

I wish i could rewind
back to my
childhood...

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I wish I could rewind back to my childhood... The time I have spent in (school name) is quite unforgettable. My parents had decided to enroll me in (school name) in a small village with a unique motive. (School name) is a place where one can discover the wonders of village kids and how these kids grow their senses into an extraordinary realm. That has been an inspiration and I feel I am executing and documenting my life positively in a creative way. I hope I am always able to go on this way. I spent six long yet tender years in (school name) and that is definitely the best part of my life. It taught me to love, laugh, cry, share, live and let live. Recently, I visited my school after a long gap. The pathways to the school building now have shady trees which we had once planted as part of our extracurricular activity...but somewhere deep within, I had a doubt whether the trees still remembered me now? As we were having a small GT (get-together), there were no classes. The campus was virtually empty and quiet. I saw the walls that we had decorated with all sorts of posters and graffitis. I asked...the kabaddi, kho-kho, basketball grounds...the slipper...the empty class rooms, the benches but all remained silent...amused...I grasped...life at that time was so simple... Walking on the same street who forgot to teach me " how to forget those moments", I remembered all those jokes, growing up, fighting among friends and even the sad moments! The fantastic fun moments especially the " Teachers vs. Students cricket Match" (my favorite match), the exciting commentary... " the situation came to four balls to go, six runs to win, only one wicket remaining and at last umpire signals re-ball for the no-ball from Teachers team..." hehehe! Time takes just a second to become our memories. How can I forget all those moments which I have spent in my school? I know, I cannot get my childhood back but will I be ever free from <https://assignbuster.com/i-wish-i-could-rewind-back-to-my-childhood/>

the memories? It is not possible for me to ever be free, neither do I have the desire to let go of these memories till I exist on this beautiful planet. Life lives in our memories as a song sung by Kishore da..."aane wala pal jane wala hai" a moment just passes by making one happy or bleak... and what remains is just those golden and striking memories, we all cherish...It is just like flowing waters in the river which can change the direction but never ever to come back...!!! I would be thankful to god if he rewinds my " bachpan", one more time. My childhood memories My childhood memories are mainly just bits and pieces. My memories are the only things that stay constant. I can pull them out like an old book and relive them while the world around me changes so rapidly. My favorite and most vivid memories are the summers of my childhood up until I was about eight. During the summer I would spend most of the day at my grandfather's house while my parents worked. Those summers is where I met my two best friends, Ashok and Johnny. Ashok was four years older than me and was an only child and immediately claimed me to be her little sister. Johnny was two years older than me and always told me I was the sister he always wanted. He soon got a brother the same year I got my sister and brother. The six of us spent six hours a day five days a week together. Johnny, Ashok and I were always together either in the pool, watching Grease over and over, playing cards or just doing what ever. Though we all had different personalities we had so much chemistry. I was the wild, spontaneous, just all over crazy one who always wanted to just do something at the tip of a hat. Johnny was sneaky and sly, my partner in crime. He was smarter than me so he always knew what to do and always had a plan. He never tried to fool me though like you think an older brother would do to a younger sister, but he always helped me

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and taught me and was patient. Ashok, who was the oldest, was the one with the common sense, innocent, timid, afraid to take risks no matter how small. We all balanced each other out perfectly. Ashok kept us from doing anything completely stupid like trying to jump from the swing set into the pool one time when we were at my house. Johnny always made sure there was a set plan so that there was no way to get caught. And me, who always kept things light and fun. I guess because of the age difference, Ashok was the first to start getting distant and going off on his own. So I started to become even closer with Johnny. I would still see Ashok at birthday parties and usually just us two. After that transition, we never got together as a group anymore. It was either me and Johnny or me and Ashok. The bond between Johnny and I grew stronger as we spent more time together. We would spend hot afternoons at my house in our newly installed pool or rainy days at my grandfather's playing card games and going to the market down the block with my aunt who lived downstairs. Even though we were close we argued a lot. Not the nasty kind where we really meant it. It would always be over stupid things like who ate the last Oreo or who cheated in a game of Go Fish, but they would always be resolved with a hug and a kiss on the cheek as one of us was leaving to go home. I remember all the adults thought we were so cute together and always talked about us being best friends forever and ending up falling in love. I had never thought of Johnny that way because I looked up to him like the older brother I had always wanted. I never knew what he thought of this but I remember that he would sometimes blush and my sister would get so jealous. But even then I never thought about it further. Like Ashok, Johnny got older and went into the stage where he wanted to only be with other boys. But as much as it hurt that I had no one

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left, he still came at least once a week to come see me and spend some time with me. But as time went on Johnny's brother Danny grew older and they were able to be on their own. So by the time I hit fifth grade it was pretty much like they had disappeared. I still see Ashok at times. She lives a few towns over so we never went to the same school but she will drive to my house and we go out to dinner and we have gone on a few vacations together but we have been still growing apart. Johnny and I go to the same high school together but all we exchange is a few glances here and there as if we never knew each other. Such are the memories which I would like God to rewind it again.....