

My proudest day of
my life



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The grey schooldays that I once hated most, are finally over. Do you remember the tons of homework, different and challenging assignment, hard exams? So those are the past now. It was a beautiful summer day, the big day, the day of my graduation. An important event, that many of my friends and I prayed for that we will do well after our examination without worries. The feeling was so special that no words could describe it. But despite of this I really would like to share with you my special day! The loud applause from the students rocked the hall when the school syndicate entered.

Everyone was so excited about it. The music was uplifting as the symbols of the school then our teachers and the dean had reached their seats. We rose and sang the National Hymn. After the hymn, the dean opened the graduation ceremonially with his speech. Then some of our teachers and some pupils said "thank you" and "goodbye" to each other. Although the first speech was quite dry, the others were very interesting. After the speeches students from each class lined up in the auditorium. Many of us waited eagerly for our turn to go the main stage to receive our diplomas from the dean.

We were more than two hundred but I was waiting patiently. Of course I was very excited. Soon after that, it was my turn. How can I describe that feeling you have been waiting for so long? As I heard my name, I stood up, walked to the stage and the dean handed my diploma after shaking each other's hands. A second later I heard the applause and the unforgettable moment of feeling proud, that yes, I did it! It was an amazing feeling to stay there in front of everyone, especially in front of your family, your loved ones and see the joy in their eyes.

In that seconds and on the way back to my seat I recalled a lot of memories from the last five years. All the positive and negative aspects of being a student came to my mind like the hard exams or the fun time with my friends. After the ceremony, in the background, a white projector screen scrolled down then flashed a video on it. It recalled many memories from our first day we had our orientation till the last days. I was astonished to see my face as some pictures of me popped up on the screen. Seeing myself five years younger at the orientation week with a scared face and with a " what am I doing here" feeling was really funny.

I felt a little bit embarrassed, but we laughed a lot with my friends. At the end of the ceremony we sang the school song then we went to the fountain in front of the university and took some pictures with friends and our last group photo. After that we had a short conversation with friends and somehow a sense of nostalgia aroused even though we were all happy that we finally graduated. I took a last glance around the main lobby - the place I first entered the university five years ago - before I went back to my family.

Along the way back home, in the car was the time when I had a weird feeling. It felt as if it was happiness and sadness with many other kinds of feelings. The feeling was stronger when I had reached home. I knew if I told myself I did not miss the school and my friends that would be lie. Perhaps that was the last time we gathered our friends together. However, I am extremely happy that I finished my school and got my master degree, but I also will miss it! I am sure that we would not be able to feel what we once felt together in the classroom during the past five years.