My personnel narrative

Personal Narrative Marathon-Unforgettable MomentOn my right my mom was holding my hand tightly and giving me an advice to stay with my elder brother and his friend, Rushi, she was saying " Don't let him go anywhere without you" to both of them as she was supposed to run separately from ladies section. They paid no attention to her because she said that just a few minutes ago. We were in one of the most important and famous marathons in Vadodara, India (first ever event held in the city)!!

It became so popular as the fund raised from the event was supposed to be donated to cancer curing organizations and organizers made lots of publicity of the event. It was half past six and thousands of people gathered on an area land of thirty square miles. Hundreds of runners around the country and world participated in the marathon. The Marathon was divided into 5 miles, 10 miles and 21 miles. I was one of them participating in 5 miles running!! I was proud, showing off to my brother that I went to a marathon at the age of 10 and he didn't.

In just 15 minutes the runners were going to start the greatest marathon in history (at least for me). The moment was coming closer and closer. My heart was beating very hard. It was a chilly, windy and most brisky day in the month November. It was November 22, 2010. I will always remember that date. Children shouting like birds, men talking about cricket and girls' giggling made me think about one thing- Do people usually wake up at six in the morning to chat like a debate? The smell of the washed shirts as well as the sweat of the people was sharply irritating.

I was amazed that people sweating on such a chilly day and before even starting the marathon. The morning was freezing cold-I was sneezing with a

running nose. " Achoo!! " came one from me " We should have brought Razornax or something. It's so cold. " Despite my irritation and cold I was excited. In the excitement, we didn't realize that the event was not very safely organized at least for a 10 years boy!!! The Chief Minister of Gujarat was going to inaugurate the event and hence the security arrangement was very tight. The ground was filled with lots of policemen on top of maddening crowd.

The exist of the Marathon to the track was extremely narrow and people were pushing from all around to take glimpse of the Chief Minister. I was just 200 yards away from the START line. My brother was on the right side trying to go to the left of me because Rushi was there. The minute he went there I stopped to ask him and someone pushed me from behind- Boom!! The next moment I was on the ground shouting," Help, Shikhar, Rushi, police, help. " My brother came calling " Help, help. My brother is in trouble. " My brother had to continue running otherwise he would have fallen down.

My leg was twisted and I remember my grazing touching the ground. My chest was almost choking. The sand was going in my nose, which made me cough hard and throw up. I controlled myself and a few minutes later I was up. A policeman was holding my hand. After a while I met a volunteer in the marathon who called my mom. He called my mom and she was very disappointed by the incident. When she was looking around to find me so I shouted as much energy I had, " Mom. She pointed toward my direction, upset and disappointed " This is the last time we are here in the marathon. We are not coming anymore. ," said my mom sternly.

We had to finish the marathon because there were no exits. I managed to walk with my mom in the totally messed up event. Afterward we found my brother and his friend at the end point. We told the whole incident to my grandparents and neighbours. That was really the last time we went to a marathon. This is just an incident, which happened to me and can happen to anybody if the safety norms are not followed properly in organizing suck a large scale event. Besides the enjoyment and maintaininghealth, do you think marathons are good? It's up to you- after reading this, would you like to watch a marathon?