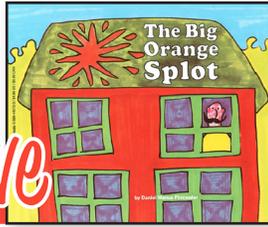


Rewrite the perspective



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

NARRATIVE WRITING PROMPT: The original version of *The Big Orange Splot* is written in third person. Rewrite this story from the point of view of one of the neighbors. Use details from the text to support character descriptions, traits, and feelings.

I lived on a street where all the houses were the same.

We all liked it that way. “This is a neat street,” we would say. Then one day...

A seagull flew over my neighbor Mr. Plumbean’s house. The bird was carrying a can of bright orange paint. (I don’t know why.) And it dropped the can (I don’t know why) right over Mr. Plumbean’s house. I am glad it missed mine.

It made a big orange splot on my neighbor’s house.

“Ooooh! Too bad!” we all said. “Mr. Plumbean will have to paint his house again.”

“I suppose I will,” he said. But he didn’t paint his house right away, which made me upset. I had to see this big orange splot every time I looked out my window or left my house! It didn’t match everyone else’s house! It stood out! I often spied Mr. Plumbean looking at the splot for long periods of time; then he always went about his business. That seemed odd.

The other neighbors got tired of seeing that big orange splot too. Someone said, “Mr. Plumbean, we wish you’d get around to painting your house.”

“O.K.,” said Mr. Plumbean.

That cool night Mr. Plumbean spent the whole night painting. I should know as the noise kept me awake for all of it.

In the morning when we came out of our houses, ours were all the same. But Mr. Plumbean’s house was like a blinding rainbow! It was like a bizarre jungle! It was like a technicolor explosion! He had painted his roof blue. The walls were white and painted over with red, yellow, green, and purple paints.

There was the big orange splot—still! But now there were little orange splots! There were stripes! There were pictures of elephants and lions and pretty girls (those I didn’t mind too much) and steamshovels! My eyes couldn’t take it!

Everyone else said, “Plumbean has popped his cork, flipped his wig, blown his stack, and dropped his stopper.” They went away muttering, but I was left there for my eyes to burn.

That day Mr. Plumbean bought carpenter’s tools. That night he built a tower on top of his roof. He kept me awake for that night too! All that pounding! And he painted a clock on the tower! The clock didn’t even work—it was just paint! This guy was truly cocoo for Coco Puffs.

The next day everyone else said, “Plumbean has gushed his mush, lost his marbles, and slipped his hawser.” They decided they would pretend not to notice, but I couldn’t. How could I? I hadn’t slept in three days.

That very night Mr. Plumbean got a truck full of green things. He planted palm trees, baobabs, thorn bushes, onions, and frangipani. I heard him shoveling constantly throughout the night. Whenever he dug into a rock, he got his pickaxe to strike the rock repeatedly—Clank! Clank! Clank!—echoing inside of my head. In the morning he bought a hammock and an alligator.

When the other people came out of their houses, they saw Mr. Plumbean swinging in a hammock between two palm trees. They saw an alligator lying in the grass. Mr. Plumbean was drinking lemonade.

“Plumbean has gone too far!”

“This used to be a neat street!”

“Plumbean, what have you done to your house?” everyone else shouted.

“My house is me and I am it. My house is where I like to be and it looks like all my dreams,” Mr. Plumbean said.

Everyone else went away. They came back to ask me since I lived next door to Mr. Plumbean to go and have a talk with him. “Tell him that we all liked it here before he changed his house. Tell him that his house has to be the same as ours so we can have a neat street.”

Oh, I’d talk to him alright.

I went to see Mr. Plumbean that evening. We sat under the palm trees drinking lemonade and talking all night—once again I didn’t get any sleep. But everything Mr. Plumbean told me made perfect sense.

Early the next morning I went out to get lumber and rope and nails and paint. When everyone else came out of their houses they saw my red and yellow ship next door to the house of Mr. Plumbean.

“What have you done to your house?” they shouted.

“My house is me and I am it. My house is where I like to be and it looks like all my dreams,” I said as I have always loved ships.

“He’s just like Plumbean!” the people said. “He’s got bees in his bonnet, bats in his belfry, and knots in his noodle!”

Then, one by one, they went to see Mr. Plumbean, late at night. They would sit under the palm trees and drink lemonade and talk—and whenever anybody visited Mr. Plumbean’s house, the very next day that person would set about changing his own house.

Whenever a stranger came to our street, the stranger would say, “This is not a neat street.”

Then we would all say, “Our street is us and we are it. Our street is where we like to be, and it looks like all our dreams. Come join us.”

Rewrite the perspective



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

NARRATIVE WRITING PROMPT: The original version of *The Big Orange Splot* is written in third person. Rewrite this story from the point of view of one of the neighbors. Use details from the text to support character descriptions, traits, and feelings.

I lived on a street where all the houses were the same.

We all liked it that way. “This is a neat street,” we would say. Then one day...

A seagull flew over my neighbor Mr. Plumbean’s house. The bird was carrying a can of bright orange paint. (I don’t why.) And it dropped the can (I don’t know why) right over Mr. Plumbean’s house. I am glad it missed mine.

It made a big orange splot on my neighbor’s house.

“Ooooh! Too bad!” we all said. “Mr. Plumbean will have to paint his house again.”

“I suppose I will,” he said. But he didn’t paint his house right away, which made me upset. I had to see this big orange splot every time I looked out my window or left my house! It didn’t match everyone else’s house! It stood out! I often spied Mr. Plumbean looking at the splot for long periods of time; then he always went about his business. That seemed odd.

The other neighbors got tired of seeing that big orange splot too. Someone said, “Mr. Plumbean, we wish you’d get around to painting your house.”

“O.K.,” said Mr. Plumbean.

That cool night Mr. Plumbean spent the whole night painting. I should know as the noise kept me awake for all of it.

In the morning when we came out of our houses, ours were all the same. But Mr. Plumbean’s house was like a blinding rainbow! It was like a bizarre jungle! It was like a technicolor explosion! He had painted his roof blue. The walls were white and painted over with red, yellow, green, and purple paints.

There was the big orange splot—still! But now there were little orange splots! There were stripes! There were pictures of elephants and lions and pretty girls (those I didn’t mind too much) and steamshovels! My eyes couldn’t take it!

Everyone else said, “Plumbean has popped his cork, flipped his wig, blown his stack, and dropped his stopper.” They went away muttering, but I was left there for my eyes to burn.

That day Mr. Plumbean bought carpenter’s tools. That night he built a tower on top of his roof. He kept me awake for that night too! All that pounding! And he painted a clock on the tower! The clock didn’t even work—it was just paint! This guy was truly cocoo for Coco Puffs.

The next day everyone else said, “Plumbean has gushed his mush, lost his marbles, and slipped his hawser.” They decided they would pretend not to notice, but I couldn’t. How could I? I hadn’t slept in three days.

That very night Mr. Plumbean got a truck full of green things. He planted palm trees, baobabs, thorn bushes, onions, and frangipani. I heard him shoveling constantly throughout the night. Whenever he dug into a rock, he got his pickaxe to strike the rock repeatedly—Clank! Clank! Clank!—echoing inside of my head. In the morning he bought a hammock and an alligator.

When the other people came out of their houses, they saw Mr. Plumbean swinging in a hammock between two palm trees. They saw an alligator lying in the grass. Mr. Plumbean was drinking lemonade.

“Plumbean has gone too far!”

“This used to be a neat street!”

“Plumbean, what have you done to your house?” everyone else shouted.

“My house is me and I am it. My house is where I like to be and it looks like all my dreams,” Mr. Plumbean said.

Everyone else went away. They came back to ask me since I lived next door to Mr. Plumbean to go and have a talk with him. “Tell him that we liked it here before he changed his house. Tell him that his house has to be the same as ours so we can have a neat street.”

Oh, I’d talk to him alright.

I went to see Mr. Plumbean that evening. We sat under the palm trees drinking lemonade and talking all night—once again I didn’t get any sleep. But everything Mr. Plumbean told me made perfect sense.

Early the next morning I went out to get lumber and rope and nails and paint. When everyone else came out of their houses they saw my red and yellow ship next door to the house of Mr. Plumbean.

“What have you done to your house?” they shouted.

“My house is me and I am it. My house is where I like to be and it looks like all my dreams,” I said as I have always loved ships.

“He’s just like Plumbean!” the people said. “He’s got bees in his bonnet, bats in his belfry, and knots in his noodle!”

Then, one by one, they went to see Mr. Plumbean, late at night. They would sit under the palm trees and drink lemonade and talk—and whenever anybody visited Mr. Plumbean’s house, the very next day that person would set about changing his own house.

Whenever a stranger came to our street, the stranger would say, “This is not a neat street.”

Then we would all say, “Our street is us and we are it. Our street is where we like to be, and it looks like all our dreams. Come join us.”