

# Point of View



Note down the point of view (e.g. 1<sup>st</sup> person, 2<sup>nd</sup> person, 3<sup>rd</sup> person limited, 3<sup>rd</sup> person objective or 3<sup>rd</sup> person omniscient) for each passage and explain how you know.

1. The wind was strong enough to blow leaves off the trees. A boy was walking down a blacktop path lined with oaks. The red and brown leaves fell through the air with each gust. The boy dribbled a ball down the path. "Behind you!" shouted a man on a bike. The boy dribbled the ball off the path and avoided the biker. "Sorry," shouted the biker as he sped away. The boy sighed and continued walking down the path, dribbling the ball.

**Point of view:** \_\_\_\_\_

**How do you know:** \_\_\_\_\_

2. The sun may have been 90 million miles away, but it felt like it was right on top of me, weighing me down. The plains were barren and sweltering. A dust cloud whipped by me. I pulled my shirt over my mouth and nose, stretching out the neck hole. The shirt was baggier than I remembered it, or I was losing weight.

**Point of view:** \_\_\_\_\_

**How do you know:** \_\_\_\_\_

3. It was a foggy night. A dog was barking loudly in a back alley. Empty wooden pallets and discarded boxes were scattered across the ground. The dog continued barking. A man with a large mustache and a chef hat opened a large metal door facing the alley. "Ok! Ok! Quiet down. I hear you." The dog stopped barking and started hopping in circles. The mustachioed man smiled and threw a few large bones to the dog.

**Point of view:** \_\_\_\_\_

**How do you know:** \_\_\_\_\_

4. "Cannonball!" Julio shouted as he leapt from the pool deck. The splash was so large that some of the sunbathers got wet. "Wow, Julio, that was a big splash." I said to him after he emerged from the water. He smiled and nodded. Julio had been my best friend since the first grade, but lately something had gotten between us. Or, rather, *someone* had gotten between us. "When's Tori coming?" Julio asked. I shrugged my shoulders and replied, "She'll get here when she gets here."

**Point of view:** \_\_\_\_\_

**How do you know:** \_\_\_\_\_

5. Ursula looked at herself in the mirror. She thought that the dress fit her very well. She turned to the saleswoman. The saleswoman thought that the dress did not fit Ursula, but she had learned a long time ago to be careful when telling a customer that a dress was too small for them. Ursula asked the saleswoman, "Well? What do you think?" The saleswoman nodded, put up her thumbs, and said, "It looks stunning, my lady." This response made Ursula feel good.

**Point of view:** \_\_\_\_\_

**How do you know:** \_\_\_\_\_

6. King Lenny surveyed his court. He liked what he saw. The court was lined with his loyal followers, all of them hanging on his every word. "The king is the thing today, Jeffrey," King Lenny said to his servant. Jeffrey chuckled and said, "Today and every day, sire." King Lenny laughed and took off his gloves. He hated wearing gloves when he was holding court. All of the complaining and the tight gloves made his palms too sweaty. "Bring in the first petitioner," said King Lenny. He wanted to finish the boring part of his day.

**Point of view:** \_\_\_\_\_

**How do you know:** \_\_\_\_\_

7. The birds and squirrels gathered before me in the park. They were hungry and recognized me as a source of food. Unfortunately for them I had eaten my whole lunch earlier and didn't have any bread crusts or leftover pretzels to give them. I shrugged and said, "Sorry guys. I've got nothing for you," but that only seemed to make them angry. Suddenly, the squirrels all started coming together. They were standing on top of each other and forming a giant meta-squirrel. I started to run.

**Point of view:** \_\_\_\_\_

**How do you know:** \_\_\_\_\_

8. A man in a trench coat walked into a bank. A few of the tellers looked up at him as he entered, but they soon resumed their tasks. He waited in line behind an old man and a lady with a small dog. The old man walked to the counter with a jar of pennies, poured them on the counter, and began counting them slowly, "1, 2, 3..." The man in the trench coat groaned loudly, and then reached in his coat and pulled out magazine. He started reading the magazine.

**Point of view:** \_\_\_\_\_

**How do you know:** \_\_\_\_\_