**Personal Narrative**

Ruiyan Maggie Huang

Pippa Keene

FP English 6 HL

11/07/2018

**Rationale**

The personal narrative is written in the form of a short story, because a short story has an attractive plot, along with a series of unfolding events as well as more characters, providing more freedom while writing it. Meanwhile, short story can force me to write a more engaging and moving narrative in a limited space.

Besides, the personal narrative will be written in first person, so that I can use the most natural voice. In comparison, telling my own story in second or third person is not as natural, especially when expressing inner emotions and thoughts. Also, by talking in first person, readers can emerge in the world I created, and thus be more engaged and better understand the narrator’s emotion and thoughts, creating a strong empathy during reading.

The reason why I chose this particular story is that it is one of the most unforgettable experiences I have ever had. Even though it may not be the most challenging or exciting one, only during this hiking did I experience the process of constantly going beyond myself regardless of that endless desperation. It made me realize the true meaning of faith, perseverance, and one’s unlimited potential. Because of this, the story will emphasize more on my own feelings rather than the spectacular view

during the hiking.

**Personal Narrative**

So here we are, at the foot of the mountains, the starting point of the 30-kilometer mountain hiking.

Seeing the sign of “Do NOT Enter After Noon”, we hesitated.

Dad lifted his hand to block the glare from the midday’s sun. “Noon has not gone yet.” He said with a sigh, tugging the bag over his shoulder. “Just keep going.”

*Yes, but we are risking our lives. If we don’t finish the whole trip before sunset, even god cannot save us in such a leak place.* Yet I understood why Dad said this. We’d been anticipating this hike, the one with the world’s most dangerous trekking route, for so long, and this might be the only chance in his life to come here, Trolltunga, meaning Troll Tongue in Norwegian legends.

So we moved on. It went well at first. There were stone steps, with birds chirping and streams running along.

Unfortunately, we had barely covered 3km when it began to rain.

First it was just drizzling, then it started storming. Overhead, the sky became so dirty like a rag, making me feel like dragging it down and cleaning it. The raindrops fell from seemingly nowhere, turning dust into mud. The ground became slushy and slippery with the wind growing chilled to marrow. Climbing now was increasingly stiff.

We had no choice but keeping dragging ourselves upwards. It seemed to be a century when we saw a group of people coming down for the first time.

"You saw that? The Trolltunga?" asked my Dad.

"No, the weather’s terrible. It may be a while before the rain stops, and it may even rain heavier. Anyway, good luck."

We fell back into silence and slowed to a steady walk. The sudden muteness gnawed at my insides, making my blood as cold as the damp air.

“Let’s go back,” after losing her balance for the tenth time, Mom finally broke the silence.

I stopped. Never for a moment in my whole life had I had such a great desire for my little bed in our motorhome, the soup made by Mom, and the hot bath … *Let’s go back*.

“You may stay here, and we shall go,” Dad interrupted before I could throw my stick away and cry it out.

*Why is he using “we”? We should GO BACK.*

Yet Dad had already proceeded. I stared at his back for a while, the rain-soaked shirt clinging to his broad shoulders.

I followed him. I kept reminding myself how bad I would feel that if I give up, all I did would amount to nothing. It seemed that the more I had given to something, the less willing I was to give it up.

The rest of the route was numbing to me. Mud kept sloshed my legs and peppering my whole body. My socks were now a mixture of brown and red, but I crawled, step by step, shivering and exhausted, and finally saw the little wooden sign at the mountaintop, reading an almost faded “Trolltunga”.

So standing at the edge of the great cliff, I was unprepared for the feeling of awe that came over me, the howling gale buffeting my jacket, and the weeds exposed in the chilly air, growing tenaciously, and rooted in the crevice, which was in turn rooted at the edge of Trolltunga, which stuck out from a huge rock, which rested upon the mountain, which was growing from the earth itself, and from this mountain the weeds were stretching, in such a way so wonderful that I was filled with pride, and reminded of my parents, my friends, and all creatures in the world, for life is so fragile, and so beautiful.

I heard a faraway voice calling my name. I looked back, and I saw Mom.