

Personal Narrative Example

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| Title | Mashed Potato Pizza |
| Introduction | <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> |
| Beginning of the Story | <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> |
| Middle Events | <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> <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> |
| End of the Story | <p>I looked up and saw Naomi. She was laughing too. With a nervous smile, I said, “Of course.”</p> <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> |
| Conclusion | <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> |