Personal Narrative Example: Just Another Scar

It began one smoldering hot day in Tucson. It was so hot you could cook an egg on the sidewalk. My dad was outside working on the car, sweating more and more with every turn of his wrench, CREAK CREAK. My brother was shooting hoops in the driveway trying to improve his skills, SWOOSH! When the sun shining down, I realized I needed to be outside having some fun. I grabbed my sunglasses, laced up my shoes, and headed outside.

 I decided to take a ride on my bike. I had this incredible bike that I got the year before for my 13th birthday. It was a vibrant teal color with black stripes below the handlebars and along the side. It was my first mountain bike! I checked my tires to make sure there was enough air, and pulled my bike out of the driveway.

 Our driveway is not concrete, so it was hard to get started and ride my bike to the road through the deep piles of gravel. Once I got on the road, it was exhilarating. The sun was scorching, so it felt good to have a cool breeze blowing through my hair. I turned right onto the street and started to ride. I had just gotten used to changing gears while streaming down the road so I was ecstatic. I live in a neighborhood that has tons of hills, do I knew right away that my bike ride was going to be a fun one. I wore shorts and a tank top so I felt the sun beating down on me from above. There was a slight hint of barbeque in the air and it made my mouth water. The trees were rustling around me, and I was off!

 I darted around the first corner of my neighborhood and sped off down the hill that followed. I was good enough to take my hands off the handlebars while I was riding, because I had been practicing all summer! What I didn’t prepare myself for, though, was having a rock in the way of my joyful ride.

 My bike hit a large rock while flying down the road. I grabbed a hold of my handlebars, but it was already too late. The front wheel began to shake violently like an earthquake, and suddenly the earth began to turn on its’ side. I hit the ground with the force of a freight train. My arm split open as it dragged across the black concrete, staining it in tones of red.

 I screamed in agony, and I saw my father run towards me from a distance, yelling all the while “I should have slowed down!” Not the time, Dad. He picked me up, put me in the car, and drove me to the hospital where I received 12 stitches in my arm. To this day you can still see the faint line across my arm, which reminds me of my favourite bike, but also the rule to always keep a hold of your handlebars.