



Twist Starry Night

Jimmy Prune was camping in his backyard with his babysitter, Marsha.

They built a small fire in the fire pit and roasted marshmallows for s'mores.

Afterward, they lay in the grass and gazed into the twinkling sky.

With a sticky finger, Jimmy pointed upward. "I spy a star that's moving," he said. "I'm naming it the Jimmy Prune Star."

"Stars don't move, Jimmy Prune," Marsha said. "You're watching the blinking light of an airplane flying by."

Jimmy Prune kept staring at the sky. Again, he pointed. "I spy another star that's moving. That one will be the Jimmy Prune Star."

"Stars don't move, Jimmy Prune," Marsha said again. "You're now looking at a firefly. The light on its end is flashing on and off."

At that moment, the campfire cracked. Again, Jimmy Prune pointed to the sky. "I spy another star that's moving," he said. "I'll call that one the Jimmy Prune Star."

"Nope, stars don't move, Jimmy Prune," Marsha reminded him. "You now

see a spark from the fire.”

Jimmy Prune yawned. He crawled into his sleeping bag. He lay on his back, studying the stars some more.

Suddenly, a bright flash streaked across the sky.

“But that star moved,” he said. “I’ll name that the Jimmy Prune Star.”

“That’s not a star either, Jimmy Prune,” said Marsha. “That was a meteor—a space rock burning up in the earth’s air.”

Jimmy Prune drifted off to sleep. The next thing he knew, morning had arrived. A sunny, blue sky stretched overhead.

Jimmy Prune shook Marsha awake.

“What is it, Jimmy Prune?” she grumbled.

“Stars do move!”

The babysitter sat up and rubbed her eyes. “What are you talking about?”

Jimmy Prune pointed to the bright morning sky. “See. Every single star has moved away!”