



Twist

Halloween Costume

Today was Halloween. Soon, Jimmy Prune's class would march around the playground in the school costume parade.

"Jimmy Prune, what costume are you wearing in the parade?" Mrs. Friendly asked.

"It's a surprise," said Jimmy Prune.

"An ugly monster?" guessed Loud Larry

"A vampire?" asked Harper

Jimmy Prune shook his head. "Here's a hint," he said. "I will dress as a famous person."

"Willie Mays?" said Mrs. Friendly. "I know you like baseball."

"George Washington?" guessed the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces.

"No, no," said Jimmy Prune. "I'm dressing as a make-believe character from a story we read in class."

"The Cat in the Hat?" guessed Freddie.

"You're going to be Paul Bunyan," said Jenny.

“Nope,” said Jimmy Prune. “My character is a famous ruler.”

“I know,” said the teacher. “You’re going to be King Midas with the Golden Touch.”

“King Arthur,” guessed Harper.

Again, Jimmy Prune shook his head. “Here’s my final hint,” he said. “I’ll be a ruler from a story by Hans Christian Andersen.”

The classroom went silent.

“I’m stumped,” said Loud Larry.

“I can’t even guess,” said the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces.

“Well, we’ll soon find out,” said Mrs. Friendly. “It’s time for the Halloween parade. Everyone, go put on your costumes.”

Dressed as ghouls, ghosts, and goblins, the classes K through 5 marched out of the school. Moms and dads lined the playground, holding up cell phones. Marching music played.

Mrs. Friendly’s class joined the parade.

“Where’s Jimmy Prune?” the teacher asked.

“He’s coming,” said Loud Larry. “He’s wearing the greatest costume.”

“Like he said,” added the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces, “he’s a famous ruler from a Hans Christian Andersen story.”

“His costume is the best one in the parade,” said another girl.

At last, Jimmy Prune strutted out the school doors. He marched onto the playground, swinging his arms and grinning ear to ear.

The students went wild.

“Yay, Jimmy!” cried a fifth-grader.

“You’ve outdone us all!” a fourth-grader said.

“That’s my favorite story,” called a third-grader

They clapped, cheered, and stomped their feet.

But the parents fell silent. They lowered their phones and stared.

“That boy has no clothes on,” said father.

“He’s buck bare!” cried a mother.

Yes, Jimmy Prune was marching in the parade without a single stitch of clothing. Only a cardboard crown sprinkled with gold glitter sat on his head.

“Behold my fine new outfit!” he called out. “Aren’t they splendid? I am the emperor... and these are my new clothes.”