

Sample Personal Narrative: The Lesson

There I was standing at the edge of the pool. My heart was racing and I had butterflies in my stomach. It was my first day of swim class and I was scared. Would I have to go underwater? Would I have to go off the diving board? What if I couldn't breathe? What if I drowned? New situations always make me nervous and this day was no exception.

After a few minutes the teacher came over. She smiled and introduced herself as Wanda. There were two other students in the class. They seemed just as scared as I was. I started to feel a little bit better.

The teacher had us put on brightly colored water wings to help us stay afloat. Then we sat on the stairs in the shallow end. One of the girls in the class grabbed the kickboard and went splashing off by herself (I guess she wasn't a beginner after all). It almost looked fun. The other student and I held onto the side of the pool and practiced kicking our feet. Then, the teacher gave us each a kickboard and off we went splashing around the pool. Kicking was easy and fun. The hard part was yet to come.

Next, came the arms. As we sat on the edge of the pool, Wanda showed us how to do the arm strokes. Now I had two things to concentrate on – my arms and my legs! I felt hopelessly uncoordinated. It wasn't long before things began to feel "right" and... I was SWIMMING! It was a wonderful feeling – I felt like a dolphin zipping through the water!

Learning to swim was not easy for me, but in the end my courage paid off. Not only did I learn how to swim, and to conquer my fear of the water, but I also learned something about learning. Learning something new isn't easy. You have to be determined and you have to practice. If I learned to swim, I can learn anything.