**FIRST PERSON POINT OF VIEW**

**This point of view is accomplished through the main character’s narration of events that occur to him or her, past or present. First person point of view is usually easily identified because of the author's use of the pronouns "I" and "my".**

**Examples:**

TRUE AT FIRST LIGHT by Ernest Hemingway

On this morning I wished that my great friend and teacher Philip Percival did not have to communicate in that odd shorthand of understatement which was our legal tongue. I wished that there were things that I could ask him that it was impossible to ask. I wished more than anything that I could be instructed fully and competently as the British instruct their airmen. But I knew that the customary law which prevailed between Philip Percival and myself was as rigid as the customary law of the Kamba. My ignorance, it had been decided long ago, was to be lessened only through learning by myself. But I knew that from now on I had no one to correct my mistakes and, with all the happiness one has in assuming command, it made the morning a very lonely one.

CATCHER IN THE RYE by J.D. Sallinger

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born and what my childhood was like, and how my lousy parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth.

*The following excerpt is an example of first person detached. This point of view is more reflective because the author is thinking back on an experience that happened several years earlier and he can now apply a more thoughtful, objective or mature interpretation to the events.*

MOBY DICK by Herman Melville

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago - never mind how long precisely - having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off - then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.