

Directions

1. Select whether each excerpt is Fiction or Non-fiction
2. Select the appropriate Point of View that describes the angle of the passage

World's Oldest Wild Bird Hatches

Chick at 70

NFK EDITORS - MARCH 9, 2021

1



The world's oldest known wild bird is a 70-year-old albatross named Wisdom, who is still surprising scientists. Since last fall, she and her mate have been sitting on an egg. Last month, their chick hatched.

What is the Point of View of the author?

- 2 While Bob was planning a special night out with Melissa, she was quietly making plans to break up with him. All their friends would be shocked to discover her plans.

Who is telling this story? (Narrator or speaker?) How do you know?

- 3 I always admired Jim, and fully expected him to accomplish great things. I look forward to telling you about some of his best skills - especially about his superpowers!

Who is telling this story? (Narrator or speaker?) How do you know?

4



Stunning Yellow King Penguin Photographed On South Georgia Island

King penguins, the second-largest penguin species, typically sport a distinct black-and-white coat with a yellowish-gold dash of color on their collar. However, one young penguin in the South Atlantic appears to have missed the memo on the dress code. It decided to forgo the black feathers and retain just the bright yellow plumage.

[Read news article](#)

What is the Point of View of the author?

5

Food Waste Is a Huge, Worldwide Problem

NPR EDITORS - MARCH 8, 2021



Last week, the United Nations released the most complete report ever created on the global problem of food waste. It found that the world wastes about 17% of all the food produced. That's about a billion tons of food a year.

What is the Point of View of the author?

6

Amy was looking forward to girls' night out, but the others in her group of friends were secretly hoping that the monthly outing would get cancelled.

Who is telling this story? (Narrator or speaker?) How do you know?

7

The dew on the grass made my running shoes damp. It didn't bother me. The sound of my feet hitting the street formed a rhythm, a steady pattern of light thumps. I timed my breathing with the rhythm.

Who is telling this story? (Narrator or speaker?) How do you know?