

Personal Narrative Example

Surviving an Embarrassing Situation

Embarrassing things happen to me all the time. After I made a very silly mistake in P.E., I was so embarrassed that I didn't think I would ever go back to school. But my brother convinced me that I could.

P.E. at our school is competitive. We play games as if our lives depend on them. Sometimes it takes at least an hour to get over a loss.

Last week in P.E. was no exception. The basketball game was so close. Red Shirts would take the lead and then the Green Shirts would score and tie it up.

Ms. M. **finally** put me into the game with minutes to go. I was happy on the bleachers and nervous to go out on the court. I didn't want to make a mistake. But I joined the Red Shirts anyway, determined to help them win.

Within seconds I had intercepted a pass and started to dribble down the court. I could hear my teammates screaming and yelling. Their cheers gave me confidence. I neatly laid the ball up and scored.

I was jumping up and down waiting for my teammates to run out and congratulate me. I couldn't understand why the opposing team was as excited as I was. For a minute I thought, jeez they sure are being good sports for a change.

Then I realized what I had done.

It finally dawned on me. I had made the shot in the wrong basket, giving the Green Shirts the win!

When I got home that night, my brother, who goes to college, asked me what I was moping around about. I didn't want to tell him, but I blurted out the whole story, sharing all of the details.

I waited for him to laugh and give me a hard time. Instead, he just smiled and said that it could have been a lot worse.

"When I was in junior high, we were playing for the championship game. Same situation—the score was tied and there was a jump ball with five seconds to go. The ball came to me and I took off and scored the lay-up. I scored the lay-up in the other team's basket and they won the championship," he told me.

"Oh, that must have been awful."

"You know, it was, but only for a little while. Now, my friends and I joke about it."

I didn't really want to go back to school the next day, but with a push from my brother, I made it.

I hated feeling silly. It was hard walking back into the gym for P.E. class, but now I know that I am not the only one who ever scored a basket for the wrong team.

Introduction

**Beginning
of the story**

Middle

**End
of the story**

**Conclusion
(with Message)**