

A place that holds a
memory essay
sample



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People have memories that are sparked by many situations. Places often make people remember experiences from the past. Many places hold memories for me: the sea, school, and foreign countries. One particular place that reminds me of my childhood is Cassamata Hill National Park in Vigan, Ilocos Sur. Cassamata Hill National Park is located in front of the house where I grew up, so I could see the park from my room. I could see many things: a cute child with parents, a stray dog, and junior high school students who were playing soccer. Almost every day I spent time there, and I liked the park. Therefore, I hated rainy days. I could play in different ways on rainy day than I did on sunny days, but I hated getting wet. Therefore, I liked sunny days. I could play many things. The park has soccer goals, a grove of trees, and a lot of playground equipment such as swings. I played many things in is Cassamata Hill National Park. My friends gathered and played soccer, hide-and-seek, or tag. I didn't like to play tag, because I couldn't run fast. However, I liked to play hide-and-seek because it requires wisdom and bold ideas.

I would hide almost everywhere: in a tree, in the meadow, or behind the rocks. However, my most favorite game was making a fort. My friend and I made forts many times, in a tree or in the tall grass of the meadow. If the fort was completed, everyone gathered in there and ate candy. The candy was bought in the shop near the park or brought from one of our own houses. The candy was so sweet, because our bodies felt tired from the work required to make the fort. Another favorite game was making a pit. It was very fun for me. We made pits in many places, such as in the sandbox or in the soccer court, but the most fun and dangerous place we made a pit was

under the slide. It was such a nice place because someone who used the slide would absolutely be caught by our trap. The next morning, before we went to elementary school, we would gather at that place to check our trap. If there was some evidence that someone had been caught, we had great joy. As you know, I am a rogue. That is one of my good memories of childhood's tricks. This is just one example of mine of a place that holds a memory for me. The memories and favorite places differ for each person. I recommend one thing to you: if you don't hate to be photographed, you had better take a picture of yourself in your favorite place. It will help remind you of your memories. I hope you have good memories in many places.