but all that rubbing soon wore him out.

“My hands are sooooo cold,” he said. “Oh, my hands are cold.”

By the swings, Loud Larry was stomping a giant L in the snow.

“Try blowing on your hands, Jimmy Prune,” he called out. “Cup your hands over your mouth and blow on them.”

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!” he said. “My hands are so so cold.”

“You look miserable, Jimmy Prune,” called Veronica, a fifth-grader, who was building a two-headed snowman. “Shake your hands in the air. That gets your blood flowing. Shake your hands real fast.”

Jimmy Prune spread his arms. He flapped them like a penguin. His hands got warmer, but in no time, his arms grew tired.

“My hands are sooooo cold,” said Jimmy Prune. “When will recess end? My hands are like icicles.”

Mr. Z, the school custodian, set down his snow shovel and walked over.

“Jimmy Prune,” he said. “Your hands will never warm up just standing there. When mine get cold, I use the old Armpit Trick. Cross your arms and stick your hands in your armpits. Go on, try it.”

Jimmy crossed his arms and tucked his hands in his armpits. A smile spread across his face..

“Yes, my hands are warmer,” he said. “But I feel silly. I look like an Egyptian mummy in a museum.”

Mr. Z shrugged. “Suit yourself,” he said. “I’d rather look silly than spend an entire recess with cold hands.”

After the custodian left, Mrs. Friendly, Jimmy Prune’s teacher, walked up to him. Her silver whistle swung from her neck as she bent down and smiled.

“What’s the matter, Jimmy Prune?” she asked. “Why aren’t you playing in the snow like everyone else?”

Jimmy Prune held out his hands. “Because my hands are cold,” he said. “I can’t make snowballs, and I can build a snowman.”

“Why don’t you stick your hands in your pockets?” Mrs. Friendly said.

“Your pockets are snug and warm.”

Jimmy Prune sniffed. “But I can’t,” he said. A tear ran down his cheek and froze on the tip of his nose.

The teacher looked puzzled. “Why ever not?”

“Because my pockets are full,” Jimmy Prune replied.

“Full? What do you mean by full?”

The boy sniffed again and said, “I can’t stick my hands in my pockets...because my mittens are in there