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**Identifying Narrative Perspective**

**Directions:** Read the following passages and determine the narrative perspective, then explain how you were able to identify the point of view- if the passage is third person, explain which character’s thoughts are revealed.

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| **Narrative Perspective (point of view):** first-person, second-person, third-person objective, third-person limited, third-person omniscient. |

1. **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.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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2. **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.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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3. **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.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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4. **Curious George and the Pizza** by Margret Rey

At the pizza place, Tony the baker was getting the pizzas ready for baking. He flattened out a ball of dough into a large pancake and tossed it in the air. He spread tomato sauce on it, sprinkled it with cheese, and shoved it in the oven. Then the telephone rang. “A fellow from the factory wants a large pizza delivered in a hurry,” Tony’s wife called. “OK, I’ll get my coat,” said Tony.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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5. **The Baffled Parent's Guide to Great Basketball Drills** by Jim Garland

Before each practice begins, make sure you check the court and remove any debris from the playing surface. When your players arrive, check that they have the proper footwear and that they’ve removed any jewelry, which could injure the player wearing the jewelry or another player. Always carry a list of emergency phone numbers for your players, and know where the nearest phone is located. You should also have a first-aid kit, and you might want to take a first-aid course.

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6. **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.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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7. **The Patchwork Girl of Oz** by Lyman Frank Baum

 Unc Nunkie, Margolotte and the Magician all stood looking at the marvelous Powder, but Ojo was more interested just then in the Patchwork Girl’s brains. Thinking it both unfair aand unkind to deprive her of any good qualities that were handy, boy took down every bottle on the shelf and poured some of the contents in Margolotte’s dish. No one saw him do this, for all were looking at the Powder of Life; but soon the woman remembered what she had been doing, and came back to the cupboard.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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8. **How to grill** by Steven Raichlen

Once you have your grill assembled, the next thing to decide is where to put it. A grill puts out a lot of heat, so you should position it several feet away from the side of the house or any plants or shrubbery. You’ll have an easier time with a spot that is sheltered from the wind. When positioning a grill on a wooden deck, remember that sparks and live embers can fall from a charcoal grill.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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9. **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.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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10. **Alice's adventures in Wonderland** by Lewis Carroll, John Tenniel

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.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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11. **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.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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12. **The Skull of Truth: A Magic Shop Book** by Bruce 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!

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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13. **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.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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14. **White Fang** by Jack London

They spoke no more until camp was made. Henry was bending over and adding ice to the bubbling pot of beans when he was startled by the sound of a sharp snarling cry of pain from among the dogs. Henry grunted with a tone that was not sympathy, and for a quarter of an hour they sat on in silence, Henry staring at the fire, and Bill at the circle of eyes that burned in the darkness just beyond the firelight.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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15. **Mary Poppins** by P. L. Travers, Mary Shepard

They found themselves in bed and watching, by the dim light from the night-light, the rest of Mary Poppin’s unpacking being performed. From the carpet bag she took out seven flannel nightgowns, four cotton ones, a pair of boots, a set of dominoes, two bathing-caps and a postcard album. Jane an Michael sat hugging themselves and watching. It was all so surprising that they could find nothing to say. But they knew, both of them, that something strange and wonderful had happened at Number Sevennteen, Cherry-Tree Lane.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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