

Student's Name

Professor's Name

Course Code

Date

Score 95.3

|Comment:| Personal narrative. Document formatting is great! |Observations:|

{Integrity}: 100%. {Length}: 100%.

{Mechanics:} 96% (spelling 98%, grammar 88%, punctuation 97%, word choice 100%).

{Citation formatting:} ungraded. {Reasoning, logic:} 90% (efficiency 100%, acuity 82%, clarity 99%, objectivity 79%).

Personal Narrative

Being good to others is a trait we learn from those who are good to us. I have experienced many positive people who have helped me in various aspects of my life. Mr. Lee is one of them. An English teacher who cared for more than his students' grades, Mr. Lee helped me throughout high school, ensuring I overcame all obstacles at school and home. He went out of his way to see that I succeeded in school. Therefore, I am grateful to Mr. Lee for taking an interest in my life and ensuring my family problems did not compromise my success in school or life.

It was a cold night. The rain was pounding down the street, the water forming shallow ponds one could not see due to the darkness. The moon seemed distant as the cold created chills all over my body. I was scared, but I could not show it. One of the older students in the school had told me never to show fear. "it is a weakness they will smell and turn you into their target." He was talking about the bullies in school. All these happenings compounded the challenges I faced throughout that day. Even as I retired home, my supposed haven, I felt frustrated; nothing had gotten better, contrary to what I thought.

I heard a car slowing down next to me as I walked. I could not hide my fear anymore, and I started walking faster. That was until I had that voice I recognized—my English teacher, Mr. Lee. "Why are you walking alone in the dark? Aren't you supposed to be home?" I stopped but could not answer him. I started crying, my tears hidden by the rainwater hitting my face. "Get in! I will take you home." I got in. Mr. Lee was like the savior I was praying for as I walked scared

down that street. He called my mother and realized I was lost. Our home was on the opposite street.

I had just moved to the new school after my mother decided to relocate and find a new job. I hated her for it because I knew how tough I would find it in the new school. I was late on the first day because I had to prepare myself. I missed the bus and arrived at school when the first period had already kicked off. I looked disorganized, and all the students ridiculed me. They had found a new kid to pick on.

Mr. Lee noticed my troubles and talked to me several times. I was late for his class, but his reaction was different from what I expected. He did not yell at me, reprimand me, or send me to the principal's office. Instead, he called me after class and asked why I was late on my first day. Initially, I was reluctant to tell him, but he seemed friendly and genuinely concerned. So, I told him. He was empathetic and told me he would speak to my mother to find out what was happening.

As I continued my new life in the new school, I learned that that was just Mr. Lee's personality. He was an empathetic teacher who cared for his students and took an interest in all that affected them. Mr. Lee took me home that night and held my hand all the following days until I graduated. He helped me in my academic and home life. He ensured I was okay and never missed school, even when facing troubles at home. Mr. Lee also connected me with various tutors to help me with the subjects on which I was performing poorly. On my graduation day, he told me, "Pay it forward!"