

My last day at school

Saturday, the 20th Feb, 1977 was my last day at School. On that day we were given preparatory holidays for the Secondary school Examination. The students of class IX arranged a farewell party in honor of the outgoing students of class X.

The school compound was covered with a beautiful shamiana. It was tastefully decorated with buntings and balloons. A stage was set up for speeches and cultural programmed. Under the shamiana, tables and seats were arranged for the students and teachers. The school loudspeaker was filling the atmosphere with the tunes of moving, patriotic film songs.

Students of class X, who were dressed in their best, assembled first of all, in the school garden. 'There we had a group photographs of small groups of five to six students each. Then we walked up to the school compound, the venue of the Farewell Party. As we entered the compo, the students of class IX welcomed us with cheers. They garlanded us all. We, in turn, garlanded our Principal who always treated us like his own children and the teachers who spared no pains in preparing us for the final examination We took our seats and the programmed started. Our Principal, shri R. P. Goel presided over the function.

First of all, the representative of class IX read out the farewell address. I replied to this address on behalf of the students of class X. I thanked the students of class IX for arranging a grand party. I advised them to try to keep the good traditions of the school in the fields of games, cultural activities and studies. I then, expressed my sense of gratitude to our Principal and teachers who were always kind and nice to us. After this, Manjit, Prem Kant and Party gave us a group song, It was a farewell song and was composed by our Hindi teacher, Sh. A.N. Dixit. All eyes were wet with tears. Our English teacher, Sh. A.N. Saxena, advised us to who is a great scholar and fine speaker, conveyed to us his best wishes and advised us to reach the examination hall well in time. He also told us the method of answering questions in different subjects.

After the speeches were over, we were served with hot tea, samosas, Barry and fruit. Teachers went round to supervise the arrangement and service done by the student so class IX. This brought the function to an end. I bade farewell to my school and went home. I shall always remember my last day at school.

Essay No. 2

My Last Day at School

We have joys and sorrows in life. Birth day give us happiness while last day gives us a feeling of sorrow. We have to leave that place. It is a custom in our school that 11th class students bid – farewell to the 12th class. They make the parting day attractive. They arrange a parting feast.

This year, 20th February, was my last day at school. The school bell rang as usual. The 11th class boys were sad. After the first period the teachers and the students of both classes met in the school hall. The principal and the teachers sat in the chairs. We, the students, took our seats on the chairs.

The function was started by the students of eleventh class. They read poems. They sang songs. They made speeches suited to the occasion. Every part of the programme was about the outgoing class.

Then our class in charge rose up. He made a speech which moved our hearts. He told us that we would soon enter the field of life. Our care- free life would end. Soon after we got our school certificates. After passing this examination we would have to face hard realities of life. He advised us to set an aim of our life and try to achieve it with fair means.

Last of all the Principal rose from his seat. There were clapping on all sides. He made a brief speech. He said that the good of the school, that we were leaving for good, should be at the heart of every students. it was the school and its teachers that had prepared us for the struggle of life. He explained in detail, the advantages of simple living and high thinking. He wished us all a successful life.

Then our monitor thanked the Principal, the teachers and the 11th class students for their good wishes. He promised on behalf of his class fellows that they would keep in mind the lessons taught by the teachers. He assured the Principal and the teachers that they would never forget their school and worthy teachers. He promised to remove ignorance from villages.

After these speeches the grand tea- party took place. Fruits and sweets were served in great quantities. We ate them to our fill. There was a lot of fun. At 4 P.M., we were photographed. This was the last item of the function. We left the school with feelings of joy and sorrow. We were sorry to miss the teachers. We had a feeling of sorrow because we were leaving the class fellow as well as our junior companions. All were wishing for our better future. It was a memorable day.

Essay No. 3

My Last Day at School

The last day at school comes on the conclusion of the academic year of the 12th class. Before the start of examinations students of this class are given a farewell party by the next lower class. Since such functions are an annual affair, some solemnity is attached to them and students as well as teachers take part in it.

My last day at school marked by more or less the same feelings. It fell on the 28th of Feb., 2002. The school hall was decorated. A platform was raised and chairs arranged in many rows. Teachers sat in the front row and since I had been the monitor of my class, I was also given a place in the first row. Soon the hall was full.

The occasion was highly emotional. All the outgoing students looked very serious. Everyone seemed to be missing the school days on the one hand and looking forwards into the unknown land of future, all uncertain and vague. No doubt the new life, that is, college life, seemed more glamorous ahead of us but taking the responsibilities of new life seemed more difficult.

The Principal Presided over the function. Since the examinations were at hand so we could hardly lose any item in making long speeches and unnecessary formalities. The Principal spoke for ten minutes. He recalled the years long association of the outgoing class with the rest of the school and exhorted other class to follow the example of our class in the best traditions of the school.

There was a tea party. The students of the 11th class were host to it. I was told to speak a few words other, which I did. But soon my heart began to throb at the idea of parting. I recalled how we had played, read and sat together. How we were displeased at one moment and were the same friends at the next. Speaking at such functions was a maiden experience in my life yet I made a fine job of it though I was later told that my voice trembled as I spoke.

The hosts gave us a fare well speech. The monitor of their class, Sanchit Sharma, Spoke highly of us. He recalled the guidance which we had been giving them from time to time. He said that though we were parting from the school this year yet they would join us next year in this great school of life – the world.

Party over, a group photograph was arranged. We were free now. I deposited my borrowed books with the library and got a clearance certificate. The joyful attitude of my heart gave place to anxiety and seriousness. The very idea of examination at hand completely gripped my mind and I hurried to my house without loss of time to bury my head in books.