

A Wrinkle in Time Paragraph Revisions

Directions: Choose ONE of the following paragraphs. Rewrite the paragraph on page 16 of your Reader-Writer Notebook, adding more imagery and flipping the point of view from third to first person. Remember...this means that you are writing from either Meg, Calvin, or Charles Wallace's point of view. Pretend you are the character!

Paragraph 1: "Below them the town was laid out in harsh angular patterns. The houses in the outskirts were all exactly alike, small square boxes painted gray. Each had a small, rectangular plot of lawn in front, with a straight line of dull-looking flowers edging the path to the door. Meg had a feeling that if she could count the flowers there would be exactly the same number for each house. In front of all the houses children were playing. Some were skipping rope, some were bouncing balls. Meg felt vaguely like something was wrong with their play. It seemed exactly like children playing around any housing development at home, and yet there was something different about it. She looked at Calvin, and saw that he, too, was puzzled."

Paragraph 4: "Then the doors of all the houses opened simultaneously, and out came women like a row of paper dolls. The print of their dresses was different, but they all gave the appearance of being the same. Each woman stood on the steps of her house. Each clapped. Each child with the ball caught the ball. Each child with the skipping rope folded the rope. Each child turned and walked into the house. The doors clicked shut behind them."

Paragraph 11: "'Come on.' Impatience made Meg squeak. 'You *know* we can't go back. Mrs Whatsit *said* to go into the town.' She started on down the street and the two boys followed her. The houses, all identical, continued, as far as the eye could reach."

Paragraph 12: "Then, all at once, they saw the same thing, and stopped to watch. In front of one of the houses stood a little boy with a ball, and he was bouncing it. But he bounced it rather badly and with no particular rhythm, sometimes dropping it and running after it with awkward, furtive leaps, sometimes throwing it up into the air and trying to catch it. The door of his house opened and out ran one of the mother figures. She looked wildly up and down the street, saw the children and put her hand to her mouth as though to stifle a scream, grabbed the little boy and rushed indoors with him. The ball dropped from his fingers and rolled out into the street."