Amber Albano

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Narrative Essay

 Once upon a time in a small town there was a young boy named Arpad. He was a scrawny little boy. Today is the first day of fighting school. Arpad has been waiting for this day his whole life. He gets dressed and rushes to school, forgetting the most important meal of the day, breakfast.

 As Arpad was walking to school he came across his friend Andris. Arpad asked him if he was ready for school. Andris said he had been making bow and arrows since he was a baby and was ready. Arpad began to worry. He didn’t think of practicing before. What if he was the only one who hadn’t practice making bow and arrows? What if he couldn’t?

 He and Andris arrived at school and met up with all their friends. Everyone was excited. All you could hear in the room was the loud excited voices of the children ready to learn. Pretty soon the teacher started to settle the class down. The kids waited anxiously to begin the lesson on bow making.

 After the teacher went over what to do, all the safety precautions, and demonstrated what to do, the kids went right to work. Arpad, amongst the other students, worked excitedly. After seeing it be made, Arpad felt like that he could make the best bow and arrow, even better than Andris.

 The end of the day quickly approached and Arpad was heartbroken. He didn’t finish his bow and what he had finished didn’t resemble a bow at al. He felt defeated. Every young boy learns how to make a bow and arrow and use it efficiently. Then once they grow up they fight. It was just Magyar tradition. When he got home Arpad couldn’t even look at his parents. He felt like he had failed him.

 The following day he really didn’t want to go back. Today they were going to put the final touches on them and begin shooting. That’s another thing he didn’t know how to do. He thought all his friends would laugh at him.

 The days went by and Arpad still couldn’t get it down. Little did he know that one day he would lead the Magyars into war and conquer Hungary.