

Performdigi

Essay on My First Day at School

A school is a place of learning. Here he forms new associations that comes in contact with boys of different temperaments and forms new ideas and habits. It is here that he prepares himself for the struggle of life.

I was put to school at the age of five. It was a primary school. The memory of my first day at school is still fresh in my mind. It was a small school with eight rooms. There were ten teachers including the physical instructor. The school had a compound with a grassy lawn and a few flower beds.

My father took me to the headmaster's office and got me admitted to K.G.'s class. He gave me a packet of toffees for distribution among my class-masters.

My class teacher was a gentleman. He encouraged me and treated me kindly. It felt a bit nervous in a new environment. The boys looked at me with wonder and smiled. I had with me the Hindi Primer 'Akshar Mala' and got my first lesson of alphabets.

The bell of the interval rang. The boy rushed out of their rooms. Some of them gathered around me. They laughed at me and made fun of me. Some of them sympathised with me and saved me from rowdy boys. Yet, I was nervous all the time.