

Poetry Series

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)
- poems -

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Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)(21/8/1998)

Yo, my name is Risha Ahmed (you probably know that) , and I'm in the the 8th grade (I bet everybody knows that too) . I write poems (oh heck! Who am I kidding? There can't possibly be anybody who doesn't know that) . You all have read my prize winning poems and know about all the stuff I won, blah, blah, blah! ! ! So there's no point going over that again. All I will manage to do is put an insomniac to sleep. So what on earth am I supposed to write in this big blank space staring at me like an idiot? You might expect me to be a perfect angelic girl churning out poems at the touch of a button. Keep dreaming because that is sooo not gonna happen. If any of you know me personally, the word "good" won't cross your mind. I'm not saying I'm an axe murderer or anything, but I just love being craaaaazyyy! ! ! Yah, so let's talk about poetry. Hmm...if u had asked me anything about poetry 7 years ago, I would have sung "Baa Baa black sheep" or "Old McDonald" for you. And the only reason I write poetry is because I'm always in the middle of something important when some dumb lines dance in front of me. I don't know what is going on at first so I just hit myself on my head with whatever is in my hand (of course it hurts! ! is that a trick question or are you naturally dumb? ?) . And if I don't write down these senseless lines, they give me a guilty conscience. And a weirdo bulb lights up in my head. Dumb right? No kidding! So now you know I don't write poems because I'm inspired or anything. I just scribble them down so I can atleast get a good nights sleep. And my other hobbies are: - tripping over legs in school, cracking my head open during games period, piercing a hole in my body because of those stupid rusty nails poking out of the walls etc. Voila! I have finished writing this biography at last! FREEDOM! ! ! Now if you don't mind, I'm going to give my rumbling stomach some food. Bye!

(001) A Midnight Roamer

It is so beautiful, nice and round
Like a balloon you blow
Spreading light across the night
With it's warm and golden glow
White clouds cover its baldhead
As though to protect it from the eerie night
And when another cloud takes over
It says farewell and takes flight
Glowing brighter and brighter
As the night grows more and more dark
Lighting up the streets,
My terrace and the park
Rising fast above the horizon
As though in a haste
As though it had no time to lose
No time at all to waste
It yawned and said,
"Now nap time, let me go to the other side"
And before it went to sleep
It looked at our beautiful earth and sighed.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(001) Where Is The Time!

The trees swaying to the breeze
Butterflies flying hither and thither
Millions of radiant colors everywhere
But oh! Where is the TIME to see?
Chirping birds sing melodiously
The waves of the ocean slap the rocks
Nature conjures up a symphony
But oh! Where's the TIME to hear?
Fragrant scents fill the morning air
As the flowers bloom just as dawn arrives
And the first drops of rain touch the golden sand
But oh! Where's the TIME to smell?
Oh yes! There is no time
To stop and admire the marvels of nature
But we seem to have all the time in the world
To destroy from what has been provided to us
In the name of 'modernizing' and 'technology'
But when Mother Nature brings her wrath upon us
We flee like rats- who will save us now?

Risha Ahmed (11 yrs)

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(004) A Snake In My Garden

One night I was in charge of the house
When my parents had gone out side
I was having loads of fun
With the radio blaring and paper planes that glide
Soon enough I got bored
So I went to the garden for a walk
When suddenly I saw a snake
Just next to a rock
It was definitely a snake
And it was the biggest one I have ever seen
It must have been a mile long
And its body was a sickening shade of green
I called the police, ambulance, fire department,
Forest officials and held a news conference
I waited feeling excited
While I clutched at the fence
Soon enough they poured in
And peered at the snake
They were amazed at its length
But no one the snake would touch or take
They gave me facts every ten minutes about the snake
And it's a new species discovered, I learned
Just when I was going to have a closer look at the snake
My parents returned
My father looked angrily at the crowd
I got scared and scrunched up my toes
He asked "Can you explain why these people
Are crowding around my garden hose? "

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(008) Troublesome Creatures

Buzzing around every night
From the ditches they take flight
Sucking blood from me and you
And other animals too
These mosquitoes spread a disease
(Not the one that makes me sneeze)
Malaria is what they spread
It makes us sick and sleep in bed
They spread other diseases too
Like chikungunia and dengue
Beware of these troublesome creatures
I am telling you they are not preachers.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(009) My School Conducts Athletic Meet

Here comes another year
While the old one goes by
Bringing with it new events
In which loads of fun lie
We present the national athletic meet
A great event for athletic lovers
A chance for the athletes to
Show off their skills and powers
Athletes come from all over the country
And from abroad too
Cochin has never seen an event
Of such great magnitude
When the athletes enter the stadium
They are greeted with a din and roar
While their coaches give pep talk and say
If you do well, you will get more
The athletes flex their muscles
Just to warm up before the race
And to make sure they don't fall asleep
They sometimes slap their face
The field referee blows the whistle and
"On your mark, get set go", he screams
All eyes are on the athletes
No one dare dreams
There are races, javelin throw
High jump and long jump too
And even an event called shot put
That'll certainly amaze you
So, sit back, and enjoy
As the athletes speed through the events fast
And I assure you these memories
Your whole life will last.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(010) Fellow Birds

As the sun showed it's first ray of light
I told everyone it's time to take flight
They asked me whether the adventure would be long
I said it wouldn't be if we hum a nice little song
Our destination is a very long flight to London
The decision to go there was taken very sudden
We reached there in two days, which seemed like two hours
My friends thought to change time I had magical powers
We settled down on an oak tree
In a yard that was cat free
The yard was filled with fruits
Berries, leaves and roots
We had a sumptuous dinner that day
Although there were ants, we ate it anyway
We made friends with a family of beaver
They gave us fresh fish from the flowing river
I love my new home, it's like a dream come true
Go back to my old city, a job I will never do.

Risha wrote this poem when she hadn't even turned 9.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(011) A Dream Which Never Came True

If only I could fly
And soar up so high
I want to touch the sky so blue
But it never came true
I want to touch a cloud
Meet a bird that sings loud
I want to change the weather
Sit on a cloud and play with a feather
I wish this dream could come true
Or else I shall always stay blue.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(012) Lo And Behold, I Present My 100th Poem Today

In these 10 years of my life
I have learnt quite a lot
But Fiza's jokes I only know
How to make a horrible knot
I learnt to ask for help
Whenever in need
And help everyone
In words as well as deeds
I have learnt to keep faith in dreams
Because then they will come true
And to your little problems
All you have to say is 'shoo'.
Don't be a coward
When enemies try to scare you away
Don't turn back
Face them on your way
I have had the time of my life
But I know it won't be so ahead
No time at all for rest
No time to go to bed
Life ahead is very hectic
Stress of work on your mind
Sometimes there is no time to be nice
No time to be kind
But today I am really happy
I am filled with joy
I want to jump & say,
"O boy O boy O boy! ! "
You might want to know why
So this is what I will say
Lo & behold, I present
My 100th poem today! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(013)

My Baby Cousin (Lovely Zaara)

She looks straight into my brown eyes
And creeps so very near
She pulls my hair so very hard
That I say 'oh my dear! '
She crawls about and comes to me
And then she licks my face
Then she sits so quietly and
In her mouth is a lace
She makes noises when she drinks milk
She doesn't like her food
And when it comes to laughing
She is very very good
In Hindi we call this baby
Ek chamakta taara*
And the baby who we call that
is my cousin Zaara.

A shining star*

(she is one today.25/03/2007)

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(015) This Baby Is Wonderful.

All babies are wonderful
When I see them I let out a squeak
But here is one baby that I know
Who is totally unique
He is my cousin Tauzi
And he is six months old
He has interest in everything
He snatches at chains of gold
He is the only baby I think
Who caresses you back
When people look at him they say
"He is an angelic pack"
He rubs his face onto yours
And he tickles your ears
His smile makes you feel happy
Especially, when you are in tears
He knows when you are leaving
And he'll look with his sad little eyes
When you give him a last look and go
You want to look once, then twice, then thrice
But I never get to hold him
They snatch away the little lad
People say I am too young
To hold him, which makes me sad
When you want to kiss him
He understands and comes closer like a magnet
He is one of the cutest babies
Is on which I can surely bet
He is just irresistible
I want to see him again soon
Hey you know what, mom says
He is coming this afternoon!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(016) On Vacation

My family went on a vacation
I gave my father all the persuasion
Can I go and wander in the forest
To catch at least a tiny little pest
Very dangerous it is for you to go there
There will be a lion, tiger or a big black bear
He told me, to these things pay heed
But I thought these are things I don't need
I went to the depth of the forest
But couldn't catch a single pest
Thinking about things I shouldn't care
A lion, tiger or a big black bear
I started going towards a cave
Suddenly a loud roar it gave
I thought this was a good part of my vacation
When suddenly I felt suffocation
I heard the loud roar again
I felt as if I was trapped in a monster's den
The loud roar had really given me a scare
It could be a lion, tiger or a big black bear
First it's my life I have to save
I quickly ran out of the cave
To these things I should pay heed
Go to that cave I won't dare indeed

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(017) Kites Flying At The Beach

There the kites come
Head grasped in the children's hands
Looking for wind
While their tails get tickled by sand
Ah, there comes the wind
And the kites soar into the sky
The children let out more rope
To see the kites go high high high
They flew hither and thither
Twisting their long necks
The passing by birds
Gave them loving pecks
They swished their magnificent tails
Hugging each other again and again
They danced to the beat of the wind
Even when started had the rain
Later they stopped playing
The sea was crashing, forming foam
As a child said to the others
"We've played enough, lets go home".

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(019) The Day I Ran Out Of Luck

Today has been my worst day
It has driven me mad
It began in the morning, when
I was accidentally hit by my dad
Mother gave me idli-sambhaar*
When I asked her for some bread
But she wouldn't give bread even though
I said without bread I'd be dead
Fiza* was simply scolding me
Cause, some CD that she couldn't find
By the way she was losing her temper
I thought she was out of her mind
To top it all, there is some news from school
I broke my knee and both ankles are sprained
The day might have started out sunny
But the moment I stepped out it rained
It really has been my worst day
My luck really is bad
I will stop revising memories and stop this poem
Else I will again be mad.

*Idli-sambhaar is a famous south indian dish.

*Fiza is my elder sister

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(020) About A Tree

It always bows down to me
Just to give me shade
I wish it could come to tea
To taste the cakes I made
Why is it in the danger?
Of the axe and the saw
It is not a stranger
With it's many a sandy paw
The tree bear pretty flowers
Of whom there are many lovers
I wish it would come to tea
Just the tree and me!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(021) My Luck Abandoned Me

Ever since I set foot in school for my new academic year
It looks like luck has abandoned me
My bus came late to pick me up for school
So guess who is punished, me!
In the first few days we were given so much homework,
So many projects to make,
So many tests to prepare for
I thought my head would break
The teachers are very strict
And on craft items, my pocket-money I will have to spend
And nowadays the level of homework given has increased so much
That doing your homework is the latest trend
What's more, to make matters even worse
My best friends have been shuffled now
I want to see them, but where's the time
To them how can I talk, how?
And these days I am always
Forgetting to do my homework
Now my memory's failing me
And all I can do is sulk
I can describe class V
In nothing but a deep sigh
Wait I just remembered I forgot,
To do my homework. Got to go. Bye!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(021) You Rule Our Hearts

Once there was this boy
Like all kids he lived with his father and mother
But from others he was different
Because he dreamt big, like no other
He grew up to be a great man
Beating all the odds and daunts
All his dreams came true
Indian kids should dream, that's what he wants
He was always selfless
Always did everything for others
No wonder we don't think of him as stranger
But a close friend or a brother
To his lessons
We should pay heed
It will help us become a better person
In words as well as deed
From the bottom of our heart
With a pranam and salam
We welcome you
Dr.A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(022) **Waiting For The Baby**

We are waiting for the baby
To smile its sweet smiles
We are waiting for the baby
To touch the nursery tiles
We are waiting for the baby
To say its first word
We are waiting for the baby
To taste its first curd
we are waiting for the baby
To eat its first snack
We are waiting for the baby
To give us all a smack!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(023) What Is Up With Spring

Look look look
It is spring
Greenery and flowers
It will bring
Daffodil and jasmine
Daisy and rose
Come lets all water them
With the garden hose
Oh no oh no oh no
The rose is no more pink
Oh no what have I done
I've watered them with ink!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(024) A Day From A Plant's Life

The sun is creeping above the hills
Giving an orangish tinge to the sky
The sky turns a beautiful shade of colors
As the early birds fly by
I reach up as far as I can
And stretch my green leaves
While my neighbor, the tailorbird
A comfy little nest weaves
I silently smile to myself
My flowers are in bloom
I began to observe everything next to me
Even the old lady's broom
I hear a soft buzzing sound
Ah, my first customer of the day
The bumblebee smiles and sits on my flower
As I wish him a very good day
I give a small giggle as on the flower
Mr. Bumblebee gets stuck
He tries to pull himself out but he
Topples into the muck
I hear the sound of footsteps
It is the little girl
Who quenches my thirst every morning
And she is as clean & shiny as a pearl
She pours water to my roots
And plucks one of my flowers
She tucks it into her golden locks
And plays with her friend for hours
I began to talk to my friend miss rose
About everyday happenings
Till dusk arrives when
In her melodious voice the cuckoo sings
Very soon the sky turned orangish purple
And the sun began to set
Far away the old fisherman
Pulled out his fishing net
I yawned to myself
My flower's petals huddled up close
I fell fast asleep knowing that

It'll be long before morning when I rose.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(026) Topsy Turvy House.....(My Favourite)

My house is always upside down
It is the funniest house in town
If you throw waste in a dustbin
Or any different type of tin
It will kick the waste back on your face
And push you at their fastest pace
If you don't wake up from the bed
It will throw out cockroaches fat and red
The tooth brush will brush inside your nose
The tooth paste will lie beneath your toes
The comb will brush the hair on your eyes
The oven will burn all your pies
All the juice will splash on your face
It will also splash inside your nose, what a place.
That's what will happen if you live in my house
With a mouse that wouldn't let you drowse.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(027) My Mood Swings.....

I wonder how
I wonder why
My moods keep changing
Like the sky
Rarely I am calm
Sometimes I am sad
Sometimes I am happy
Mostly I am mad
When I just scream
And become sad☐
You can surely say
This girl is being mad
Because my friends
For me they don't care
They just ignore me
As if I am not there
My sis and I
You will find us fight
We think our point of view
Is always right
Not on any issue
Do we see eye to eye
At our strange behavior
My parents heave a sigh
Between our fights
My parents feel crammed
They think in heavy traffic
They are jammed
Still I am happy in my family
And my friends are like a gem
But still don't understand why
I don't feel sorry for them
I do lots of mischief
I am naughty and I am bad
But why my family to have me
Say....."Aren't we glad"

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(029) The World Ahead

In the world ahead
When all are very well fed
There will be tall mighty buildings
And every pocket will be clanging with shilling
There'll be swimming pools so very large
But beware cause guards are in charge
In bakeries will be chocolate fudge
And cakes that not an inch would budge
There will be hospitals with less a patient
And many trees set ancient
People will be more decent
There will be things more recent
There will be new inventions
There won't be any tensions
There won't be anything boring and sore
And not an object that is to be ignored
Nothing will make you sad
Every thing will drive you mad
That's what will happen in the world ahead
When all are very well fed.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(033) Ice Cream

I had an ice cream
A very sweet one
I looked like a polluted stream
After the ice cream was done
I just love an ice cream
I don't mind making a mess
I don't mind being a stream
I don't mind dirtying my dress

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(034) Nature

Look at my hair
Dancing in the air
Look at the trees
Bowling with the breeze
Look at the flowers
Dancing in the showers
Look all and all around
Up in the sky and down on the ground.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(040) I Do Not Like Cricket

I do not like cricket
I hate it when they make runs
I hate it when they remove a wicket
I would rather read while eating buns
On each and every street and road
Everybody will roar
Oh, can you please quickly tell me
How much did India score
When a visitor arrives
Whether he is tall or stout
He will beg to know
Whether Sachin is out
What I'm going to say
I'll say with no pain
I only like cricket
When it starts to rain.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(041) I Think My Dad Is Jealous Of Me

I think my dad is jealous of me
He says if he were I
He'll be the happiest man on earth
And fly in the sky
He says the talent of writing poems
Was what he more deserved
I was in a cranky mood and said
If you preserve it your brain will rust
Then I told him, please stop blabbering
And eat my bread's crust
But I don't think he is jealous
As he has got a new talent
He is now writing Haikus
And with that I think he is content.

My dad's name is 'Thufail Ahmed' and his haikus are available on this site. And I love him a lot.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(043) J K Rowling-Really A Star

J K Rowling is such a great writer
She is the author of series, Harry Potter
She brings us into a world of fantasy
She is one great writer, who I fancy
She writes about the sorting hat
She writes about scabbers the rat
She goes on about Quidditch matches
And about Hagrid's pumpkin patches
She writes about Harry's two friends
Who help him when there are corners and bends
She writes about the yule ball
And about Hogwart's great hall
J K Rowling is truly great
Her books are things, no one will hate
She's one of the best writers I knew
And hope you will readily agree with me too,

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(044) The Night

I sat & gazed
At the dark blue sky
That was as dark
As a blueberry pie.

My mom called me in
To have apples red
And then she sent me
Off to my bed.

I sat & gazed
From my window sill
The stars up there
That stood so still.

They touched my heart
They made me squeak
As I watched them
Looking so very meek.

I sat & gazed
With drowsy eyes
As I fell asleep
Waiting for sunrise.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(045) Sun, Moon & River

Look at the moon
Shining so bright
Look at the sun
It's such a sight
Look at the river
Flowing so fast
I wonder, how long
These three will last

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(046) Boys And Girls

A boy's mind works differently
And a girl's mind also works differently
The boys mostly love to play and fight
The girls follow beauty tips and know what is wrong and right
The boys like to see their super heroes fight with power
The girls love to see the beauty of a flower
A girl's and boy's mind works differently
And in their own world they live contently.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(048) It's All In Your Hands

With vehicles in motion
Including soil erosion
Scientists can't cure it with a potion
And that thing is pollution
Now we have to do something
You might be thinking, how can we
One of the ideas is that
Stop cutting trees you see
Because people say, earth is coming to end
Doesn't mean you simply collect oxygen in jars
Another way to protect earth
Is use electric cars
Do not let dirty water
Collect near your home
Now sit back and listen
Don't carelessly roam
Do not dirty water
And don't go fishing with those rusty rods
I am telling you all these things because
The fate of earth is in your hands, not God's.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(049) Catastrophic Pair

It ended up in my house
From under the door
It was loved by a mouse
Who slid on it on the floor
It was all brown in colour
With a dirty shade of gray
So I thought I will give it to the donkeys
But they begin to kick and bray
Then I threw it outside my house
But my neighbour threw it in again
So I thought I will keep it in the barn
But it was brought back in the house by a hen
At last I put it in the laundry
Because maybe I could wear it
But after I wore it I screamed out loud
For on my leg it had bit
What this disastrous thing was
Is just a pair of stinking socks
But these socks are worth
A tricky stair and ten locks.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(056) A Few Small Wishes

Dear God please grant me
A few small wishes
I love to eat puddings and
Other tasty dishes
I want to fly with birds
In the sky so blue and clear like glass
But we humans on earth are bored
And jealous that we are down-class
I want to be a baby again
To get love and nice cuddles
And in monsoon get permission like other kids
To splash water in puddles
But I sometimes want to be an adult
So I can boss youngsters around
I can do things in peace
And in the house there won't be much sound
Oh God, please you can at least grant
One as these wishes is not tough
And if (hope not) you can't grant any
A good night's sleep is enough.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(058) Me And My Friend, Mathilda

What's your score
Asked Mathilda Alore
She is my friend
With fingers that would'nt bend
I said it was nineteen out of twenty
She did think it was plenty
She said her score was seventeen out of twenty
And she said that was'nt plenty
I said why don't we go for a picnic
But please don't invite Trikwic
Because he is so mischievous
And he takes jokes to be serious
But when I went inside the camping tent
I saw that Mathilda's back got bend
Now we could'nt run and play
Or even spend our day
Today we would'nt be able to have fun
Although it was bright with the sun
I took her to the hospital
On my red bicycle
I saw a basket filled with yarn
The doctor said she should'nt play, darn
One day she turned up at the door of my house
And screamed when she saw a tiny little mouse
I and my sister chased after the mouse
And broke almost everything inside the house
The mouse quickly ran away
But it did'nt matter any way
Mathilda suggested we play the game 'truth'
She said it will help our nerves soothe
I did'nt think the game was so good
So we went inside to have our food
We had pastries, biscuits, chips and buns
We watched cricket and how they made runs
Then it was time for her to go back
She wore her shoes kept on the shoe rack
And we said good bye to each other
I watched her go back with her mother
Life with Mathilda is very fun

Usually when we are playing in the sun
Sometimes she can get too rude
When she is in a very bad mood.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(059) What Would I Do

If I were a boy
What would I do?
Run and play with joy
What else would I do!
If I were a girl
What would I do?
Make a swirl swift
What else would I do!
If I were I
What would I do?
Give a little sigh
That's all I would do!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(060) The Great Idol Show

In India, America, England,
And the capital of France
A contest was held
To find an idol who could sing or dance
Judges were selected
To choose talented sensations
So dancers and singers
Began making preparations
They practiced and practiced
For hours and hours
They sang at the lunch table
And danced in the showers
On the day of the auditions
They tried to impress the judges but in vain
Those who were turned away
Were sad and in pain
At last a few were selected
Some who could sing and some who could dance
When another person came in
And asked for a chance
The judges said no
And that they were tired of noise
But he insisted so much
That they had no other choice
He sang so well into the mike
He had a melodious sound
The judges were so impressed
They sat listening spellbound
They gave him the entry ticket
And then chose him into the group
When he went home his family
Welcomed him with a whoop
He made space in the heart of the whole country
With his wonderful song
If you think he was well trained
Just know that you're wrong
After he earned fame in his nation
In front of the world he performed
Because the audience loved it so much

They didn't clap but they stormed
You might want to know who he is
But too bad I forgot his name
But at least you can remember
That he is a boy who earned so much fame.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(061) My Computer And I

Together we live
Together we die
We are inseparable
My computer and I
We play games
And surf the net
My computer is the best
Person I've ever met
I visit all kind of websites
Some I know, some I do not
Uh-oh! My computer has got
A virus, oh, now what!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(063) The Not-So-Cool Glasses

When I once went out shopping
I bought a pair of glasses
But pity I couldn't wear them
In between all my classes.
I still loved wearing those glasses
Even though I could see well
We never were separated
For more time than the tinkle of a bell
But there was something odd about those glasses
When I wore them things seemed to shrink
And things began to disappear
Like things that I eat or drink
Even people didn't accept me
Like all my friends at school
I guess they don't think I am smart,
Dashing, rocking or cool
So one day I took off my glasses
In the crowded school hallway
When everybody began saying compliments like, "You're cool"
This wonderful dream can't be true, no way.
Now I have all my friends back
But I have given up one thing
"I've got rid of my glasses"
Is the song which I now always sing.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(064) My Best Friend

I just lost my best friend
She was quite close to my heart
But right now I feel like
I lost a body part
At school as I was walking to my class
She said she didn't want to be with me anymore
I broke down in front of her
My throat was all soar
She said I could come with her and her new friend
But I let out a sad smirk
I said I wanted only one best friend
Two best friends wouldn't work
Now I am here at school
Writing this poem sitting on a bench
I wish there is any way
For my sadness to quench.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(066) Bad Habit (A Joke)

"My brother works in a submarine"
Little Johnny said
The submarine had also
His very favourite bed
Then little jenny piped up
"It's really great"
When Johnny said "Actually
He had an unlucky fate
He was fired
From working in there
Because he didn't lose his habit
Of opening the window for fresh air".

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(067) Life

Life is so beautiful
With butterflies and birds all around
Life is so wonderful
With flowers and trees on the ground
The hibiscus is so beautiful
They are so attractive and red
The cock and hen are wonderful
They have a crown upon their head
The jasmines are so beautiful
Day and night they spread their fragrance
The eagles are so wonderful
They are experts in vigilance
Life is so beautiful
With magnificent plants and trees
Life is so wonderful
You should help save it please

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(069) If I Am Unable To Walk

If I am unable to walk
And see the outside beauty
I would sit in my wheel chair
And play with my pillow, cutie
I wouldn't be taken to parties
And even on vacation to Rome
All I can do is sit in my wheel chair
Moping and weeping at home
When all my friends will be playing games
I'll sadly watch them from my wheel chair
And when my friends would tease me
I would feel that is not fair
But I am thankful to Almighty God
That I need not get bored at home
I can go out to play with my friends
And even go on vacation to Rome.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(071) Summer In Kerala

The days are longer than nights
And everybody sweat
This is the hottest place on earth
Is on what I can bet
The heat drives you mad
The sun is so fierce
That I can feel my head
Beginning to pierce
The heat won't leave us one second
It's there indoors and outdoors
Even vases are shaking, tables are yelling
And screaming are the floors
The Ac's and fans don't work
At hot drinks nobody looks
Oh, how we miss those days when
Sitting under the trees we read books
Oh, how I miss winter days
But when it finally arrives, I cry
"Oh mummy I wish we had those days
When it was hot and dry! "

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(072) Still I Love My Sister....Fiza

She always likes to annoy me
And says I am very sweet
She keeps giving me kisses
Which I don't think is neat
We have these huge fights
Be the topic something real or a dream
Fiza hits me so hard
That I shout and scream
I think during one such fight
I broke a bone or two
My mom to stop us fighting
Yells at us both, that's all she can do
She makes an angelic face
When my parents are around
But when we are fighting
She is the other way around
With that angelic face
She gets my parent's affection
And even though I am innocent
I have to bear the imposition
Mom scares me out of my wits
Even though all she does is scold
If she scold me for the tiniest things
Before mom, I still can't be bold
It's a fact that we always fight
And she tries to eat my pizza
I still have to admit
I love my sister.....Fiza

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(075) My Mum Is An Excellent Cook

My mum is an excellent cook
But she doesn't make good food everyday
We eat special things all the time
Is what my friends feel and say
They keep telling me to bring
Special food to school
But having stomach aches everyday
Is what I do not think cool
When someone reminded me of
Mom made Pizza, chocolates and meat
Now I don't care of stomachache
All I want to do is eat!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(076) Who Is The Light

Is it the stars
Shining through the night in no hurry
Is it mars
Saturn, Pluto, Venus or Mercury
Is it the big lamp post
Who has never tested butter and toast
Is it the fire works
That never ever smirks
Oh God, tell me right
Now who is the light
It is friendship
In the sea it would'nt dip
It is love
Which is like a sweet white dove
It is humour
Which is better than a rumour

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(077) My Boring Vacation...

Even though we went to Bangalore,
Veega Land and Mysore
But nothing you do and nothing you say
Will take away my bore
There is nothing good on T.V.
Only cartoons that I hate
And I won't watch the boring news
I won't watch it at any rate
I am stuck up in this big house
With nobody to play
While my other classmates
Are having fun everyday
By getting stuck inside this house
Getting angry is what I do
So try not to cross my path much
As I just might make something out of you.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(078) Poison Seed

To make a poisonous seed
The things you will need
Are rotten cells from human blood
And things found in the mud
And cockroaches so red
And bedbugs from your bed
Powder of a sleeping dose
Cut the tail of a squirrel on tippy toes
That is what you will need
To make a poisonous seed

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(082) So Many Wishes Unfulfilled.

There are so many things
To do which I would like
I would love to go cycling
But that's after dad buys me a bike
Sometimes feel I would rather be
Not a girl princess but a prince
Or have a twin brother
So that we can be a pair of twins
As I don't have much interest in girl's stuff
So I wouldn't want a silly doll
I'd rather go to my boy buddies
And have a game of basketball
There are so many good choices
Quite confused I am
I think I hear the T.V.
Oh no, I missed the grand slam!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(083) Summer

What do you have to say
On this day
In the month of April and May
Everybody is gay
This is the summer time
When people go to the beaches
They have juice made of lime
And fruits like mangoes and peaches
Many people like to stay indoors
And try their best to keep cool
Just staying inside really bores
So they want to have a dip in the pool
These are times of holidays
When we play and run
Some people show off the beauty of their face
At summer we have a lot of fun

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(084) Jawaharlal Nehru

Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru
With a rose in his pocket or hand
Close companion of Gandhiji
First Prime Minister of our land
He loved kids; they called him Chachaji
No wonder today on his birthday
We greet each other by saying
"Happy Children's Day! "

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(086) The Misunderstanding (A Joke)

In an old house in U.S.A
Lived a man with his wife, a chef
One day that man went to a doctor
To complain that his wife was deaf
The doctor said to talk to his wife
By coming close, then closer, then closest
So the man went home to his wife
And stood on a spot that was coziest
He asked her what the dish was
But it was all in vain
So he tried again, again
And he tried again
By the fifth time he yelled,
"What is the dish? "
His wife replied irritated,
"I am saying the fifth time, fish".

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(087) The Old Wooden Swing

The old wooden swing
It bring back memories of the past
I always sat on it clutching the ropes tight
And watch the sky so vast
When I was small and wanted to rest
I snuggled into the swing deep
Then I sing a lullaby to myself
And in no time I fall asleep
The old swing gave our living room
A nice and elegant touch
When I was small, in my little hands
The rope of the swing I'd clutch
As I sit in the swing
Back and forth my parents pushed me
But they did it slowly when I yawn
Because they knew I was feeling sleepy
Oh, how I miss the old swing
As it's not with me today
Right now I am watching
The garbage truck carries it far away.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(088) There Is A Monster In My Room

There is a monster in my room
It has fangs and shaggy hair
It looks absolutely horrible
The look of it you can't bear
It has wrinkles all over it
And it has a crooked smile you see
Oh sorry, I made a mistake
I guess that monster is actually me.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(089) Happy Birthday Uncle Doc

I wish you a happy birthday
And hope this year proves lucky for you
May mighty God bring joy everyday
Because you by any mean, deserve it too.
At poem hunter you have such a huge fan club
In a chorus they join this day
And wish, with mighty and great your shoulder's rub
As we all bow our head to pray.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(090) My Teacher (Mrs. Irene Gomez)

My most loved teacher is Irene miss
She is always very bliss
She answers all my questions
And good at making suggestions
She gives us a lot of work to do
Though, they are fun to do
She explains about things very well
She is great is what I have to tell.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(091) Cotton Candy

When I was walking down the road
I saw the big town fair
I got a nice cotton candy
That was bought with my share
I ate my candy happily
With coffee in a cup
But after one or two minutes
What I did was throw up!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(092) Teacher's Day

I think teachers are super people
Because they can bear the pain
Of all our screams, tantrums, fights
And watch we students go insane
Teachers select the best lessons for us
And they teach us so well
We are happy when teachers are teaching
But we moan when we hear the bell
The teachers encourage us
To reach higher destinations
Oh, how we miss our teachers
During the vacations
Now my dear teachers
We are all here to say
You are our greatest teachers
And you deserve a happy teachers day.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(093) Small Screen Life

My mom watches boring serials
She watches them day and night
When she says I should watch them with her
I control my yawn with all my might
And if I yawn, I know death awaits me
Because then mom gives me the 'look'
And getting looked at with a look is worse than
Selling your Harry Potter book
And this thought makes me puke
Dad watches what they call the 'news'
He says I react as if he is an
Alien who's in his nose pouring juice
I told dad a million times
News will make you bad
But he says news channels are
The best channels we ever had
My sister listens to songs
And her taste makes me bored
Once when I was listening to songs with her
Before she knew it, I snored
But I love cartoons and I'll watch them
Whether they are at midnight or in the morning at four
So all I can do is raise my glass and say
Cartoon shows encore

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(095) Work

You don't need to help me please
You can go and sit in peace
Because I will do my best
And God will do the rest
All my work is done
And I'll go have some fun
Cause I have done my best
And god will do the rest
So shall I go and have some rest please
And you can go and watch TV in ease.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(098) My Pet Or A ...

My pet looks like a rose
My pet smells like a jasmine
My pet feels like a bluebell's petals
My pet sways like a daffodil
My pet looks at the sun like a sunflower
My pet's hair is like dandelions
But I have a doubt, am I writing about
My pet or my assignment on flowers?

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(099) The Runaway Thief

Once Tim returned to his house
And found all his wealth gone
He inquired his wife but she didn't know
Cause she was in the lawn
After weeks of search
Tim knew a man, John, was the intruder
John might be rude but
To John, Tim was ruder
One day Tim confronted John
And they said things quite mean
When Tim said, " You are the best
With an `e' in between! ! ! "

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(100) My Class Is Really Great

We are the number one
That's what they say
We can beat you any time
Any other day
We are the class 4-A
And we rock the school
Everyone consider us
To be very cool
But we aren't boastful, we aren't proud
And neither are we vain
But people still think
That we are quite insane
Our class is cheerful & funny
Everybody's kind, each other no one hates
That is why I think
My class is really great!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(101) Snow(A Diamante Poem)

Snow

Soft cold

Makes us wet

Slips in our, hands

Makes December fun

Highlights Christmas

Sheet of white

Great fun

Snow

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(102) A Haiku

Sun is turning cruel
Thirst itching everyone's throat
Summer is round the bend

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(103) I Am Scared Of Spiders

I am scared of spiders
When I see one I scream
Let it be big or small
Let it be real or in my dream
I inherited this fear from mom
So I am scared of them since I was small
Now my greatest wish is that spiders
Didn't exist at all
My sister talks about spiders
So she can scare me
That's the first thing she talks about
When I trouble her, you see
I hate all spiders
Especially big ones
I'd rather get out of this room
Cause mom says, in here there are tons.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(105) Dark Circles Are Cool

I couldn't sleep last night
I couldn't sleep even an hour
I couldn't sleep how hard I tried
With all my might and power
I remember being awake
Those eight hours I was alive
Ten, eleven, twelve, one
Two, three, four, five
I have ugly dark circles under my eyes
Now, how am I to go to school?
All I have to hope is that
My classmates think it's cool!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(107) A Haiku

Lions are growling
Strange noises can be heard here
Lost in the jungle

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(108) Cartoons Give You Brains

Cartoons give you brains
Snails are faster than trains
Chocolates make you healthy
Lazing around makes you wealthy
You become fresh by eating sleeping pills
During winter you live in the hills
All jokes make you cry
And rainy season is nice and dry
Factories and vehicles clean the air
Lice and dandruff are good for your hair
Mom is an alien from outer space
Sloth has got a very fast pace
Cheetahs are the slowest animals on earth
Ducks and hens to babies give birth
Oh, I almost forget to say
I am feeling a little opposite today.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(109) Many What If's And More

What if Cinderella wasn't a princess
But the advertiser of a new flavored jellybean
What if Snow White wasn't pretty
But the ugliest hag ever seen
What if soccer wasn't a game
But a new kind of disease
What if an oven isn't used for warming food
But to make them freeze
What if Tom wasn't a cartoon
But a new mechanical device
That help cats in catching mice
Get very quick and wise
What if Jerry wasn't a mouse
But another name for cherry
What if a mountain wasn't mountain
But a new kind of berry
What if shoes weren't used on feet
But to help us see
What if I wasn't myself
I wonder who'd write this instead of me!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(110) A Haiku

Sun is calm again
Leaves swirling under our feet
Autumn, playing tricks

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(112) Aliens Have Landed

They are ugly and all green
The weirdest things ever seen
They have an antenna on top
And their inventions are never a flop
They hate all humans and want them gone
They destroy our territory, like a building, home or lawn
They know how to escape, when they are stranded
But for now, "Run! Aliens have landed"! ! !

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(113) A Fun Little Boy

A precocious little 2 years old
One of the sweetest kids I know
And my poem "waiting for the baby"
Was dedicated to him you know
A fun little baby spreading happiness around
Who has just learnt a little bit to talk
He gets fascinated by little things
Like an ant or even a rock
Like all kids he loves chocolate
And he pronounce it as coket
He is usually seen in the company of a toy car
Or with a colour pencil in his pocket
He knows his alphabets and numbers
And is quite an intelligent child
If you play his favourite song "Bum Bum Bole"
He will run and scream like wild
He loves vehicles
Like any other boy
Whether it's real
Or in the form of a toy
He is a unique kid
Different and sweeter than all babies
That is why one of my favourite cousins
Is baby Haris.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(114) View Of The Sun

Greeted by the rooster's usual crow
I watched the fishermen at sea
As their little boats began to row
The people were in a hustle bustle
Getting ready to go for work
I saw a man with his tie stuck in a fence
I let out a soft smirk
Children are running around their homes
Getting ready for school fast
But on their way they broke things like
Showpieces in their haste
After some time saw
The school kids studying
And taxis and buses
On the road were hurrying
I wished I could play with someone
The clouds were always rude
They always hide the view of Earth
And they always spoil my mood
My friend Moon is very nice
With him I share my light
But I can't play with him because
He only comes at night
It was afternoon on earth
And the people were making a racket
I was feeling so hot I wished
Tiny Pluto would lend me his cold blanket
Time flew and it was evening
All the kids were back from school
Some were doing homework
While many others were lazing in the pool
Some people were back from work
And preparing food for hungry mouths to feed
And I saw a lone boy in his garden
Planting a mango seed
Before I knew it, night fell
And it was time for me to retrieve
But I wasn't going empty handed
With many memories I leave

I felt myself being pulled down
On my way I met the moon
I felt drowsy but managed to say
Goodnight, I'll be seeing you soon.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(115) My Neighbor's Watching A Horror Movie

I don't want to admit it
But I am a spy you know
I spy on my neighbours
They are interesting, that's what I think so
That night I was prowling on my terrace
To catch a ghost red handed
When a loud noise reached my ears
I thought an alien space ship had landed
I peered into my neighbor's house
And this is what I got to see
My neighbours were watching
A horror movie on TV
The clock struck midnight
And the church bells began to chime
A man was sitting in a corner
Drinking some juice of lime
Suddenly the doorbell rang
So the man flung open the door
And there stood Frankenstein
The sight made the man
Fall to the floor
The man started to run
As Frankenstein went right for him
He sure looked shabby
He should give his hair a trim
The Frankenstein drove him everywhere
With his huge knife
Whilst the man kept running
Praying for dear life
Then he accidentally dropped the lime juice
Which made Frankenstein buzz angrily like a bee
And he started bawling and said
"Why didn't you save any for me? "

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(116) You-Know-Who

Noisier than the noisiest trumpet
More restless than the sea
Naughtier than the wind playing tricks
Who is this now, let me see
More annoying than a mosquito
Lazier than the never moving tree
More impatient than anyone you know
I think that will be me.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(117) I'm Late For School

Oh no I'm late for school
The alarm woke me up late in the morn
Oh how could this happen?
I'm sure I had set the alarm right, I could have sworn
I was supposed to wake up at seven
But now its nearly eight
If I'm not on time my teacher will kill me
Or else she will use me for fishing as bait
In a total hustle bustle I tried to pack my bag
Oh now where is my math book gone?
And then I also realized I
Had left my pencil box in the lawn
Mom tried to stop me but I was too busy
To hear what she had to say
Without breakfast I ran to bus stop
Whilst the sun on me, cast its many a bright ray
I stood there waiting for my bus
Which always came at eight
But it didn't arrive at all
Uh oh, was I too late?
At last I gave up hope
And came home to rest for the day
When my eyes fell on the calendar
And I realized today is a Sunday.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(118) Chair

It always gives me support
Whenever I need
Sometimes I decorate it
With a paper plane or a bead
People think it's lazy
But I don't think it is, so there!
The thing I am talking about
It's nothing other than a chair.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(119) Little Red Riding Hood (An Old Story Retold)

Once upon a time in the middle of a wood
Lived a little girl known as little red riding hood
One day her mother sent her to her grandma's with a basket of food
Who's state at the moment didn't seem very good
She told red riding hood not to stop on the way to the farm
And that if she paid heed to these words, she will come to no harm
Red riding hood promised that on the way she wouldn't stop
And reach her grandma's fast with a skip and a hop
But when she started looking at the plants and the birds
She soon enough forgot her mother's words
On the way a bush of big ripe strawberries saw red riding hood
She bent down and popped some into her mouth and exclaimed that they were
so good
suddenly she remembered grandma and the basket and got back on her way
she just couldn't stand there and waste her whole day
as the woods grew thicker she saw some daisies white
she plucked a few for grandma to make her day bright
suddenly she heard the sound of a gruff voice which said,
"where are you going little girl with the basket, flowers and hood so red"
red riding hood replied, "I am taking my grandma some cakes"
she was so scared that her whole body shakes
the big bad wolf asked, "Does grandma live on her own? "
"Oh yes", replied red riding hood. "She lives quite alone"
The wolf said farewell in a voice so cruel and wild
And thought, 'I will gobble the grandma first and lie in wait for the child'
At last the cottage came in sight and the wolf rapped on the door
The door was ajar so he saw the grandma in bed with a carpet on the floor
In one bound he swallowed the old lady
And wore her spectacles and bonnet and got into bed, ready
Soon after, little red riding hood tapped on the door
And said, "Grandma can I come in or do you want to rest some more? "
Imitating grandma's quivering voice the wolf said, " Come in"
And kept a tin ready to offer red riding hood biscuits from the tin
"What a deep voice you have", the little girl said
"The better to greet you with", the wolf said
"What a big mouth you have", said red riding hood in surprise
"The better to eat you with", the wolf said and swallowed her in a trice
He felt satisfied and gave a grunt deep
Then with a fat full tummy, he fell fast asleep

Meanwhile, a passing by hunter saw the wolf in grandma's bed
"The wolf! It won't get away this time", he said and shot a bullet through its head
He cut open the wolf's stomach and out came red riding hood and grandma
unharmd
As the hunter wasn't expecting this he was quite alarmed
They thanked him and gave one last look at the hound
And little red riding hood reached her cottage safe and sound

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(120) Well.....Can It Get Any Worse?

Grumpy, grouchy,
Lazy, sleepy,
Angry, sad,
Furious, mad,
Off mood, sloppy,
Not at all happy,
For me this is the way to say
How I am feeling today.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(121) A Door's Plea

I stand there all day long
Sandwiched between two sturdy walls
I stand there getting bored by the hour
With nothing to do except look at the hall
All day they tap me
With their knuckles so hard
I think if they continue like this
I'll end up in the casualty ward
The little kid in the house
Loves to kick me all the time
He likes drawing on me and also once
On me he spilt some juice of lime
The cat always scratches me
The dog gnarls at me when anyone rings the bell
My life is so horrible
Now whom do I tell?
Some visitors push me so hard
I think I'll fall to the floor
I believe life's not easy for me
As I am nothing but a door.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(124) Sneha, The Adorable 5 Year Old

She looks like an angel
And with a sweet talk everyone she'll charm
A gentle and loving girl
Not even an ant will she harm
She is very selective about what she wears
And makes sure she steals everybody's looks
Who knows she might even be
Mentioned in many books
She surely knows her manners
And she does her work with such care
That she leaves everyone to
Simply sit and stare
She is so smart and talented
That she can do whatever she likes
And I have even heard that this little girl
Loves going on hikes
She likes drawing and dancing
And has a heart of gold
This little girl called Sneha
The adorable 5 year old.

Risha Ahmed (10 yrs)

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(125) Enough Is Enough!

Everyone says that nowadays
Parents are pressurizing their child
They are forcing them to study and work harder than they can
And driving their children wild
Just when the child is taking a break
A parent comes in and says, "Go back and study!"
They make the child study and practice all day long
And won't even let them go play with their buddy
I think all children need to have some freedom
And sometime to play and have fun
This way children and parents can be satisfied
And live happily under the sun

I was asked to submit a poem for related subject by a magazine.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(126) Public Library

It's the best library that I know
And it has books galore
It has books that entertain you
And books that make your mind soar
Its loads of fun choosing books
As there are so many good ones
Its always difficult for me to choose
As there are so many books, tons
They conduct literary camps here
Which are knowledgeable as well as fun
And they'll make sure we enjoy them
Even when burns out the sun
If you like books or literature
Sci-fi or fiction you see
That this is the place where
Right now you should be
You can find all kinds of books
On an elephant or a fairy
In this wonderful place called
Ernakulam Public Library! !

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(127) Heaven On Earth

There are beautiful mountains
And many a waterfall
Hills that look like an egg at the top
And thousand of trees stand tall
There is fresh wind blowing
And so green are the blades of grass
If anyone ever held a contest of beautiful places
This place will definitely pass
I am here for my vacation
With my cousins and family
And when we reached there by the beautiful scenes
We were amazed, you see
We went for trekking also
And at every hill I was the first to reach the top
It was very tiring but
Our legs still wouldn't stop
We went for boating
In a big beautiful lake
Though every now and then our boat
Would give us a little shake
The food tested really wonderful
And the house was quite great
You simply wouldn't want to leave
This place at any rate
There you can find the weather chilly
Even though shining bright is the sun
In this very very wonderful
Place called Vagamon!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(128) My Very First Murder

There is something bursting inside
That I want to tell you
I once committed murder at the age of three
I have to confess, I do
It all started on a warm summer night
When I was playing with my goldfish by putting it back and again taking it in a net
When my mom called me and I forgot about goldy
And it along with the net on the table I kept
Next morning every thing was normal
Until my sister rushed in to the room and said
That my little dear goldy who was my favourite pet
Was lying on the table, dead
Mom gave me a good spanking but then
She apologized when she saw me cry
I think she realized that as I was only three
I didn't know that without water a fish could die!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(129) Morning Walk Splash

We went for a morning walk
As early as could go
I just found an excuse to play some pranks
So I went with them pronto
We walked on and on
We walked moving back and forth our hands
And on the way I saw many
Different kinds of sands
Suddenly I heard a strange eerie noise
And mom started shouting, "Run! "
I thought an alien had come, I was so scared
The last thing I could think about was having fun
An alien! Seriously
You must think I'm insane
But later I found out that the sound
Came because it started to rain!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(130) No Poems At Knife-Point

My father forces me to write a poem
My mother threatens me with a knife
My sister says if I don't write one
She will take my life
Whenever I throw a tantrum□
My father says write about that
And whenever I win a prize or something
My mother says write about that
Wherever I look people say,
"Write a poem otherwise
Just know that you are in for an
Unpleasant surprise".
My friends say write a poem on leaves,
Or my teachers, my pet, my computer
If people didn't always ask me to write poems
My life would be much better
I just wrote a poem recently
And I think I will just relax and look at the rain
I hear my mother calling me
Uh-oh! She wants me to write a poem again.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(131) Translation Of Kumaranashan's Poem

Child: Oh mother! Look, all the flowers on
This plant are flying away

Mother: No! You are wrong my child
These are not flowers, they are butterflies.

Child: Look mother! They look so beautiful
Going one on top of the other into the sky
Oh! How I wish to play with them mother
But like them I cannot fly...

Mother: Don't waste your precious tears my child
By crying about things you cannot do
You can walk around and play
But can the flowers walk like you? ?

Child: Mother, can you tell me why these things happen
I shall give you a kissy if you do.

Mother: We know very little about the secrets of life
Though I know God created them for me and you! !

P.S: This is a translation of the famous malayalam poet kumaranashan's poem
'Ee Valliyil Ninnu Chemme'. It is one of my all time favourite poems.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(132) Goodbye 10.....

To call me a 10 year old
This is the last day
I'd better enjoy the company of my age to the fullest
Cause tomorrow's my 11th birthday
I have waited so so long
Now I am just 7 hours from the D day
I can't believe I'm getting so close to
Tomorrow, my 11th birthday
Since its not my birthday today,
I don't have much to say
But today's my birthday eve and
Tomorrow's my 11th birthday
I hope I get many gifts
Which makes my eyes sparkle in the sun's rays
I hope nobody forgets that
Tomorrow's my 11th birthday!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(133) Guess, What I Am Good At? ? ?

At dance I am horrible
At music I am hopeless
And when it comes to volleyball
I am simply useless
At skipping I am nothing
But a little bit of waste
At chess I always lose
Cause I am in a haste
At monopoly I am vermin
Roller skating makes me fall
I am always last in racing
At relay I'm not good at all
But there is only one thing
At which I am considered cool
And that is.....
Causing mayhem in school

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(134) Charity

Perhaps one of the sweetest words
For the poor and those who can afford too
Charity should be given by everyone
That is, including you
There are so many people even in India
Who work throughout the day
You might be thinking they earn lots
But actually, they get very little as pay
So rummage through all your clothes,
Your books and even toys
To see what all you can give
To those poor girls and boys
If all the prosperous people in the world
Contributed just a little
It won't be long before every poor person
Has a life that is settled
So contribute now towards charity
I'm sure you have something to give
Help in making this world
A better place to live.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(135) So You Think You Are Fat?

If you think you are very fat
So fat that you can be rolled
Then let go of that popcorn
And the chip's pack that you hold
Don't be a couch potato
Don't even think of those cookies in the tin
And it's time you stopped crying
About that Pepsi I threw in the bin
Here are some fresh fruits
And vegetables just for you
Eat food with lots of proteins
And carbohydrates too
Don't just sit there
As though you can't walk
And don't always stand there
And into the phone talk
I `m sure that after a while
When you get used to it all
You will forget the time when you were
As fat as a ball.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(136) A Child Friendly World

No more heavy bags
That make our backs hunch
And we absolutely cannot stand
Another sickening lunch
Someone please clean the toilets
They absolutely stink
And we shall only drink water
That's safe enough to drink
No more teachers hitting us
Hey, that seriously hurt!
And no more lunch plates
Covered with dirt
We should be given more time
To play and run around
And we shouldn't be made to just sit
And not make a sound
Classes should be more interactive
So everyone's enjoying
And classrooms should be ventilated
The heat is really annoying
We are the children
And this is what we have to say
Please help us fulfill this
And make us happier today

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(137) Kid's Truth Lands Pop In Soup

It was a bright summer's day
And a man was driving his car
It seems he was crossing the speed limit
So it's obvious the police weren't far
The police chased him all the way
But the man had already reached his house
He admitted himself inside
Looking as terrified as a mouse
He asked his wife to tell
The police that he hadn't come
And he concealed himself in the bedroom
Feeling depressed, scared and glum
The police arrived and asked the wife where he was
She said he wasn't there
When her three year old daughter stepped up
With cheeks so chubby and fair
She piped up in her little voice,
"If you want to know just ask me
Daddy's hiding in the bedroom
Why don't you go and see? "
The police caught the man
And asked him, "Well, what do you say,
It seems because of your own daughter
You are in trouble today"
The man just shook his head and said,
"I am to be blamed for this tumult
I always taught my daughter never to lie
And this is the result! "

The inspiration for this poem came from an anecdote in Reader's Digest

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(138) Weird Things Kids Say

Once there was a photographer
And she worked in a studio
People went there dressed their best
Some may even wear a bow
She captured family photos
To last as a memory
And she also took pretty
Self portraits you see
One day a little boy
Stepped in for his photo
He was about five years old
And looked quite adorable you know
The photographer commented
"What beautiful eyes you have, my!
I really would like to know
Where you got them from child"
He gave her an innocent smile
And tilted his head to one side
"It came along with my head"
He gently replied.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(139) Happy New Year

It has been a really long year
With numerous ups and downs
But I am sure you all would have had fun
Whether you live in cities or towns
But coming forth is a beginning
The beginning of a new year
So get ready for the journey
Without a single tear
Say goodbye to 2008
And say hello to 2009
I assure you that everything
Is going to be just fine
So don't look grumpy
And smiling from ear to ear
Wish everybody around you
A happy new year.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(140) The Cheese-Stealing Critters

They race around the dining table
Ruining the place with litter
They vault over the refrigerator
The evil cheese-stealing critters
They gnaw a hole through your apple
They run away with your cake
You wish they'd stop doing that
For heaven's sake!
They snatch your biscuit
From beneath your nose
And they leave its crumbs
On your toes
They may be very tiny
But don't judge them by their size
Because what they can do
May leave you in surprise
Don't let them roam free in your house
They are not at all nice
These pesky little creatures
Commonly referred to as mice!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(141) The Atrocious Alarm Clock.

It makes a horribly annoying noise
That doesn't please me at all
It goes off when you least expect it
And wakes up one and all
It comes in various colors
And a number of shapes too
But I hate it no matter how good it looks
And I think you also do
It wakes me up from my best of dreams
With that same irritating resonance
Why doesn't anyone understand
That it is such an annoyance
If it is not making that awful sound
It is always going tick-tock
Never let this into your house
The atrocious alarm clock.
□

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(142) For Kids' Eyes Only

A butterfly with chocolate wings
A computer made of snow
A newspaper that tastes like ice-cream
A cat on a boat learning to row
An elephant standing upside down
A mouse bigger than a whale
A bunch of string knotted together
A dog chasing its own tail
A girl who looks like a monster
A sketch of my best friend
A long blue shaky line
That doesn't appear to have an end
A monkey sitting on a tree
An ant learning how to cook
Thanks for taking the time to go through
The doodling I have done in my book.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(143) The Beauty Of Nature

The birds sing along
To the beat of the rising sun
As they wake everyone up saying
"A new day has begun"
Bees and butterflies wait in line
For the flowers to be in full bloom
And peacocks dance cheerfully in the rain
Forgetting all their gloom
Lions go for hunting
Watch them slowly prowl
And if they are in luck
You can hear them gently growl
The giraffe ever so tall
The world that it can see
The small rabbit nibbling carrots
Under the shade of a tree
From the magnificent elephants
To the tiny web-weaving spiders
They are all a part of
The beauty of nature

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(144) Do You Want Your Dear Risha To Live?

I hate eating fruit flavored candies
Carrot that is cooked or raw
I completely detest papayas
That stuck between my jaws
I hate green leafy vegetables
Like spinach and many others
I have been eating this rubbish
But nobody really bothers
My mom says she'll murder me
If I don't eat
My dad says I should consume healthy food
With a smile so sweet
My parents know very well I hate yucky food
But still that is what they give
So please send over your chocolates and ice-creams
If you want your dear Risha to live

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(145) Bad Hair Day! ! !

My mom would scream and run away
My plants would wither and die
My sister would think she is having a nightmare
My cousin would wish she knew how to fly
My dad would faint on the spot
My teacher would send me out of the class
My principal would expel me for sure
I won't be allowed to write my exams
My music teacher would show me the door
I am in a complete fix
I wish there was another way
I should have listened to my mother
And combed my hair today.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(146) The Scariest Things Come In Small Packages

Jumping around here and there
Leaving me no time to spare
Tangling up my hair
I comb so carefully again
Scribbling on my entire hand
With my best pen
Trying to read my books
Though I know it must've made no sense
And at the sight of some puppies
Attempting to climb the fence
If I don't obey the orders
I will be hit with a force so immense
Or have eyes look at you annoyingly
With a gaze ever so intense
Babbling absolute gobbledygook
Which even now doesn't make sense to me
But whenever I listen to it
All my worries flee
By repeating this over and over again
I will never bore
These are a few things my cousin Zaara did
Last month in Bangalore

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(147) Song Song Go Away!

A stupid song plays inside my head
When I try to write a poem
It pushes back all the thoughts and lines
It clutters up my mind with foam
It's always a song that I dislike
Probably what my sister was listening to on TV
And now the contagious song bug
Has been passed from her to me
My head is going round and round
Oh god! Please stop now
The song in my head is so loud
It makes me want to say ow!
You want me to write a poem?
Do my homework? Write an essay?
I'm sorry I can't help you until
The song in my head goes away
It clings to you like a hairnet
And doesn't let go till the next day
When another song drops by your head for a visit
Mind you, it's not there just to say hey!
It means to play itself again and again
Till you are completely under its power
And it will grow so loud and painful
It'll drive you up the tower
What's the point, I just can't concentrate
I am unable to write anything
I might as well give up
And listen to my head sing.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(148) I Forgot To Rhyme!

It's been years since my
Dear pen and I
Have penned down something nice and sly
So God please place an idea in my dumb old head,
I don't have much time
Brain's filled with slime
I have forgotten how to rhyme
So God please suggest some rhyming words while I'm in bed,
Brain's on a full stop
I'm gonna drop
I would rather be growing crop
So God please help me straighten out before I dropp dead,
Now look what I've done
This sure is fun
Now I am one in a million
Oh God thanks! I have ended up writing a poem!

(Everything depends on syllables in this poem)

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(149) What About Today? ?

People running helter skelter
Eating snacks and holding balloons
Some are even wearing party hats
They sure do look like loons!
Crackers are being burst
Firworks light up the sky
Everything is so well decorated
You can't help but say, 'Oh my! '
Even the animals are partying
You can see them play musical chairs
And they are making such a racket
Forgetting about all their cares
This day will go down in history
The whole world is celebrating this day
Because after god knows how long
Risha has finally written a poem today.
FINALLY!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(151) Time Portal

Once upon a time in a land far away
Lived a woodcutter five hundred years before today
Being a pauper, he had to use all his energy
To earn atleast the meager sum to provide bread for his family
One fateful day as he was meandering in the forest
In search of a suitable tree to cut down
Watching him work in the hot sun was a fairy
Sitting on a cloud, wearing a flowing gown
Feeling sympathetic towards the woodcutter
Who seemed barely strong enough to stand
She decided to relieve him of his sufferings
And held out her right hand
She said, "Oh water from the sky above,
And earth down below
Send this mortal to a land
Where he won't have to work so hard no more"
Thunder clapped, the ground shook with force
Great flashes of lightning blinded the planet
As the woodcutter was sucked into a time portal
Into one of life's unexplored facets
The man landed on all fours
On a black surface made of an unsung substance
He turned to face some weird creatures
Creatures by the thousands
They seemed to be made of metal
And it had such an unpleasant sound
Like a flock of geese rampaging
Its legs were perfectly round
The honking of the monsters grew louder
The woodcutter's heart was filled with fear
He saw humans inside the monsters
Had the people been devoured by them? Oh dear!
The man grabbed his axe and fled
Trying to shut his ears from the horn
He spotted some trees within a fence
He sighed, "Atleast the trees aren't gone! "
He jumped over the fence and started cutting down a tree
As that was what he did best
Trying to forget about the scary new world

Just forget about the rest
Suddenly from behind he heard voices

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(152) A Hindi Poem

Vasanth aaya hasi aayi
Phool khile jaise muskaan
Thandi hawa, jannat ki fiza
Le aati hai zindagi mein jaan

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

(153) Happy Birthday Ma'Am

Everytime we misbehave
And create havoc in the school
Its just to let you know that
We think you're really cool
Everytime we race in the corridors
And scream outside your office door
Its just to let you know that
We want to remain in this school for years more
Everytime we bunk classes
And in the corridors we roam
Its just to let you know
How much you make us feel at home
And now that you're cutting an awesome cake
Watched by beaming faces standing for miles
Its just to wish you happy birthday
We always want to see you smile.

On the birthday of my principal, Mrs. Maya Mohan. May you live forever and a day!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

All Things Big And Fat

There is a famous saying
Which you have probably heard
"You are what you eat" they say
Though it may sound quite absurd
Gone are the good old days
When people weren't sticks, but just a little wide
And it wasn't considered unnatural
To be a tad on life's heavier side
When it was good to look healthy
Not like a fortnight old corpse
And folks were energetic and strong
And didn't fall over like props
When their skin glowed with health
And didn't look like chewed stale bread
And cheeks had a real natural color
Which couldn't be obtained by painting yourself red
When their lungs were clean from the pure air they breathed
Not the disgusting concoction available today
And fruits were eaten in abundance
Not served in one square inch miniature trays
So when we accuse someone of being old-fashioned
Just give this a second's thought
"Those people accepted each other for who they were
While here, everybody's boiling in a pot".

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Backbenchers

Back-benchers are evil
They never do anything right
They are a disgrace to the whole school
They always get into fights
Back-benchers are unruly
They are the devil's spawn
A lot of people say these things
I wouldn't agree upon
Back-benchers are prime targets
For teachers pelting chalk
They are labelled future criminals
Just because they talk?
Front-benchers cause havoc
Teachers say, 'Forget & forgive',
Back-benchers put a toenail out of line
And the teachers won't let them live
They get suspended for pelting teachers
And students with Styrofoam
Paper planes are their vehicles
The Principal's office is like their second home
Back-benchers will continue fighting for their rights
Until the truth is unfurled
I'm proud to be a back-bencher
Back-benchers rule the world!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Blue Wall / Green Wall

What comes to my mind when I see a green wall?
A green wall reminds me of the grass so green
And the emerald most rarely seen
A green wall reminds me of the leaves so green
And a forest where I have never been
A green wall reminds me of trees with a lot of shade
And the fresh vegetables kept for trade.

What comes to my mind when I see a blue wall?
It reminds me of the sea so blue
I feel like jumping in it too
A blue wall reminds me of the blue sky
You can't touch it cause it's very high
A blue wall reminds me of the deep blue bear
It is very dangerous so beware
A blue wall reminds me of a blue whale
To reach it from the shore you have to sail.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Chocolate-Chocolate

Chocolate chocolate
Ah' what a delight
You know you want it, right?
Go on, have a bite!

(A tribute to my mom's chocolates)

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Congratulations Ma'Am

On the day for the treasure
You went to receive the prize
You held it with pleasure
Without minding the size
You showed it to all
With the greatest joy
Proud of you are all
Every girl and boy
Whistling are the tall trees
Singing is the dam
Humming are the small bees
Congratulations Ma'am.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Don'T Ask Me To Write A Poem

Poems are tricky expressions
It's obvious you're oblivious to that
Put one single word out of line
And the whole thing could go kersplat!
Similes are as difficult as quantum physics
Metaphors freeze my brain
Alliteration makes me mad
Personification beats me up with a cane
And rhyming! Don't talk about rhyming!
Don't even dream of mentioning that
Now, what shall I rhyme "that" with?
Wombat, muskrat or doormat?
I've had my share of verbal irony
When I'm told writing poems are a walk in the park
Sarcasm is oh, so fun!
Poetry sure is not about shooting in the dark
Onomatopoeia makes me hiss
Oxymorons are purely disgusting
Assonances send a sharp blast to my head
Repetitions are boring, are boring
Don't ask me to write a poem
Don't tell me to dish out a verse
Don't beg me to pull out a sonnet
Like I've hidden it somewhere in my purse
Don't expect me to break out in rhyme
It's not like I have them stocked in my shelf
If you need a poem that badly
Why don't you write one yourself?

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Face Book Flu

The day you join this blessed site
Though some may call it cursed
You fill in the form at lightning speed
With eyes wide open and lips pursed
You tick the Terms and Conditions box
Without the slightest idea what they are
And when they ask you for your date of birth
You fill in the age of your car
When you're finally done with the registration
And you feel like you've been let into paradise
You realize you know nothing of this new world
You rack your head and rub your eyes
How can you write on your friend's wall
Without being considered insane?
What does it mean when somebody pokes you
Such questions race through your brain
What do you write in a status?
What on earth is a notification?
And why are games meant for farmers
Turning into such a sensation?
You click on help to understand the site
And try to figure it out
But things just become a bigger mess
And you find yourself steeped further in doubt
You give up and return to your homepage
And well, well, what do you know?
Its a miracle of miracles as you understand
You have got the hang of it after all
Soon you get sucked into the portal
Also known as Facebook addiction
You poke, write on walls, like things and play farmville
And react to every notification
And amidst all that, you soon realize
Facebook is not just another site in the blue
It is an expression, an emotion, a thought, a feeling
A disease known as the Facebook flu!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Fiction Gone Wrong

Everybody thinks I only know how to write about things that happen in real life-my life. So I have decided to prove them all wrong. Today, I'm going to write the greatest piece of fiction ever to leak its way out of a pen. You are watching the biggest moment in history unfolding. Hold on to something because this is gonna blow you away.3...2...1...err, what am I writing about in the first place? Right, thats embarrassing. Alright people, everything's under control. Not to worry, Risha the Great definitely has something extraordinary up her sleeve. Hmm, since I don't want to make you pass out from the glory of my work, let me write about something simple. How about a...tooth? Once upon a time there was a tooth. That doesn't sound very interesting. Let's give that another try. This is the tale of the brave tooth Enamel Cavity (cool name huh? bet you want it for yourself! : P) who was born in the boring town of Dentesia (Not a very gripping start but lets just get on with the story) . Enamel was tired of being confined to his town where they only spoke about teeth. In school they were taught about the anatomy of a tooth. Jobs included tooth repair, tooth journalism, singing about teeth, dentists and even tooth photography! However, Enamel was not interested in any of that. (I'm getting really bored talking about teeth. They don't have much of a life do they? Just chew, chew, chew and then get knocked out by the bully of the school) He wanted to escape from the town of Dentesia and venture into other worlds. And one day during his history lesson when he was learning about the second war between the Molars and the Incisors, he made his grand escape. Not exactly grand as his teacher spotted him and put him in detention next to the school bully Root Canal. Fortunately for Enamel, Root had his share of bashing up the others and was snoring away at his desk (Ok, now I'm getting fed up with teeth. Let's just get out of this world soon) . Enamel clambered onto the windowsill and jumped out. He saw the barrier which separated the tooth world and the worlds beyond. Enamel took a deep breath before walking through it. This was the first time somebody from his world was venturing out. Ah! Who am I kidding? ? I can't write this! Fiction is driving me up the wall. I'm practically bald from tearing out tufts of my hair. What are you staring at me for? ? Aha, look at you laughing just because I can't write a teeny-tiny story. Oh! You're roaring like a maniac. And now you're saying, 'I told you so! ' Ok fine! I admit I can't write fiction. But I bet you can't write comic non-fiction half as well as I can. Muahahahaha! ! Oh alright, my non-fiction sucks too. So while I ponder about what I'm best at (other than Facebook) , why don't you just go watch some TV or beg your mom for a piece of cheese like a good little kid. Or if you are not a kid, just do what all the other adults do. Be boring. Goodnight and whatever. You haven't seen the last of me! ! Muahahahaha! !

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

For The Love Of Flab

I'm sorta plump, I must admit
I definitely cannot be called fit
An icing of fat about my waist
But to lose weight, I'm in no haste
My arms have begun to shake and wobble
My tummy looks like an enormous bobble
I have two chins, or was it three, or four?
I have fat wrapped around my core
Although my weight doesn't bother me much,
Against my flab I hold no grudge
But my dear mother thinks I need reminding
About my growing waistline, as she keeps reciting,
'Get off the couch, put down those chips
And take a look at your ginormous hips
Go take a walk, don't just sleep
Heed my words, or someday you'll weep'
But over her advice, I have no time to brood
As I'm far too preoccupied thinking about food!

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

If I Were A.....?

If I were a rabbit
I would hop all around
I would nibble carrots
Without making a sound
If I were a lion
And even if I was full of might
As I was defeated by an ant
So I am on a vegetarian diet
If I were a fish
I will swim in the water
I won't dare come out
Because then it will be hotter
If I were a horse
I would participate in races
And secure the first place
And look at happy faces
If I were a giraffe
I would have a view from the top
But I am still unlucky
Because I can not hop
If I were a kangaroo
I would hop around with a pouch
But I hope I won't fall down
Otherwise I will say 'ouch! !'
If I were a penguin
I would walk like a baby
If the weather becomes hot
I will have a swim, may be
If I were a monkey
I would sit on a tree
And keep throwing berries
On a poor old donkey
If I was that donkey
I would chew up the monkey
Even though I know
He is not that tasty
If I were a cockroach
I would steal food from the larder
I just hope my other task

Doesn't become harder
If I were an eagle
I would soar in the sky
And look at my sumptuous prey
From up so high
If I were a camel
I would store food on my back
And then I will move on
Carrying it like a sack
If I were a peacock
I will dance in the showers
Amongst the tall trees
Amongst the beautiful flowers
If I were a sparrow
I will fly or eat grains
But even if I only do that
I still have lots of brains
If I were a duck
I will wade in the lake
But I will stop the poem here
Or you will shout, " stop for heaven's sake"

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Miserable Monday

The gloom sets in from Sunday night
When your mom reminds you
'Go to sleep, its 8,
You have school tomorrow, don't you? '
Mumbling, and grumbling
And cursing under your breath
You think, 'Monday mornings are worse than
The most painful death'
Next morning you are shaken awake
Quite violently by your mother
Looking at the time, you have to think
'Why does she even bother? '
Dragging your feet across the floor
You splash water on your face
Then you make your way back to your room
At a slow and steady pace
As you cram random books inside your bag
Realization dawns upon you
'Yikes! I haven't done my homework,
Oh man! I'm gonna be chewed! '
'No time! ', you think, glancing at the clock
'I might as well copy off someone in school'
Grudgingly, you step out of your home, thinking,
'Mondays are so not cool! '
In school, the teacher literally blasts you, yelling,
'You had a whole weekend didn't you? '
You mumble an inaudible sorry but you're thinking,
'Guess what? I have a life and six other subjects too! '
The rest of the day passes by slower
Than a turtle trying to walk on glue
As every minute seems to stretch into days
And you're writing till your hands turn blue
As we look at our watches tick in extra-slow motion
We bang them on the desks, but in vain
Some of them have started breaking the chairs
Most of them have gone insane
The final bell is like a blessing
The most soothing sound to our ears
As we scream and run out of the prison

Where we feel like we've been trapped for years.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Monsoon Rains Are Here

Pouring down is the rain
Flowing fast in the drain
Filling water in the lane
Making me wet and looking insane
In it we go out to play
Splishing splashing the whole way
Until the sun's ray
Spoils our day.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

My Freaky Class (Not Poem)

When I'm talking about my class, I usually don't know where to begin...and where to end. So let me just type in what I scribbled for my English exam when we were asked to write an essay describing our classroom. Mind you, it's really boring and stupid, because if I had written it in a 'fun' and 'enjoyable' way, the teacher would have flunked me and said, 'What fun! ' So anyways, here I am sitting in front of my darling computer holding my English paper in my left hand (by the way, I got 24 out of 25 on it) . Here goes:

Like all the other classrooms in the school, my class has red tiles and the walls are painted a shade of mint green (Yeah, we gotta give a description of how the class looks.: P) . The first thing you are bound to notice is the deafening noise emitted from the classroom which carries all the way to the Principal's office. What's even more interesting to note is the fact that our Principal always seems to know that those unearthly sounds produced are from our class.7-B. Famous for loud talkers and moon walkers (our class loves MJ) . Renowned for dirty shoes and tongues set loose (you can expect these bracketed comments every now and then! Just to annoy you) . Our walls have a beautiful pattern of brown footprints which makes it look like pista-flavored ice-cream with chocolate chips (I don't like this sentence. Maybe I should remove it) . Unfortunately, it seems none of our teachers favor that flavor as they strongly disapprove of our walls (I don't like this either) . We also have a Smart Class screen which is used so rarely, it has become of more use to all kinds of creepy crawlies than to us (This is true- there was a lizard in the smart class on the first day of school, it's still there) . The desks are covered in the tiny white scrawl of our seniors writing cool slogans and advice to cope with teachers with a whitener. The cupboard is another insect haven and most of our window shutters are missing. Our teachers say we compel them into screaming themselves hoarse, but we disagree. It's not like we told them to scream like hooligans (my teacher cut half mark here. I wonder why!) . We are just a bunch of innocent kids willing to learn. Well, not so innocent! We have a brilliant crime record- we played football inside the classroom, our recesses have been cancelled countless times, our batch was the only one that didn't go for excursion this year and our Principal is a daily visitor to our classroom. Despite being such a 'legendary' class, I wonder why teachers hate coming there.: P

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

My Top Secret

I have a big big secret
To no one I will tell
If that secret is revealed
I'll feel like I am in hell
There is this thing in my house
That's crooked, pointed and long
When anybody pokes it
They laugh and say ding dong
I know I shouldn't reveal it
But my eyes are as red as a rose
The secret I told you about
Is actually my own nose.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

No Wink.....No Blink

I saw it on the top shelf
When I went to the toy store
I thought that it was sleeping
But how come it did not snore
I thought I will ask it what it was
So first I gave it a wink
But it didn't do anything
It didn't even blink
So I had to call my mother
In her hand was a football
She said now don't you be foolish
Risha.....that is a doll.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Pizza-What A Treat

A slice of pizza is loved
By my whole family
It is the best and testiest snack
That ever there could be
From the vegetables and cheese
To the tip of the crust
To have a bite of pizza
Truly is a must
I mostly love the pizza
Which are made by my mum
You just can't ignore it
You have to taste some
I really love pizza
I eat every crumb
And then have some cold drink
Till my tummy is numb
But now I am grumbling
Because that pizza
Is right now being eaten
By my sister, Fiza.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Snow Man

Shiver-shiver in the cold
Who is that standing out there bold
He can stand the snowing night
He looks clean and very white
He has a very funny smile
He looks like snow heaped in a pile
His smile is made up of stone
He has neither flesh, blood nor bone
His hands are made up of sticks
I wish they were made of bricks.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

Strength (A Haiku)

Strength of mind and heart
Disastrous, if you don't have
From it. Do not part.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

The Big End

Crawling in my house
Every sunny day
They are as quiet as a mouse
As they crawl down the bay
They walk in a straight line
Just like an enormous train
It contains ants more than nine
But this train has a big brain
Carrying food on their back
All kind of glorious food
To carry them they don't need sacks
They eat food bad and good
They walk barefoot on sand
And turn if there is a bend
Then I squished them with my hand
And that is their big end.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)

The Clever Master

Oh master! Oh master
There has been a disaster
I don't know what to do
And the one who'll tell me is you
Alright, I will tell you
What you have to do
You take your album and look
Or make a picture book
Or go and bow
To the king very low
Or drink milk from a cow
And don't ask me how
Oh! that was very nice
And you didn't even tell lies
You are great, oh master
And you have stopped the disaster.

Risha Ahmed (12 yrs)