

## **Examples of narrative essays**

### ***The Rescue***

Everything had been totally different that Sunday morning, when the two boys had set out on their walk up the cool, pine-scented mountainside near the village where they lived. Near the top, Peter and Michael had climbed onto a rock to admire the view of the valley far below them.

That was when disaster had struck. On clambering down, Peter had tumbled awkwardly to the ground, his leg bent at a painful angle beneath him. Unable to move, he was forced to wait where he was, wrapped in Michael's jacket, while Michael had begun the long trek down the mountainside to fetch help.

Michael looked down on the mountainside from the window of the helicopter. He felt increasingly helpless, as it looked totally different from the air and the network of tiny paths was mostly obscured from view by the thick covering of pine trees. To make matters worse, the light was fading fast and a thick blanket of mist was starting to form. Eventually the pilot and the three mountain rescue workers in the helicopter agreed that they would have to go back and continue the search for Michael's friend, Peter, on foot.

By seven o'clock that evening, they had left the helicopter in the village and gathered a mountain rescue team of fifteen men. Michael felt disheartened and scared for his friend's safety. Slowly they ascended the mountain, scouring the numerous paths for Peter. The only sounds were crunching footsteps and the crackle of static on the walkie-talkies that the rescue workers carried to talk to each other. The mountainside was an eerie place after nightfall and gradually Michael started to wonder whether they would ever find Peter at all.

Suddenly Michael heard a voice come over one of the walkie-talkies, "We've got him. We're taking him down." "I'm sorry," said Michael to his friend later in the warm safety of the hospital room, "I didn't realise it would take so long."

The doctors decided to keep Peter at the hospital for the night in case of complications with his leg. Before leaving, Michael looked down at his friend and patted his shoulder as, silently, they both vowed never to go walking in the mountains again.

### ***What's too much is too much!***

I just knew I shouldn't have gone out that Friday afternoon. I'd had a strange feeling all morning, a feeling that something was going to happen, but I told myself, "Don't be afraid, Ida, you and your funny feelings! – pull yourself together and go and get the groceries." So I did, and you'll never guess what happened!

**OR :**

You know how someone feels when he is about to pay for his grocery shopping and finds his wallet is almost empty. Mumbling a poor excuse I headed for the bank, not prepared at all for what I was about to experience there.

I was waiting patiently in the queue when suddenly two men pulling black masks over their heads, rushed through the front door and began shouting and waving guns in the air. "This is a robbery," yelled one of the masked men. "Do as we say and no one will get hurt!" The other bank robber herded us into a corner of the room and ordered us to lie face-down on the floor.

I was terrified. My whole body froze in fear. Someone helped me down to the ground where all the other customers were huddled together, hardly even daring to breathe in case the men decided to carry out their threat and start shooting.

The cashiers were remarkably calm but I suppose their training had prepared them for such a situation. They busily emptied the contents of their tills into a bag the robbers had pushed over the counter to them. I kept expecting to hear the wailing of sirens as the police hurried to rescue us, but there was only an unbearable silence.

Almost as suddenly as they had entered, the masked raiders grabbed their bag and left the building, jumping into a beige getaway car. Minutes later, the police arrived. Several officers took off in their cars to see if they could catch the criminals, while others tried to calm us down enough so that they could take coherent statements.