

Personal Narrative Draft

Turn your storyboard into a developed, written narrative. Remember to use your “What makes a narrative interesting” chart and incorporate elements from that list.

*Skip lines. Your draft should be double-spaced.

First Draft: Learning from Experience

Holding the remote in my hand, I flicked between the different channels.

"There's never anything good on late at night!" I thought to myself. Right as I was settling to watch a dumb movie that I'd seen several times before, my dad burst into the house. Speaking from the doorway, he said, "Call 911! There's a house on fire down the street."

"What?"

"There's a house on fire. I can't see which house it is yet; just tell them it's on our street. They'll figure it out when they get here." With that, he took off again, I assumed he was going down the street to see what was going on.

Still confused, but feeling my heart beating faster from the excitement, I picked up the phone and dialed. After 4 or 5 rings, an operator announced, "911, what's your emergency?" "There's a house on fire on my street," I said in a fast voice.

"Are you on Violetlane?"

"Yes."

"Is it one house on fire, or two?"

I didn't know the answer, so I told her so. Then she said that the fire department had already been dispatched. So, unless there was a second fire, they were already on their way. I thanked her and hung up. I sat there thinking, "I need to go check out the fire!" As I was on my way out the door, I felt like telling someone. I'd have to wake up one of my sisters.

I tried Jodi first. Shaking her gently I told her to wake up because there was a fire down the street. She called me a liar, then rolled over and went back to sleep again. Because she shared rooms with Alissa, I tried waking Alissa up next. "Alissa, wake up, come with me to check out this house on fire." Alissa mumbled something indecipherable, hit me, then fell instantly asleep again. I decided not to wake Mary up, then I grabbed some shoes and ran out of the house and down the street.

As soon as I stepped outside, I saw the orange flames flicking throughout a house on the other side of the street and about 5 houses down from ours. Even though it was after 1:00 a.m., there was a small crowd in front of it. I saw my dad standing there, talking to one of the people. I sidled up to him and told him that the fire department was already on their way. Even as I said that, I could hear the sirens and see the flashing lights of 2 red fire trucks.

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