

Rewriting a novel from a third person point of view assignment

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Begin writing the novel in the third person, using Clarie as the central character. WORD COUNT 390
Sunshine hit on her in the early morning through the big French window, Clarie wakes up bleary-eyed, she stands up, walks to the big French window, opens her long embroidered curtain, breathes in deeply and smiles: "What a nice, fresh new day." Walking out the room to the balcony, Clarie observes those nameless flowers she planted one week ago. "How beautiful!" She talks quietly to herself. Obviously, she loves those dewdrops on pink and yellow petals.

Clarie changes her sport suit and gets ready for some early morning exercise, it's 7:00 clock, if you look at the street, only few people are walking, they are walking with blank expression on their face. She likes to stand next to the street for few minutes and then starts walking until she feels like she is one part of the nature. But today, it's a bit different, she meets her new neighbor—Montage; he is a fireman, Clarie can see those big letters Fahrenheit 451 written on his working suit. Montage is a fireman. "Clarie sounds certain and disappointed.

"Yes, ha-ha, and I am pretty sure you are my new neighbor." He sounds proud. "I heard from my uncle that long time ago fireman's job was to stop a fire and not to start it, have you ever heard that?" Her eyes are wide open like a kid who is waiting for an important answer. "That sounds ridiculous; fireproof houses cannot catch fire, all we need to do is to burn books, how old are you?" He laughs but looks a bit confused. "I'm 17, how long have you been doing this job, is this fun for you?" She sounds like she is interrogating him.

He frowns:” Of ours It Is fun, you can always smell kerosene, although I have been doing this Job for 20 years, I am never weary of smelling that. K, I have to go start working now. ” He Is walking faster. “ Are you happy? ‘ Asks Claries with a low voice but loud enough for him to hear It. He turns around but she already turned her back at him, “ What a weird girl, of course I am happy. ” He Is frowning again. Claries goes back home, waters her nameless flowers, she Lies down on her soft bed: “ I hope he can be happier, but If I burn books, I can never be happy. ”