

## EDITING TEST RED/BLUE

**Read the following passage. Edit it for punctuation, clarity, and impact! Don't be afraid to cut copy or add copy to bring the passage to life!**

“What time is it,” 11 year old Peter Post asked as he walked into the kitchen, putting his backpack on the table.

His mom was busy looking in the cupboard for something. The flour bag she grabbed puffed powder like a smoke stack over its top. She brushed briskly the residue from the baggy black sweats she always wore. One of her curlers had unraveled itself and was dangling just below her ear. “Why, you got big day today?” she asked jokingly.

His 10 year old sister, Piper, had wandered into the kitchen just then, and had heard the talk between the two. “She’s wearing the blue sponge curlers, silly. Of course it’s Friday. why?”

“Because today’s the day the pen-pal postcards are coming, and I don’t want to miss it!”

Their mom took the good natured teasing in stride, and patted a few stray black hairs back into a curler, as she began mixing stuff into a bowl. So she wore curlers every day. So what was the big deal? “We’re going to meet everyone at the post office at noon,” she smiled. How does that sound to you?”

“Fine,” Peter garbled through a mouthful of cereal. He wanted to hurry.

Piper leaned her head on her hand, as she watched her brother eat amidst of cereal boxes on the table. “Gees, take a breath already,” she smirked.

He stuck out his tongue and showed her half-chewed cereal.

“Mom!”

“Mom!” Peter mocked.

She waved her wooden spoon at them. “Enough, both of you! Let’s hurry and eat our breakfast so we can be on time.”

Peter rubbed his hands together in glee. “This is going to be a fun day. I hope there’ll be a whole lot to pick through!”

Hearing that pleased their mom. “We shall soon see,” she said.

Within the hour they were on their way. The kid’s excitement made their mom smile. The postcard pen-pal club had been her brain child. She remembered that while visiting the post office a few weeks ago to mail her usual shipment of designer postcards from her home-based Internet company, she had run into some local women who lived in the area who also home-schooled their children. They were looking for a new project to interest their kids over the summer, so over coffee, she presented the idea to them.

“And the rest is history,” she said, as she backed their SUV into a parking space under a tree. Even though it was Postcard Pennsylvania, it still got very warm in the summer. She gave her horn a quick toot, and got out to open the hatch. Her husband; Paul Post, the town’s postmaster, personally wheeled a large mail cart out to help her unload.

In a flash, the van’s side doors flew open. The kids ran past him with a quick, “Hi dad,” and rushed through the automatic doors.

Several children were waiting already there. Mr. Post carried in a large basket filled with postcards. The children’s eyes got all big. “Ooooo, ahhhh!” they all chanted.

“There must be hundreds of them!” Peter squealed. “I’m sure to find the right pen-pal!”

Mr. Post looked anxious as the group of boys and girls revved up like small panthers ready to pounce. He feared for his clean, orderly post office, so he held his hands up in defense as he tried to reason with them. "Let's keep this as organized as we can, okay?" He dumped the basket on the large work table, and the children cheered. "Hooray!!"

Peter got right to it and he grabbed a handful of postcards and began to sift through them.. He looked at the first one. "No." Then the second. "No." Pretty soon he was shuffling through them like a deck of cards. "No...no...no." Finally, one caught his eye. It was a bright red postcard with FLORIDA printed across it. "Florida, wow!" He could hardly wait to see who it was from. Turning it over slowly, he read. And his mouth fell open. "Oh my gosh!" Oh my gosh!"

His mom caught the astonished look on his face as he read the back of the card. "What is it Peter?" His excitement was contagious. "Who's the postcard from?"  
Someone famous?"

He looked up and smiled. "It's from...it's from...A Pirate!"