



## **Twist**

### Missing Chair

"This afternoon we're getting a new student, class," said Mrs. Friendly, the teacher. "Jimmy Prune, the new boy will sit next to you. Will you show him around the school and help him with anything he needs?"

"Sure," said Jimmy Prune.

But he saw a problem. The desk next to him had no chair.

At recess time, Jimmy Prune told himself, "I'll find a chair for the new boy."

Mr. Z, the school janitor, stood inside the Boys' Room.

"Mr. Z, do you have any extra chairs?" Jimmy Prune asked.

The janitor turned a bolt on one of the stalls. "Can't help you now, Jimmy Prune," he said. "I've got to finish putting on this wider door."

Jimmy Prune continued down the hall. He spotted a new ramp leading up the library steps. Inside the library, he found Miss Read, the librarian, moving tables.

"Are there any extra chairs in here?" he asked.

“None to spare, Jimmy Prune,” said Miss Read. “But come help me. We need to clear a wider passageway to the bookshelves.”

As Jimmy Prune pushed a table toward the window, he saw workers in the parking lot painting blue lines by the school’s front door.”

The recess bell rang.

“No one cares about where the new boy will sit but me,” Jimmy Prune muttered to himself.

Back in the classroom, Jimmy Prune saw Mrs. Friendly place the computer on a wider table. Jimmy Prune was about to remind her about the missing chair when the classroom door opened.

“Class, meet Sam, our new student,” the teacher said. “Sam, your desk is next to Jimmy Prune’s.”

Jimmy Prune smiled. Now he understood. The new boy didn’t need a chair at his desk after all. He had his own, a wheelchair.

As Sam wheeled himself into the classroom, Jimmy Prune stood.

“Come on, Sam,” he said. “I’ll show you around our classroom.”