Think about a time when you helped someone. Write a personal narrative telling all about what happened when you helped someone. Be sure to use details that tell what you saw, heard, and felt.

Do you know how long it takes to drag twenty-five boxes and mountains of furniture out of an apartment, into a truck, back out of the truck, and into a new house? Well, if you ask my brain, it will say, “It took a full day.” If you ask my back, it might say, “It felt like days of work!” Yes, I had a few muscle aches from doing this task, but I’m glad I did it because it helped my older brother, Tim, and his new wife, Carla. They had just bought a house, and she needed help moving her things from her old apartment.

It started early on a Saturday morning. Tim and I went to Carla’s apartment. Carla and her mother had already moved all the easy stuff—lightweight boxes of clothing and dishes. They had left the tough jobs for Tim and me. I looked around at the heaps of boxes and pieces of furniture. Carla definitely owned the world’s largest living room set. The sofa was huge, and I could tell that its carved wooden arms and base would make it treacherous to maneuver. The armchairs seemed wide enough to seat two people. Then there was the coffee table.

“Jeff,” Tim said to me, “we need to be extra careful with that coffee table. Any scratches and Carla will be upset. She paid top price for this.”

The surface of the coffee table was shiny and looked like mahogany, with a silky grain that swirled with different shades of brown. I looked at Tim doubtfully. “What if it slips while we’re driving? It could bang against a box or the side of the truck.” I couldn’t understand why someone would pay a lot of money for a table.

“Don’t worry, pal,” Tim replied. He pointed toward the truck outdoors. “That’s why we brought those old quilts. We’ll just wrap up the delicate furniture to keep it padded during the trip.”

Then it was time to haul Carla’s stuff to the truck. We started with the furniture. Tim reminded me to lift things carefully, bending at the knees and keeping my back straight. There was a tense moment as we angled the sofa out the door. I almost lost my balance, and scenes of disaster flashed through my mind—Jeff permanently pinned between the door and the sofa,
or my hand forever stuck somewhere within the sofa frame. There was, however, no need for panic! We finally succeeded in hauling the upholstered beast into the truck.

Soon Tim and I got into a rhythm. We concentrated on the furniture first, packing it into the truck and securing it for the trip. Then came the boxes. The ones that contained books were heavy, and both of us worked up a sweat. By noon, we were done. The truck was fully loaded, and we hopped into the cab and took off.

After grabbing some lunch, Tim and I drove to the new house. It took a half hour to get there, and I enjoyed gabbing with Tim and resting my bones. Then we pulled into the gravel driveway. When Tim honked the horn, Carla came out to greet us.

"Hi, guys! I've been waiting for you," Carla shouted. Then we got a terrific surprise. Carla had invited some of her friends to help unload the truck. That cut the work in half for me! Everything went smoothly, and we didn't scratch the expensive coffee table. Carla was grateful.

After that full day of work, it was time to relax. We ordered pizza, and I ate a massive amount with my favorite topping, black olives. This was followed by low-fat ice cream, the only kind that Carla will eat. We sat around the piles of boxes, all of us wearing our oldest T-shirts and jeans and happy that the move had been completed.

Later my parents stopped by to see how everything went. Tim looked at me proudly. "Jeff made all the difference. He was a huge help this morning and moved a ton of boxes and furniture. Then he helped out this afternoon and never ran out of energy." Those words made me feel great and brought a big smile to my face. Even though I knew I'd have a few aches and pains the next day, I was glad that I had pitched in when Tim and Carla needed my help.