

Personal narrative critique essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I would like to tell you about one of the funniest moments in my life. I was around fourteen or fifteen at the time. I had a friend by the name of Antione who was my best friend. We did everything together, from going to school dances to weekend parties at other friend houses. None of that compares to what my friend Antione did to me one cloudy morning. One Sunday morning, I received an invitation from a friend of mine, Antione. I had come back from Chicago to my home place, Canton, Ohio. He invited me to lunch. I got up early in the morning and started getting ready.

My sister gave me a cup of tea early in the morning. Then, I took my bath and got ready. My sister then again asked me to take some snacks and tea, but I refused to take it as I was more interested in reaching my friend's house. She insisted that I have a heavy breakfast, but I ignored her request. I went out of my house and stood at the bus stop. I boarded the bus. The conductor came to ask me to buy a ticket. I asked him to give me a ticket for Harmont Avenue. The conductor frowned at me saying, " It is going in the reverse direction, you get down at the next stop and catch another bus. I was baffled for some time.

Then, I alighted from the bus and again waited for the bus going to Harmont Avenue. I got the bus and reached Harmont Avenue, but surprisingly, when I reached his house, I found the door locked. I was puzzled and wondered whether I had come to the right place or not. After some time, a neighbor of my friend came and asked me, " Why are you standing here? Do you want to meet someone? " I replied, " Yes, I want to see Antione, living in apartment number fifteen. "

He immediately quibbled, “ But he changed his house last Wednesday and has gone to the south-side. Frustrated, I came back to the bus stop. I was feeling hungry. After some time, it started drizzling. I was now in a fix as to what to do. My confusion was compounded by torrential rains! Plus, I had refused to take morning breakfast, in the hope that I would take it at my friend’s house. At this state, my anger was mounting! I was cursing myself as well as my fate. But I controlled my anger. I made my mind up to meet Antione. An idea hit my mind. I called the south-side apartments. The person on duty gave me Antione’s address. I made my journey to his apartment.

I rang the door bell. Mane, a tiny tot (Antione’s youngest brother), came out and greeted me with a “ Hello uncle! ” The moment I entered the drawing room, I saw the parent’s of Antione sitting on the sofa. They offered me a seat, and I sat comfortably. As I was about to talk about the invitation extended to me from Antione, Crystal (Antione sister) came with tea. She was looking like a pretty and vivacious lady. (Let it be known that I used to love this girl from my high school days and had written many love letters to her, making a proposal for marriage).