

The 3rd seminar dealt with the 3rd person singular focused, also called *limited*, **POV (point of view)**. The narrator had to be a person. A crime of some kind had to be involved and the words: **Raspberry, static, bail, traffic, shortcut, standard, jumble** were to be included. Length: about 300 words. NB: Some of the given words were eventually deleted from students' work during editing.

Daddy

She was stuck in traffic, apparently there was a jumble with the taxi driver gone off road. Her mind was only on him. 'We are late,' she thought. The kid was with her, sleeping in the back of the car. She had to go pay the bail and little Jaime wanted to see the police station. She was so tired. Finally, they were there. The kiddo jumped off the car and ran into the house, he kept having trouble with some nightmares, he was seeing raspberry syrup. And then she saw it, the bloodshed. She couldn't take it in, she was blank, all she could hear was little Jaime shouting, 'Look mommy my dreams were true daddy had a bath in raspberry syrup!' She ran to Jaime, hugged him. She called her brother, Nick. When Nick entered the house she collapsed. Jaime asked his uncle, 'Is daddy dead?' His uncle hugged him and said, 'Don't worry little guy your mama and me are here.'

Suddenly she heard a click, she could tell it was from the kitchen door. She saw a shadow running out the door. She grabbed a knife and chased the faceless figure. He was running but she knew a shortcut! As she was chasing him in the woods, she saw a figure in the shadows, she thought, 'It's him.' She quickly turned around and stabbed the shadow. The owl died in seconds. She saw him running, this time it was really him. She finally grabbed him from his shirt and threw him down. His face was ... It was her husband. But how?? She was shocked. 'What the hell is going on here? You faked your own death?' He took her knife and yelled 'Better dead that living with YOU!!!' As he sank the knife into his throat she screamed 'I want ANSWERS !'

Angelos

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Nicolas and Alsest

As Nicolas was walking home, eating his favorite raspberries, he saw a woman fall down. He rushed to her. ‘Help me. I’m in labour...’ He called a taxi immediately, and with the driver’s help, he put her in. They rode to the hospital together.

‘Oh no. We’ve come to a red light and there’s a traffic jam.’ The taxi driver said.

‘I’m in pain, quickly.’ The woman said. ‘Find a shortcut’

After a while they arrived at the nearest hospital. The woman called her husband. ‘I’m in the hospital, in labour...come quickly please, and don’t tell Alsest ... he may be still at school.’

Nicolas couldn’t believe his ears. The woman was Alsest’s mum and she was expecting his brother. He called him.

‘Thank God, you’re at home. Please come to the hospital. I have been injured. Don’t say anything to my parents, they’ll punish me.’

‘OK, I’ll be there in a minute.’ Alsest answered, sounding concerned. Nicolas jumbled and crushed his raspberries and made a red mixture that he rolled his hands into. Finally, Alsest arrived.

‘It hurts so much .Help.’

‘Oh, it seems serious. A doctor, A DOCTOR’ he shouted. Nicolas realized it was time to tell Alsest the truth about the raspberries, the injury and ...

‘Alsest, you have a brother. A baby brother.’

‘You could have told me without the drama.’ Alsest said. ‘Let’s go get some fresh raspberries, my treat.’ They started laughing.

Michailidou Chrisa.

The 3rd seminar dealt with the 3rd person singular

Red Riding Hood and the Famous Director

Red Riding Hood was bored. She wasn't little anymore. She spent all her time surfing on the Internet, chatting on facebook and watching films on TV. Her life was dull. No passion, no action. She collected raspberries from the forest and sold them in the local market. That was her meager income.

One day she decided to make her dream true. Become a famous movie star. The next day she travelled to Hollywood.

At the airport, the security man asked her, 'Can I see your visa?'

'What's a visa?' said the Red Riding Hood.

'You must have a visa, otherwise you can't enter the country.' said the man.

Red started screaming 'Big bad wolf' and was arrested.

Steven Spielberg was at the airport and saw the incident. He decided to bail her out.

The next day Red was auditioning for the new Spielberg movie at 5 o'clock.

She hopped into a taxi but got stuck in a traffic jam.

Red was very nervous and asked the taxi driver to take a shortcut.

'Don't worry young lady in a few minutes we will be there.' said the taxi driver.

Red was in time to meet the famous director.

'How do I get to become a successful actress?' she asked.

'You've got to fit the part.' Spielberg said.

'What's the part?'

'Can you play the wolf?' the director asked.

The young lady was in a jumble of thoughts for a few minutes.

'I'll do it.' She said.

Helen

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Raspberry pie

She crept as slowly as she could towards the raspberry bush. The night was dark and rain was approaching fast. She picked up enough raspberries to fill her small basket and returned to her house. It was a humid July, quite typical of this region of England. It was around midnight when she started cooking her raspberry pie. She looked outside the window. She saw him again taking the shortcut to Mary's house. She felt bad for Mary. It wasn't Mary's fault for sure but it was not her fault either that this man was still alive.

She saw the lights going on and off in Mary's house. "They should be in bed by now" she thought and took her pie out of the oven. She walked downstairs to her shelter to find this small bottle. She searched among the jumble of perfume bottles. All this chaos reminded her of her son. He was so young, so handsome and so unlucky. She tried to stop thinking about him; otherwise her mission would remain incomplete one more night. She took the small precious bottle, the one which was so different from the others and returned upstairs. The time had come. Tomorrow she would offer her pie to Mary.

She went to bed. She felt unusually relaxed for the first time in the whole year. "Perhaps the scream therapy in the bathroom every morning was something useful in the end" she thought. That was the advice of her doctor after her son's death. She rethought the plan for the following day. She would knock on Mary's door in the afternoon, offer her pie and kiss her for the last time. Even if Mary tried a piece immediately, the poison would take effect ten hours later, plenty of time for him to have his own piece of pie. She smiled. "One more night my son", she whispered, "One more night with you underground and him out on bail."

Georgia

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Petty crimes

He practised scream therapy in the bathroom every morning. Doctor's orders. Well, that didn't irritate his neighbours anymore, they'd ceased to care. His routine was becoming rather mundane so he needed a way out. A "desperate" escape. That's how he came up with the idea. He was going to the usual grocery store his grandma's friend owned. No one would be there to stop him. No one would care. He came across a terrible traffic jam, so he decided to go on foot, by his favourite shortcut. Nobody would see him. He grabbed some raspberries from the closest shrub in the backyard of a house. "Tasty as ever," he thought. That was his standard snack. Who cared after all? He broke into the store. The old lady screamed once but he pulled the trigger twice. Not a sound. "Silencers were quite an invention," he thought. He started jumbling supplies and cash. Who would care? Back home, through his shortcut. He walked calmly in order not to attract attention. Everything was going fine when he heard a voice. "It's him! GET HIM". He was in his favourite alley, it couldn't be him the man was yelling about. He didn't stop. Three officers approached, the shouting man among them. "It's him, he's been stealing my raspberries for a year now! I demand his arrest!" "What the hell" he thought. "I'm sure it's him, I've seen him before" the man said. "He is not only a thief, he's a stalker too, he's been hanging around my wife's store!" He was held in the police station that day. Nobody came to bail him out. Nobody cared. The police followed the man's trails back to the bloodbath. He was put in a police van later that evening. The van entered the guarded gates of a huge compound surrounded by fences. He knew that place, though he had never been there thanks to his ability to avoid people. "Damn raspberries," he said.

Now he cared.

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