
Memories of Happiness and Accomplishments

Throughout life, I have many memorable events. The unforgettable moments of my life vary from the worst moment of my life and some are the best because they become milestones to remember forever. One of the best moments of my life is visiting an orphanage. The happiness I felt that day was unlike any other day in my life.

My girlfriend wants to help others and she likes to organize visits to different orphanages. In one of the visits, she invited me. When I was free that day, I decided to leave. First, I'm not sorry. I do not know what to do if I come there. It is in the plan to reach the premises at 4:00 p.m. I went ahead and started waiting for others.

There was a fascinating arrangement for the children and the wizard repaired his belongings. In the waiting room, I saw the children watching where I was sitting. Then they called me to other people that I was sitting. When they were with me, they started asking a lot of questions from where I came from and why I visited them without my knowledge. Your questions came to mind.

When all the preparations in the room have been completed, the children are invited to come to this place. They are divided into groups and have chosen the person they love the most; They took our hands and took us away. They sit and enjoy the show while we talk because we are their old friends. They are all very beautiful and our presence has only a lot of meaning for them.

After the show, we played different games and enjoyed a variety of activities. We gave gifts and sweets, painted their faces with beautiful butterflies and flowers. Over time, all children have tears in their eyes and they receive promises from each of us that we visit them often. With the promise to recognize again, we left the area.

After my first meeting with these children, it happened to me that they thought we had made their day, but in truth, they gave us the opportunity to stay happy forever. I learned that true happiness can only be appreciated by making others happy, especially those no one calls themselves.

Another better day of my life is definitely the day I got my driver's license. This day is one of the most memorable because of my feelings when I receive them, the opportunities that have opened up for me, and the long-term benefits I have received from them still exist today. Getting my driver's license is a good idea that I cannot forget.

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Driving felt good and let me know more about my life than I ever did. Not only did these feelings and this kind of freedom, but a new image of the community for me. I see more of the city, driving experience and improving my driving skills in my driver's license. I was also interested in how the cars were made and I ended up thinking about why it was faster. Driving a car quickly cannot be sure, but the thrill and joy of high speeds have given me a rush that I have never felt before. Visible, the feeling of feeling and hearing made more fully by the driving experience. My jaw cried with envy as I approached the driver's seat every time I started driving. The car has become a great interest for mine; style, sound and speed. I love to drive, and love cars and all the love found is from the birth of my driver's license. This simple piece of paper opened me a vast field of study; I was surprised for myself. Getting a driver's license is the best day of my life. It will be remembered forever because of the emotions, experiences and new beginnings that I have.

When I was in middle school I did track. One of the greatest moments of my life is when I am on the left of the starting line, waiting without patience for the race. It's just like that, I did it hundreds of times, I remember it, but my stomach does not stop the rotation, and my legs seem incessant, as if all the power flowed in them. On my right, I see an infinite line of guys waiting to run on the same finish line as me. Oh man.

My mother comes to see me and when I come back, I see tears in her eyes. She is proud of me and I know, no matter how I do it, she is there when it's over. She kisses me a lot and I can feel that she is more nervous than me. "Good luck," she murmurs. She cannot say it loudly or her voice breaks. It's when I lost it. Large. Now, I'm crying.

More nervous than the first, I returned home, waiting for official announcements that it is time for us to remove our tracksuits. I'm scared right now, not just because the air is fierce enough to overturn me, but because it means the race starts. I think this very difficult task is very early and monitors my coach. She seems to be excited and so positive that my stomach beats a tumble. What if I missed it?

Coach Vincent explains my strategy: not directly; Go to the side and go to the trees; Try not to pack; Start fast and stay early. All I have heard today, but for some reason, seems to be a much more complicated time. In another stroke of luck on his back, Mr. Vincent was gone, and I was alone in my veins. Then came the terrible cry: "Runner, get out your sweat!" I removed the layers of clothing and felt that the cold had penetrated my skin. Because I'm in a tank and shorts under Armor, I think the race never starts. An officer walks in the line ensuring that our jerseys are legal. The other stands in front and explains the course and the rules. I am in a position.

"Runner, at your sign." A wave of nausea hurts, but I force it. This is my race.

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In a firepower, the pistol came out and 32 riders entered the sprint to reach the top of the pack. The difficulties come from all sides and it is difficult to concentrate. I pushed the noise in my head, quickly moved, my adrenaline flow and I try to make it faster, even if everything looks like jello.

Once a mile passed and I was in the middle of the group. I had a taste of blood in my mouth and it was a moment since I felt my legs last. My lungs are burning and my feet are frosted and injured on my small spine. I use all my physical and mental efforts to maintain my speed. I must do it well for all those who support me. I must do it for myself.

In a half mile to go, I can say that I am near the finish line. The sides of the road are full of people, some make me happy, but especially for the guys around me. The small slopes in the course became steep hills and I saw myself in slow motion and I forced my legs to climb after a hill too tortuous.

Suddenly, I saw the finish line. I'm almost there, but I know the hardest part of the race is coming. I put all the pain behind my mind and started with a dead sprint. I can pass the guys and I am determined to do it. Nobody can support me finally. Two hundred meters remaining. My whole body blossoms and tears flow from the cold air. My eyes are blurry, and all the sounds are blurry. I feel like floating, but I do not know how to do it, do not fall.

Crossing the finish line is the best moment of my life. I'm finished. I'm not running in a cross-country meeting anymore. I will not have too much pain and discomfort.

As I carved the grass on the lawn and tried to gather enough energy to move, I failed. Not because of my performance - I know I gave it all - but because I lose everything in this difficult sport. If I can go back, I'll do it again, from morning to morning in the stomach, thinking that we have to run, lie in the cold grass, feel proud, knowing that life does not work Better than this moment, when I gave it my all.

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