

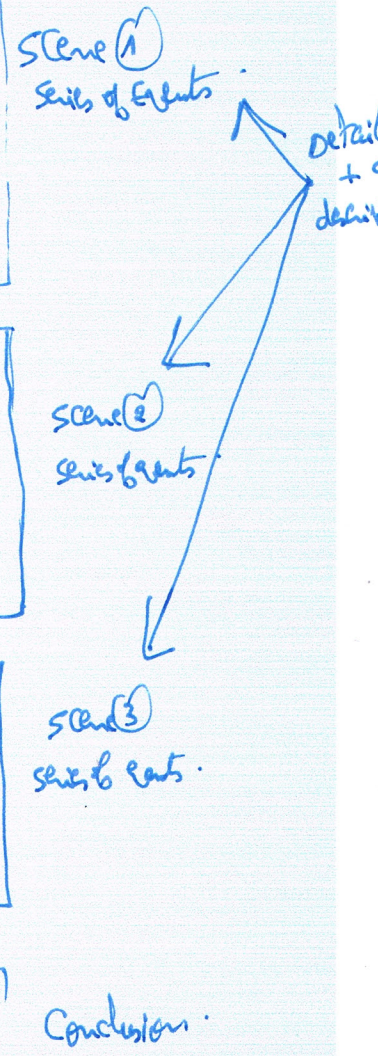
English class but barely knew. I still have the picture of the two of us that night, but I don't have the heart to display it because even though I look good in my tux and she looks beautiful in her blue satin dress and orchid corsage, I can't look at the picture without remembering that just after the flash went off, she turned away in anger. Unfortunately, my senior prom was a disaster.

I thought I had everything arranged well in advance of the night of the prom. I had persuaded my brother to lend me his shiny new red Camaro in exchange for mowing his lawn for two months. At the time, it seemed like the trade was well worth it because I could just imagine the look in my date's eyes when I picked her up in my brother's cool car. Unfortunately, my brother didn't show up until right before I was supposed to leave, and in my rush I neglected to check the gas gauge. As a result, I ran out of gas and had to hitchhike in my tux to the nearest filling station. I arrived at my date's house twenty minutes late and sweaty. When her father opened the door, it was clear from the scowl on his face that he was not pleased with anyone who would keep his precious daughter waiting on such an important night.

My date was forgiving enough until we arrived fifteen minutes late at the four-star French restaurant where I had made reservations months in advance. We were informed by a surly maître d' that we had lost our reservations and would have a one-hour wait if we wanted to stay. Instead, we opted for a local restaurant that offered a fancy seafood buffet, but we felt ridiculous in our formal clothes when everyone else was dressed casually. It was already clear that the evening was not going well, and my date didn't have much to say. Her dress was so tight that she could barely eat a bite of food, and I was so miserable that I ate too much. The tension and the greasy fried food combined to make me feel slightly queasy.

By the time we arrived at the prom, my date was barely speaking to me. The prom was held in the gym, which still looked very much like a gym in spite of the potted plants and canopy of balloons. To make matters worse, the band the prom committee had hired played mostly punk rock music, which was impossible to dance to. Everyone just milled around awkwardly and didn't know what to do. The music was too loud to hear yourself talk, and the strobe lights at once blinded me and made me feel dizzy. Not an hour after we arrived, someone bumped my elbow, and I sloshed my drink all over the front of my date's blue satin dress, which sent her running to the bathroom in tears. I suppose for her that was the last straw.

By the time I dropped her off, she was so furious that she refused to say goodnight, let alone kiss me goodnight. Needless to say, she never went out with me again. I spent two hot summer months mowing my brother's lawn to pay for borrowing his car, and when my prom picture arrived in the mail, I put it in a drawer without looking at it. All in all, my senior prom was an experience I would just as soon forget.



Organization of Narration

Narratives are generally told in chronological order, meaning the events are told in the order that they happened, so the story you are telling will dictate the organization of your paragraph or essay. Try to structure your essay around logical divisions in the events you are recounting.