**POINT OF VIEW: A LOOK AT PERSPECTIVE**

**FIRST PERSON ( “I,”“Me,” or “We”)**

 1. Telling your own story and thoughts

 2. Telling a story from entirely your viewpoint, excluding all others

 3. Often uses past tense verbs for narration and dialogue for immediacy

**SECOND PERSON (“You”)**

 1. Walking the reader through the story as if they are the main character.

 2. Often told in present tense

 3. Used in psychological perspectives

**THIRD PERSON (“He,” “She,” “It,” “They”)**

 1. Narrator telling the story is outside the action

 2. Narrator may have distinguishing traits yet no separate character identity

 **DRAMATIC:** as if using a video camera; recording only what is spoken or seen

 **OMNISCIENT:** sees everything; knows feelings/thoughts of all characters

 **LIMITED OMNISCIENT:** focus on actions/thoughts/feelings of one character

**EXAMPLES OF EACH STYLE**

**FIRST PERSON**

 I can’t believe I am really here! It seems like only yesterday that I received a publisher’s check for my first novel. And now, in the midst of this prestigious cloud of authors, I am winning the Fantasy Writer of the Year Award! Incredible!! I hope my dress looks alright. Maybe too much purple, but I don’t care. This is my night, and I can wear what I please.

 During the exhibition time this afternoon, I sold over 100 autographed copies of my latest novel, *The Untouchables*. I was so excited to meet readers who truly enjoy my work. My hope in writing this latest story was to exemplify the need for physical affection through touch in a society and the results of its lacking. I seem to have *touched* a nerve with the literary world!

**SECOND PERSON**

 You are extremely excited. You remember receiving a publisher’s check when you wrote your first novel. You are now with a large group of authors at a Fantasy Writers Convention winning the Fantasy Writer of the Year Award! You wear a purple dress but are unconcerned as to its appropriateness for the evening.

 During the exhibition time in the afternoon, you sign over 100 copies of your latest novel, *The Untouchables*. You eagerly greet readers of your work. You hope to expose the lack of touch in today’s society. You feel you are in contact with the pulse of the literary world.

**THIRD PERSON**

 **DRAMATIC**

 It is the Fantasy Writers’ Convention. There is a large group of authors huddled together. The recipient of the Fantasy Writer of the Year Award is wearing a long purple dress, gathered around the waist, resembling a medieval peasant blouse. It keeps falling off her shoulders slightly.

 During the afternoon exhibition, the winner signed over 100 copies of her latest novel, *The Untouchables*.

 **OMNISCIENT**

 It is the Fantasy Writers’ Convention. Gerald McGovern, the speaker for the evening, felt nervous, so he was busy in the Men’s Room putting last minute touches to his appearance. Likewise, in the Ladies’ Room was this year’s recipient of the Fantasy Writer of the Year Award, Ann Lavell, contemplating a quick retreat to her hotel room. Her purple dress, though stylish, kept falling off her shoulders and drooping around her elbows. The red splotches on her neck, looking more like giant maroon amoebas, betrayed her forcibly comfortable smile.

 The afternoon exhibit was highly successful, especially for Miss Lavell. Eager fans cluttered around her table, anxious for her calligraphic signature. She sold over 100 copies of her latest novel, *The Untouchables*. Reviewers raved this work as “ a wake-up call to those over-eager, lawsuit-grabbing sexual harassment people who don’t know how to accept a compliment or give a simple hug.”

 **THIRD PERSON LIMITED OMNISCIENT**

 Ann Lavell rubbed her sweaty palms together as if under the dryer in a Ladies Room, anticipating the evening events of the Fantasy Writer’s Convention. The large crowd of authors, sipping wine in congenial conversations, seemed like a mere backdrop to her now. She had actually won the Fantasy Writer of the Year Award! She casually looked across the group of her contemporaries, wondering if her attire was appropriate. Her new purple dress, medieval in style, stood out amongst the guests. She was silently wishing though she had worn something with a high neck to cover the splotchy red spots racing around her neck and throat areas.

 But in the midst of her nervousness, she had to smile. She’d sold over 100 copies of her latest novel, *The Untouchables,* during the afternoon exhibition. She graciously signed autographs, using her purple calligraphy pen, to add a certain flair to the auspicious occasion. Reviewers had been more than kind to her, seeing the truths of her fantastic society and the warning concerning limitations of physical affection.