

## Class Example of a Personal Narrative

### My Song

It was the most exhilarating experience of my summer, and the most frightful! It was the end of July, a beautiful day without a cloud in the sky. We were at the swimming championships in Wellsboro. I was minding my own business, sitting in my comfortable folding chair, hoping that my 6 year old son wouldn't drown. When all of a sudden I hear his coach shout my name, "Ellen! Ellen! We need you to sing the National Anthem! Will you do it?"

It was a slow terror that started in my head and slowly settled in my stomach. I was scared. There were over a thousand people at the event! However, every singer who has sung for a lifetime knows in her heart, she cannot say, "No."

I nodded my head, "Yes." It was a whirlwind through time. I warmed up singing scales at a neighboring baseball field. There was still a chill in the air at 9:45 am, but I managed to breathe deeply enough for the air to flow. I quickly proceeded back to the pool and to the waiting microphone. A sense of pride in what I was about to do filled the space around me. Every part of me was shaking except my voice. That morning in front of all the people, I sang. When I finished I walked back to my comfortable chair, sat down, and hoped my son wouldn't drown.

