

# Personal Narrative

**Score 4**

Think about a time when you were a leader. Write a personal narrative about this experience for your teacher, using details that tell what you saw, heard, and felt.

“Don’t pick me! Don’t pick me!” I thought nervously. I was in PE with my class. We were standing on the baseball field around home plate, and our gym teacher, Mr. Ballard, was choosing captains for a ball game. The captains would get to select the players for their teams.

“Leanne!” he shouted over the class’s shouts.

“ME?” I said in amazement to my friend, Shannon. “He actually picked me?” I had never been captain before, and it felt as if elephants were stampeding in my stomach! Why hadn’t I stayed home that day? I didn’t even want to be captain.

“Get up there!” Shannon shouted, pushing me out of the crowd. I stood there frozen for a minute, and then I jogged over to Daniel, the other team captain.

“Well, I guess we should start picking teams,” I said. I was trying to act casual, but inside I was pretty nervous.

“Ladies first,” Daniel joked. “Go ahead.”

I thought about complaining about his obnoxious comment, but I decided to let it go and just focus on picking the best players for my team. I surveyed the class and announced, “I’ll take Perry.” I knew Perry could catch fly balls really well, and every team needs a player like that. Perry did a funny little victory dance, then ran over and stood beside me.

“No fair, I wanted Perry,” Daniel groaned. When I heard that, I knew I had made a good pick.

We went back and forth picking players until nobody was left. As I looked over my new team, I felt confident I’d done a good job. My team even looked a little better than Daniel’s.

After the teams were chosen, it was time to assign players their positions. This ended up being the most difficult part of my job. I had to make sure all the players would be suited to their positions and be happy, all at once. It was impossible!

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**Score 4** (continued)

“Abby, you go to outfield,” I told her.

“Outfield? I ALWAYS have to go to the outfield,” Abby whined. She grabbed her glove and stomped off and was mad at me for the rest of the day.

“Mauro, you’re catching,” I said next.

“I caught last time,” he grumbled. Mauro had a point. He HAD caught last time, and nobody likes catching, so I let him cover first base instead. Anita was a better catcher, anyway.

“Awesome!” she yelled when I gave her that position.

Other players complained when they didn’t get the positions they wanted. I tried to rotate positions every inning to keep people happy, but to tell you the truth, that was really challenging. I didn’t want to give players the positions they wanted if I knew they wouldn’t do a good job.

All through the game, I cheered my players on. “Choke up on the bat, Melissa! Wait for the right pitch, Billy! Keep running, Frankie!” I gave them tips, but I also let other people give tips. That way, everyone felt included. (Also, some of the other players know lots more about baseball than I do!)

At the end of the game, we’d beaten Daniel’s team by three runs, and, most important of all, we’d had a lot of fun. Before going back inside, my teammates hoisted me up on their shoulders and marched me all around the infield! I don’t think I’d ever felt that happy in my whole life!

The next time I was on a team, I tried not to complain. I remembered how tough it was being in charge. Leading the team had taught me how to be a better captain AND how to be a better team player. It was a valuable learning experience.