
Twists Too



Douglas Evans

He also wrote MVP: Magellan Voyage Project,
The Elevator Family, and Classroom at the End of The Hall

Twists Too

**Twist: A short silly story
with a surprise at the end**



WT Melon
www.wtmelon.com

"good stories; good tunes"

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For John B

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Twist One Exploring

Jimmy Prune grabbed his hiking stick and marched out of his backyard.

“I’m going exploring,” he said. “Soon I’ll be a famous explorer.”

He hiked until he came to a creek. He stuck his stick in the muddy bank.

“I, Jimmy Prune, name this the Jimmy Prune River!” he said.

A fish flopped in the water, as he waded

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across. With muddy shoes, he explored some more.

Next, Jimmy Prune came to a grassy hill. Huffing and puffing, he climbed to the top and stuck his stick in the tall grass.

"I name this...Mount Jimmy Prune," he said.

A hawk swooped overhead., as he charged down the other side. But at the bottom, he tripped and landed on his knees. Green blotches smeared his jeans.

He stood, brushed himself off, and marched on to explore some more.

Soon Jimmy reached a wire fence. He dropped onto his belly, wriggled under, and stood in a wide cow pasture.

"I, Jimmy Prune, name this Jimmy Pruneland."

A cow moored, while Jimmy marched across the pasture. At the far fence, his shirt snagged on the wire. *Rrip!* But he kept exploring." Beyond the field, Jimmy hiked down a dirt road. Blackberry bushes lined both sides.

"I hereby name this the Jimmy Prune Highway," he said.

A rabbit darted across the road, as Jimmy picked some berries. His fingers turned purple, before he started exploring some more.

The dirt road ended at a pond. Five ducks bobbed on the water.

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"I name this Lake Jimmy Prune," he said.

The ducks quacked, as he lay on the bank to take a nap. Exploring was hard work.

Evening fell. Jimmy awoke and stood on the shore of Lake Jimmy Prune.

He looked right and left. "I must get home," he said. "But which way do I go?"

He spotted his purple fingers and remembered. He ran down Jimmy Prune Highway, past the blackberry bushes.

"Now which way?" he asked.

He looked at his torn shirt and remembered. He climbed over the wire fence and raced across Jimmy Pruneland.

"Which way now?"

The green stains on his pants reminded him. He scrambled up Mount Jimmy Prune and down the other side.

"Now where do I go?"

He noticed the mud on his shoes. *Aha!* He splashed across Jimmy Prune River and climbed onto the far bank.

"Now what?" he said.

He searched his clothes for more clues. But he found none.

At that moment, a voice called through the trees, "Jimmy Pruuuuune! Supper time!"

Jimmy's eyes lit up. "I'm here!" he shouted, running toward the voice. "The great explorer

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Jimmy Prune has returned... just in time for supper!"

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Twist Two Dollar Bill

Jimmy Prune walked into a big-box store.

He spotted a dollar bill on the floor.

“My lucky day!” he said.

He waved the bill like a flag as he marched to the toy section.

A clerk was loading board games on a shelf.

“I see you’ve got a dollar, Jimmy Prune,” he said.

“That’s not good for much around her.”

Jimmy Prune folded the bill into an airplane.

“You can do a lot with a dollar,” he said.

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He tossed the plane toward the jewelry section and ran after it.

The Woman Wearing a White Hat stood by an earring rack. "Is that your dollar bill, Jimmy Prune?" she asked.

Jimmy Prune unfolded the bill. "You can do a lot with a dollar," he said.

The woman checked a price tag. "Not in this section," she said.

Jimmy Prune folded the bill into a ring. He slipped it on his finger. Pointing forward, he marched toward the sports aisle. There he found Loud Larry, trying on a baseball mitt.

"You only have a dollar, Jimmy Prune?" Larry said. "What good is that?"

"Lots of things," Jimmy Prune said.

He rolled the bill into a spyglass and peered through it. He spied Mr. Evans in the household section and walked toward him.

"What are you doing with that dollar, Jimmy Prune?" Mr. Evans asked. "It's not worth much in this store."

"A dollar's good for many things," Jimmy Prune said.

He folded the bill back and forth until it became a fan. Fanning himself, he strolled to the front of the store.

At the checkout counter, a clerk smiled. "There goes Jimmy Prune with the dollar bill he

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found," she said to another clerk.

"That doesn't do much good here," said the second clerk.

Jimmy Prune folded the dollar into a tiny hat. He placed it on his head.

"You can do a lot with a dollar," he said, and walked out the door.

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Twist Three Sweets

Jimmy Prune walked through the mall with his babysitter, Marsha.

“I want to buy some sweets with the dollar I found,” he said.

Marsha handed him another dollar. “I’ll wait here,” she said. “Don’t be long.”

Jimmy Prune’s first stop was the ice cream counter.

“What will it be, Jimmy Prune?” a girl in a red apron asked.

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"One rainbow swirl cone, please."

The girl handed him the cone, and he licked it quickly.

"Rats!" he said.

"What's wrong, Jimmy Prune?" asked the girl.

The boy held his head. "Brain freeze! The ice cream is good, but it made my head sore."

Jimmy Prune walked to a pop machine. He bought a can of root beer and gulped it down.

"Rats," he said, holding his belly.

Mr. Evans walked past. "What's wrong, Jimmy Prune?"

"The root beer was great. But now I've got a bellyache."

Next, Jimmy Prune stopped at the candy shop. "One bar of taffy, please."

Jimmy Prune chewed the candy and made a face. "Rats!"

"What's the problem, Jimmy Prune?" asked the clerk.

"The taffy was delicious. But it hurt my teeth."

Jimmy Prune continued through the mall. He stopped at a gum machine and brought a gumball. He chewed the gum and blew a huge bubble.

Poof!

The bubble burst.

"Rats!" said Jimmy Prune.

The Woman Wearing a White Hat sat on a

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bench nearby. "Are you all right, Jimmy Prune?" she asked.

Jimmy Prune pulled the gum stuck in his hair. "The gum tasted good," he said. "But now my scalp stings."

He trudged back to Marsha.

"Did you enjoy your sweets, Jimmy Prune?" she asked.

Jimmy Prune shook his head. "I'm through sweets," he said. "They're just too painful."

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Twist Four Cuts

“OK, class, it’s lunchtime,” Mrs. Friendly said. “Grab your lunch bags and boxes and form a straight line up at the door.

Swoosh!

The twenty students leapt from their desks, pulled lunches from backpacks hanging on chair backs, and formed a zig-zagged line at the door.

Jimmy Prune stood somewhere in the middle. “This is a good spot,” he told himself. “They always run out of chocolate milk before my whole

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class gets through the line at the lunch counter."

Just then, Harper stepped out from behind him. "I'm the line leader this week," she said. "So I should be first in line."

Quickly, she darted to the front.

"I'm with Harper," said Jenny, and she cut in line right behind her.

"Rats," muttered Jimmy Prune. "If everyone keeps taking cuts, there won't be one carton of chocolate milk left."

But as he spoke, Michael, in front of him, turned and said, "I forgot my milk money. Will you save my place, Jimmy Prune?"

Jimmy Prune shook his head, so Michael left and rejoined the line in the rear.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Prune glanced toward the teacher's desk. Mrs. Friendly was busy helping Loud Larry with a math problem. That's when Angie cut in line in front of him.

"Hey, no cuts," Jimmy Prune said. But the girl ignored him.

For the next minute, the class stood in line, waiting to be excused. More students took cuts in front of Jimmy Prune, and more dropped out and rejoined it again in the back. Harper and Jenny went to get a drink of water and somehow ended up behind Jimmy. Freddie waited for when no one was looking and slipped into the line in front of him. *Zip!* The Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces

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took cuts in front of Freddie.

“Come on! Let’s go!” said Jimmy Prune, waving his lunchbox. “Even if there is any chocolate milk left, it won’t be cold anymore.”

At last, Mrs. Friendly looked up from her desk. Loud Larry grabbed his lunch bag and hurried to the end of the line.

“OK, class,” the teacher said. “You may go to lunch.”

As the line shuffled out the classroom door, Jimmy Prune glanced ahead, then behind him.

“Funny,” he said. “After all that cutting, we’re all right back where we started.”

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Twist Five 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

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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

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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."

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Twist Six New Watch

Today was Jimmy Prune's birthday. His parents gave him a new watch.

"Now you won't be late for dinner," said his mother. "Be home at six o'clock. I'm cooking you a special birthday surprise."

Jimmy Prune pressed a button on the watch. "This watch does many things," he said. "Now it's a compass. It says north is *that* way."

He walked northward out the door.

Next door, Mr. Evans was planting daffodils.

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"Happy birthday, Jimmy Prune," he called. "I see you got a new watch."

Jimmy Prune pressed another button. "This watch does many things," he said. "Now it's a stopwatch. It'll tell me how long it takes to run to the sidewalk."

"On your mark! Get set! Go!" said Mr. Evans.

Jimmy Prune bolted across the yard and stopped on the sidewalk.

"Twenty-four seconds," he said, checking his watch.

Standing there was the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces. She held a bag full of candy bars.

"Want to buy some candy, Jimmy Prune?" she asked. "It's for my softball team. Two bars for a dollar."

Jimmy Prune pressed a watch button. "My new watch does many things," he said. "Now it's a calculator that says one candy bar costs fifty cents."

At that moment, the Woman Wearing a White Hat walked by.

"Hello, Jimmy Prune," she said. "I see you have on a new watch. Is this a special day?"

Jimmy Prune pressed one more button on his watch. "My watch says today is Tuesday, April third. It's my birthday."

"Well, happy birthday, Jimmy Prune," said

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the woman. "I'll buy you a candy bar."

As the woman bought the candy, Loud Larry rode up on his bicycle. He bought a candy bar, too.

"Cool watch, Jimmy Prune," he said. "Did you get that for your birthday?"

Jimmy Prune nodded and pressed a silver button. "This watch does lots of things," he said. "Now it's a countdown timer. I bet you can't eat that candy bar in under one minute.

"You're on, Jimmy Prune," said Loud Larry.

"Go!" said Jimmy Prune. "Sixty, fifty-nine, fifty-eight..."

While Larry gobbled the candy and Jimmy Prune watched the timer, a voice called from his house.

"Jimmy Prune! Jimmy Pruuuuune!" It was his mother.

"Rats," said Jimmy Prune, pressing still another button on his watch.

"What's wrong, Jimmy Prune?" asked the Woman in the White Hat.

"Is your watch broken, Jimmy Prune?" asked the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces.

"I wish I had a watch like that," said Loud Larry with his mouth full.

"No, my watch still works," said Jimmy Prune. "But now it's telling me the time, ten minutes after six, and I am late for dinner."

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Twist Seven Handwriting

Jimmy Prune sat at his desk. With a stab of his pencil, he put a period at the end of a story.

“My prize-winning story is finished,” he said and took it up to the teacher’s desk

Mrs. Friendly looked at the paper and frowned. “Your handwriting is very sloppy, Jimmy Prune,” she said. “What’s this story about?”

“When I had cold hands,” said Jimmy Prune.

“That’s a good idea, Jimmy Prune,” said the teacher. “But please rewrite the story so I can read

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it.”

Jimmy Prune began writing again. A half-hour later, he brought a new story up to Mrs. Friendly.

“My prize-winning story is finished,” he said. “It’s about when I swept the sidewalk.

The teacher frowned again. “Jimmy Prune, this story is sloppier than the first one,” she said. “Please write it neater.”

For the third time Jimmy Prune began to write.

“My prize-winning story is finished,” he said a half-hour later.

Mrs. Friendly frowned at this story, too. “Jimmy Prune, this is the sloppiest story of all,” she said.

“It’s about my goose bump experiment,” said Jimmy Prune.

The teacher just shook her head and handed the story back.

Jimmy Prune started a new story. This one took him much longer to write. When he showed it to Mrs. Friendly, the teacher smiled.

“Jimmy Prune, your handwriting is beautiful,” she said. “I had no idea you could write so neatly.”

“This story is about my noisy stomach,” said Jimmy Prune.

“But this story is still hard to read,” said the teacher. “Almost every word is misspelled.”

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Jimmy Prune looked at the floor. "I knew this would happen," he said. "If I made my handwriting neater, you'd discover what a crummy speller I am."

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Twist Eight Missing Chair

"This afternoon we're getting a new student, class," said Mrs. Friendly, the teacher. "Jimmy Prune, the new boy will sit next to you. Will you show him around the school and help him with anything he needs?"

"Sure," said Jimmy Prune.

But he saw a problem. The desk next to him had no chair.

At recess time, Jimmy Prune told himself, "I'll find a chair for the new boy."

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Mr. Z, the school janitor, stood inside the Boys' Room.

"Mr. Z, do you have any extra chairs?" Jimmy Prune asked.

The janitor turned a bolt on one of the stalls. "Can't help you now, Jimmy Prune," he said. "I've got to finish putting on this wider door."

Jimmy Prune continued down the hall. He spotted a new ramp leading up the library steps. Inside the library, he found Miss Read, the librarian, moving tables.

"Are there any extra chairs in here?" he asked.

"None to spare, Jimmy Prune," said Miss Read. "But come help me. We need to clear a wider passageway to the bookshelves."

As Jimmy Prune pushed a table toward the window, he saw workers in the parking lot painting blue lines by the school's front door."

The recess bell rang.

"No one cares about where the new boy will sit but me," Jimmy Prune muttered to himself.

Back in the classroom, Jimmy Prune saw Mrs. Friendly place the computer on a wider table. Jimmy Prune was about to remind her about the missing chair when the classroom door opened.

"Class, meet Sam, our new student," the teacher said. "Sam, your desk is next to Jimmy Prune's."

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Jimmy Prune smiled. Now he understood. The new boy didn't need a chair at his desk after all. He had his own, a wheelchair.

As Sam wheeled himself into the classroom, Jimmy Prune stood.

"Come on, Sam," he said. "I'll show you around our classroom."

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Twist Nine Flight of Fancy

Jimmy Prune stood on a windy hill. He was pretending to be a cloud. Loud Larry came running up, holding a kite string.

“Look at my box kite up in the sky, Jimmy Prune,” said Larry. “It’s the best kite money can buy.”

Jimmy Prune spread his arms. “Can’t talk now,” he said. “I’m a glider plane. I’m ready to take off on a round-the-world flight.”

He ran down the hill and back up the hill.

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Loud Larry let his kite fall to the ground. "A glider!" he said. "I can top that, Jimmy Prune!"

He walked away and returned with a remote-control airplane. Above him, the plane soared.

"Look what I have now, Jimmy Prune," said Larry. "It's the best plane money can buy!"

Jimmy Prune bent over, holding his arms behind him in a V.

"Can't talk now," he said. "I'm a fighter jet for a round-the-world flight."

He ran down the hill and back up once more.

Larry landed his remote-control plane. "A fighter jet!" he said. "I can top that!"

He walked away and returned holding a three-foot model of a jumbo jet. "Look at my 747, Jimmy Prune," he said. "This model is the best one money can buy!"

Jimmy Prune stopped running. He sat on the grass, holding his fists out in front of him.

Larry made a face. "What are you doing this time?"

"I'm flying the Space Shuttle," Jimmy Prune said. "And I'm about to take off on a round-the-world flight."

"The Space Shuttle!" said Larry. "Well, that's hard to beat."

"Then climb in and sit next to me," Jimmy Prune said.

Larry sat on the grass beside him, and

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together they flew around the world.

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Twist Ten 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

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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

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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.