

## Writing an Autobiographical Narrative

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### Carelessness

#### INTRODUCTION

##### Engaging opening

What is the use of crossed wires built into some windows and glass in doors? I have been told that they are to strengthen the glass, to protect it from bumps and bruises.

##### Background information

However, this could be debated. A year and a half ago, I was selected to perform in one All-District Band, on timpani. The clinic where we were to rehearse and to play in a concert over the course of a weekend was at a high school in Durham, North Carolina. The doors and windows at this particular school all

##### Hint at meaning

had the aforementioned crossed wires built in them. I would soon learn about these doors, and about caution.

#### BODY

##### First event

We were taking a break from rehearsing on a Saturday in February to eat lunch. The concert was to be put on the

##### People and place details

following day. My friends and I had just finished lunch, and we were meandering around the cafeteria, bored out of our minds.

We ambled up to a door that led to outside of the building,

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Dialogue

where a concrete path led to another building. I, being the one-man clown troop of the group, decided to entertain my friends with a little physical humor. An idea popped into my head, and I exclaimed to the group, “Hold on; I will be back presently.”

Second event

I then proceeded to run out of the building, and I hid behind a corner of the wall to the left of where my group stayed. Of course, the door locked behind me, which I failed to

Concrete sensory detail

realize. I noticed that the concrete on the path was moistened with previous rain to a dark, creamy gray. All of my friends were watching me from inside, curious as to what humorous stunt I was going to pull this time. I start singing the theme from “Mission: Impossible. “dum, dum, DUM-DUM, dum, dum, dum-dum” I sang, getting steadily louder with each passing

Specific movement

moment. I ran along the path, crouched, with my hands in front like a gun, playing the funny spy part to the T. I started running all over outside, acting like a spy, as my friends laughed on from inside.

Third event

In a moment of carelessness, I started running towards the door with my hands stretched out in front of me. At this

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Concrete sensory  
details

Fourth event

People details

Interior  
monologue

Later events

time I noticed the door had a three-by-four foot rectangle of glass (with wires in it, of course) near the bottom of it, glaring at me villainously, almost mischievously. In front of the door, there was a black rubber mat, with the grooves lying perpendicular to the door. The mat was slick with rain. I ran towards the door, the “Mission: Impossible” music blaring from my lungs. I was a speeding train off its tracks, about to crash. I stepped on the black mat, and my feet slid out from under me. I was sliding forward with my knees out, headed towards the ground. My knees hit the glass rectangle, and went through, shattering the glass like a hot air balloon bursting from intense air pressure. I immediately got up, as I saw the look on my friends’ faces. They were all stunned, and they were all laughing, immaturely. I saw my own face in the reflection in the window, and it was sheer terror. My first thought was that I was going to get kicked out of the clinic for misbehavior. I knocked on the door, frantically, trying to get back in. My friends ran away, but one of them came back and let me in. At this time, I felt a slight trickle down my leg. I looked down,

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and my right knee was bleeding from an inch-wide gash. Later, after I had been examined by teachers and directors running the camp, I was taken to the Duke emergency room, where I got three stitches in my knee. Thankfully, I was not kicked out of the camp.

CONCLUSION

Significance of experience

A look back from the present

This experience taught me how to behave properly. The fear I had of getting in trouble, combined with my mother's disappointment in me, changed my attitude greatly. I now have learned how to restrain myself. I no longer do crazy things just to make my friends laugh. I'm smart enough to think of safer ways to accomplish this feat. Carelessness is one trait I am trying to get over. The wired glass just helped me to realize I needed to change. By the way, I guess the wire in glass isn't all that strong, is it? In a way, I'm glad it isn't.