



Prep Cares Remembering Our Heroes Experiencing 9/11 Essay Contest

Personal Narrative Sample

Learning to Drive

"Oooooahhhh," I yawned sleepily. " Mom, it's too early to get up."

"No it's not, Honey. You have to get up and get ready for school"

I got out of bed and trudged downstairs to begin preparation for school. I was six years old at the time, and my brother, B_____, was four. When I came back down, I was grouchy for no apparent reason.

"How come we gotta go to school all the time," I questioned.

"So that you can learn and get a good job when you grow up."

"But I don't like it," I complained stubbornly.

" That's just part of life, R_____. Now go and brush your teeth and I'll be in there in a minute to comb your hair."

I did as I was told. B_____was also in the bathroom brushing his teeth.

"Do you like going to school, B_____?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said, " It's fun!"

"Well I sure don't."

Mom combed our hair, and we were ready to go to school.

"Come on boys, we are going to be late," yelled Mom from the kitchen.

"Wait a second, " I yelled back for no particular reason.

"No, come right now," she demanded.

"We're coming, we're coming."

We grabbed our lunches and headed outside and down the stairs to the dark-green Volvo. It was a rather brisk day, so I wore a jacket.

To understand this story, you have to be able to visualize my driveway. It started out going perpendicular to the road towards the backyard at a slant. Then, it went left and then left again into the garage. From up above, this probably looked something like a squared-off U.

For some reason, that day the car was parked at the end of the straight part of the driveway facing the yard. The yard continued at a downward slant until the point where our woods began.

The three of us loaded into the car. Mom turned it on, and we started to pull out of the driveway. Just as we entered the road, Mom said, "OOPS. I forgot my purse. I must have left it in my bedroom."

We pulled back down the driveway and Mom went inside to get her purse. B_____ and I were left alone in the car. Out of curiosity, we both climbed into the front seat.

"Hey, W_____, what's dat stick?" asked B_____. What he was referring to as a stick was really a gear shifter.

"I don't know, but I dare you to push on it."

So, with my encouragement, B_____ pushed the stick. You can probably guess what happened next. We began to roll down our backyard. B_____ had knocked the car out of gear and there was just enough of an angle for the car to roll. B_____ stuck his head out of the window and was now screaming. I was so frightened I couldn't even move.

CRUNCH! we both heard. It was the sound of my bike being smashed like an ant under the wheels of the car. We were rolling at a speed less than ten miles per hour, but it was enough to scare two young boys half to death. The car hit a tree, and we stopped with a loud thud.

Neither of us were injured, and the car just had a few scratches. My bike had been totally demolished, though. Mom came running up behind us and cried "Oh gosh, boys, are you all right?"

"Yeah," we replied with panic-stricken voices.

In the end, I got a new bike which was better than the one before, so I was happy. We were late for school, but my Mom took care of it. Also B_____ and I were denied the privilege of entering a vehicle without an adult accompanying us, but we were not too upset.

I learned the hard way that I should not touch or bother anything that I am not fully familiar with. B_____ learned not to listen to everything I tell him to do, and Mom learned not to leave two young boys alone in a car.