Point of View Worksheet 14

Directions: determine from which perspective the passage is narrated. **If it is third-person, circle each time characters' thoughts or feelings are narrated**. Explain your answers in the box.

Viewpoints: first-person, second-person, third-person objective, third-person limited, and third-person omniscient.

1. The farmhand scratched his head and said, "So you haven't seen a giant chicken anywhere around here?" I looked into his eyes to see if he was putting me on. He seemed sincere. "How big is he?" I asked. The farmhand pointed at a large SUV and said, "Oh, he's about yea big." Now I looked at him with disbelief and said, "You're telling me that you have a chicken as big as a truck, he's out of control, and he's somewhere around here?" The farmhand nodded his head stupidly. And that's when I heard the loudest clucking noise that I had ever heard.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

2. Congratulations! You have been selected as a finalist in The Magazine Liquidator's annual Platinum Customer Club Contest. As a selected finalist, you have been prequalified to advance to the next round, where you will qualify for the chance to win hundreds of dollars worth of prizes. All you need to do is order ten magazine subscriptions from the eligible publications on the back of this card. Then, you will automatically advance to the final round. Don't wait. The chance of a lifetime is right in front of you.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

3. Jax was positioned on the roof of a large bank building located in a busy downtown area. He was lying down on the edge of the roof and squinting one eye. With the other eye, he peered through the scope of a rifle. "Target," said Jax. A camouflaged man who was looking through a pair of binoculars responded by saying, "Two clicks to the left, Jax." Jax adjusted the barrel of his rifle. "Wind," said Jax. The camouflaged man looked at a gadget in his hand and said, "Ten MPH from the west." Jax adjusted the barrel of his rifle ever so slightly.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

4. The clock ticked slowly, as it always did at the school on Saturday. The detention room was full, but no two students sat next to one another. The supervisor, Mr. England monitored the students closely. Kyle Brennan felt a cough building in the back of this throat. Mr. England had already warned him about disrupting the silence, so he did not want to cough. He attempted to stifle it, but the itch in his throat grew and the cough became more difficult to stifle. Mr. England looked at him with contempt. Mr. England could see Kyle squirming. He felt that Kyle was doing this for attention. Mr. England would give him what he wanted.

Narrator's Perspective:

5. Long stalactites hung from the mouth of the cave. A young man and a girl were arguing. He said, "Come on, Kate. It'll be cool. I heard there's treasure down there. I'll keep you safe." The young girl responded, "Yeah, Doug, but you can't see in the dark, and that cave is dark. How are you going to keep me safe when you can't see?" Doug sighed. "Come on, Kate. We'll use the light on my phone." Kate cocked her head and looked at Doug with her hands on her hips.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

6. The moon was full. A chill settled in the woods. I was sharpening a stake by the fire. Mario was setting a fishing line around our camp. He strung the line with empty cans so that if anyone, or anything, crept up on us, we'd have a chance to act. Once the line was set, Mario joined me by the fire. "It's too short," he said. "Excuse me?" I responded. "Your stake is too short. You're not going to be able to pierce the rib cage with such a short stake. You need more leverage."

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

7. The Moon shone darkly as Chris walked through the cemetery. "I should have never agreed to meet her here," he muttered to himself. He was on edge. His mind started racing. He imagined forms in the darkness. He felt afraid. Then he heard a voice behind him. "Chris !" He turned and saw Gabriella, his best friend. She laughed and said, "You're not scared, are you?" Chris lied. "No."

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

8. Sheila rubbed her fingers through Buttercup's mane. Sheila loved Buttercup. Buttercup had been Sheila's steed for five years now, and the two felt bonded beyond words. This was good because, as a horse, Buttercup had no words. Buttercup neighed softly. She loved when Sheila was near her. Sheila giggled, and then she remembered that she had a treat for Buttercup. Sheila pulled a red and yellow apple from her backpack and gave it to Buttercup. Buttercup felt cherished.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

9. I felt the momentum in my body slow as the helicopter stopped moving. We hovered in the air for a moment. I looked down. We were hovering over a landing pad. The pilot gradually brought the helicopter to a gentle landing. Andy and I prayed that the helicopter wouldn't suddenly explode. The pilot tried to assure us that it wouldn't, but Andy and I refused to discount the possibility until after we had safely landed.

Narrator's Perspective: _

10. "I don't want to go to school!" cried Kelly. It was true. She didn't want to go to school. Kelly's mom heard the complaint, but it was moot. Kelly's mom never wanted to go to school either, but she went, and now it was Kelly's turn. Mom felt bad so she tried to think of something encouraging to say, "Hey, you'll get to see your friends," she mentioned. Kelly scowled. Kelly did not want to look at the bright side. She wanted to dwell in the darkness. It felt better, so she said, "I don't care! I don't want to go!" Kelly's mom sighed.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

11. "Scalpel," said Dr. Chang. Nurse Mead handed him the scalpel. Dr. Chang examined the unconscious patient. Dr. Chang thought about times in the past that he had done this procedure. He remembered performing it on an elderly woman. The operation had been a success. That made Dr. Chang smile, but then he remembered that each time was different. They didn't all end in celebrations. Dr. Chang tightened his focus while holding the scalpel like a pencil.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

12. You stare down the poorly lit corridor. The fluorescent lights flicker. Surgical tools are scattered over the floor. There is evidence that a struggle occurred here. You walk the length of the corridor to a set of double doors. You pull on the left handle. It is locked. You pull on the right handle. It is also locked. Then you hear a groaning sound behind you. A man is calling for help. He sounds weak. You rush toward the noise and see a room with strewn furniture. The groan gets louder. You hear it coming from under a filing cabinet.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

13. Sage gathered a handful of herbs and tore them from the ground. He hated killing things, even plants, but he knew that it was part of the equation of life. Sage ground the herbs with a mortar and pestle. He then mixed it with the tincture. The concoction began to glow. Sage brought the glowing goo to Shanna, who was lying in bed. "Drink it slow," he said. Shanna nodded weakly. Sage hated seeing Shanna like this. She was his closest companion, and she was dying.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

14. Alex thought about his hunger while he guided the skiff down the river. It had been three days since he had eaten. His stomach stopped hurting after the first day, but he could feel his body wasting away. Cameron sat on the back of the boat and let Alex do all of the work. He was hungry too, but not as hungry as Alex. Cameron had stashed some rations in his poncho before they lost their cooler in the river. He had been enjoying these rations by himself during the times that Alex slept.

Narrator's Perspective:

15. "You can't be in here," said the security guard. Emilio pretended that he didn't hear her as he continued to rifle through the filing cabinet. She put her hand on his shoulder. Emilio could feel the strength in her grip. "Sir, come with me," she said. Just then Emilio found the folder. He pulled it from the filing cabinet and slipped under the security guard's grip in one motion. "Sir! Put the folder back!" yelled the guard. Emilio ran from the office. He knew he had to leave quickly before backup arrived.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

16. Major Braxton opened the manila envelope and unfolded the letter. "Hmph," he said. Then he reached into the desk drawer and pulled out a thick pair of glasses. He stared at the letter for another thirty seconds and said, "Hmph." Then there was a knock. Major Braxton shouted, without taking his eyes off the letter, "Go away! I'm in a meeting." Major Braxton gestured toward the door like he was swatting flies while he continued staring at the letter.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

17. The dogs were barking loudly. They were rarely quiet, but tonight they were going crazy. I sat at the desk in the small room in which Ms. Flanders allowed me to stay and tried to do homework, but I just couldn't concentrate. So much was going on. Roger had broken up with Alicia. Kevin was quitting the sportsball team. I finally made some real friends, and then I heard footsteps coming up the stairs. I knew from the dexterous and elegant rhythm of the stride that it had to be Ms. Flanders.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

18. Lewis glared at Clark. Clark glared back at Lewis. The two men had been friends for a long time. They had been in many fights, they had been through some low points, but never had they hated each other like they did now. Lewis's chest burned with anger. Clark's heart blazed with defiance. Neither man knew what would happen next, but both knew that it would not be good.

Narrator's Perspective:

Explain how you know:

19. John walked into the boss's office with his hat in his hand. "I have a request, Mr. Witherspoon," John said. "I need to take next Thursday off. My wife and I... You see, it's our anniversary. We wanted to have a nice date." Mr. Witherspoon guffawed. "Well, John, I really want you to come to work on workdays. So, come on Thursday or don't come back." John frowned, but Mr. Witherspoon just kept working on his papers. "Goodbye, John," he muttered while still looking at his papers.

Narrator's Perspective: