



Twist Hiccups

Jimmy Prune sat at his desk. He was painting a picture of a rainbow.

Hiccup! Hiccup!

And he had the hiccups.

“Hiccups are weird,” he said. “*Hiccup! Hiccup!* They come out of nowhere!
Hiccup! And you never know when they’ll go away. *Hiccup! Hiccup!*”

“Jimmy Prune,” called Mrs. Friendly. “Go to the sink and get a drink. Gulp nine times.”

The teacher said this to anyone with the hiccups.

The boy walked to the drinking fountain and slurped some water. He counted his gulps--one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

Hiccup! Hiccup!

But he still hiccupped.

“I know how to get rid of hiccups, Jimmy Prune,” said a girl with green paint on her chin. “Spin around until you’re dizzy. That always works for me. Spinning scrambles them up.”

Jimmy twirled and twirled. Then he flopped back down with his head spinning.

Hiccup! Hiccup!

And he kept hiccupping.

Loud Larry crept up behind Jimmy Prune.

“Boo!” he shouted. “Did I scare you, Jimmy Prune? Did I? Spooking people always cures the hiccups.”

Hiccup! Hiccup! went Jimmy Prune.

“Boo! Boo!” Larry said again. “How about that time?”

Hiccup! Hiccup! went Jimmy Prune, shaking his head.

“I know a better hiccup cure,” said the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces. One braid swept through some yellow paint. “Hold your nose and jump up and down. That’s what my mom tells me to do. I hold my nose and hop.”

For the next minute, Jimmy Prune hopped while pinching his nose. When he stopped—*Hiccup! Hiccup!*—he hiccupped some more.

“What’s the point of hiccups anyway?” he said. “What good do they do? *Hiccup! Hiccup!* I understand why we cough. And I get sneezing. But hiccups? They make no sense at all. *Hiccup!*”

“Try touching your toes ten times, Jimmy Prune,” said Harper. “That’s what I do.”

“No, you should run in place,” suggested Hamid, who was painting a purple tattoo on his arm. “Lift your knees high and go as fast as you can.”

Jimmy Prune did ten toe touches and ran in place. He did ten more toe

touches and continued running in place. Finally, he sat down, breathing hard—*Hiccup! Hiccup!*—and still hiccupping.

“I don’t know what’s worse, hiccupping or doing all those hiccups cures,” he grumbled.

“Are you sure you swallowed nine times, Jimmy Prune?” called Mrs. Friendly. “Not eight? Not ten?”

“Try spinning some more,” called the girl with a green chin. “That’s got to work.”

“Boo! Boo!” shouted Loud Larry behind him. “There. That did it. I spooked the hiccups right out of you.”

“No, hop some more while holding your nose,” called the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces.

“Try doing twenty toe touches instead of ten,” said Harper.

“Keep running in place,” said the boy with a purple tattoo.

So Jimmy spun some more, ran some more, and did twenty toe touches. Exhausted, he plopped back down in his seat and put his head on his desk.

The class waited but heard no more hiccups.

“I think Jimmy’s hiccups are gone at last,” said Mrs. Friendly. “My nine-gulp cure worked after all. So, let’s get back to painting.”

“I bet it was my spinning cure that stopped his hiccups, not the gulping,” the girl with a green chin.

“Wrong,” said Loud Larry. “My spooking did the trick.”

“I’m sure hopping was the cure,” said the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and

Braces.

“Twenty toe touches were the answer,” said Harper.

“No way. Running in place did it,” said the tattooed boy. “It always does.”

Mrs. Friendly smiled at Jimmy Prune, with his head still down. He hadn't budged in over a minute.

“You know, class, maybe all our hiccup cures worked,” she said. “Poor, Jimmy. Look at him. We tired him out so much...he's fallen asleep.”