

POINT of VIEW

**In literature, POINT of VIEW is established
by:**

WHO IS TELLING THE STORY.

Is the narrator outside the story?

If so, can the narrator read the minds of characters in the story? Which characters' minds can the narrator read? All or only some? Or can the narrator only produce the words and actions of the characters, without reading anyone's mental processes?

Is the narrator inside the story?

If so, is the narrator the protagonist of the story? Or is he/she a supporting character?

Here are the main categories of POINT of VIEW

First Person Point of View: First person is used when the main character is telling the story. This is the kind that uses the "I" narrator. As a reader, you can only experience the story through this person's eyes.

There are two main types of First Person POV:

First Person Protagonist: This is where the narrator is the main character in the story. It still uses the "I" narrator but since the narrator is not the protagonist, there are events and scenes that will happen to the protagonist that the narrator will *not* have access to.

First Person Supporting: This is where the narrator is a supporting character in the story, not the main character. It still uses the "I" narrator but since the narrator is not the protagonist, there are events and scenes that will happen to the protagonist that the narrator will *not* have access to.

Second Person Point of View:

Second person point of view is generally only used in instructional writing. It is told from the perspective of "you". Second person writing tells the reader:

TO DO SOMETHING

HOW TO DO SOMETHING.

WHEN TO DO SOMETHING.

WHY TO DO SOMETHING

Read on below

Third Person Point of View

Third person POV is used when the narrator is OUTSIDE the story and is not a character in the story. Third person uses the "he/she/it" narrator and it is the most commonly used POV in writing.

Third Person Limited:

Limited means that the POV is limited to only one character. Which means that the narrator only knows what that character knows. Other characters are known ONLY from the things they say or the actions they perform. With third person limited the author can choose to view the action from right inside the lead character's head, or from further away, where supporting characters speak.

Third Person Omniscient:

This point of view still uses the "he/she/it" narration but now the narrator knows EVERYTHING. The narrator isn't limited by what one character knows, sort of like the narrator is God. The narrator can know things that others don't, can make comments about what's happening, and can see inside the minds of other characters.

Third Person Objective:

The narrator only produces the characters SAY in the story. "Third person objective" does no mind reading. All characters are known ONLY from the things they say or the actions they perform. With third person objective, the author chooses to view the action from further away, letting the reader figure out for himself what the characters are thinking.

Assignment on the next page

Assignment

The following pages contain ten excerpts from literature. Read each excerpt and then do the following *on a separate sheet of paper*:

1. Provide the title of the reading
2. Show what is the point of view (a label is all you need for this part):
 - First person protagonist
 - First person supporting
 - Second person
 - Third person omniscient
 - Third person limited
 - Third person objective
3. Explain WHY the excerpt has the point of view you've chosen. (1-3 sentences)
4. Copy one or two sentences exemplifying your idea.

The ten readings are on the next pages

The Death of Arthur

Uther Pendragon was dying. His only child with Queen Igraine died a baby. His knights already quarreled over who should rule next. In the great fortress of Castle Camelot and old man slips unannounced into the knight's bed-chamber. Beneath the furs that cover him, Uther Pendragon is weakening fast. He has not moved or spoken for hours now.

"Pendragon," says the old man.

"Merlin! Is he safe? I must know. They must not discover him."

The old man nods. "Tell him, Merlin, when the time comes, won't you? It was the only way."

Suddenly there is a noise, a rush of cold air. A woman enters. Her hair is wild and black and long.

"Too late, Morgana le Fay," says the old man. "Your magic has failed you this time. The Pendragon can tell you nothing now."

"My magic is not so dull, Merlin," she hisses at him. "I know about the child..."

The Wall

"La frontera" is a word I often heard when I was a child living in El Rancho Blanco, a small village nestled on barren, dry hills several miles north of Guadalajara, Mexico. I heard it for the first time back in the late 1940s when Papá and Mamá told me and Roberto, my older brother, that someday we would take a long trip north, cross la frontera, enter California, and leave our poverty behind.

I did not know exactly what California was either, but Papá's eyes sparkled whenever he talked about it with Mamá and his friends. "Once we cross la frontera, we'll make a good living in California," he would say, standing up straight and sticking out his chest.

Roberto, who is four years older than I, became excited every time Papá talked about the trip to

California. He didn't like living in El Rancho Blanco, especially after visiting our older cousin, Fito, in Guadalajara...

Blood Pressure

To take your blood pressure, you'll need a blood pressure cuff with a squeezable balloon and an aneroid monitor, also known as a sphygmomanometer, and a stethoscope.

Position your arm straight, palm facing up on a level surface, such as a table. You'll place the cuff on your bicep and squeeze the balloon to inflate the cuff. Using the numbers on the aneroid monitor, inflate the cuff about 20-30 mm Hg over your normal blood pressure

Once the cuff is inflated, place the stethoscope with the flat side down on the inside of your elbow crease, where you can see the major veins in your arm. Be sure to test the stethoscope before using it to make sure you can hear properly. You can do that by tapping on the stethoscope.

Slowly deflate the balloon as you listen through the stethoscope to hear the first "whoosh" of the blood flowing, and remember that number. This is your systolic blood pressure. You'll hear the blood pulsing, so keep listening and allow the balloon to slowly deflate until that rhythm stops. When the rhythm stops, record that measurement. This is your diastolic blood pressure. You'll record your blood pressure as the systolic over the diastolic, such as 115/75...

Frankenstein

My name is Victor Frankenstein. I grew up in Geneva, Switzerland. My family is one of the best-known families there. For a long time, I was my parents' only child. But that changed when I was about five years old.

My parents passed a week at Lake Como in Italy. My mother was always interested in helping the poor. One day, they visited a poor farmer who had five hungry children.

One of the children, a little girl named Elizabeth, attracted my mother more than the others. She wasn't like the other children in looks or in personality. The farmer's wife told my mother about the girl. She was not their child, but the daughter of a nobleman. The girl's mother had died, and her father had put her in the farmer's care. The father then went off to war and had not been heard from since. Since then, hard times had come to the farmer. He had very little money and four children of his own.

My mother had always wanted a little girl. She asked the farmer if she and my father could adopt the girl. Although the farmer and his wife loved the child, they knew she would have a much happier life with my family. So they let my parents take Elizabeth...

The island of New Caledonia is a tropical strip of dense jungle; it lies in South Pacific waters a thousand miles off the Eastern Coast of Australia. For half a million years, the only humans living on the island were the Canaque natives, a dark skinned people closely resembling the aborigines of nearby Australia. But a hundred years ago, the French military conquered the island and pushed the natives inland, up the rivers and hills and into the deep jungles. The white man ruled the coastal lands; and onto these coastal lands the French rulers placed a terrifying prison called Noumea, a prison reserved for only the most desperate of criminals. The criminals locked within this most terrible of jungles would stop at nothing to...well, listen to what they would do:

One night, late at night, so late that night was giving way to morning, some frogs, snakes and alligators saw a raft moving slowly down the lazy green river leading past Noumea prison toward the coast. The raft might have been taken for a drifting tangle of roots or leaves as it slid out of the shadowy river mouth at dawn and dipped into the first waves of the open waters where the river meets the sea. While the sky brightened and the breeze came fresh offshore, it made its way with purpose and direction. And when at last the sun leaped up, the raft had passed the wide entrance to the bay and headed to open sea...

I was born in Melrose Park , Illinois, on a cold day in November 1978 to a young woman not ready or willing to have a child. I would be told later in life that I was supposed to be an abortion, but the hospital called my grandma instead of my mother to give her news of my pregnancy; thus, my mother was "forced" to have me. Looking back now, I think I spent my childhood paying the price for a hospital nurse dialing the wrong number.

Abuse for me was something that happened on a daily basis. It might have been a hair-pulling, a punch to the kidneys, a kick down the stairs, or Mom's other favorite activity: name-calling. I've been beaten with brooms, whips, extension cords, belts— basically, if it was in arm's reach, I was getting hit with it. I spent nights awake in a bathroom, hovered over a tray table writing I will not lie until the wee hours of the morning, and my hand would cramp up so badly I couldn't move it the next day.

I never fully understood why I was beaten so much. Some days it was because I didn't do a chore properly; other days it was because I took too long in the bathroom. A lot of the time, after my sister was born, it was because Mom thought I was being mean to my sister...

The Speckled Band

My name is Dr. John Watson. Some years ago, I retired from my position as a medical staff officer for Her Majesty's Royal Armed Forces, and settled in London. Since that time, I have made it my occupation to follow the casework of my remarkable friend and associate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Holmes has applied his insightful scientific method to the investigation and solution of countless crimes across the breadth of England. I have had the honor of writing the stories of these criminal investigations. In that sense, one could call me the professional biographer of this most famous of detectives.

On glancing over my notes of the seventy criminal cases in which I have studied the methods employed by Sherlock Holmes, I find none that were commonplace. Furthermore, Holmes would not work on cases for money; he only worked on mysteries that were unusual and interesting to his astonishing mind.

Of all these cases, I cannot recall any which presented more unusual features than that which was associated with the well known family of the Roylotts. The events occurred in the early days of my friendship with Holmes. Allow me to recall the events for you.

The Tell-Tale Heart

TRUE! - nervous - very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses - not destroyed - not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily - how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture - a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees - very gradually - I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded - with what caution - with what foresight - with what dissimulation I went to work!

Two men emerged from the path and came into the opening by the green pool. The first man was small and quick, dark of face, with restless eyes and sharp, strong features. Every part of him was defined: small, strong hands, slender arms, a thin and bony nose.

Behind him walked his opposite, a huge man, shapeless of face, with large, pale eyes, and wide, sloping shoulders; and he walked heavily, dragging his feet a little, the way a bear drags his paws. His arms did not swing at his sides, but hung loosely. The first man stopped short in the clearing, and the follower nearly ran over him. "Lennie!" he said sharply. "Lennie, for God' sakes don't drink so much."

Lennie continued to snort into the pool. The small man leaned over and shook him by the shoulder. "Lennie. You gonna be sick like you was last night

Lennie dipped his whole head under, hat and all, and then he sat up on the bank and his hat dripped down on his blue coat and ran down his back. "That's good," he said. "You drink some, George. You take a good big drink." He smiled happily.

George unslung his bundle and dropped it gently on the bank. "I ain't sure it's good water," he said. "Looks kinda scummy."

George knelt beside the pool and drank from his hand with quick scoops. "Tastes all right," he admitted. "Don't really seem to be running, though.

You never oughta drink water when it ain't running, Lennie," he said.

Lennie looked timidly over to George. "Where we goin', George?"

"So you forgot that awready, did you? I gotta tell you again, do I? Jesus Christ, you're a crazy bastard!"

10.

Considering Sacramento State?

Great choice! Each year well over 30,000 students apply to Sacramento State, and we enroll about 7,000 new students each fall. Our overall student body of almost 29,000 comes from a rich and diverse background that reflects the state of California. Why not come to our beautiful and well-respected campus here at the state capitol? Remember, leadership starts here!

Now that you're wrapping up your last four years of high school, you have one of your most important lifetime decisions to make: where will you continue your education? If you have spent the time and effort to take and pass college prep classes and keep your grades up, then Sacramento State is a great place to consider. Please check out our online presence to see if Sac State is an excellent next step for your personal and professional development. If it is, we want you as a part of our community, and we want to help you learn and succeed.

If you want a closer look at the University's offerings, sign up for a campus tour click [here](#) for more information.