

An unforgettable return to my high school campus

[Education](#), [School](#)



An Unforgettable Summer Return to My Senior High School Campus After being obsessed throughout the whole school year, I was longing for some places provided for inner peace and tranquility, even though I had nothing to do but sit around all day looking at the bright and azure sky, not worrying I would get filthy when lying on the dungy ground. Finally I decided to get return to my senior high campus, in which it used to be the most familiar and enjoyable place I've experienced.

It was one Sunday afternoon I chose to go back to my hometown school, after riding my second-hand motorcycle for 15 minutes I reached a gray aluminum building that looked like a huge monster standing in front of me. Inside the campus, the air was as fresh as I breathed from the remote mountains, and all I could hear was the beautiful filled with joy and happiness from the youngsters playing around the campus. The sun shined through dense green foliage of flame trees and filled the ground with little spotlights, which cast light on my body and on every step I took when walking through the pavement inside the campus.

I kept walking on, as what I usually did in those three years of high school life, until the intimate gate of the campus appeared in my sight. It is a scarlet red gate, which led to the vibrant campus, the palace full of memory for all graduated students. On the half way to my classroom, I stopped, looked up at the beige-tiled five-story building just behind the gate, and wondered if there was any difference between the one now in front of me and the one I used to see. Nothing changed; it stood solemnly and calmly as usual.

For me, the beige-tiled building as well as the whole campus was once an important part of my life, like an intimate old friend, yet for the building I

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suggested , it seemed that I was just another passerby. Between the building and the wall of the campus stood a row of tall coconut trees, whose large pale green leaves excitedly swung with the wind and said hello to me. I replied them with a smile, and then walked through the hall on the ground floor of the building and stopped in front of the sports field. Several courts were in the middle of the field for many kinds of ball games.

The hard grey grounds must be used to people's footsteps, sweat and roars, I guess. Looking at the basketball court, I could smell the hot air of summer that mixed with countless times of energy and enthusiasm. The white straight sidelines around the court and the basketball stands towering on two sides of the field seemed to be a monument, a symbol of glory that reminded me immediately of the memorable basketball games I once played with my classmates after school during the three years of my high school life.

The racing track that surrounded the courts was also a memorial, which retold the story about the championship of our relay race at the last year of high school life. The once boiling sports field now stayed silent and calm just as nothing was happened before. All I could feel was the summer wind that gently kissed on my cheeks, which tasted as sweet as what I used to taste in this sports field. Around the sports field were blossoms of tall Flame trees, which created a lovely and aesthetic atmosphere.

I strolled along the track to take a glance at those adorable flowers, and sometimes gazed upon the clear blue sky, wondering how long I hadn't watch the sky from this place since the last time I visited. Subconsciously, I found myself standing in front of another tall building, which was ten-story

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high and whose skin was burgundy red. The dark green railings, where we used to bend over to either rest or chat with friends, still lay in every floor. These railings were met with so many students who strived for better grade and brighter future.

I could still remember lying on them with my hands holding heavy textbooks or exam papers and asking them what my college life would be like. Until then I was like a retired man recalling memories to them. Usually, these railings remained silence; they showed their concern only by using their bodies to help me carry the weight of the textbooks and exam papers on my hands, the weight of an adolescent's dream and future. Now, I could see that there was no weight on these railings' shoulders anymore, only rusty spots and dusty marks are shown through the years.

Smiling at them, I was glad to meet these considerate listeners again, though I doubted if they still recognized me, a passionate dream-catcher who once shared with them his dream and now shared with them his satisfaction of realizing the dream. Passing by the burgundy building, the sports field, the hallway of the beige-tiled building, and finally reaching back to the scarlet red gate, I felt the sweet summer wind again blowing over my face, yet this time with a little nostalgic taste.

The coconut trees waved their green hands of leaves and said goodbye to me. It seemed that nothing was unfamiliar to me, yet nothing was left there for me to seek. Looking around the campus, I wondered when I would meet these "old friends" again. Knowing there was no turning-back, I finally stepped out of the campus, and turned my head to take a last look. To my gratification, the beige-tiled building, the coconut trees and the pure blue
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sky formed an amazingly beautiful picture, a picture of my wonderful high school life.