

My first day at school after holiday essay sample

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It is natural on the part of every student to remember the first day at school. It gave me a terrible feeling of fear and anxiety as I went to school with my father. It was my mother who first thought of sending me to school.

Of course I was of the school going age. When my mother expressed it I thought that she was a heartless woman. My mind was disturbed at first. Although I had heard about school, I had not visited it earlier.

My father took me to school which was an unknown place for me. Teachers and students were strangers to me. When I entered the school I felt nervous. It was big building with a large compound wall. As a small child I could not feel stable at the sight of the building. The atmosphere of the school was calm and quite. I was not acquainted with such atmosphere earlier.

It was an old and reputed school in our locality. My father was a student there in his childhood and youth. The Headmaster was well known to my father and greeted him with a smile.

My father introduced me to the Headmaster and requested him to admit me to the school. Then I was enrolled as a student. The Headmaster allowed me to attend the class. I became nervous. My father left me in the class room and went away. I was about to cry.

However, the kind behavior of the Headmaster and the class teacher soothed my feelings. The quality of nervousness vanished from me. The class teacher asked my name and whereabouts. He patted me on my back. I replied some of his questions promptly. He became pleased. He also advised me to purchase the text books.

At first, I was not able to understand why there were so many teachers. The bell rang. The class teacher left our class and another teacher came. All the students in our class again stood up. Other students looked at me curiously. The teacher wrote some words on the blackboard. He taught simple arithmetic's. Then the bell rang. Another class began.

In that class, a new teacher asked us to read a passage from a book. Some of us faithfully read it one after another. After three consecutive classes there was a recess of half an hour. I rushed to the play ground along with my class mates. That day I became intimate to Sandeep who became my best friend later on. As it was my first day, I did not carry Tiffin. Sandeep shared it with me.

Only two classes were held after recess. We told stories. The last class was a drawing-class. The drawing teacher was highly pleased when I set aside my nervousness and drew the picture of a jug on the black board. The classes came to an end at about 4 P. M. I was not willing to return from school.

The memory of my first day at school is very pleasant. I feel proud when I describe it to others.