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Eason

ENGL 101C

9/14/2020

Personal Narrative Draft 1.1 Enchanting Marketing

The vague memory of the incident still haunts me at times, with the few notes I took to cope with the stress reminding me of the finer details.

The vague memory still haunts me as a child may be haunted by uncanny dreams at night. The few notes I took to cope with the stress is the only thing that reminds me of the gritty details.

As usual I am greeted by a cheerfully loud tune from my phone alarm telling me to start my day, at a wonderful 6:00 AM.

As usual I am greeted by a cheerfully loud tune from my phone alarm beckoning me like a horse to yet again start another day, at a glorious 6:00 AM.

I went through my usual motion of checking the time to make sure my alarm went off correctly, looking at any notifications on my phone, and checking the weather.

I went through my usual motion of checking the time with my foggy gloom eyes to ensure my alarm went off correctly, looking at any notifications on my phone, and checking the weather.

I saw that school had been delayed for 2 hours, so I slept for another hour before deciding to be slightly more motivated.

I saw that school had been delayed for 2 hours, so like any normal teenager, I attempted to sleep like a hibernating bear for another hour before deciding to be slightly more active.

But due to a lack in synchronicity with the cards and my life in days prior I thought nothing of it, my first mistake. My breakfast, a premade breakfast sandwich, and an Essentials powdered breakfast smoothing was my usual generic breakfast due to my lack of time to actually cook for myself, but I did have 3 snickers bars to spice things up a bit.

But like a bad joke, as well as a lack in synchronicity with the cards and my life in days prior I thought little of it, my first mistake. I continued, flailing down the stairs in my morning grudge to get some grub from the kitchen. My breakfast, a premade breakfast sandwich, and an Essentials powdered breakfast smoothing. Due to my lack of time to actually cook for myself this MRE for teens was what my breakfast normally consisted of throughout the entirety of highschool, but I did have 3 snickers bars to spice things up a bit.

Around 15 minutes before I needed to leave I began to prepare for the cold.

Around 15 minutes before I needed to leave I began to prepare for the frigid New England winter.

My mother was in the kitchen making coffee as she usually did. We greeted one another and she asked if school was delayed, only after hearing my reply exclaiming her disapproval in the district's choice of keeping school open that day.

My mother was in the kitchen making coffee as she usually did. We greeted one another **much like coworkers in the office**, and she asked if school was delayed, only after hearing my reply exclaiming her disapproval in the district's choice of keeping school open that day.

I simply walked out the door after saying goodbye and entered my car. I put my bags in the back seat, and rolled into the driver's seat. As I shuffled myself into a comfortable position the cold leather seating began to sap the heat from my jeans making my legs cold, I didn't mind. I poked the side of the driving shaft trying to find the ignition port, and when I did the ignited the engine.

I simply **slipped out the door with an extra wide load of school materials, slamming every available bag on every part of the door frame, all while trying to keep to the low tone so I wouldn't become the next circus in town**. I made it safely to my car however, and I put my bags in the back seat, and rolled into the driver's seat. As I shuffled myself into a comfortable position the cold leather seating began to sap the heat from my jeans making my legs **colder than your freezer on maximum overdrive**, I didn't mind as I was already more frozen than a stack of **sausages in a roll packed to delight**. I poked the side of the driving shaft trying to find the ignition port **nearly making a second ignition port**, I jammed the key into the correct slot and **ignited the engine**.

My old Taurus skated across the road as if it were the rink, something I noted at the time but put no meaning behind, my third sign.

My old Taurus skated across the road as if it were the rink on steroids, something I noted at the time but put no meaning behind, my third sign.

Due to this I tried ripping the key out of the ignition. Jammed.

Due to this I tried ripping the key out of the ignition. Jammed in between a hard place and another attached hard place I gave up.