

Narrative story



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Narrative Story Writing Characters: Myself, my brother and my parents

Place: My hometown where I spent my entire childhood I was kicking my legs and frantically swaying my arms around trying to stay afloat. In spite of my best efforts to keep my head above the water, I was getting drowned. I could feel the sting at the back my head every time I inhaled a bit of the water.

The pain started to build and I could feel myself gulping down the sea water.

I could catch glimpses of my parents and my brother shouting out to the lifeguard to save me before it was too late. I tried to look around to see if I can spot any lifeguard who was rushing toward me but in vain. A number of thoughts kept crossing my head and started confusing me.

Only that morning, after my brother's compulsion, I decided to get out of my room to go with him and my parents to the beach for some fun. At first I was very annoyed as I preferred to stay indoors and watch some television as it was a weekend. During the weekdays, I had enough and more school work to be done and got very little television time. So weekends are usually a television marathon for me and I would never go out. My brother and my father have a weekend routine which I thought was lame. They would go for swimming at a nearby club and invite me all the time. I always felt very nostalgic to swimming pools and the blue colored water spread across as if it were a blue blanket made me uncomfortable. But today, as the club was closed due to some maintenance activity, my brother had planned for this trip to a beach nearby and had compelled me to come. I thought I will just get some sun and stay away from the ' deep blue sea'. After reaching there and watching everyone have fun, I was not able to control my rising yearn to hit the water. Unfortunately, failed to notice the board which said ' this area is for strong swimmers only'. So, here I am dragged inwards toward the

horizon by the strong waves.

I opened my eyes and found that everything around me was different and that confused feeling was still there. I was looking around to figure out whether I was in heaven (hopefully). I could hear the sounds of people talking outside. I woke up fully to get back to reality. My brother was walking towards me and paid no attention to me. I was little bit ignited with this act, as I expected him to come and ask me how I felt after coming in close encounters with death. Instead, he just started hitting me with his towel asking me to get up. I got up, now fully awake, and was staring blankly at my brother who was yelling, ‘ are you coming with us to the swimming club at least today?’

Just then everything hit me and I realized that my so called close encounter with death was actually a very vivid lucid dream. I immediately got up and started getting ready to go to the swimming pool and could not wait to dive into the blue water.