Start typing your essay here and refer to the instructions below.

***After you have finished your essay,   
please delete all the instructions below as well as the personal narrative examples.***

**Please DO the following**

* **Use Cambria @ 11 pt size (it’s already set up in the format above).**
* **Double click above in the header to put your student number; you may then double click on the body of the essay to return to type here**
* **Remember that you are writing personal narrative, which means you are allowed to use 1st person, yet still work to keep your vocabulary formal EXCEPT when using dialogue (when there might be a need to be more colloquial)**
* **Even though this is a personal narrative, there still should be a ‘Thesis’ or ‘Message’ we are meant to learn from it.**
* **You may refer to the Personal Narrative Process booklet during your writing.** 
  + **Introduction: The “Hook”, Set the Scene, Thesis Statement**
  + **Body Paragraphs: “Show Don’t Tell”, Supporting Evidence, Passage of Time, Transitions**
  + **Conclusion: The Moral of the Story**
  + **Additionally, consider incorporating dialogue as well into your piece.** 
    - **Remember that every time a new person speaks, it should be a new paragraph**
    - **If it is just two people speaking, you do not always need to indicate who is speaking if it is just an alternating process.**

*When Patrick was finished, we said this stupid mantra together—LIVING OUR BEST LIFE TODAY—and it was over. Augustus Waters pushed himself out of his chair and walked over to me. His gait was crooked like his smile. He towered over me, but he kept his distance so I wouldn’t have to crane my neck to look him in the eye. “What’s your name?” he asked.*

*“Hazel.”*

*“No, your full name.”*

*“Um, Hazel Grace Lancaster.” He was just about to say something else when Isaac walked up. “Hold on,” Augustus said, raising a finger, and turned to Isaac. “That was actually worse than you made it out to be.”*

*“I told you it was bleak.”*

* **Delete out these instructions AND the sample narratives when you have finished your composition.**

**You may NOT do the following:**

* **Use a translator or translation site**
* **Use any other websites or resources (other than those that you have created yourself, such as your own notes or own previously written work)**

**My First Talent Show**

Standing backstage, I could feel my heart thumping in my chest. “Just relax,” my friend Jenny whispered. “You’re ready for this.” I nodded. Jenny was right. I’d been practicing my song for the school talent show for six weeks. Still, picturing an audience packed with kids, parents and teachers made me want to run out the door.

“Too late for that,” I thought, as Mr. Peterson announced my song. Jenny gave me a nudge, and suddenly I was on the stage. Standing in the spotlight, I grasped the microphone and belted out the lyrics. I heard my voice pour through the speakers and fill the room. “It’s going well,” I thought to myself. “Don’t mess up.”

I looked out at the sea of faces. The auditorium was dark, but I could see hundreds of eyes staring back at me. The smell of candy bars and popcorn filled the room. “I hope Jenny is saving some for me,” I thought, as I started the chorus one last time.

As I finished the song, the audience began to clap. “Yeah, \_ Katie!” one kid yelled. “You rock!” screeched another. I took a bow and walked offstage with a smile plastered across my face. “How many days until next year’s talent show?” I asked Jenny.

**Promises Are Not Meant to Be Broken**

My heart leaped with excitement! My hero (a.k.a. my dad) was taking care of my older brothers and me. At the very least, this meant chocolate marshmallow ice-cream cones and maybe even the privilege of staying up past 8:00 P.M. Clean, polished, and properly p.j.’d, I plastered my charming five-year-old smile on my face and politely begged to watch *Wagon Train*, a show that ended at 9:00, with my brothers. To my great delight Dad caved in but made me promise to go to bed at 8:30.

Happily I crossed my heart and pledged to do as I was told. Little did I know that later I would face a decision that would fill me with doubt, cause me to disobey my dad, and lead me to suffer the unhappy consequences.

Along with *The Lone Ranger*, *Wagon Train* promised to become one of my favorite television shows. Filled with western frontier action, the trials and tribulations of America’s early pioneers kept me and my siblings on the edge of our seats. Right in the middle of a dramatic showdown, my oldest brother told me it was 8:30, time for me to go to bed. Although a small voice whispered, “Remember what you promised Dad,” a louder voice shouted, “Hide somewhere so you can see whether Cookie gets scalped!” Back and forth, up and down my conscience seesawed. Doubt clung to me like a wide strip of Velcro. “Bang!” The battle against the Indians began, and I was hooked. Pretending to head toward bed, I stealthily crept behind the stairwell wall. From there I had a clear view of the television, yet no one in the living room could see me. Propped up against the wall with my teddy bear in hand, I made my fateful decision: I would watch the rest of the show. Totally enthralled by the action, I failed to see my dad enter the living room and head toward the stairs.

Before I could zip into my room, Dad, red-faced and angry, appeared at the bottom of the steps. With a quivering voice he declared, “Sue, you must never, ever break a promise. I counted on you to keep your word.” Immediately the tears welled up and trickled down my cheeks. I had disappointed my hero, and, even worse, I had disappointed my best moral self. Slowly my father continued, “I think an appropriate punishment would be to go without watching TV for an entire week. And that means no *Wagon Train*!” In the end, the prospect of not seeing any of my favorite shows did not bother me nearly as much as the thought of letting down my dear old dad.

When I was just five I learned a valuable lesson from an extraordinary teacher: my dad. After disobeying him one night and suffering the natural consequences of my actions, I realized how important it is to keep a promise. To this day if I promise to do something, you can bet your bottom dollar that I will do it.