



Twist

Solo Baseball

Jimmy Prune stood alone on his front yard. He held a whiffle ball and a plastic baseball bat.

“Now up to bat, number one...Jimmy Prune!” he announced. “Last of the ninth! Two out! Jimmy Prune’s team needs one run to win the game!”

Jimmy Prune tossed the ball upward. He swung the bat. But the whiffle ball landed on the grass.

“Strike one!” he called.

Jimmy Prune’s best friend, Loud Larry, rode up the street on his bike. He stopped to watch the baseball game. “Keep your eyes on the ball when you swing, Jimmy Prune!” he said. “Watch the ball, and you’ll clobber it.”

Jimmy Prune threw the ball up a second time. He swung and missed again.

“Strike two!” he called.

Mr. Evans, Jimmy Prune’s neighbor, was mowing his lawn. He stopped to watch the game, too.

“Take a good even swing,” Jimmy Prune,” he called out. “You’ll hit that ball if you keep the bat level.”

Jimmy Prune tossed the ball up a third time. He kept his eyes on the ball. He swung evenly, and—*whack!*—the ball flew across the yard.

“It’s hit deep!” Jimmy Prune screamed.

He raced toward an old sock that served for first base.

“Jimmy Prune reached first safely!” he said. “Now he’s going to second!”

He ran toward a towel marking second base.

“Go, Jimmy Prune!” Loud Larry shouted.

“Great hit!” said Mr. Evans.

“The fans are going wild!” said Jimmy Prune.

“Jimmy Prune tagged second and goes for a triple!”

He raced toward third base that was a bare spot in the grass.

A girl with bangs, braids, and braces rolled up on her skateboard. “Run, Jimmy Prune! Run!” she shouted.

“Jimmy Prune is trying for a home run!” Jimmy Prune said. “If he makes it, his team wins the game!”

“Go, Jimmy Prune! Run!” shouted Mr. Evans. “You can do it, Jimmy Prune,” called Loud Larry.

“Hurrah for Jimmy Prune,” cheered the Girl With Bang, Braids, and Braces.

Jimmy Prune slid toward the paper plate home plate.

The fans grew quiet. They watched Jimmy Prune stand up, kick the grass, and shake his fist.

“What’s wrong, Jimmy Prune?” asked Mr. Evans.
“That was a great hit.”

“And a terrific slide!” added Larry.

A woman wearing a white hat walked by on the sidewalk. “Don’t worry about those grass stains on your pants, Jimmy Prune,” she called out. “They’ll come out with a good washing.”

“Did you hurt yourself, Jimmy Prune?” asked the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces.

Jimmy Prune picked up the whiffle ball and plastic. He walked toward his front door.

“I’m not hurt, and I don’t care about grass stains,” he said. “I’m mad because I was out at home plate and lost the game.”