

# Big things come in small packages essay sample

[Family](#)



For some, birthday celebrations are mandatory. But for our family, birthdays are seldom celebrated. The 16th day of March 2011, for other people, is just a typical day. But for me, it was more than what met my eyes and what I have felt during that day. I woke up feeling lively and sound. For a while, I stopped and started counting the days in the calendar. Adrenalines rushed through my system when I remembered correctly. I will never be wrong—today is my birthday. That brimming feeling of excitement suddenly wore off because if I remember correctly, we seldom celebrate birthdays; this day is not an exception.

Before I left for school, my mother bade me goodbye, greeted me and gave me 300 pesos. Of course, I thankfully accepted the gift, kissed her and offered my respect as I left the house. When I reached the school, my heart filled with joy as most of my classmates, friends, friends of my friends and even those whom I don't know cheerfully greeted me. I was never used to this kind of treatment that is why I replied nothing but thank you.

I was on my fourth year that time so everyone is busy with everything concerning graduation. I, too, was busy loitering around the campus to find every advisers of every organization I am in. I know very well that as a student, signatures of advisers for extracurricular activity certifications are of great necessity especially if you are a graduating one.

Walking for half a day is a tiring work so I decided to take my lunch and went back to school. It was during that time when one of my classmates told me that I am being called by our adviser. My heart started to beat fast since I am not used to being called by my teachers if it is not class discussion. Random

thoughts gushed through my mind. Things like, what if there has been a problem on my grades or have I done anything wrong were coming in and out of my head. When I entered her office, I slightly noticed a weird smile on her face. She ordered me something which I didn't hear clearly because the beating of my heart that time was louder compared to her voice. I just said ok and went out of her office. All my senses were back and suddenly I felt something weird is happening around me. Where are my other classmates?

As I went out the room, together with my classmate, I tried to gather up all of my thoughts. I was nervous that time because I'm afraid my teacher would scold me if I relay a different message to another teacher. In order to reach the department of that teacher, we have to pass through the football field. As I was approaching the field, I was happy to see all of my classmates there, facing at the opposite direction. I was only a few meters away from them when they unanimously faced me and started singing a song—Happy Birthday. I didn't know what to say or what to react. I only stood there for some time while my eyes unconsciously dispensed drop by drop of tears.

I have never felt something like this before, I said to myself. All I have ever replied to them was a big smile, and a bigger thank you. A lot of students passing by were looking at us as if we are out of our minds. They also made me blow some candleless cupcakes which, also, I didn't expect them to prepare. One of my classmates suddenly wiped my face with an icing. Another decanted a half-full pail of water in me. We all fooled around until our energy can take. Each has enjoyed and I was still overflowing with joy. I took the courage to stand in front of them, gave them an impromptu ' I really

appreciated your efforts, thank you very much guys' speech and again, gave them a hug.

Some of my classmates went home while some, together with me, went on a local bar. Of course, a rich classmate of mine treated us for a light snack. After that, we contacted a tricycle that is willing to take us to our homes. I was the first one to be dropped in front of my grandmother's house, wet and sticky but happy.

My grandmother was shocked to see me in such condition. Of course, I spent some time to explain to her why I was in such state. After that, I went to my mother in my aunt's house and hurriedly opened the door to share my experience. The door was locked. I knocked once, no one answered. I knocked twice, again, no one answered. I was about to knock thrice when the door suddenly opened and standing in front of me were my cousins, my aunt and my mother while shouting happy birthday. I was knocked off twice this day, I said to myself as I finally released a big laugh.

Sometimes it is best to be contented with what you have especially with things that are materially undeterminable—love of family and love of friends.