

Paragraph on Memories Of My Childhood

Question: One day in the classroom you were asked by your teacher to talk about the memories of your childhood. Write about your childhood memories. (Include details on how the memories of childhood affect you, and what incidents of childhood including your days in school you can recollect. what you did during holidays.)

Answer: A man cannot remember everything that happened in his childhood. But certain events are stored in the subconscious mind. They sometimes peep through the mind's eye. Very simple and trifling things are the center of attraction for a child. When a man grows up, he may laugh at those things. My playground was the bank of the mighty Teesta. In all the seasons this river had great attraction for me. Whenever I was not at home, I could be found on its bank. I was very fond of stealing mangoes, liches, blackberries, and other fruits in the company of friends in the summer. Sometimes we would forget to eat our midday meals. The village Maktab was another interesting place. An old Maulovi Shaheb used to teach us there. It was housed in a small but attached to the village mosque. A large number of boys and girls used to attend. We would learn a lesson with deafening noise. The next worth mentioning experience was my first day at school. When I entered the compound with my father. the children were enjoying themselves here and there. My mind was troubled with fear that I might not be quite free and easy in their midst. My heart began to beat fast when I was taken to the Headmaster but his smiling face and gentle words put me at ease. I was admitted into class I. The warmth with which my classmates received me dispelled all my fears. Another interesting memory is the village hat. The hat used to sit twice a week near a river. I usually went there with some other children. There was a bush near our house. Hundreds of birds would make their nests in that bush, Sometimes I went there with other boys. Some adventurous boys caught small birds from the holes in the

trees. During holidays when my mother went to sleep at noon. we went to the railway line. There I together with other children gathered pebbles. We watched how the trains passed with innumerable unknown facts. Childhood is free from worries and has an infinite capacity for enjoyment.