

Personal Narrative Example

Topic: The Most Disappointing Day of My Life

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My love for racing cars started when I was a child. The mere fact that these cars moved at lightning speed seemed to excite me, and I couldn't tell why. As I grew older, I found myself engaging with things to do with racing cars, such as watching episodes of car races on television and the Internet. I even went a step further and used my pocket-money to buy car racing-themed magazines and merchandise. Therefore, it didn't come as a surprise when one of my uncles decided to take me to a car racing event in Africa, specifically Kenya.

Safari Rally was an episode of the global yearly car racing competition, and it seemed to stand out from the rest for several reasons. One of these, which inspired many people from the West, was the fact that the racing track went through game reserves and national parks. As such, fans were sure to get a double treat- watch racing cars as they maneuver the tough African terrain and enjoy the beauty of African wildlife. Hearing stories about this experience increased my desire to visit Kenya and witness the forthcoming Safari Rally event. The year was 1989. How can I forget?

Life has a way of turning expectations into painful memories. My friends knew how prepared I was to travel to Kenya. I had even bought a camera using my pocket money; I intended to document the entire experience through photography. To cut the story short, I never made the trip. It never occurred to me that, as a military man, my uncle was not in charge of his life per se. As the world was preparing to witness the African Safari Rally, Panama was in a crisis. US President George W. Bush sent over 10,000 American troops to Panama City on December 20, 1989, one week before the Safari Rally kick-off date. My uncle was recalled from his one-month leave.

I am not sure what was most devastating to me – the fact that my beloved uncle informed my mother and not me about his recall or that I was never going to Kenya to witness the marvelous Safari Rally. I must admit, although I was of perfect health, I felt sick, literally. I became moody, lost appetite, developed a headache, and withdrew from family and friends. My mother had to take leave from work to make sure I didn't do anything stupid. December 20, 1989, I must admit, stands out as the most disappointing day of my life.

Today, almost two decades later, I look back to December 20, 1989, and wonder about the power of aspirations. Dreams are powerful, and no matter how long it takes, life always finds a way to bring them to bear. Indeed, I visited Kenya after graduating from High School, but not to witness the Safari Rally. This time, my visit was sponsored by a community organization dedicated to making the world a better place for orphans. Visiting Kenya brought back memories of a missed opportunity and the mark it left in my life. Indeed, dreams are powerful!