A top-down view of a dark wooden desk cluttered with various colorful stationery items. In the center is an open notebook with a cream-colored page. To the left, several paper clips in blue, pink, yellow, and green are scattered. Above the notebook, a blue clip labeled 'CAN WAIT' and a pink clip labeled 'URGENT' are visible. To the right, a ball of multi-colored rubber bands sits next to a pink clip labeled 'URGENT'. Below the notebook, a smartphone in a purple case and a brown paper bag are partially visible. The overall scene suggests a creative or organizational workspace.

Creative Writing

**MINI LESSON:
PERSPECTIVES**

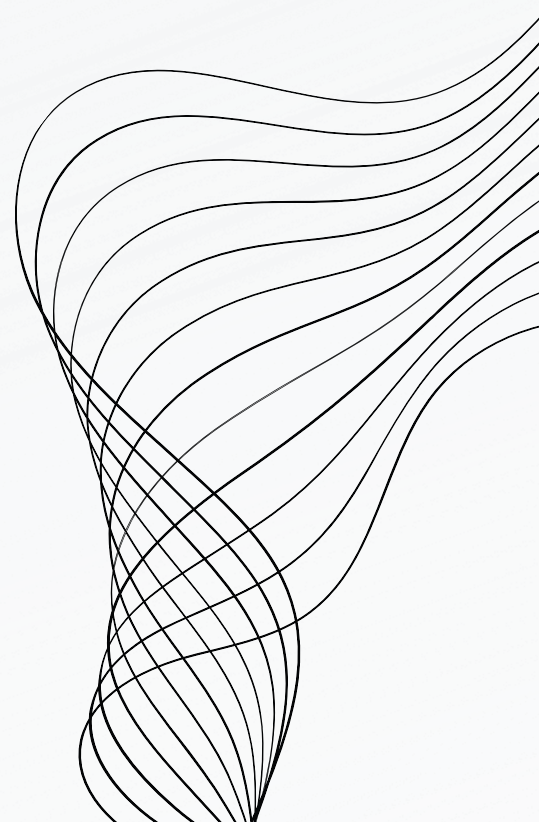
| Perspective | Definition | Strengths | Weaknesses | Example Sentence |
|-------------------------|--|--|--|---|
| First Person | The narrator is a character in the story, using "I" or "we." | Creates intimacy with the narrator; the reader sees and feels everything through their eyes. | Limited to the narrator's knowledge and perspective; may lack insight into other characters. | I couldn't believe what I was seeing—it was as if the world had turned upside down overnight. |
| Second Person | The narrator speaks directly to the reader, using "you." | Engages the reader by making them feel part of the story. | Can feel unusual or forced in longer narratives; limits storytelling scope. | You step into the room and immediately feel the chill creeping up your spine. |
| Third Person Limited | The narrator is outside the story but focuses on the thoughts and feelings of one character. | Balances intimacy with some narrative distance; allows insight into one character. | Limits the story to one character's perspective at a time; other characters remain external. | She hesitated at the door, unsure if stepping inside would change her life forever. |
| Third Person Omniscient | The narrator knows all characters' thoughts and actions. | Provides a broad view of the story; offers insight into multiple characters and events. | Can feel detached if overused; risks overwhelming the reader with too much information. | He hesitated at the door, while in the other room, Sarah was already making plans for their escape. |
| Third Person Objective | The narrator reports only what is observable, with no access to characters' thoughts. | Maintains neutrality; lets readers interpret events on their own. | Lacks emotional depth; readers may struggle to connect with characters. | He walked into the room and glanced around, his expression unreadable as he moved toward the table. |



PRACTICE

First Person

I grabbed my backpack, stuffed it with snacks, my flashlight, and the old map Grandpa gave me. Today, I was finally going to explore the woods behind our house—the place Mom always said was off-limits. The trees felt alive, towering over me like giants, their branches waving in the wind as if they knew I was coming. My heart pounded as I spotted an old trail, half-covered in leaves and moss, just like the one in Grandpa's stories. I followed it, stepping carefully over fallen logs and around mysterious, twisted roots. Just as I rounded a bend, I saw it: an ancient stone with strange markings, half-buried in the earth. I knelt down, brushing away the dirt, feeling like I'd discovered a hidden world all my own.

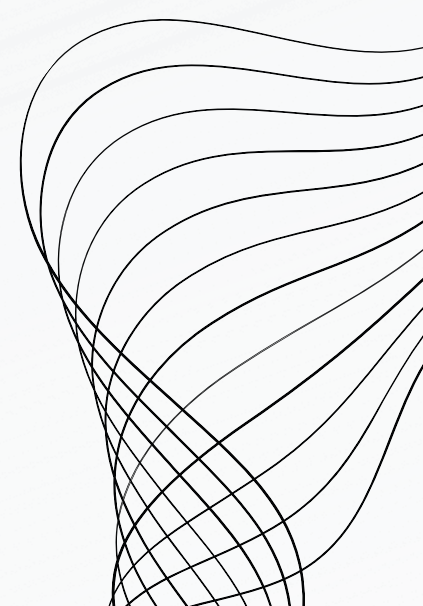




PRACTICE

Third Person Omniscient

He grabbed his backpack, stuffing it with snacks, a flashlight, and the old map his grandfather had given him. Today was the day he would finally explore the woods behind his house—the forbidden place his mother always warned him about. As he stepped into the trees, he felt their towering presence, like giants standing watch, their branches swaying in the wind as if they knew he was coming. His heart raced as he spotted a faded trail, barely visible beneath layers of leaves and moss, just like the one in Grandpa’s stories. He followed it, stepping carefully over fallen logs and twisted roots that seemed to reach out, challenging him to continue. Then, around a bend, he saw it: an ancient stone with strange markings, half-buried in the earth. Kneeling down, he brushed away the dirt, feeling the thrill of discovery. This was a hidden world, waiting just for him.

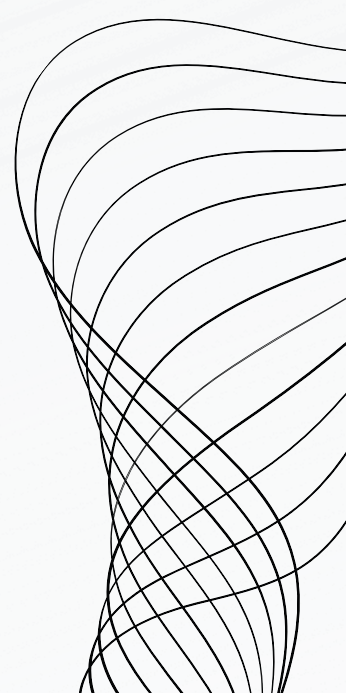




PRACTICE

Third Person Journalist

A local boy set out on an adventure today, determined to explore the woods behind his family's home, an area often deemed off-limits by his parents. Equipped with a small backpack filled with essentials—a flashlight, snacks, and a worn map handed down from his grandfather—the boy slipped into the trees shortly after breakfast. Neighbors reported seeing him disappear into the forest, following a faint trail hidden under layers of leaves and roots. According to sources close to the family, the boy was particularly captivated by stories his grandfather told about the woods. Witnesses say that, after rounding a curve in the path, he stumbled upon an ancient stone with unusual markings, an unexpected find in an otherwise ordinary neighborhood. Brushing dirt from its surface, the boy was said to be deeply engrossed, perhaps already dreaming of the secrets it held.





PRACTICE

Second Person

You step into the woods, heart pounding with excitement, barely noticing the sun filtering through the leaves overhead. The world behind you fades away as you tread deeper along a path that twists and turns, dappled with shadows. In your backpack, you've packed the essentials: a flashlight, some snacks, and the old map your grandfather gave you, edges worn from years of his own adventures. Each sound—crunching leaves, distant bird calls—feels like part of a mystery waiting for you to solve. And then, just as you round a bend, you spot it: a weathered stone half-buried in the earth, marked with strange symbols. Crouching down, you brush the dirt away, wondering what secrets lie hidden here, waiting just for you to uncover.

