Everyone has some memorable day in life. I have also a memorable day in my life. It is a part of my life. Sometimes I go back to my memorable days. It makes me remember the sweet memory in my life. I feel the day very much. I miss the day. Life is a sum of memories, events, moments and experiences. Some memories in life is sweet and some are bitter.

The memorable day is different from person to person. My memorable day is the day when I went to school for the first time. In a word, my first day at school is the memorable day in my life. There are a lot of sweet memories of the day. I cannot remember the fix date of my first going to the school. But I can clearly remember the memories of the day. When I first went to school, I was six years old.

My mother proposed me that I needed to admit in the school one day. She said to me that I would go to school to admit the next day. I was excited to hear the amazing news. The news of my going to school was thrilling to me because for many days I was thinking about my new school, teachers and classmates. I excited because my dream is going to true. Truly speaking, I could not sleep well even a single moment at night because the next morning will be my first day of school life. My mother woke me early in the morning. She washed me very well, combed my hair and dressed in new clothes. Then I had breakfast and started for the school with her. The school was not very far from our home. Therefore, we walk there on foot. It took us half hour to reach the school. When I stepped inside the school compound I was amazed to see the many children. They running here and there, playing; talking to each other, gesturing etc. Some boys and girls were my same age. I felt happy finding some same age children.