



For each version, identify the
POINT OF VIEW
(WHO IS TELLING THE STORY)

& **PERSPECTIVE**
(HOW THE AUTHOR FEELS)

Beach | Text 1

Not a breeze cooled me nor a cloud protected me as I stepped onto the beach. The sun was scorching just as it had been for weeks. The heat sapped my strength.

I set up my lounge chair and got out my towel and snacks just as a family with four kids crammed in right next to me. The kids ran around in the sand, flicking grains of dry, hot sand onto my chair and towel. Grrrr...

I had planned this day for weeks! It was my only day off! A groan escaped me as I scrunched down in my chair, wondering if I should leave...

**POINT
OF VIEW**

PERSPECTIVE

Beach | Text 2

Not a breeze blew to cool the beach dwellers that day. The cloudless sky offered no protection either. In fact, the sun was scorching as it had been for weeks. The heat sapped the strength of the sunbathers.

As Cheryl set up her lounge chair and arranged her towel and snacks, a family with four active children settled down next to her.

The exuberant children ran around in the sand, flipping dry, hot sand all over Cheryl's chair and towel. *Why did they have to sit there?!* She growled as she considered all the planning that had gone into this trip to the beach. She had requested this day off weeks before and wouldn't have a chance for another day off until who knows when.

Ugh! Scrunching down in her chair, she wondered if she should just leave...

**POINT
OF VIEW**

PERSPECTIVE

Beach | Text 3

A cloudless blue sky greeted me as I arrived at the beach. The sun warmed my skin as I turned my face up to smile and sigh. I set up my lounge chair and got out my towel and snacks. I was ready for a day at the beach. The waves lapped quietly at the shore as if saying hello. A family with four children settled in near me. The kids ran laughing and giggling through the sand, creating golden trails behind them. *Ahh...* Just what I needed—a day at the beach.

**POINT
OF VIEW**

PERSPECTIVE

Beach | Text 4

A cloudless blue sky greeted Cheryl as she arrived at the beach. The sun warmed her skin as she turned her face up to smile and sigh.

She set up her lounge chair and got her towel and snacks out. She was ready for a day at the beach.

Waves lapped quietly at the shore as if saying hello.

A family with four children settled in nearby. The kids ran laughing and giggling through the sand, creating golden trails behind them.

Cheryl sighed again. *Ahh*, this is just what I needed—a day at the beach.

**POINT
OF VIEW**

PERSPECTIVE

Beach | Text 5

According to the weatherman, it was supposed to be a “perfect day.” But when I arrived at the beach, dark clouds covered the sky.

Despite the damp and chilly air, I moved onto the beach to set up my lounge chair and lay out my towel. A raindrop or two found my head— I hesitated. Maybe I won’t spend the day at the beach. The waves smacked the shoreline, creating a border of oily foam.

Four youngsters hovered around the water’s edge. They were pushing at the dark, wet sand with sticks. Eww! Tiny dead fish littered the beach. I no longer pondered if I would stay.

**POINT
OF VIEW**

PERSPECTIVE

Beach | Text 6

According to the local weather, the day was supposed to be “perfect.” But when Cheryl arrived at the beach, dark clouds covered the sky.

Despite the damp and chilly air, she moved onto the beach to set up her lounge chair and lay out her towel. She felt a couple of raindrops on her head and hesitated. She reconsidered spending the day at the beach.

The waves smacked the shoreline, creating a border of oily foam. Four youngsters hovered around the water’s edge. They were pushing at the dark, wet sand with sticks.

“Eww!” Cheryl looked around and realized that the beach was littered with tiny dead fish. She no longer needed to ponder if she would stay. “That does it. I’m out of here,” she said aloud— although no one was listening.

**POINT
OF VIEW**

PERSPECTIVE