Narrative Essay Outline-

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| **Paragraph #1-The Introduction**  1. Begin with an attention grabber that captures your reader’s interest.  Ex: Sometimes it takes something terrible to realize what is important in life.  2. Follow with 2-3 sentences that lead up to your thesis statement.  3. State your thesis statement-this should clearly state the experience or event that you will describe and its significance. Do not begin telling the details of your story yet.  Example: Although my sister and I have sometimes not seen eye-to-eye at times, it took her being horribly sick to make me realize how much she truly means to me. |

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| **Paragraph #2-4 Body Paragraphs-Your story.**  1. Begin each paragraph with a topic sentence  2. This is where you tell your story. Just like any story you read, you need to make sure to have a clear beginning, middle, and an end. Make sure to use vivid description. |

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| **Paragraph #5: The Conclusion**  The Conclusion is just as important as the Introduction; It is the last impression your reader will get of your story.  1. Begin by re-stressing the importance of your experience, event, or person.  2. Summarize the basic events of your story.  3. Reflect on the larger meaning or importance of what you have told us. Basically, what was the point of your story? Explain the new understanding and why/how this experience, place, and/or person had a permanent effect on you. |

**Sample Introductions-**

“No, I want mommy to take me out,” I can remember telling my brother. We had just arrived home after a trip to who knows what, maybe the store? For whatever reason, I didn’t want to climb out of the van by myself. Maybe the space between car and ground seemed too great from a four-year-old’s perspective. Either way, I remember sitting…and waiting, with an impatient younger brother behind me. This was something that probably happened all the time, yet this particular experience was especially vivid. It was and continues to be my earliest memory; one that could honestly define the relationship between my brother and me.

The heat from the sun felt like an intense fire as we walked out towards yet another series of monuments and statues. “We’re not stopping again are we?” I whined while slowly dragging my feet along the ground. This had been our fourth stop on our drive through Gettysburg National Park, and the heat was already playing tricks on my twelve-year-old mind. Looking at another statue and plaque was the last thing I wanted to do. Instead, I was dreaming of the chance to go back to the hotel and take a dive into the crystal clear pool. Call it being immature or just plain stubborn but at the time, visiting a park full of old cannons and Civil War displays was not my idea of fun. Like many things in life, this experience only served to be truly memorable after I had luxury of time to look back upon it. Only now, looking back do I realize the impact that particular place had on me.