

Name \_\_\_\_\_

1st 2nd 4th 5th 6th 7th

Voices in the Park Narrative

English with Mr. Thompson

## THE PROMPT:

### Writing Situation:

Have you ever listened to different people describe the same event? The book *Voices in the Park* by Anthony Browne is a perfect example of how multiple points-of-view are used to describe a visit to the park. Each character describes the event uniquely which shows the personalities of the characters and the relationships between the characters.

### Writing Directions:

Using *Voices in the Park* by Anthony Browne as a mentor text, write a narrative from the perspectives of four different characters who describe a visit to the same place.

## EXPECTATIONS:

- **Characters:**
  - Must include FOUR (4) main characters.
  - Each character should have one conflict.
  - Two (2) secondary characters may also be included.
- **Setting:**
  - CANNOT be a park.
  - The characters must eventually be located in your setting at the same time.
- **Length:**
  - Write at least thirty-two (32) sentences.
  - You may write more than thirty-two (32) sentences.
  - Mathematically, each character could have eight (8) sentences.
  - A character should have at least six (6) sentences.
- **Point-of-View:**
  - Narrative should be written from the point-of-view of each character.  
This is called first person point-of-view and uses personal pronouns like...
    - Singular: *I, me, my, mine, myself...* Plural: *We, us, our, ourselves*
- **Quotations:**
  - Three (3) characters should have a direct quotation and/or dialogue.
  - Direct quotation: The exact words that one character speaks
  - Dialogue: The exact words that two characters speak to each other in conversation
- **Organization:**
  - Include headings to divide voices.
  - Use loose-leaf paper.
  - Number every fifth (5th) line.

## Charles's Mother

### First Voice

It was time to take Victoria, our pedigree Labrador, and Charles, our son, for a walk.

When we arrived at the park, I let Victoria off her leash. Immediately, some scruffy mongrel appeared and started bothering her. I shooed it off, but the horrible thing chased her all over the park.

I ordered it to go away, but it took no notice of me whatsoever. "Sit," I said to Charles. "Here."

I was just planning what we should have to eat that evening when I saw Charles had disappeared. Oh dear! Where had he gone? You get some frightful types in the park these days. I called his name for what seemed like ages.

Then I saw him talking to a very rough-looking child. "Charles, come here. At once!" I said. "And come here, please, Victoria." We walked home in silence.

## Smudge's Father

### Second Voice

I needed to get out of the house, so me and Smudge took the dog to the park.

He loves it there. I wish I had half the energy he's got.

I settled on a bench and looked through the paper for a job. I know it's a waste of time but you've got to have some hope, haven't you?

Then it was time to go. Smudge cheered me up. She chattered happily to me all the way home.

## Charles

### Third Voice

I was at home on my own again. It's so boring. Then my mother said it was time for our walk.

There was a very friendly dog in the park, and Victoria was having a great time. I wish I was.

"Do you wanna go on the slide?" a voice asked. It was a girl, unfortunately, but I went anyway. She was great on the slide - she went really fast. I was amazed.

The two dogs raced around like old friends.

The girl took off her coat and swung on the climbing bars, so I did the same.

I'm good at climbing trees, so I showed her how to do it. She told me her name was Smudge - a funny name, I know, but she's nice. Then my mother caught us talking together, and I had to go home.

Maybe Smudge will be there next time?

## Smudge

### Fourth Voice

Dad had been really fed up, so I was happy when he said we could take Albert to the park.

Albert's always in such a hurry to be let off his leash. He went straight up to this nice dog and sniffed its backside (he always does that). Of course, the other dog didn't mind, but its owner was really angry, the silly twit.

I got to talking to this boy. I thought he was kind of a wimp at first, but he's okay. We played on the seesaw and he didn't say much, but later on he was more friendly.

We both burst out laughing when we saw Albert talking a swim. Then we all played on the bandstand, and I felt really, really happy.

Charlie picked a flower and gave it to me. Then his mom called him and he had to go. He looked sad.

When I got home I put the flower in some water, and made Dad a nice cup of cocoa.