



Twist Sharing

After recess, there was Sharing Time in Mrs. Friendly's classroom.

Outside the window, trampled snow filed with snowmen, snow angels, and snow forts sparkled on the playground. Spiky icicles hung from the gutters. But inside the room was warm and cozy, and all the students were eager to share what they had brought in.

"Who has something to share today?" Mrs. Friendly called out.

Twenty hands shot up and waved back and forth like trees in a windstorm.

"Oo! Oo! Oh! Oh! I do! I do!" the class cried.

"Larry, you can go first?" Mrs. Friendly said.

All the hands went down, except one. In the second row, Jimmy Prune's arm stayed up as straight as a flagpole.

"Mrs. Friendly, I got to do my sharing now," he said. "Can I go?"

The teacher frowned. "Jimmy Prune, you'll have to wait your turn."

While Loud Larry shared his model airplane, Jimmy Prune squirmed in his seat. What he had to share was extra special. But he had to share it *now*.

When Larry sat down, Mrs. Friendly said, "Who wants to go next?"

Again, hands shot up.

"Oo! Oo! Oh! Oh! I do! I do!" came the calls.

"Jenny, what have you brought in today?" the teacher said.

Jimmy Prune groaned. "But why can't I go next?. It can't wait."

"Jimmy, you must be patient," the teacher said. "Everyone will get a turn to share."

Jenny stood and showed the class a sand dollar she found at the beach.

The whole time, Jimmy Prune wiggled in his chair. He slapped his thigh and wiggled some more.

When Jenny was finished, despite Jimmy Prune's begging and waving, Mrs. Friendly called on Freddie to show a tattoo of a bat he had drawn on his arm.

"Jimmy Prune," the teacher said. "I'm only going to call on student who raise their hands quietly."

Finally, after Harper shared a story she'd written and Michael shared his new pet snail, Mrs. Friendly said, "Jimmy Prune, now you can share what you've brought in today."

Jimmy Prune stared down at his desktop and shook his head. He hadn't even raised his hand this time.

"Jimmy, do you want to share whatever you've been so eager about?" said the teacher.

Without a word, the boy shook his head.

"Why ever not?" Mrs. Friendly said. "Come on up. Tell us what you've

brought in.”

Slowly, Jimmy Prune stood. A large wet spot soaked the lap of his blue jeans.

The class giggled as he trudged to the front of the room. He stood there with a red face.

“I *did* bring in something really cool for sharing,” he said. “I made it on the playground during recess, but as you can tell, it melted.” He sighed. “It was the best snowball I ever made.”