

The Saddest Day of My Life

4 Best Essays on “The Saddest Day of My Life”

Essay No. 1

Life is a strange mixture of joys and sorrows. Some days are so sad that they take away all joy and peace from the life of man. I cannot forget the day that was the saddest day in my life. It was the 25th of June in the year 2002. The night had been sleepless because of scorching heat, attack of mosquitoes, and frequent failure of electricity. Early in the morning as I was dozing off to sleep, a postman woke me up. It was a piece of sad news. My elder brother who had gone to Pune to attend a seminar on education died there in a road accident. Hardly had my parents left for Pune by a car when a police party reached our place. I lost ground under my feet. They had a warrant for my arrest in connection with a student agitation in our college. They did not listen to my entreaties and took me to the police station. I rang up my lawyer friend but he was out of the station. It was only in the evening that I was bailed out. As I reached home, I found my younger sister crying bitterly. She told me that my nephew had been admitted to the hospital because of severe pain in the stomach. I rushed to the hospital in a rickshaw. On the way, I broke my leg and had to keep my leg in plaster for over three weeks. It is rightly said that misfortunes do not come alone. Even today when I remember that day of untold miseries, my heart comes into my mouth. It was really the saddest day of my life.

Essay No. 2

The Saddest Day Of My Life

Life is a mixture of laughter and tears, joys and sorrows. There are events of both lights (happiness) and shadow (sorrow) in life.

The 22nd June 1989 is the saddest day in my life. on this day a number of sad events took place. I can never forget this day. It is the blackest spot in my memory.

I had appeared at inter Examination. Some of the papers were quite stiff. I had not fared well in Mathematics. I have never been good at Mathematics. I was waiting for the result with fear. On this day the saddest one in my life – my result was to be declared. I looked at the result. My fears only turned out to be too true. My roll number was missing from the list of successful students.

My old father was then ill. He had been suffering from high blood pressure. The news of my failure shocked him. He was almost speechless with sorrow.

I thought of my poor old man. He expected much of me. I was once the brightest boy in the school. All my teachers spoke highly to me. But mathematics had let me down.

It appears as if circumstances conspired together to undo me. Fate had turned against me. There was still another shock in store for me and the whole family. My elder brother was employed in Civil Supplies. He was the head clerk in the office. He had been suspended on the alleged charges of corruption. It was alleged that he had taken bribes from the people. He was not on good terms with the boss. He made out a false case against him on his report he was suspended.

An inquiry of the police into the alleged charges against my brother was held. We were sure that my brother's innocence would be proved. There was not much evidence against him. But the police collected a mass of lies against my brother. All false evidence was cleverly put up before the magistrate. We thought that the learned magistrate would see through the game and know the truth. But no, even the magistrate was befooled by the crooked evidence of the police.

It was on this day at about 8 p.m. that we received a telegram. When I opened the envelope, my ailing father impatiently inquired of the contents. With tears in my eyes, I told my father that it was the dismissal order of my brother. My father was wild with grief. My brother was the only bread-earner in the family. We all depended on his earning for our very life.

The shock was too severe for my old sick father to bear. He died under it. The whole family wailed. My two younger brothers and a sister were beside themselves with grief. They wept bitterly. The people of the village came to sympathies with us in our tragedy.

This indeed was the saddest day in my life.

Essay No. 3

The saddest day of my life

Or

A death in the Family

The saddest day in my life was June 18, 1994. It was the day when my brother, Tara Singh, died.

He was working in the Central Public Works Department and was quite hale and hearty on June 17th, 1994. He took half a day's leave from his office to keep his appointment with Dr. Carroli for a medical checkup in the Willingdon Hospital. The Doctors detained him overnight for a checkup and he could not even inform his family about his detention. Nor the hospital authorities took the necessary steps to inform his people so that they could attend to him or at least not feel worried about him. As he himself was tied up with various instruments, he could not even telephone his people.

At midnight I received a call from one of his co- patients about his presence in hospital and detention overnight.

The next morning I met him in the hospital and he talked normally about business and family affairs. He told me to go leave. But as I reached his office to get leave for him, I was informed by his colleagues that he was already dead. They had received this information from the hospital. I could not believe my ears till I reached the hospital and found him really dead.

We removed him in the ambulance to his house on Roshanara Road. As it was summer, we had to put slabs of ice around his body to keep him for the night at home. Early next morning we took his dead body to Nigambodh Ghat and there committed him to the flames. The memory of his death will never pass away from my mind.

Often I spend livelong nights on the banks of the Hindon River and think of his death. Why did he die? Why he had to die? What is death? Is death the end of life? I can never get these questions off my mind. I have seen many deaths but his death has left an indelible mark on my mind.

Essay No. 4

The Saddest Day of My Life

There are some days in a life of an individual that is very difficult to forget. The events of that day remain indelibly etched in his psyche forever, for they are not ordinary. Such days are often instrumental in turning the course of an individual's life. These days could be sad or happy.

I can never forget the 30th of November, 1995, which was the saddest day of my life. The memory of that day still haunts me. It seemed that life had conspired against me.

I had taken the Supplementary Degree Examinations. We were waiting for the results. I had not done the papers well, still, I hoped to get through. The day started on a sad note. The results were declared. To my great disappointment, my name was not among the successful candidates. My failure was a great shock to my ailing father

That evening another mishap took place. My uncle, who was the only breadwinner of the family, was charged with embezzlement and misuse of funds. He was working as a cashier in a big business firm. He was removed from service. This came as a great shock. My father could not bear all this. He could not think of the fate of the family without the job of my uncle. He began to sink. He breathed his last soon after

We were anyway leading a hand to mouth existence. These events plunged my family into gloom and despair. The onslaught of so many bad events is enough to demoralize even the bravest of all people in the world.

Since that day it has been a long story of struggle and extremely hard work for my family.