

### **Sample Narrative #3**

## **Title: A Mistaken Kidnapping**

One Tuesday morning, my friend Jamal and I were walking to school like we always do. We stopped at the corner shop so I could buy a small soft drink since the school's cafeteria could no longer sell it. Jamal, not wanting to spend any money before we got to school, waited outside while I paid.

As I collected my change and walked outside, I heard Jamal shout my name. I looked up just in time to see a dark, heavily tinted car pulled up beside him. A man opened the back door and pulled Jamal inside. My heart started pounding and the soft drink slipped from my hand. Before I could even move, the car sped off down the street.

I felt scared and shaky, but I knew I had to do something. I immediately ran back into the shop and told Ms. Marty, the shop owner what I happened. She wasted no time in calling the police. I kept repeating what the car looked like and the direction it went as she spoke to the police.

Next, I ran to school as fast as I could and told my teacher. Ms. Smart took me to the office, told my principal what happened and stayed with me while we waited for news. I kept thinking about Jamal and hoping he was safe. I didn't even know when I began crying.

Later that day, about three hours after, we found out that Jamal was okay. The police found him at a nearby park. It turned out the man thought Jamal was someone else and let him go when he realized his mistake. Jamal was shaken, but he was not hurt.

When I saw Jamal again, I felt so relieved that I began to cry again. That day taught me that even kids can be brave by getting help and speaking up when something is wrong.

