



INDIAN SCHOOL MUSCAT  
SENIOR SECTION  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
CLASS XI



*NARRATIVE WRITING*

Narrative writing relates a clear sequence of events that occurs over time. Both what happens and the order in which the events occur are communicated to the reader. Effective narration requires a writer to give a clear sequence of events (fictional or non-fictional) and to provide elaboration.

Narrative writing in fiction and non-fiction (and even poetry) tells others the stories of our personal experiences and allows us to gain empathy and sympathy about the world around us.

To write a **narrative** essay, you'll need to tell a story (usually about something that happened to you) in such a way that the audience learns a lesson or gains insight.

**Tips for writing effective narrative essays:**

- **Tell a story about a moment** or event that means a lot to you--it will make it easier for you to tell the story in an interesting way!
- **Get right to the action!** Avoid long introductions and lengthy descriptions--especially at the beginning of your narrative. You may use flashbacks and flash forwards to help the story build to a climax. (Often stories start at the beginning and then follow the sequence of events chronologically. However, an effective variation on this pattern is to start in the middle of things and then use flashbacks to fill in the background information. This method is especially effective in holding the reader's attention.)
- **Make sure your story has a point!** Describe what you learned from this experience. Elements of the story need to support the point you are making and you need to remember to make reference to that point in the first sentence.
- **Use all five of your senses** to describe the setting, characters, and the plot of your story. In narrative writing, remember that you are sharing sensory and emotional details with the reader. (Like description, narratives need to have a rich texture of details so that the reader is seeing, hearing, smelling, and touching. The reader should experience the story, not simply hear it.) Your words need to be vivid and colourful to help the reader feel the same feelings that you felt
- **It is usually written in the first person.**

**SAMPLES**

**Black Mountains of Dust**

I was sitting at a park bench when I saw the endless black heading towards me. "Mom look!" I screamed. My mom turned around and faced me. A look of pure horror was painted across her face. "Margaret come on we need to go now!" She shouted. We ran across roads and dried up cropt fields. We did not dare look back. Suddenly I wasn't running away from the black cloud. Instead I was face

down in the dirt. Oh no I had tripped over my shoelace! I slowly looked up where was my mom? The cloud loomed closer and closer. I choked feeling the gritty dust in my throat. I tried to crawl forward

but needles shot through my legs. "Mom!" I screamed. "Mom!" I tried to yell again but was choked by more dust. "Mom" I whined. Where was she. I started coughing from all of the dust in my lungs and throat. "Margaret! Darling come on!" My Mom flung me into her arms and ran, soaring farther away from the storm. After what seemed forever, my mom stopped running. Screams and yells echoed off walls. I covered my ears. A person right in front of us said: "Get inside quickly!" My mom answered "okay" and then I was carried into a building, that looked like the town hall. My mom set me down in a corner, in the town hall and sat next to me. "Mom?" I croaked. "Yes Sweetie?" She said in a sweet voice, almost like honey. "Is this going to happen ever again, this storm?" I asked my voice still thick with dust. She did not answer and I knew that she knew this wouldn't be the the last time the black mountains of dust attacked the plain states.

### **The Climb**

I have this fear. It causes my legs to shake. I break out in a cold sweat. As thoughts of certain death run through my mind, the world appears a precious, treasured place. I am terrified of heights. Of course, it's not really a fear of being in a high place. Rather, it is the view of a long way to fall, of rocks far below me and no firm wall between me and the edge.

Despite my fear, two summers ago I somehow found myself climbing to a high place, while quaking inside and out. Most of our high school had come along on a day trip. After eating our sack lunches within sight and sound of the fall, many of us wanted to make the climb to an area above it. Looming high to the sky, the boulders rose in a tiered manner. Peering back down toward the river, I saw a steep slope of rocks all the way to the water. The song "Angels Watching Over Me" ran through my head as we began, Melody going first. "You can do it! I'm right here," Melody called. She waited patiently, not pressuring me to hurry.

Finally we came to the worst section yet. To me the slope looked very close to vertical. Going ahead was impossible. I decided to come down; but not by myself. Melody agreed to go with me, earning my eternal gratitude.

'I'm sure to fall!' I inwardly shrieked. Her assurances gave me the strength to go on. I trusted her implicitly. Flattening myself onto my belly, I edged my feet into midair. She held them tightly and slowly lowered me, guiding my feet to a firm place as I let my body slide over the leaves, twigs, and rock. When my feet made contact with the solid rock, I heaved a huge sigh of relief. I could feel the fear draining out of me.

My arms and legs were scratched up; I was dirty and sweaty. But none of it mattered. I was at the bottom!

"Yaaaaaaahhhh!" I yelled. I never felt so alive, and so thankful for that life.

### **Practice Questions:**

1. You were going to your town as soon as your examinations were over . Your bus broke down in the middle and you had to spend a night at an unknown village . Write a narrative on your adventurous experience.

2. 'Learning something new can be a scary experience. One of the hardest things I had to do was to learn how to swim...'. Complete the narrative in about 200 words.