

## **Sample Narrative #9**

### **Title: The Fishing Accident**

One sunny afternoon, I decided to go fishing by the river. I was really excited because I had just gotten a new fishing rod for my birthday. I packed my backpack with some snacks, my favourite hat, and a big bottle of water. My mom reminded me to be careful and to not stand too close to the bank.

When I arrived, I found a nice spot on the riverbank under a shady tree. I set up my fishing rod and started casting my line into the water, hoping to catch a big fish. As I was waiting for a fish to bite, I took a step closer to the edge of the river so I could see better. Suddenly, my foot slipped on a muddy rock! Before I knew it, I tumbled into the water with a big splash.

The water was cold and deep, and I felt scared because I am not a very good swimmer. My fishing rod floated away, and I could see my hat bobbing on the surface. I tried to call for help, but water kept getting in my mouth. I started kicking my legs and waving my arms, but it was hard to stay above the water. My heart was pounding, and I wished I had listened to my mom about staying farther back from the river's edge.

Just then, I saw two people running towards me. They must have heard me yelling for help. They quickly jumped in and swam over to me. One person grabbed my arm, and the other helped pull me out of the water back onto the bank.

The two people who helped me were a father and his son, who liked to walk by the river every afternoon. I thanked them over and over again. After I calmed down, they helped me look for my fishing rod and hat. We found the hat stuck in some reeds, but the rod was gone. I felt sad about losing my new rod, but I was glad that I was okay.

The father reminded me that it's always safer to go fishing with a friend or an adult. Even though my fishing trip didn't go as planned, I was happy that there were kind people around to help me. I promised myself that next time, I would be more careful and never go fishing alone.

