

POINT OF VIEW: DEFINITIONS



First Person:

- The narrator is one of the characters in the story
- First person pronouns, such as **I, me, my, and mine** are used in telling
- Since the narrator is a character in the story, he/she may not be completely reliable
- We find out only what this character knows, thinks, and sees

As the winter of 1943 began, Goeth's wrath intensified. I had been ordered to shovel snow with a group of men. With no winter clothes, I was so frozen, I could hardly hold the shovel. Suddenly Hauptsturmführer Goeth showed up and on a whim demanded that the guards lash each of us twenty-five times with their savage leather whips. None of us could figure out the provocation, but that did not matter. As commandant, Goeth could do whatever he wanted, with or without a reason. He seemed to thrive on inflicting agony on the helpless. He watched the spectacle for a while, then decided that the whippings were going too slow, so he had guards set up long tables and lined us up in rows, four across. With three men twice my age and stature, I went up to receive my punishment. The whips had little ball bearings at the

end, intensifying the pain and damage. We were ordered to count the lashes as we were whipped. If we were overcome by the pain and missed a number, the guards started over at number one.

I leaned over the table and awaited the first lash. When it came, it felt like someone was cutting me open with a knife. "One," I cried out as the whip cracked. My instinctive reaction was to cover my backside before the next stroke could hit, so the second crack of the whip fell across my hands. "Two," I managed to get out. "Three. Four." Although I was numb from the cold, the pain seared through me each time, like being branded by a poker.

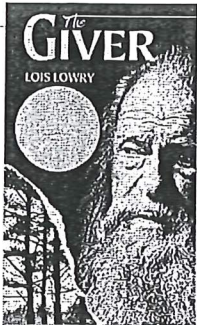
"Twelve, thirteen, fourteen." Would this torture never end? I knew I had to hold on and not falter or it would start all over again. I knew I couldn't survive another round. After twenty-five blows I staggered away, delirious with pain. Somehow I managed to stumble back with the others to our work detail. My legs and buttocks throbbed. They were black and blue for months and sitting was torture.

Third Person Objective:



- The narrator is not a character in the story
- Third person pronouns such as **he, his, she, it, its, they, and them** are used in the story
- The narrator is an observer who can only tell what is said and done
- The narrator cannot see into the minds of any of the characters
- We can only find out what the characters say and do

Third Person Limited:



- The narrator is not a character in the story
- Third person pronouns such as **he, his, she, it, its, they, and them** are used in the story
- The narrator tells the story from the vantage point of one character
- The narrator can see into this character's mind, but not any of the others
- We find out only what this character does, knows, thinks, and sees

Jonas went home the next morning, cheerfully greeted his parents, and lied easily about what a busy, pleasant night he had had.

His father smiled and lied easily, too, about his busy and pleasant day the day before.

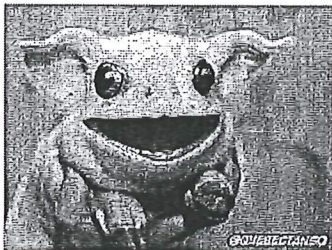
Throughout the school day, as he did his lessons,

Jonas went over the plan in his head. It seemed startlingly simple. Jonas and The Giver had gone over it and over it, late into the night hours.

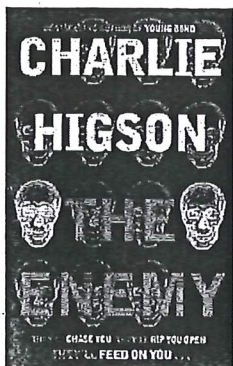
For the next two weeks, as the time for the December Ceremony approached, The Giver would transfer every memory of courage and strength that he could to Jonas. He would need those to help him find the Elsewhere that they were both sure existed. They knew it would be a very difficult journey.

Then, in the middle of the night before the Ceremony, Jonas would secretly leave his dwelling. This was probably the most dangerous part, because it was a violation of a major rule for any citizen not on official business to leave a dwelling at night.

Third Person Omniscient:



- The narrator is not a character in the story
- Third person pronouns such as **he, his, she, it, its, they, and them** are used in the story
- The narrator is all-knowing and can see into the minds of the all the characters.
- The narrator can also report what is said and done
- We find out what all of the characters, do, feel, think, and see



Callum watched them from the crow's nest with his binoculars. They'd begun to arrive that morning in ones and twos, drifting in from the direction of Camden. They stood about aimlessly at first, now and then coming over to the shop and inspecting it. After a while they grew braver. They battered uselessly against the barricades or the windows, before wandering off and squabbling with each other.

Idiots.

Small Sam was cycling like a demon. There were grown-ups everywhere. The roads were crawling with them. Where had they all come from? There was something going on. Every time he tried to get back toward Camden he'd come up against a group of them and had to turn around and cycle furiously the other way. He had gone in such a round-about route and taken so many side roads and turnings that he wasn't exactly sure where he was now. He was coming down a main road of grimy low buildings that looked like it hadn't been much even before the disaster. And then he saw something he recognized. Pizza Express. This must be Kentish Town, then. He remembered his mom and dad talking about which Pizza Express to go to. "Let's go to the one in Kentish Town." It was big and had a very high ceiling. There used to be a strange wire statue of a man standing in one corner. He'd found it a bit scary when he was younger.