



Twist

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 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 mooed, while Jimmy marched across the pasture. At the far fence, his shirt snagged on the wire. *Rrrrip!* 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.

“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 Jimmy Prune has returned... just in time for supper!”