

# Composition on My Last Day at School

Similar to:

A Memorable Day in My Life

A Farewell Ceremony I Have Attended

Introduction: Our world is like a stage. We are merely its players. We enact many a drama of joy and sorrow continuously during our lifetime. One man in his time plays many apart. Let me quote the words of Shakespeare,

*"all the world's a stage, and all the man and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances"*

my school life amounts to such a part of my dramatic life.

The mystery of life: mysterious are the ways of God. Man's creation on earth is all the more mysterious. The sheer reality of our life on earth is that one moment we laugh in joy and the next moment we burst into tears. Actually, our earthly life is just like a bubble. Many an event of joy and sorrow of our life lies stored up in the pages of our memory. But all of them are not equally important and worth memorizing to us. Most of them among them more than often peep through the window of our mind's eye and give us either joy or sorrow. I have also a few finger-counted events of both joy and sorrow stored up in my memory which is worthy to be remembered. The memory of my last day at school or farewell day is one of them. It is still glittering vividly in my mind's eye like the glittering stars studded in the sky.

My feelings: my school life continued at a stretch for five years in the Patuakhali government jubilee high school. Now my turn to leave the school came up. Our coaching classes were dissolved. A farewell ceremony was arranged for us. The date was fixed on the 10<sup>th</sup> February 2012. it was my last day at school. The school auditorium was decorated nicely for the occasion. We, the examinees, turned up in the school auditorium in time. We looked at each other very sadly and found everyone pain-stricken. My feelings on the day were blended with both of joy and sorrow. I felt sorrow because it was the end of my school life. I felt happy because I was going to cross over to a higher stage of life. A proverb also goes.

*'the old order changed yielding place to the new.'*

Speeches of students: the function started with recitation from the holy Quran. Our headmaster presided over the meeting. We were first garlanded by the junior students. Then a student of class 9 gave a moving and heart-rending farewell speech. He expressed his gratitude to us for our long and deep association with them as well as with the school. Then two other students took part in speeches. Next came up the turn of delivering speeches from among the outgoing students. I spoke on behalf of them.

I addressed a few words with eyes full of tears. First, I expressed my heartfelt gratitude to my reverend teachers for their untiring efforts and loving care for us. Next, I begged pardon to them for any unintentional offense done to them by us. Then I told our junior students to forgive and forget if any wrong was done to them by any one of us. I suggested them to do their business with utmost devotion, endive, and sincerity and make their life sublime following the footprints of the outstanding greater of the world. While I was delivering a speech, I was feeling extremely sad thinking of my separation from my mother like an institution. My voice was so choked up with emotions that I could not express my feelings well. It was

too painful for me to bear the separation.

Speeches of teachers: our beloved teachers gave us valuable instructions. We all listened to them with rapt attention. In the end, our headmaster gave a passionate speech. He gave us some pieces of valuable advice to follow in our future course of life. He advised us never to be downcast and try again and again and yet again and over again to attain the supreme success in life. Let me quote his words,

*“though you stumble of boys, never be downcast, try again and again, you will succeed at last.”*

Taking leave of teachers: the function came to an end with the speech of the headmaster. We went our teachers to take leave of them and ask their blessings. We touched their feet one by one. They patted our heads with fatherly affection and gave us their best blessings. Then we got into the headmaster’s room. We touched his feet quite respectfully. He spoke with us very affectionately. We never found him as affectionate as we found him on that day. He said that the name and fame of the school depended on our brilliant results. He also expressed his good wishes, love, and blessings for us. We were greatly impressed by his kind words.

Conclusion: we all left school with heavy hearts. While leaving we couldn’t help casting our longing and lingering look at our great and noble institution. It seemed to me that the day had passed away so swiftly. This reminded me of the poet’s saying,

*“the day so soon has glided by, even like the passage of an angel’s tear.”*

Though the ceremony came to an end, my imagination kept roaming about

with my senses all over the passed-by way. I felt like saying, 'backward, turn backward, time in your flight!' it is needless to say that the memory of my last day at school will remain ever fresh in my mind.