

Personal narrative



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Luckily my parents answered and they told me that they were not going to be home until the next day because they had to go to the hospital to see a friend in need. It's no big deal so I'm home alone for a night, I should be fine; I am smart and I can take care of myself. So I went home and took out the trash because that was my last chore. Then I went into my room, which was called the "cave" because once you went in; never really came out except for to eat and use the restroom. A few hours passed and I was hungry, I figured since it was 7:30 I should go make me dinner.

I walked out to the kitchen and passed by the back door, it was wide open. I could've sworn I shut it but maybe not, so I closed it again and proceeded to make my dinner (Mac n' cheese). While I was eating I kept hearing some weird shuffling noises in my back door. It was dark so I automatically thought who would be outside in the dark. I perceived it to be an animal so I ignored it and finished eating. When it was time to clean up my dishes I noticed that I had left the door unlocked. I walked over to the door to lock it, then I froze.

I couldn't believe what I just saw, it appeared to me that a huge figure jumped over my wall into the desert. After taking a second to get myself together I immediately locked the door and shut the curtains. I thought I was crazy, that I was just seeing things. I went back into my "cave" and started watching TV to try and get my mind off of what had just taken place. Well it worked for a little while, until I started hearing what sounded like footsteps on the carpet. I then locked my door and shut off the TV with the lights and tried to go to sleep. I pulled the covers over my head and slammed my eyes shut. That didn't help, at that point I knew I wasn't crazy. I did see a man hop my fence, because I am now hearing shelves and drawers

open in the kitchen. The man must of came back, but how did he get in. Then it hit me, didn't remember to hide the back door key under the mat when I got home; it was left sitting on the bench. After that realization, a million thoughts were going through my head. What was going to do? How was I going to do it? Then the question that worried me the most was an obvious one. Was I going to be alright?

Those questions kept recurring as well as many others at an immeasurable rate until it became dead silent in the house. For a moment I thought that he left, but I couldn't have been more wrong. Got up to check, but then saw the man's feet underneath my door, he walked right past it. It happened again, I froze, except this time I didn't have time to gather myself, because the stranger was trying to open my door. It was locked, so he was rigorously jerking the door knob trying to get in. With tears running down my face like waterfalls, knew that I had to do something or was going to be subject to this man.

So I quickly ran to my window, opened it and ran out. Luckily for me, only had one floor on my house so I was easily able to sprint down the street to my friend's house where I felt safe. His dad walked down to my house because he was a police officer and checked out the situation. What he found was my uncle, my parents did not tell me that they were sending my uncle down to my house late at night with a key of his own to check and see if I was doing OK. Turns out that it was nothing and I overreacted. But it did make for one heck of an experience, with a great story to tell.