Your Name

Instructor Name

Course Number

Date

Title: Best High School Memory

Memories are a vital component of human life. They shape personality and impact us in several different ways. Memories can be good and bad; some remind us of our tough days and some take us to or cheerful days. Memoirs also help us shape our lives, besides these shape our future and lives as well. School life is a golden period of learning; its significance can never be negated. Every student has some good and bad memories pertaining to school life. As of me, they are a treasure and the joys of school life are just incomparable. School life is a time that offered me a great learning experience and shaped what I am today. This essay shares one of the most significant memories of my school life that; it remained that taught me dedication, motivation, and hard work.

Let me engage you in one of the most significant memories of my life, something I never get tired talking about and something that still set me on fire. It was in the 5th grade and the time of my life where most of the learning occurs that leaves an everlasting impact on one's life. This memory of my school life stood out all the other reminiscences I made as a student. I had never been a performing student but after immense motivation from my parents, 5th grade was the start of my academic prowess. For the first time, I started getting no C's on my report cards. I started getting A's and B's much to my parent's delight. 5th grade was when I jumped on the "Straight A" train for the first time and completely "A" my way through that year. 6th grade came and I was on the straight-A roll until a history class put me at risk for breaking that streak.

I took one of the tests that introduced a new element that I’ve never seen. That element was the essay question. The essay question now seems a standard, but imagine looking at one from the eyes of a 6th grader. I was petrified and in that test, I got a very poor grade and showed it to my mom. My mom asked me, “Why didn’t you answer the question?” I responded with, “I didn’t know the answer.” My mom was baffled as she looked through the rest of the test and discovered that the essay question was the only thing I missed.

Before the next test, the teacher always talked about academic progress. When she talked to me, she gave me some news that I didn't expect to hear. "Mya, you have a B in history. You have a very low score. What you get on the next test will be your ending grade for the term." I uttered loudly, "I will definitely get an A in the next test." The younger version of me was very determined and responded in a firm tone. I realized that everyone was looking at me with a surprise and got familiar with the challenge I took in front of the whole class. However, the young version of me hasn't lived to those expectations, yet.

In the coming days, the teacher gave us example essay questions for our understanding before two weeks of the actual deadline of the test. I was all set, from day one I got the essay questions, I started preparing for it. I grabbed my textbook long before the actual textbook and spent the next time reading, writing and practicing. I refused to have the essay question mess me up. Once I wrote the key essays down in my notebook, I ripped the pages out of the notebook and taped the answer to my closet door. Every morning and every night for three weeks straight, I looked at the essays, their thesis statement and by the time the test came around, I knew precisely what do I have to write in my essay questions and in what manner.

As always, my hard work and effort paid off. I was able to score a direct 100% on the essay. When I got my essay back in class, I yelled, “Yeah! I did it”. The test was for sure not an easy one as expected, and therefore I was some faced staring at me with envy. I did not pay any attention; everyone felt I lost my mind but I was just pumped up. This was not the end of the story but there was much more than made this memory settle down in my head. The very next week, we had a ceremony in the school in recognition of the excellent academic performance of the students. My teacher praised me in front of my parents; my mom was smiling with pride. The moment I was awarded, my hand shook and the next moment was very magical for me.

My teacher stayed there and proceeded to tell the entire school and parents the following, “I want you all to hear the story of this guy story. I told him, based on his previous performance that he will not be able to score well in the next test. He said to me, “I will definitely get an A in the next test.” He was very determined and to your surprise, let me tell you, he got 100% on the test as he promised to himself.” The next moment I heard wows, ohhhs, and similar sounds. It was the day I enjoyed the fruit of my hard work. Now I understood, “Success is not about the end result but what it taught on the way.”