

## POV Changing Narrative

Prompt: Choose to work either with Dahl's "The Landlady" or with Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart." Using your chosen text, rewrite a part of the story by changing its point of view. You must keep all plot details the same, and you must keep the protagonist the same, but you will likely need to add or remove some information in the text based on the point of view you choose. For each story, an excerpted section has been provided to help you focus on what paragraphs to rewrite.

After rewriting a portion of the story in a different point of view, write an argumentative paragraph that states whether the new point of view makes the story better or worse, being sure to explain why it is better or worse by using textual evidence (referring to both the original and the rewritten texts).

### Narrative POV Rewrite Rubric

Plot and Story Details

DTL \_\_\_\_\_

- The new narrative maintains all the same key plot and story details (5 pts)
- The new narrative eliminated a few key plot and story details(4 pts)
- The new narrative eliminated several key plot and story details (3 pts)

Point of View

P.O.V. \_\_\_\_\_

- The new narrative accurately and effectively adds and/or removes the necessary details to make the story effective in its new point of view (10 pts)
- The new narrative somewhat adds and/or removes the necessary details somewhat accurately and effectively to make the story effective in its new point of view (8 pts)
- The new narrative inaccurately and/or ineffectively adds and/or removes the necessary details to make the story effective in its new point of view (6 pts)

### Argumentative Paragraph Rubric

Topic sentence

T.S. \_\_\_\_\_

- Effective (3 pts)
- Minor issues/concerns (2 pts)
- Ineffective focus/inc or hyperspecific (1 pt)

Support

SPT \_\_\_\_\_

- Thorough; good use of quotes; well explained (10 pts)
- Ample; adequate explanation (8 pts)
- Some gaps in support/explanation; unclear relationship b/w support and t.s. (7 pts)
- Underdeveloped/incomplete; not enough or inadequate quotes; no explanation (6 pts)
- Off topic (5 pts)

Restatement of Topic Sentence

T.S.R. \_\_\_\_\_

- Effective (3 pts)
- Minor issues/concerns (2 pts)
- Ineffective focus/inc or hyperspecific (1 pt)

Formality

FRM \_\_\_\_\_

- No first person used (3 pts)
- For each two instances, 1 point deduction, up to 2 pt deduction total

Total \_\_\_\_\_/34

(from) The Landlady  
Roald Dahl

He stood by the piano, watching her as she fussed about with the cups and saucers. He noticed that she had small, white, quickly moving hands, and red finger-nails.

"I'm almost positive it was in the newspapers I saw them," Billy said. "I'll think of it in a second. I'm sure I will."

There is nothing more tantalising than a 360 thing like this which lingers just outside the borders of one's memory. He hated to give up.

"Now wait a minute," he said. "Wait just a minute. Mulholland ... Christopher Mulholland ... wasn't that the name of the Eton schoolboy who was on a walking-tour through the West Country, and then all of a sudden ..."

"Milk?" she said. "And sugar?"

"Yes, please. And then all of a sudden ..."

"Eton schoolboy?" she said. "Oh no, my dear, that can't possibly be right because my Mr. Mulholland was certainly not an Eton schoolboy when he came to me. He was a Cambridge undergraduate. Come over here now and sit next to me and warm yourself in front of this lovely fire. Come on. Your tea's all ready for you." She patted the empty place beside her on the sofa, and she sat there smiling at Billy and waiting for him to come over. He crossed the room slowly, and sat down on the edge of the sofa. She placed his teacup on the table in front of him.

"There we are," she said. "How nice and cozy this is, isn't it?"

Billy started sipping his tea. She did the same. For half a minute or so, neither of them spoke. But Billy knew that she was looking at him.

(from) The Tell-Tale Heart  
Edgar Allan Poe

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: --it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness --until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears. No doubt I now grew very pale; --but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased --and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound --much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath --and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly --more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men --but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed --I raved --I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder --louder --louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! --no, no! They heard! --they suspected! --they knew! --they were making a mockery of my horror! --this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and now --again! --hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! --tear up the planks! here, here! --It is the beating of his hideous heart!"