Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Point of View Worksheet 12**

**Directions:** determine from which perspective the passage is narrated. Explain your answers in the box.

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

1. "You must get the golden key from the Sugar Toast Forest," said the Peanut Butter Wizard. He knew that their quest would be hard, so he gave them a bit of advice, "All you have is one another, so stick together." Jelly Girl and Banana Boy nodded eagerly. They were both afraid of the Sugar Toast Forest. Neither of them had ever left home before, but they had heard tales, frightful tales.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |

2. You shouldn't argue with people on the Internet. It is a waste of time and energy. Do you want to spend your precious life energy trying to type sense into some delusional fool who will only hate you for your efforts? No, you don't. The next time someone makes some outlandish claim that infuriates you, you should either ignore them, unfriend them, or block them. You will find these actions to be more satisfying than casting your pearls of wisdom before the likes of swine.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |

3. The Green Fox's legs were sore. He had been sitting on a tree branch for several hours waiting for the Sheriff. He believed that the Sheriff would be coming this way to transport some prisoners, one of whom might be the Green Fox's best friend, Lavender Luke. The Green Fox heard the sound of hooves approaching. He swung down from the branch by his knees and observed an armored carriage with the royal symbol on the door. "That's our mark. Get ready boys!" the Green Fox shouted to his men.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |

4. The dishes flew and the engine of turmoil raged. That was sound of my parents fighting. I wish they got along, but wishes don't amount to much in the real world. Goals do, however. And I have several goals. For one, I want to go to college. For two, I want to get scholarships for college. And for three, I want to excel at something for which scholarships are offered. But, I don't . I mean, I really don't. I'm just an average Joe.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |

5. Bruce Hand felt hunger pangs as he sat in the bush. The birds twittered around him. He was waiting for his contact, Jet Hawkins. Bruce Hand checked his watch. He realized that Jet was late. Then he heard the sound of an engine. He looked through his binoculars and saw Jet's familiar orange and brown striped Humvee driving through the jungle. Bruce ran from the bush into the beaten path. "Jet, I'm here!" Bruce Hand shouted. The Humvee stopped.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |

6. Igor looked suspiciously at his partners. Suddenly, the Red Robber and Johnny the Kid did not seem like such trustworthy companions to Igor, and Igor was not the only suspicious one. Suspicions ran rife in the camp. The Red Robber and Johnny the Kid had grown increasingly doubtful of Igor's loyalty. They felt that Igor was using them as stepping-stones in Igor's saga. The whole camp was a tinderbox on a powder keg, and Johnny the Kid would be the one to spark it off.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |

7. Milton may have kept an accurate count of the expenses when he was handling the account, but I did nothing of the sort. That's the strange thing about me, the thing that makes it difficult for me to find employment. I don't believe in record keeping of any sort. I think that a man's word is his bond or whatever. I guess that I'm allergic to paper. Well, not actually allergic, but I don't really like using it or reading things from it. The truth of the matter is that I'm a pious man. I decided to handle the account using faith-based methods.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |

8. The pirate ship sways against the dock. The sides of the boat have been damaged by cannon fire and repaired on numerous occasions. You can tell because of the different types of wood used to patch the holes. The pirate captain puts his hand on your shoulder. He leans on you heavily and says, "Well, Matey, care to go for sail with us? No pirating. Just sailing. I promise," he says as he holds up his fingers to you. You note that they are crossed.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |

9. Mary looked at the menu with a puzzled expression. The letters were blurring together. She couldn't make out the words. Her server approached the table and introduced himself, "I'm Marvin and I'll be your server," he said before announcing the specials and soups of the day. Mary could not understand a word that Marvin had said. She nodded her head politely as he blathered, but she had already made up her mind to point at pictures on the menu to communicate her order.

Narrator's Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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| **Explain how you know:** |