

Essay on My Last Day at School

[Hints: Introduction; I was busy; Sort of vacuum; A farewell meeting; Conclusion]

Introduction: I will always remember my last day at the. published. I was among the candidates who were selected to sit for the examination. I had come to pay my fees for the final examination along with class friends. Yes, we all feel merry and light-hearted.

I was busy: I was a busy boy. There was so much to be, done. I had to get clearance certificates from the library and the laboratory. Records had to hunt up by the gentlemen in charge had to convince themselves that I had returned all property belonging to the school that I had permitted to use. Those who stayed at a boarding had to get similar certificates from the boarding superintendent. At the counter, when the fees were being paid, a few on both sides some were inclined to show high and mighty, but on the whole, we behaved admirably.

Sort of vacuum: I admit that the busy day had come to an end. I felt a sort of vacuum in my mind. Last day of my school, students, in the addressing we were given much advice relating to the final examination and our future life. I had felt a pity to leave my dearest where I had been for many years with my school meats. As I passed the corridors with a friend, we could realize how much we owe to the old educational institution.

A farewell meeting: On that day a farewell meeting was held in the assembly hall of the school. Some students and teachers spoke in the meeting bidding us farewell and wishing us success in life. The Headmaster, who took the chair, recalled our long association with the school in a tone full of deep feeling. He pointed out the

progress made by us advised us not to adopt unfair means at any stage of life and encouraged us to achieve glorious students, I was selected to speak in the meeting. I stood up to speak with a heavy heart. The memories of my long association with them began flashing to my mind one after another. When I spoke I could not check my tears. I expressed gratitude to my teachers and love to my schoolmates, I told them that the memories of their happy company would linger to my mind all through my life and be a source of pleasure forever. I saw that tears were also rolling down the cheeks of my teachers and classmates. Then on behalf of the students of the school, a boy stood up and spoke in a very impressive tone. What he spoke left a deep impression on my mind? Then we were treated to light refreshment.

Conclusion: When the time for parting comes, we were sad. We felt that we were leaving behind a precious part of our lives. As for myself as I listened to words of advice and encouragement from my teachers and took leave of friends and acquaintances, and slowly passed out of the familiar school gateway, I felt really depressed and lonely.