

The unforgettable three years

The unforgettable three years, do you miss them?

In this story, I describe my life in senior high school. In university, I find I am so miss my lost life in senior high school. On June 8th, 2013, I graduate from my senior high school, and I went to my hearted university. I am so miss it.

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Three years ago, we did not know each other; three years, let us from the strange to the familiar; three years, everyone grew up; three years, the ups and downs are tasted; years, the emotions are experienced; three in a seemingly very long day so spent. Do you miss three the three years?

Occasionally, I remembered the day three years ago after three years, and it will feel a little funny, a little nostalgia and a little warmth.

Occasionally, I turned up my notes after three years, and I will feel a little familiarity, a little memorizes and a little happiness.

For three years, everyone is more or less changed, and everyone grew up and everyone is more sensible.

The year of 2013, I graduated from my senior high school, June of that year, we left high school. We have been accustomed to

in the days when getting hazy and accustomed with sleepy face, brush your teeth and gotten used to lazily to exist. Maybe, we were walking but at the same time we were cursing the hateful educational system and calculate the distance to Friday. Maybe, we went to the classroom to read this morning, but after the investigation by teacher, and then eat breakfast secretly. Look at the curriculum, language, mathematics, English, geography, history and Politics, but not our favorite music. But, we must fill with our oath of youth on the table, write down our helpless on the diary, and use all the time to learn but sleep quietly when the bell rang.

I am afraid of the life of senior high school, but I am so miss the life of senior high school, such as the mood in the senior high school. We fear every time the examination, but also look forward to every test. We fear the results announced, but also look forward to the results announced. We pretend not to care about the grades, but read it again and again when no one sees. And then walk away quietly with the thought that if the next exam is still no progress, I will no longer work. But hard sweat flows never stop regardless of the results is good or bad.

I used to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning, brush my teeth with closed eyes. I used to run to classroom and then put into closing study. I used to run to restaurant and eat meals in five minutes.....

I recall those habits over and over again. I thought I would forget those habits at this university life, but I found that these habits ingrained in my mind, they are symbols of my high school. My high school life is spent every day in a tense, but I find I love it so much.

Another year graduation season, I have not yet fully receded ignorant, it's been pushed parting unknowingly cross the intersection. This is the season of graduation. After three years of studying, there will be a group of children with

happiness go to their ideal university, and go to society to achieve their dream. I left my high school just a year. I want to return to the classroom to see my perspiration there. I want to return to the classroom to see the blackboard filled with jobs. I want to go back and look at the back wall of the countdown blackboard. I want to meet my friends that we go through the black June tighter. I want to see the campus filled with tension but laughter..... I always want to cry when I recall the days of high school life. The three passing years is the most beautiful memories of youth in the heart.

The life in high school can be bitter, however, the bitter experience is not the life those years, but no longer has that kind of life. Former classmates, former teachers, former campus is disappearing and only leaving a share of less than perfect memories.

Sometimes I really miss you. I do not know the distance you, okay?

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