

How I Celebrated My Birthday

Best 3 Essay on “How I Celebrated My Birthday”

Last Sunday was my birthday. Thought I usually burn the midnight oil and wake late in the morning. But I got up very early last Sunday. I observe a special program on my birthday every year. The day was full of engagements and merry-making.

I have a number of friends. I believe in the increase of the member of friends. I believe in the increase of the member of friends. Last Sunday it was my fourteenth birthday. So, I invited only fourteen friends for my birthday celebrations. I resolved to bring a change for the better in the past years. I, therefore, resolved to do my best this year to better myself.

With the new resolve, I made a daily routine for myself. I decided to follow it throughout the year. I am glad to say that I have not missed a single item so far. I hope not to miss any item of the plan this year.

Soon after I entered the drawing-room. My friends were waiting for me. The room was full. There was noise everywhere. The scene was quite pleasant. It presented a festive look.

First, to all I bowed before my parents. I touched their feet. They blessed me. Then I received the blessing of elderly people who were present on the occasion. After this, all my friends congratulated me on my birthday. Their kind words gave me much pleasure. I thanked God, the maker of this world. Then I went to the temple in my sweet. I prayed to Shivaji our family deity.

There was great pleasure, feasting, and music all day long. Like a bee, I moved from one little group of friends to another receiving gifts. At 2 p.m. the postman brought bundles of gift presents. He got his bakshis. My mother was smiled. She opened the parcels my sister clapped out of joy.

Now it was evening. At the request of my friends, I went with them to the cinema hall. There we enjoyed the picture ‘Dhoom’. I was deeply moved by the pictured.

I returned home. I slept peacefully. I do not know who awakened me the next morning. Thus, I spent the last Sunday.

Essay No. 02

My Best Birthday

I believe that my birthday is a special day. What is today? I said to myself while looking at my phone. It's March 12th! Tomorrow is my birthday! I can't believe that I forgot my own birthday! I think it's because for the past three days I have been busy packing my stuff. I will be 11 years old tomorrow and I think this year is the last year that I will have my birthday party here in India. I always have a birthday party, but I think I'm not going to have one this year, it's because my birthday is tomorrow that we don't have time to get everything ready for the party. I went to the dining room to eat; when I got there everyone was eating like they didn't know what tomorrow was! I got a little sad. I started to think to myself "do they remember my birthday?" I went outside to play with my friends still, no one said anything. I was going to tell my friends but we were playing and having too much fun. I got home and realized that I forgot to tell them, but today everyone was acting so weird to me. Today is March 13th, when I woke up, I saw a very pretty dress, it was pink, and had a big bow on the back. The bow was white and the dress went down to my knees. I looked around and I saw a note on my table, it was from my mom. The note said to get the dress and after I got the dress, I had a very good feeling at that moment. After I opened the door, I saw all my friends and my family standing there with a cake, everyone said happy birthday to me it just made me so happy. I thought they had forgotten my birthday. But no, they didn't. They are the best family and friends I have ever had.

Essay No. 03

How I Celebrated My Birthday

People have various views about birthdays. Some people laugh when they see someone celebrating his birthday because they opine that the birthdays signal that we have lost one more year of our life. But some people celebrate birthdays with all pomp and show. Usually, I invited my friends on my birthday and then we used to have a lot of fun eating and chatting together. But this time inspired by my father, I decided to do a 'one good work' on my birthday. I rose early in the morning and went out in the kitchen garden. With me, was the little, nascent plant of tuberose. I dug up a little and planted the tree and watered it. My father clapped from behind. It was indeed a new experience. I felt as if I had done something creative. I decided that day, that I would always plant a tree on my birthday.