



Twist

Time Capsule

Jimmy Prune held a shovel and a shoebox. Inside the shoebox was a whiffle ball, a school picture, and his last spelling test. He began digging a hole in his front yard.

Mr. Evans looked over the fence. “What are you doing there, Jimmy Prune?”

“I’m burying a time capsule,” said Jimmy Prune. “So people one million years from now can see how we lived today.”

“Good idea,” said Mr. Evans. “And I have something you should put in your time capsule. Here’s a magazine. Then people will know what we looked like.”

Jimmy Prune dropped the magazine into his shoebox and continued digging.

From the screen door, Marsha, his babysitter, called out, “What are you doing, Jimmy Prune?”

“I’m burying a time capsule,” he said. “So people one million years from now we lived.”

“Interesting, Jimmy Prune,” said Marsha. “Here’s a quarter you can bury. Then people in the future can see how we bought things.”

Jimmy Prune added the quarter to the box and dug a little deeper.

Loud Larry rode his bike up the driveway. “What are you doing, Jimmy Prune?” he asked.

“I’m burying a time capsule,” said Jimmy Prune. “Great idea,” said Larry. “Here’s my old baseball cap. Then people in the future will know what we wore.”

Jimmy Prune dropped the cap in his box and went on digging.

Next, the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces walked up the sidewalk. “What are you doing, Jimmy Prune?” she asked.

“I’m burying a time capsule,” Jimmy Prune repeated. “So people one million years from now can see how we lived.”

“Here, you can have a candy bar,” said the girl. “Then the people in the future will know what we ate.”

Jimmy Prune put the candy bar into his shoebox and placed the box in the hole. He shoveled dirt over it and stamped it down with his foot. Then he sat on the grass thinking. His stomach rumbled with hunger. The wind messed up his hair. Oh, if only he had some money to go play a video game. And the magazine? That looked interesting.

“I wonder if people one million years from now would really care what we looked like, how we bought things, what we wore, or what we ate?” Jimmy Prune said. “I don’t think so.”

Then he picked up his shovel and began digging again.