

Writing a Personal Narrative

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Conquering Your Fears

INTRODUCTION

Attention-grabbing opening

Everyone, well almost everyone, I've ever known has thought of their years in elementary school as their favorites. I, on the other hand, do not feel so fondly about elementary school, especially third grade. That was a year I will never forget.

BODY

Details that set the scene

Details (what others said)

I was only eight, but I remember it like yesterday. I was sitting in the doctor's office when they gave my parents and me the shocking news. "I'm sorry to tell you this, but your daughter's condition is getting worse. The only way to fix it is by surgery."

Details (feelings)

Those words ripped into me like a serrated knife into a crisp, cold apple. It was a horrible sinking feeling that seemed to possess my whole body—a feeling so terrifying that even the bravest person alive could not possibly endure it.

Background information

I knew I had been "sick," and I knew it had been serious,

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but never, even in my nightmares, did I think of surgery. You see, I was born with a condition that affects your kidneys; it is called bilateral reflux. The only way I would live was to have reconstructive surgery.

Event 1

The next thing I remember, it was seven o'clock in the morning and I was at the hospital. I met with the doctors; rather, the doctors met with me. Everyone tried to comfort me, but nothing helped. As far as I was concerned—and I was concerned!—I'd be a nervous wreck for the rest of my life; that was, if I had a "rest of my life."

Details
(thoughts)

Event 2

Details (thoughts
and feelings)

It was now time for surgery. They sent a surgical nurse down to my room with a gurney. Being the scared little girl that I was, I thought the moment I got up on it, they would hurt me. So I decided that my teddy bear, Rainbow, and I would follow along behind it, very defiantly, with my parents. When the doctors saw me walk in, they started to laugh, and I realized that everyone else who had seen me probably had laughed too. What was comic relief to them was no comedy at all to me. So I simply put my nose into the air and kept walking.

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Event 3

Details (smaller events)

The nurse prepped me and had me lie down on the operating table. The doctor asked me what “flavor” of anesthesia I wanted; I thought for a while and answered, “Strawberry.” He then asked me to count backward from one hundred as he lifted the mask over my face. I woke up a few hours later, feeling woozy and very sore. I saw my parents and drifted back to sleep.

Later events

I remained at the hospital for one more week. It was not the best time I ever had, but it wasn’t the worst either. The highlight of my recovery was a special visit from two of my favorite cartoon characters. That was wonderful.

CONCLUSION

Significance of experience

My experience has taught me a lot. I discovered that, in order to reach the top, you must learn to climb the mountain and, in order to conquer your fears, you must face them first. In a way I am thankful for my surgery, because I conquered a lot of my fears.

I’m not telling you to go out and have surgery, but if you do, it’s probably not going to be as bad as you expect it to be.