

Continue the story



Rewrite based on *The Big Orange Splot*, an original text by Daniel Manus Pinkwater

NARRATIVE WRITING PROMPT: Write what happens the next time one of the neighbors faces a similar circumstance. Use details from the original story when writing this version.

Ms. Purplewave lived on a street where all the houses were different.

She liked it that way. So did everybody else on Ms. Purplewave's street. "Our street is where we like to be, and it looks like all our dreams." they would say. Then one day...

A squirrel walked by Ms. Purplewave's house. He was carrying a shovel. (No one knows why.) And he dug a big hole (no one knows why) right in Ms. Purplewave's yard.

It left a big space in Ms. Purplewave's property.

"Ooooh! Too bad!" everybody said. "Ms. Purplewave will have to fill it in."

"I suppose I will," said Ms. Purplewave. But she didn't fill in the hole right away. She looked at the hole for a long time; then she went about her business.

The neighbors got tired of seeing that big hole. Someone said, "Ms. Purplewave, we wish you'd get around to filling that hole."

"O.K.," said Ms. Purplewave.

She got some tools, tiles, cement and some paint, and that night she got busy. She worked at night because it was quieter.

When the cement was dry, it was painted blue with tiles around the opening. But the big hole was still there.

In the morning the other people on the street came out of their houses. But Ms. Purplewave's house had something new.

There was the big hole. And there was cement painted blue. There were tiles. There was water and hundreds of fish too.

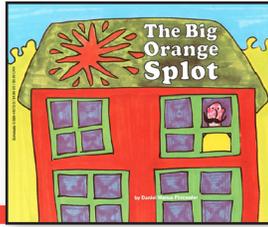
The people said, "Purplewave's idea is the bee's knees, the cat's pajamas, and an awesome opossum." They went away chattering.

That day Mr. Plumbean, who lived on her street, bought some tools. That night he built a fan using palm leaves that fell from his tree.

The next day the people said, "Plumbean's idea is off the hook, off the chain, and off the goose." They decided they should start on their houses too.

Then, one by one, they set about changing anything that may put a hole in their dreams. Then they would all say, "Our street is where we like to be, and it looks like all our dreams. When things go awry, we just make it part of our plan."

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Text evidence marked in red