

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

## Identifying Narrative Perspective 3

**Directions:** Read the following passages, write the narrator's point of view, and explain your answer.

**P.O.V.:** First-Person, Third-Person Objective, Third-person Limited, Third-Person Omniscient.

1. "Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleep and wake, under some large tree. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life, and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. "Goldilocks was a proud and defiant little girl who'd been told many times by her mother to stay out of the woods, but she paid little attention to others, especially her elders, giving lots of attention instead to herself and her own desires. One day, just to show that she could, she wandered deep into the center of the forest, farther from home than ever before. In a clearing she noticed a small cottage, smoke issuing from the chimney. She thought it was quite an ugly little cottage, but she also thought it might be a place where she could get a little something to eat and drink."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. "A Child was standing on a street-corner. He leaned with one shoulder against a high board-fence and swayed the other to and fro, the while kicking carelessly at the gravel. Sunshine beat upon the cobbles, and a lazy summer wind raised yellow dust which trailed in clouds down the avenue. Clattering trucks moved with indistinctness through it. The child stood dreamily gazing."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

4. "Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work. Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

5. We were driving along the road from Treguier to Kervanda. We passed at a smart trot between the hedges topping an earth wall on each side of the road; then at the foot of the steep ascent before Ploumar the horse dropped into a walk, and the driver jumped down heavily from the box. He flicked his whip and climbed the incline, stepping clumsily uphill by the side of the carriage, one hand on the footboard, his eyes on the ground. After a while he lifted his head, pointed up the road with the end of the whip, and said: "The idiot!" I was startled by his outburst.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

6. The bell rang furiously and, when Miss Parker went to the tube, a furious voice called out in a piercing North of Ireland accent:

"Send Farrington here!"

Miss Parker returned to her machine, saying to a man who was writing at a desk:

"Mr. Alleyne wants you upstairs."

The man muttered "Blast him!" under his breath and pushed back his chair to stand up. When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-coloured, with fair eyebrows and moustache: his eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty. He lifted up the counter and, passing by the clients, went out of the office with a heavy step.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_