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English 10

Narrative Essay

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***A Near Death Experience***

“Hhhelp, helpppppp me, anyone please help me pleaseee....” This is the sound infixes in my mind for a long time till now I never can forget it. It all started when I was sleeping, I can smell smoke and muggy from fire comes to my bed, then, the sound of woman plangently yelled to entreat help. After that, I tried to run as fast as I can to escape the house with my family.

Everything was chaotic, and terrible from the start of the fire. People crossed back and forth, tried to carry all the stuff. Some men volunteered to take care of a woman and child to a safe place first, then using shower minimize the fire. Chemicals from a house were mixed into air. It was stinky and initiating to the nose. My brother covered my nose to avoid that kind of smell. Within ten minutes, the fire truck came to, and behind was an ambulance. The firefighters quickly do their tasks. One climbed on the firetruck and directed the flow of water the house. Others went inside the house to discover who was injured or stuck. A few mins later, two patients were carried out and lifted to the ambulance. However, it was not done yet. They were fighting with the fire forty-five minutes, then everything was under control. The fire was gone, but the house was collapsed and destroyed completely, and the owners with their children were still there. I heard from the crowd the last two people were still alive and escaped from fire when the police come to asked,”What’s cause to make the big fire?”. They were too scared to speak out loud until she was recovered and told what emerged the fire. “I forgot to turn off the gas stove.”, said woman.

The next day was coming. Finally, dead people were found under a bunch of mess. The police confirmed that they were families living beside my house. A boy of the family was a person I knew in school. I didn’t really have a close connection to him, but he was a person that I knew and dead in front of my eyes. I was shocked and felt sorry to them. I have never been in thought someone died just in a day I saw their smile, their happiness on their faces. It was a harsh feeling to describe. I remembered my friend said to me, “It was horrible to think about you go to school, you laugh in the morning, but then you die in midnight unexpectedly.” Since then, I have been grateful that I am still alive. I am glad that I can do anything in life rather than lying and never open my eyes again. I thought of my frustrating feeling of a low-mark test, and I knew it was not important. It was not as important as I am able to breathe, to see what I would like to see. Besides that, I also realized I am not alive for a high mark, at least I tried my best. I have actually lived for my family, my ambition, and myself for a chance to enjoy what makes me happy. I was obvious and scared when I actually witness a big flame was eating up my neighbor’s house like wildly tigers grabing their prey. At the moment, my foot touched the cold ground, I knew that I am still alive. I was truly thankful to my family and people who helped and took me away from danger.

The burnt house is a meaningful story for me which I learned from so much. I have appreciated my friends, my family who love me and survived from accident unwanted. I have a chance to see the sunrise again that some people cannot have. Therefore, I should live worthily in any available moment and not complain anything about my life.