

## Narrative Writing Example

*Write a story that contains the following sentence: 'I had not spoken to my sister in quite some time. But this time I had to call her.'*

When the call came from Bright House yesterday, I was at Josh's annual play. The school asked few parents to be a part of the crew or the organizing committee and my wife and I decided that I should be more involved in their lives and school. So there I was, pacing up and down the backstage staircases with Ogre masks, damsel dresses, king's crowns and a mountain of other props that were necessary for the mish-mash-style of play they were performing. Sriya, my wife, was in the audience. There were more than 5 calls I had missed from the home for the elders, so I figured that it must be urgent. And it was.

I have a sister. My father passed away three years ago, and my wife and I decided that my mother should be moved to an elder's home. We were getting caught up in our own lives and could not attend to her with the children growing up and demanding all the attention. We could not share the responsibility with my sister, because Rashmi lives in the US. Much to her protests, we finally made the difficult decision to move her to an elder's home, 'Bright House,' which seemed like a reliable and trustworthy institution. But Rashmi would not relent; she stopped speaking to us, saying that she is ashamed to call me her brother.

But when my friend who works as security manager told me his story when he visited the site last week, I developed some serious doubts about the safety of that place.

'Ravi, your mother is at Bright House, right? Well, I was monitoring their security systems last week, and I thought I should share with you what I heard while I was there.'

My heart sank as he said uttered the next few phrases, as an overwhelming sense of guilt and fear crept up my veins.

'I think one of the elders were complaining about how the food was unpleasant. The caretaker began to yell at the old woman at the top of his voice, making her tremble and squirm like a scared animal. It was a painful sight to witness. I think he did not know that I was there. Then he proceeded to grab the plastic plate out of her hand and threw it on the floor and told her to starve if she can't eat what is given. The old lady started weeping. Then the man rudely grabbed her by the arm and dragged her to a room.'

That was a week back. I did not tell Sriya about this. But now that they called me and informed that my mother has become extremely weak and ill, I told Sriya about her condition. But I did not reveal to her that it is probably the neglect and the harsh treatment by the staff at Bright House that resulted in my mother becoming so frail and ill.

I had not spoken to my sister in quite some time. But this time I had to call her. It's been three years, ever since we sent mother to the elder's house. With a shaking hand and trembling lips, I dialed her number.