



Twist

Rainbow Hunt

Jimmy Prune hiked down the street. He dragged a plastic trash bag behind him.

On the curb stood a woman wearing a white hat. “Where are you going with that sack, Jimmy Prune?” she asked.

“I’m out to catch a rainbow,” Jimmy Prune replied.

“Well, I see a rainbow right in the street,” said the woman.

Jimmy Prune saw the rainbow, too, a round swirling one on the surface of a puddle. He dipped his hand into the oily water, but the colors dribbled though his finger.

“That rainbow got away,” Jimmy Prune said. “But I’ll catch the next one for sure.”

He continued down the street, dragging his bag behind him. At the corner stood a girl with braids, bangs, and braces. She was blowing soap bubbles.

“What’s the bag for, Jimmy Prune?” she asked.

“I’m out to catch a rainbow.”

“A rainbow?” said the Girl With Bangs, Braids, and Braces. “There’s one floating above your head.”

Jimmy Prune saw the rainbow, too, a small, square one on the skin of a bubble.

He swiped at the soapy sphere, but the colors burst in his hand.

“Rats!” said Jimmy Prune. “I’ll catch the next rainbow for sure.”

Jimmy Prune’s neighbor, Mr. Evans, sat on his front steps. He held a glass of ice water.

“Where are you headed with that sack, Jimmy Prune?” he asked.

“I’m hunting rainbows,” said Jimmy Prune.

Mr. Evans held up his water glass. “Hey, I see a rainbow on the sidewalk.”

Sunshine beamed through the water glass. It cast a thin, straight rainbow upon the cement.

Jimmy Prune held out his hand. The rainbow lay across his palm. But when Mr. Evans took a drink from the glass, the rainbow disappeared.

“Another close call,” said Jimmy Prune. “I’ll catch the next rainbow for sure.”

Farther along the street, Jimmy Prune looked up. The sun lit half of the sky, and clouds covered the other. Soon wet spots dotted the pavement.

Jimmy Prune’s best friend, Loud Larry, rode up on his bike. “Why do you have that bag, Jimmy Prune?” he shouted.

“I’m out to catch a rainbow,” he said once more.

Larry pointed to the sky. “See, Jimmy Prune?” he said. “There’s a rainbow behind you.”

Jimmy Prune turned. Arching the sky was an enormous rainbow--red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

Jimmy Prune’s eyes widened. “Rats!” he said.

“What’s wrong, Jimmy Prune?” asked Larry. “That’s a great rainbow.”

Jimmy Prune held up his sack. “But I can’t catch it,” he said. “My bag is too small.”