

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Per \_\_\_\_\_

**Point of View #1: First Person Singular, "I"**

*... I shared the weight of memory. I took up what others could no longer bear. Often, I carried others, the wounded or the weak. I carried infections. I carried chess sets, basketballs, Vietnamese-English dictionaries, insignia of rank, Bronze Stars and Purple Hearts, plastic cards imprinted with the Code of Conduct. I carried diseases, among them malaria and dysentery. I carried lice and ringworm and leeches and paddy algae and various rots and molds. I carried the land itself — Vietnam, the place, the soil — a powdery orange-red dust that covered my boots and fatigues and face. I carried the sky. The whole atmosphere, I carried it, the humidity, the monsoons, the stink of fungus and decay, all of it, I carried gravity. I moved like a mule. By daylight I took sniper fire, and at night I was mortared, but it was not battle, it was just the endless march, village to village, without purpose, nothing won or lost. I marched for the sake of the march. I plodded along slowly, dumbly, leaning forward against the heat, unthinking, all the blood and bone, simple grunts, soldiering with my legs, toiling up the hills and down into the paddies and across the rivers and up again and down, just humping, one step and then the next and then another, but no volition, no will, because it was automatic, it was anatomy, and the war was entirely a matter of posture and carriage, the hump was everything, a kind of inertia, a kind of emptiness, a dullness of desire and intellect and conscience and hope and human sensibility. My principles were in my feet. My calculations were biological. I had no sense of strategy or mission. I searched the villages without knowing what to look for, not caring, kicking over jars of rice, frisking children and old men, blowing tunnels, sometimes setting fires and sometimes not, then forming up and moving on to the next village, then other villages, where it would always be the same. I carried my own life. The pressures were enormous.*

**Point of View #2: Second Person, "You"**

*... You shared the weight of memory. You took up what others could no longer bear. Often, you carried each other, the wounded or the weak. You carried infections. You carried chess sets, basketballs, Vietnamese-English dictionaries, insignia of rank, Bronze Stars and Purple Hearts, plastic cards imprinted with the Code of Conduct. You carried diseases, among them malaria and dysentery. You carried lice and ringworm and leeches and paddy algae and various rots and molds. You carried the land itself — Vietnam, the place, the soil — a powdery orange-red dust that covered your boots and fatigues and face. You carried the sky. The whole atmosphere, you carried it, the humidity, the monsoons, the stink of fungus and decay, all of it, you carried gravity. You moved like a mule. By daylight you took sniper fire, and at night you were mortared, but it was not battle, it was just the endless march, village to village, without purpose, nothing won or lost. You marched for the sake of the march. You plodded along slowly, dumbly, leaning forward against the heat, unthinking, all the blood and bone, simple grunts, soldiering with your legs, toiling up the hills and down into the paddies and across the rivers and up again and down, just humping, one step and then the next and then another, but no volition, no will, because it was automatic, it was anatomy, and the war was entirely a matter of posture and carriage, the hump was everything, a kind of inertia, a kind of emptiness, a dullness of desire and intellect and conscience and hope and human sensibility. Your principles were in your feet. Your calculations were biological. You had no sense of strategy or mission. You searched the villages without knowing what to look for, not caring, kicking over jars of rice, frisking children and old men, blowing tunnels, sometimes setting fires and sometimes not, then forming up and moving on to the next village, then other villages, where it would always be the same. You carried your own life. The pressures were enormous.*

Answer the following questions based on the two passages you were assigned:

1. What's the difference between the two points of view? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. What is the advantage of using the first point of view? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. What is the advantage of using the second point of view? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

4. What inferences can you make about the narrator of the first passage? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

5. What inferences can you make about the narrator of the second passage? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

6. Because this passage can be written from any point of view, why does the narrator choose to use "they" throughout? What is the advantage of "they" over "I" or "you" or "we"? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Per \_\_\_\_\_

**Point of View #3: Third Person Singular, "He"**

*... He shared the weight of memory. He took up what others could no longer bear. Often, he carried others, the wounded or the weak. He carried infections. He carried chess sets, basketballs, Vietnamese-English dictionaries, insignia of rank, Bronze Stars and Purple Hearts, plastic cards imprinted with the Code of Conduct. He carried diseases, among them malaria and dysentery. He carried lice and ringworm and leeches and paddy algae and various rots and molds. He carried the land itself — Vietnam, the place, the soil — a powdery orange-red dust that covered his boots and fatigues and face. He carried the sky. The whole atmosphere, he carried it, the humidity, the monsoons, the stink of fungus and decay, all of it, he carried gravity. He moved like a mule. By daylight he took sniper fire, and at night he was mortared, but it was not battle, it was just the endless march, village to village, without purpose, nothing won or lost. He marched for the sake of the march. He plodded along slowly, dumbly, leaning forward against the heat, unthinking, all the blood and bone, simple grunts, soldiering with his legs, toiling up the hills and down into the paddies and across the rivers and up again and down, just humping, one step and then the next and then another, but no volition, no will, because it was automatic, it was anatomy, and the war was entirely a matter of posture and carriage, the hump was everything, a kind of inertia, a kind of emptiness, a dullness of desire and intellect and conscience and hope and human sensibility. His principles were in his feet. His calculations were biological. He had no sense of strategy or mission. He searched the villages without knowing what to look for, not caring, kicking over jars of rice, frisking children and old men, blowing tunnels, sometimes setting fires and sometimes not, then forming up and moving on to the next village, then other villages, where it would always be the same. He carried his own life. The pressures were enormous.*

**Point of View #4: First Person Plural, "We"**

*... We shared the weight of memory. We took up what others could no longer bear. Often, we carried each other, the wounded or the weak. We carried infections. We carried chess sets, basketballs, Vietnamese-English dictionaries, insignia of rank, Bronze Stars and Purple Hearts, plastic cards imprinted with the Code of Conduct. We carried diseases, among them malaria and dysentery. We carried lice and ringworm and leeches and paddy algae and various rots and molds. We carried the land itself — Vietnam, the place, the soil — a powdery orange-red dust that covered our boots and fatigues and face. We carried the sky. The whole atmosphere, we carried it, the humidity, the monsoons, the stink of fungus and decay, all of it, we carried gravity. We moved like mules. By daylight we took sniper fire, and at night we were mortared, but it was not battle, it was just the endless march, village to village, without purpose, nothing won or lost. We marched for the sake of the march. We plodded along slowly, dumbly, leaning forward against the heat, unthinking, all the blood and bone, simple grunts, soldiering with our legs, toiling up the hills and down into the paddies and across the rivers and up again and down, just humping, one step and then the next and then another, but no volition, no will, because it was automatic, it was anatomy, and the war was entirely a matter of posture and carriage, the hump was everything, a kind of inertia, a kind of emptiness, a dullness of desire and intellect and conscience and hope and human sensibility. Our principles were in our feet. Our calculations were biological. We had no sense of strategy or mission. We searched the villages without knowing what to look for, not caring, kicking over jars of rice, frisking children and old men, blowing tunnels, sometimes setting fires and sometimes not, then forming up and moving on to the next village, then other villages, where it would always be the same. We carried our own lives. The pressures were enormous.*

Answer the following questions based on the two passages you were assigned:

1. What's the difference between the two points of view? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. What is the advantage of using the first point of view? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. What is the advantage of using the second point of view? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

4. What inferences can you make about the narrator of the first passage? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

5. What inferences can you make about the narrator of the second passage? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

6. Because this passage can be written from any point of view, why does the narrator choose to use "they" throughout? What is the advantage of "they" over "I" or "you" or "we"? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_