



## **Twist**

### Rainbow Hunt

Jimmy Prune hiked down Oak Street. He dragged a plastic trash bag behind him.

On the curb stood a woman wearing a white hat. “Where are you going with that sack, Jimmy Prune?” she asked.

“I’m out to catch a rainbow,” he said.

“A rainbow?” She pointed to the street. “Why, I see a rainbow right there.”

Jimmy Prune saw it, too—a round swirling rainbow floating on a puddle. He dipped his hand into the oily water, but the colors dribbled through his fingers.

“That rainbow got away,” he said. “But I’ll catch the next one for sure.”

He continued down the street, dragging his sack along the pavement. At the corner stood a girl with braids, bangs, and braces. She was blowing soap bubbles.

“What’s the bag for, Jimmy Prune?” she asked.

“I’m going to catch a rainbow.”

“A rainbow?” said the girl. “There’s one floating right above your head.”

Jimmy Prune looked up. Sure enough, a small, square rainbow shimmered on the skin of a bubble.

He swiped at the soapy sphere, but the colors popped in his hand.

“Rats!” he said. “That rainbow got away. But I’ll catch the next one for sure.”

Next, he passed his neighbor, Mr. Evans, sitting on the steps. He held a glass of ice water.

“Where are you off to with that trash bag, Jimmy Prune?” he asked.

“I’m hunting rainbows,” Jimmy said.

Mr. Evans held up his water glass. “Hey, I see a rainbow on the sidewalk. Isn’t that something?”

Sunshine beamed through the water glass. It cast a thin, straight rainbow upon the cement.

Jimmy Prune held out his hand. The rainbow lay across his palm. But when Mr. Evans took a drink from the glass, the rainbow disappeared.

“Another close call,” he said. “But the next rainbow is mine.”

Farther along the street, wet spots dotted the pavement.

Jimmy Prune’s best friend, Loud Larry, rode up on his bike.

“Why the bag, Jimmy Prune?” he called.

“I’m trying to catch a rainbow.”

Larry pointed to the sky. “Then turn around. There’s a rainbow behind you.”

Jimmy Prune spun on his heels. Across the sky stretched a giant rainbow--

red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

His eyes widened. "Rats!" he said.

"What's wrong?" asked Larry. "That's a great rainbow."

Jimmy Prune shook his head. "Yes, it's a good rainbow, and it wouldn't be hard to catch," he said. He raised his sack. "The problem is ...my bag is way, *way* too small."