**Mini-Personal Narrative Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Premise**: Using the poem that you wrote last week, you are going to create a short, personal narrative based off of **ONE LINE** of your poem. This is an opportunity to get your feet wet and to think about writing narratives before we jump into writing a longer piece of historical fiction next week.

**Assignment**: Your poems reflect where you are from and who you are. You are to select one line from your poem. For example, I will choose, “food and conversation connect one to another and create and sustain the community” from the poem I wrote. Certainly, I put this line in there for a reason and I am going to use it to build a bigger story about myself. They might be happy or sad stories, stories that make us laugh, or stories that get us to think about something important. There is no one type of story I expect to see. In essence, my goal will be to connect my audience with a personal experience of mine, to make them feel / experience my story.

**Requirements**:

* 1-2 pages, double spaced, written in 1st or 3rd person.
* The narrative should be based on one line in your poem, which you should have located at the top of your page (see example below.
* The stories can incorporate some fiction, but should be based on the story (perhaps stories) from which the line in your poem originates.
* The narrative needs to have a clear, comprehensible flow and should be polished (spelling / grammar).

We’ll use these short narratives to start thinking about what makes a strong narrative (or story). When we’re finished, we’ll take a look at some of the stories to answer questions such as: What makes a story exciting/compelling to read (or gripping)? What makes it easier to connect to the protagonist or other characters? How can we do this in our own writing?

Given that that we’ll use what we learn from this experience to develop an understanding of what makes a story strong, my requirements (what you’ll be graded on) is less in this narrative than you’ll find in our upcoming writing piece (a historical fiction). However, that is not to say that I don’t expect to see your best work. Your grade will be based upon the criteria I have outlined above and the effort you demonstrate to complete the task.

If it meets these criteria and you participate in work time and critiques in class, you will have written an **A** paper. In the future, we’ll build on the criteria and include other key characteristics that will be required in your work.

**Example**

**Liz Perry**

**Personal Narrative**

**Draft #1**

**Quote at top of page.**

“food and conversation connect one to another and create and sustain the community”

A gallon jug of milk sits full in the middle of the long, dark wooden dining table surrounded by eight rustic chairs, and Ollie can’t keep her eyes off of it. She doesn’t drink milk, but tonight, as with every night she spends at the Mangus’ for dinner, will be an exception. The milk jug, recently removed from the fridge, gathers beads of condensation as it rests on the table and has come to represent something Ollie has always wanted, something scantly found at her own house, a convivial table full of laughter, warm food, and love. Before Anne, her best friend’s mom, pulls the warm chicken enchiladas from the oven, Ollie quickly fills her glass and drinks it all without stopping for a breath. She pours herself another and takes in her surroundings.

“Turd,” yells Shea at his little brother Jamie, six years his junior, who has been teasing him incessantly about his nearly full beard, something that sets him apart from many of his baby faced 17 and 18 year-old classmates at Sipping Springs High School. This type of banter is typical of the two brothers who sit across the table from Caitlin and Ollie. Both her mom and dad sit at either end of the table, leaving two empty chairs ready for any late addition to dinner or for whenever the eldest sibling, Ashley, returns for a visit. With more frequent dinners at the Mangus’ house, Ollie’s seat alongside Caitlin starts to feel like home, like a place she’s always belonged.

(continued here).