

Composition on My Childhood Memories

Introduction: memories of childhood mean some incidents of the past to be remembered. Childhood is the sweetest period of human life. Wordsworth says, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy'. Man is fond of Turing back and calling up the memories of his by-gone days.

My childhood: my childhood days were very colorful. They were full of a lot of memorable things and events. They still flash before my mind's eyes and fill my heart with a world of joy and pleasure. Richter says, 'remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away.' I was the youngest son of my parents. They loved me very dearly and took every care to make me happy. A single drop of tears was enough to move them. They were my best guides, teachers, and friends in my childhood. Hundreds of events crowd my memories and hunt me. Let me muse over some so the striking memories of my childhood below:

The memory of home: the memory of my childhood days more than often takes me back to our sweet home and reminds me of the wise saying, 'home, home, sweet home; there is no place like home.' My feelings can be best expressed in the words of the poet,

*"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun came,
Peeping in at morn."*

The memory of mother: my mother was be-all and end-all in through thick and thin and in weal and woe of my life. Her picture is still hanging on the wall before my reading table. It reminds me of her sweet smiles,

"Those lips are thins -thins own sweet smiles I see; the same that

oft in childhood solaced me.”

Playground: my playground was on the bank of a small river flowing by our house. We, the boys of our locality, gathered there every afternoon to play and rang the air and the sky with great shouts and rejoice.

My first lesson: my first lesson of learning began at home under a local Md. Maulvi Sahid. We, a few boys and girls, sat on a mat, and repeated our lessons in a singing voice. All the time we moved our body forward and backward.

Summer’s attraction: we roamed about up and down in the whole village and plucked various summer fruits and ate them heartily. The sweet melody of a song sung by a shepherd on his flute at noon still hunts my mind.

*“the music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.”*

Winter morning: I used to get up very early in the morning and go out for plucking flowers through the shivering cold of the morning. The mother prepared different kinds of cakes and food with date juice. We ate them with great pleasure and enjoyed basking in the morning sun.

Fair and village market: these two places were also a great source of joy and attraction to me. I would go to these places, roamed about, and enjoyed their sights, sounds, and various very much. There I would buy things of my choice with my little funds for myself and for my younger.

Value of childhood: human life is divided into four periods: childhood, youth, middle age, and old age. Childhood Is the best and

sweetest of all these periods. A man can enjoy the real freedom of life in his childhood. He can taste the pleasure of living with a free mind. He can lead a pure, simple, and care-free life. He remains free from the pangs of a day-to-day hard life. This is why; this age is called the golden period of life. On the contrary, a grown-up man becomes burdened with boundless duties and responsibilities of life. The stern reality of life. Always keeps him occupied with hundreds and thousands of cares and anxieties. This is why he feels to look back and recollect the sweet memories of his childhood. These recollections go a long way for him to forget the monotony and boredom of his routine-bound life. This is why; we all wish we could go back to those charming days again.

Conclusion: all these memories act as a great source of bliss in solitude and flash before my mind's eye over and over again and give me immense joy and pleasure. I feel that I was really happy in my childhood life. Let me quote the words of the poet:

*"Backward, turn backward, time in your flight:
Make me a child again just to-night."*