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Café Bruleè

The roar of a transit bus jolted Carrie from her thoughts. She sat sweltering in the humidity of the busy café. Her stomach churned in anticipation, or hunger from the delicious smells of muffulettas, seafood gumbo, and po'boys wafting precociously by as the servers strolled to the eager tables waiting. It been two years since the last time she saw Jasper. Her amber eyes cringed remembering the things she'd endured.

They met at Papadeaux's one random weeknight. Jasper was an old, romantic soul; a clean-cut, rustic look with a dark brown, slick-back cut and sharply manicured beard heightening shimmering green eyes all complimenting a lean, sturdy, gentleness.

Carrie remembered tossing her honey, wheat waves. Swiping her gloss across plump lips then straightening the white cropped tank and pale pink, pleated maxi skirt hanging from her boney hips. The chemistry between them cosmic, as if the stars aligned then shined down on them that night. Their conversation flowed strong and steady as wine and the brush of their finger continued sending a tingling sensation over her body.

Carrie glanced at her watch—15 minutes late. “You gonna eat somethin’?” The waitress asked. Her upswept, ebony hair and bright-red lips reminded Carrie of a 50's pin-up girl.

“No, thanks. Just the check, please.” She said. Noticing two kids playing and picking at each other a few tables over.

She couldn't stop herself noticing the variety of parties occupying each table. It had become a sub-conscious habit she'd spent the past year trying to break. She had to see and memorize every person in sight. A bald, robust man sweating through his cheap suit devouring two separate plates of food, no company to share the meal with, she assumed was one of those “ambulance chasing” lawyers. Carrie shrugged off the anger overcoming her. She noticed a

couple sitting across from her corner table, must be new love, can't take their hands or lips off one another long enough to have a bite of food.

Lost in the passion boiling between her neighbors, a familiar voice sent a reflexive wave of nervous energy through her. Carrie sat frozen at the image of Jasper walking towards the tiny, iron table. She ducked under the green and white striped umbrella. Her heart racing.

“Dis seat takin’?” He said in his curt, genteel creole way.

“Well, actually, I'm waiting for someone... They seem to be running late, so you're lucky... It's still open.” Carrie couldn't believe the words spewed so perfectly from her clumsy lips. She half-stood as Jasper took his seat, reaching in her purse and clutching the cold comforting steel.

She couldn't understand what drew him to meet at the café, but he did. Carrie knew it was a necessary step in gaining her freedom back. She felt the sting of disappointment, rage, overwhelming fear radiate through her chest, but she'd halfway expected this if he even showed at all, but he did show, and that meant something. It was time to deal with the night she'd been raped.