

Point of View Writing

The Lost Frisbee (Omniscient Point of View)

By Connor G.

Once upon a time, Jim, Jeff and Joe were playing with a frisbee. Joe threw the frisbee, and it got stuck in a tree. They all wondered how they would get it down. Jeff said that a ladder would work. So they rushed off to Jeff's house to get a ladder. While they were gone, a bully named Bob came and threw a nut at the frisbee. The frisbee fell out of the tree and into Bob's hands. Meanwhile, at Jeff's house, Joe helped himself to a cookie before he left (because he thought it would come in handy).

When Jim, Jeff and Joe got back to the place where they were playing, they looked in the tree with shock. The frisbee was gone. They told each other what they thought had happened. Jim thought that the wind had blown it out of the tree. Jeff thought that someone had stolen it. Joe thought that a happy, fluffy, unicorn dancing on a rainbow had come, took the frisbee, and flew back with it to his palace. Jim and Jeff said that was crazy and that unicorns don't exist. So they looked on the ground for clues.

Jim found a driver's license on the ground. (Jim was 11, Jeff was 10 and Joe was 8.) It read BOB JONES in big letters on the top. Jim and Jeff know where Bob lived. They went to his house and pounded on the door. No answer. Bob had his video game volume cranked up way too high and couldn't hear anything. Then they saw an open window. Joe had a plan.

Joe's plan was to stand on Jeff's shoulders and throw his cookie through the window. It happened just like that. The cookie jammed the off button on the X-box, and it shut off. Jim pounded on the door. Bob

answered. They traded the frisbee for Bob's license. Bob's mom gave him a punishment. No video games for a week.

THE END

Point of View Writing

The Lost Frisbee (First Person Point of View)

By Connor G.

One day, Jim, Jeff and I were playing with a frisbee. I threw the frisbee, and it got stuck in a tree. We all wondered how we would get it down. Jeff said that a ladder would work. So we rushed off to Jeff's house to get a ladder. After we got the ladder, I helped myself to a cookie before I left (because I thought it would come in handy).

When Jim, Jeff and I got back to the place where we were playing, we looked in the tree with shock. The frisbee was gone. We told each other what we thought had happened. Jim thought that the wind had blown it out of the tree. Jeff thought that someone had stolen it. I thought that a happy, fluffy, unicorn dancing on a rainbow had come, took the frisbee, and flew back with it to his palace. Jim and Jeff said that I was crazy and that unicorns don't exist. So we looked on the ground for clues.

Jim found a driver's license on the ground. (Jim was 11, Jeff was 10 and I was 8.) It read BOB JONES in big letters on the top. Jim and Jeff knew where Bob lived. We went to his house and pounded on the door. No answer. Bob had his video game volume cranked up way too high and couldn't hear anything. Then we saw an open window. I had a plan.

My plan was to stand on Jeff's shoulders and throw my cookie through the window. It happened just like that. The cookie jammed the off button on the X-box, and it shut off. Jim pounded on the door. Bob answered. We traded the frisbee for Bob's license. We got the frisbee back! Then, Bob's mom gave him a punishment. No video games for a week.

THE END