**School – Home away from Home**

**(NAVYA GANATRA 9th JK2)**

One Tuesday afternoon, I was lying down on the bed, tired and exhausted after writing two board papers of other schools; as practice for the upcoming boards of 2017. Suddenly my eyes fell on the frame of our standard 7 picnic group, kept on my study table. I felt I was travelling through my memories like a train, in flashback.

Oh! How I treasure those moments, memories and most of all friendship. Like, seeing the frame I remembered how all of us used to play Chor-Police in chits in the left corner near the shelves. During the Annual Day practice; no teaching used to be done; and so we used to make a group, chit-chat, sing songs and play.

Another incident I remembered was one Tea Villa outing. How much fun we had! In fact, that was the best time I spent with my best of friends. It was the last time our 8-A class met altogether at Tea Villa café. There all of us got to know each other even better. Then we also went to the Bowling Alley of Viviana Mall. Teaching and Learning, having fun we just spent time with each other. And sometimes that is also enough to make bonds even stronger.

Another thing I recollected very prominently was our last P.E. period of 8th standard. Usually in the P.E. period we chit-chat, loiter around or just sit cherishing the weather. But then on the last P.E. period, we played. Though just running after each other, but we played for the first time. When we got tired, we sat down under a tree and laughed, thinking that we run around the whole of the school and came back siting under a tree after playing a game that we used to play as kids. Then I realized that we certainly value things only when we feel that they are slipping out of our hands, like sand.

Certain memories that have made a soft corner in my heart like chit-chatting in between lectures, exploring the school in the name of house work, snacking between lectures and stay backs for house charts that used to be a lot of fun; are unforgettable. Now I’m afraid that only two months later, awaits the end of all this. Teachers often used to say that school is your second home. Now and only now I realize why, because I am standing just a step away from saying a good-bye to my school life.