

Name _____

Personal Narrative

Title: A Good Deed on a Snowy Day

It was a cold and wintry day.
Usually, my brother Caden and I
would have school. But not today!
We had a snow day.

Dad did not have a snow day.
He still had to go to work. "I'll
probably be home late," he said
with a sigh. "Travel will be slow
with all the snow."



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Personal Narrative (continued)

The snow came down thicker and faster. Caden and I went outside and threw snowballs. We made a fort. We had fun!

We saw our neighbors coming home from work. They were tired, and they still had to shovel their sidewalks.

Caden and I thought of Dad. He would be tired, too. We decided to help! We shoveled our sidewalk and Mrs. Henshaw's walk next door.



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Personal Narrative (continued)

“Look at what you’ve done!”
Dad said, smiling brightly as he
arrived home. “You two make
me proud.” That made my heart
swell with happiness. I knew Mrs.
Henshaw would be glad and
surprised, too.

Caden and I agreed: having a
snow day is fun. It is great to play
in the snow. But the best part of
this day was helping others!
