

# Personal Narrative Example

<b>Title</b>	Mashed Potato Pizza
<b>Introduction</b>	<p>My grandpa always tells me that people who laugh at their own mistakes will get everyone else to laugh along with them. Yesterday, I learned that he is right.</p>
<b>Beginning of the Story</b>	<p>“Stay in line,” Mrs. Martin said. I knew right away that my friend Naomi wouldn’t be able to cut. I looked at Naomi and frowned. Soon, the line began to move faster, and I followed along hoping that there would still be pizza.</p> <p>When I reached the counter, I looked at the choices. I could only see chicken and mashed potatoes, macaroni and cheese, and fish. I could hear the rumbling of my very disappointed stomach.</p>
<b>Middle Events</b>	<p>Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw one last piece of pepperoni pizza. I got so excited.</p> <p>“Pepperoni pizza,” I said politely. Mrs. Martin handed me the pizza. I took the paper plate so quickly that the pizza slid off the plate. I tried to save it, but the pizza landed in the pan of hot, buttery mashed potatoes.</p> <p>I could feel my face turning redder and redder. All I could hear was laughter from the kids in line.</p>
<b>End of the Story</b>	<p>As I looked at the upside-down pizza, I heard Mrs. Martin’s voice. “Maria, would you like a side of mashed potatoes with your pizza?”</p> <p>I looked up and saw Naomi. She was laughing too. With a nervous smile, I said, “Of course.”</p>
<b>Conclusion</b>	<p>Mrs. Martin smiled and scooped the mashed potato pizza on my plate. I looked around at my friends, and we all laughed again.</p> <p>I never really believed my grandpa until I saw my friends laughing with me. The laughing made me feel good instead of just clumsy.</p>