**Directions:** *Read each excerpt below. Determine the point of view: first person, third person limited, or third person omniscient. Underline the key words and phrases that helped you determine the point of view. One example has been done for you. Remember, first person is told from the perspective of the narrator. A third person narrator is not a character in the story. Third person limited gives the thoughts and feelings of only one character, and third person omniscient shows the thoughts and feelings of more than one character.*

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| Example One**: Sideways Stories from Wayside School** by Louis Sachar |
| Leslie sat in front of Paul. She had two long, brown pigtails that reached all the way down to her waist. Paul saw those pigtails, and a terrible urge came over him. He wanted to pull a pigtail. He wanted to wrap his fist around it, feel the hair between his fingers, and just yank. He thought it would be fun to tie the pigtails together, or better yet, tie them to her chair. But most of all, he just wanted to pull one. |
| Point of View: THIRD PERSON LIMITED. ONLY PAUL’S THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS. |

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| Example Two: **Invitation to the Game** by Monica Hughes |
| And we scrounged. Next to *survival, scrounge* was probably the most important word in our new vocabulary. We found a store that was throwing out water-damaged mattresses. Getting them home was a problem, since we had to make two trips, leaving Brad and Katie, armed with sticks to guard over the remained. I truly expected them to be challenged by some gang boss, but they said that the only person who came by was a scrawny little rat of a girl living alone. We let her have one of the mattresses.  |
| Point of View:  |

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| Example Three: **Tuck Everlasting** by Natalie Babbitt |
| At dawn, Mae Tuck set out on her horse for the wood at the edge of the village of Treegap. She was going there, as she did once every ten years, to meet her two sons, Miles and Jesse, and she was feeling at ease. At noon time, Winnie Foster, whose family owned the Treegap wood, lost her patience at last and decided to think about running away. |
| Point of View: |

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| Example Four: **The Ninja Housewife** by Deborah Hamlin |
| After dropping her son off at school, Sara sat at a traffic light and waited. She was on her way to her office job as a secretary in a law office. It was mainly paperwork with very little time to interact with other people, but Sara had gotten used to that. It also gave her plenty of time to daydream, something she had also gotten quite used to. She was a woman in her mid-30s, married 13 years, with one child. |
| Point of View: |

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| Example Five: **Shiloh** by Phyllis Reynolds Naylor |
| The day Shiloh come, we’re having us a big Sunday dinner. Dara Lynn’s dipping bread in her glass of cold tea, the way she likes, and Becky pushes her beans over the edge of her plate in her rush to get ’em down. Ma gives us her scolding look. We live high up in the hills above Friendly, but hardly anybody knows where that is. Friendly’s near Sistersville, which is halfway between Wheeling and Parkersburg. Used to be, my daddy told me, Sistersville was once of the best places you could live in the whole state. |
| Point of View: |

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| Example Six: **The Skull of Truth: A Magic Shop Book** by Brooke Coville, Gary A. Lippincott |
| To his astonishment, Charlie found himself standing next to his bicycle, back where he had entered the swamp. That was bizarre and upsetting—but not as bad as the realization that he was still holding the skull. He thought he had dropped it before he raced out the door. He certainly hadn’t intended to steal the thing. He didn’t even really want it! |
| Point of View: |

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| Example Seven: **From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler** by E.L. Konigsburg |
| Claudia knew that she could never pull off the old-fashioned kind of running away. That is, running away in the heat of anger with a knapsack on her back. She didn’t like discomfort; therefore, she decided that her leaving home would not be just running from somewhere but would be running to somewhere. To a large place, a comfortable place, an indoor place, and preferably a beautiful place. And that’s why she decided upon the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.  |
| Point of View: |

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| Example Eight: **Anne of Green Gables** by L.M. Montgomery |
| Marilla’s lips twitched understandingly. She had expected Mrs. Rachel to say this; she had known that the sight of Matthew jaunting off so unaccountably would be too much for her neighbor’s curiosity. If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually quiet for five seconds. It was unsupposable that Marilla was making fun of her, but Mrs. Rachel was almost forced to suppose it.  |
| Point of View: |

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| Example Nine: **Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland** by Lewis Carroll |
| Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice, “without pictures or conversations?” So she was considering, in her own mind whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.  |
| Point of View: |

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| Example Ten: **The Magic Finger** by Roald Dahl |
| The farm next to ours is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Gregg. The Greggs have two children, both of them boys. Their names are Philip and William. Sometimes I go over to their farm to play with them. I am a girl and I am eight years old. Philip is also eight years old. Last week something very funny happened. I am going to tell you about it as best as I can. |
| Point of View: |

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| Example Eleven: **The War of the Worlds** by H.G. Wells |
| We crossed the road to a white house inside a walled garden, and found some food—two loaves of bread, and uncooked steak, and half of a ham. We also found several bottles of beer, a sack of beans, and a dozen or so cans of soup, salmon and vegetables. We sat in the kitchen in the dark—not daring to strike a light—and ate bread and ham and drank beer out of the same bottle. The priest wanted to keep going instead of resting and eating. I was urging him to eat and keep up his strength when, all of a sudden, disaster struck! |
| Point of View: |