

# Composition on My Childhood Days

[Hints: Introduction, Childhood day, The Padma, The Kamafilly, The Hat, The Town, Conclusion.]

Introduction: Man loves to re-back the past again and again by cultivation his memory. The present may be good. But the past is golden. Nothing is more pleasant to him than to recall the memories of his childhood days.

I often remember the days of my childhood. Whenever I am sick of the present, I seek relief in the past.

Childhood days: I was born in a small village in the district of Chittagong. My father was a village school teacher. Ours was a simple household and lived happily with my parents, brothers, and sisters. My mother was very affectionate. I am sorry that I lost her some months ago. My father was a sincere and simple man. An educationist all his life, he loved his daughters very much.

The Karnafuly: My playground was the bank of the Kamali. In all seasons the Karnafuli had the greatest attraction for me. Whenever I was at home, I could be found on its bank. There would be other children also with me. We used to row on the river, jump into it and swim in it.

The Maktab: An old Moulvi Sahib used to teach us in the maktab. It was situated in a small attached to the village mosque. A large number of boys used to attend it. We would learn our lessons with a great noise, but our old teacher did never threaten us.

The Hat: Another interesting memory is of the village 'hat'. The hat used to sit twice a week near the river. My mother used to send me food marketing there. I usually went there with some other children.

The hat seemed to be a wonderful place. After spending a few hours there, we would come back at nightfall.

The Town: I am extremely sorry that my happiness did not last long. My father got an appointment in a town school and we moved to the town immediately with the whole family. I did not like the town. There was no freedom, no joy of us like as in the village. Above all, I missed the beautiful Karnafuli on whose banks I had spent the best days of my life.

Conclusion: I was sorry to be in the town. But there was no help. Gradually, however, I adjusted myself to town life. I had new friends and complaints and was more or less happy. I have since grown up and I am a young man now, but I still long for my happy childhood days in the charming environment of my village.