

kEXAMPLE SHORT AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL (NONFICTION) STORY

Prompt: Write an autobiographical story about your life that contains at least five paragraphs and all the elements of a story. Use the APA style.

TITLE OF THE STORY: Rising from the Ashes

Rising from the Ashes

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Rising from the Ashes

My name is Marcus Solo, and this is my life story. It is a story that involves hardship but also rising above that hardship. To begin, I was born in Wichita, Kansas, on March 19, thirteen years ago. Until the middle of fourth grade, I lived on a farm near Kansas City, Kansas with my mother, father, and older brother, Danny. The reason why we moved was because Danny was getting into trouble, and he had to live at the Juvenile Detention Center (JDC). We moved into my grandma's house to be near him, and I attended Warner Elementary School. We lived there for a month. Then we moved to our first house in North Wichita. We lived there for a year and a half until we moved back to my grandma's house.

For a while, we lived with my grandma and grandpa until we got kicked out because my mom and dad were fighting. They were fighting a lot, and my grandma could not stand their fighting. My mom and I stayed in a motel until my dad came to the room and broke the door down. As a result, my mom and I got kicked out of the motel. We moved to another motel. My mom and dad were not living together at this time, and Danny was still in the JDC. A week later, my mom and dad were back together. Danny was out of the JDC, but he still had to go to school there. Eventually, we rented a house in North Wichita. We lived there for a year until my dad burned it down by throwing firecrackers onto the roof after locking all the doors. Even though my mother was asleep inside the house, I managed to get her out in time, but the house burned to the ground. Next, the Red Cross put us in the Holiday Inn. We lived there for five months until we moved back to my grandma's house and lived in her garage. Unfortunately, her garage did not have any heat or air conditioning. While we were living there, my brother Jeremy was born on April 17th, a day after my grandpa's birthday. I started to take care of him when my parents were gone.

Along the way, I realized that my mom, dad, and Danny were on drugs. They left me and Jeremy alone a lot. On the weekends, I went to my uncle's house in another town to get away from them. One weekend, when I was visiting my uncle, my grandpa passed away. After my grandpa's death, I lived in many motels with my family. My dad was not around much, but when he was around, he abused my brother Danny and me. When I was 12 years old, I'd had enough of his abuse. I left my family, and I walked across town to live with my aunt. I lived with her for quite a while. During this time, I found out that Danny had overdosed on drugs. I went to visit him in the hospital and learned that he has a serious heart condition because of his drug usage. As a result, I decided that I did not want any part of the life my family was living. I continued to live with my aunt.

About two months after my brother's overdose, and when I was 13 years old, my aunt decided she did not want to take care of me any more. My brother Jeremy and I were put into foster care. This was the hardest time for me because I was so alone, and I had to take care of my brother. After a short while, we began to live with my uncle and aunt and their four kids. I was determined to begin a new life and to make it a good life. With my uncle's help, I have attended Joplin Junior High and High School where I have participated in a variety of activities and have earned good grades. I have earned letters in three sports. I lettered in wrestling during each of three years. I've also made friends while helping to take care of my little brother Jeremy.

When I was 15 years old, my parents' rights were taken away, and my uncle became my permanent guardian. He also formally adopted my brother Jeremy. He is a carpenter, and he now has six children to support. Lucky for Jeremy and me, he is a good person who wants to help others. He helped me get accepted into college, and I'm looking forward to

that. Because I have been in foster care, I can get scholarships for college. All in all, I am happy that I have a new family that supports me. Even my cousins, who go to the same school with me, make sure that I'm doing well. Throughout this experience, I have learned that I can succeed without my mother and father's presence in my life. I learned that I have the personal strength to go forward with my life in positive ways. I have also learned that I can find others who will help me meet my goals.