

You step off the train onto the unfamiliar platform. You walk out to the busy street. You have never been in this city before. It feels confusing; the cars, buses, and street signs all look strange and different. You reach into your backpack for a map. You need to figure out where you are and find your friends.

POINT OF VIEW: _____

It was morning, early, barely light, and cold for November. I was nine and the war was over. At home, in the bed next to mine, my older sister still slept, adolescent, her blond hair streaming over the edge of the sheet. I sat shyly in the front seat of the car next to the stranger who was my father

—Lois Lowry, “Crow Call”

POINT OF VIEW: _____

Meanwhile, the class stood quietly in place with lunchtime spaghetti on their breath. They were ready. Belinda had swallowed her gum because she knew this was for real. . . . Robert retied his beard. Belinda, smoothing her skirt, looked at him and said, “If you know what’s good for you, you’d better do it right.” Robert grew nervous when the curtain parted and his classmates who were assigned to do snow, wind and hail broke into song.

—Gary Soto, “The School Play”

POINT OF VIEW: _____