

# My Name

I have a very interesting name. It means ascending in Hindi. It means strong in Chinese. If you are neither Hindu nor Chinese, you would probably refer to my name as a castle in Lord of the Rings. Many people have the same name as me. Rohan. That is my name. It is a very common one. Rohan is a castle in Lord of the Rings, yes, and most people would relate to my name this way, but that is not why my parents named me Rohan. My parents wanted me to get better at whatever I did, so they named me Rohan, ascending in Hindi. When I think of my name, I think of a deep, warm, comfortable sensation. Although my favorite colors are green, blue and red, I don't know what color to describe my name with. When I think of my name, I think of all numbers, so I could say my name could be described as  $\times$  or  $\infty$ , a way to represent a missing or unknown number.

Rohan Kumar

# POEMS INSPIRED BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

## **This is just to say.....**

This is just to say

I am sorry I ate the chocolates

In the fridge.

I understand they were very expensive

But forgive me, for they were so sweet and delicious.

I can give them back to you

In the mashed up state my stomach has left them in,

If you want.

## **So much depends.....**

So much depends

On the few sheets of paper

Called the A level exams

On the desk.

# Haikus



Brown eyes glittering,  
The look of great achievements  
Makes white teeth sparkle

Sad Brown eyes begging  
A dog's white mane dangling  
Begging for freedom



## The Dog

Oh dog, where did you get that long, jocund, wagging tail?

Oh dog, where did you get that sparkling, trustworthy smile?

Oh dog, where did you get those adorable, begging eyes from?

Oh dog, how are you so jumpy and springy?

Oh dog, how are you so cute and cuddly?

Oh dog, why are you called man's best friend?

Best friend, I got my tail from my close friend, the tiger who gifted it to me.

Best Friend, I got my begging eyes from cute babies which god decided to give me.

Best friend, I am so jumpy and springy because god gave me an instinct to be so and my friend the kangaroo gifted her springiness to me.

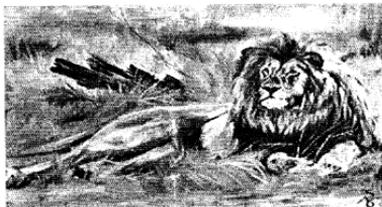
Best Friend, I am so cute and cuddly because I all my furry buddies gave me samples of their fur, so I collected them all and put them on my body.

I got my sparkling, trustworthy smile from you, my best friend.

I was designed to be man's best friend from the start. That's why god made me.

# The Lion- I am the king of the Jungle by **Rudolf Grimm**

Ekphrastic poetry



Ah, the Lion, with his large dangling mane

Hanging from his face like a wet mop.

He camouflages himself in the bushes

Through the yellow, dancing and waving grass, stalking his prey

He penetrates his prey with his power

And the pack patiently waits as he permanently brings an end to the poor animal.

He is the leader of the pack,

The ultimate ruler in the group.

His sly and daring eyes

Are two burning coals in the middle of the night but taunting in the day.

The proud look on his face is unmatched

A look of majority over everyone else.

## The Life of a Book

"Jack, go and get your new book and we will read it together!" shouted a faint voice in the distance. I woke up with a jolt and looked around. A flimsy, clear wrap was around me. It said 'citsalp' in upside-down letters. Just then a boy came into the room. 'This must be my new owner' I thought. Suddenly he grabbed me and ripped off my cover. 'Freedom!' I thought. "I've got the plastic cover off, mum!" shouted the boy. The boy gripped on to me firmly as he went down the stairs. "I've got the book, mum!" squealed Jack excitedly. 'Yes! I thought. 'I will get a chance to be read.' The boy's mother put me in her lap and announced "1000 facts you should know about the universe". "Fact no.1: Nothing can escape a black hole. Fact no 2....."

2 days later

"Ahem, ahem!" coughed Jack. "Come on, let's go to the clinic. Take your universe book so you won't get bored." said the lady. I knew the boy's name because his friend came over with another universe book. I heard his name then. Jack picked me up once again, and in a few minutes we were at the clinic. There was a curious smell in the air, deep and pungent and disturbing. Immediately, I felt as if I was going to be sick. "Jack Waters!" called the clinic attendant. Everyone got up- except me. Suddenly, I had realized what happened. Jack had left me behind! I waited for him to turn around and pick me up, but he never did.

I don't know how much time has passed. I look around me, and I see Jack! He is here again. I miss being read. I want him to pick me up and take me home. But I see something in his hands. "Thanks for buying this kindle for me, mum." said Jack. So that was what the book was called. A kindle. It had no pages at all. I wondered how he read from it. "Jack Waters" called the clinic attendant. He got up, and again he didn't see me. And that was the last time I ever heard his name.

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Chair Chair Chair Chair Chair

Comfy Comfy Comfy Comfy

Comfy Comfy Comfy Comfy

Relax Relax Relax Relax Relax

Relax Relax Relax Relax Relax

Cure Of Tiredness Cusion

Cure Of Tiredness Cusion

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Seat Seat Seat Seat Seat Seat

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Sit Back Flimsy Flimsy Sit Back

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Back Sit Back Sit Back Sit Back

Rest Rest Rest Rest Rest Rest

Rest Rest Rest Rest Rest Rest

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**'Shall I compare you to a shining  
star**

**Inspired by Shakespeare's sonnet #18 'Shall  
I compare thee to a summer's day'**

Shall I compare you to a shining star  
Your example makes me work intensely  
Your courage takes me impressively far  
Although I think you will also agree  
A shining star could be anybody  
A star withers away after a while  
But what will never fade is your beauty  
When a star explodes it is not benign  
But you are completely the opposite  
Because you wouldn't hurt anything  
With your greatness the star is the midget  
And you still have a stunning voice to sing  
You are the greatest messenger from God  
A heavenly angel sent from the Lord!

# My Grandma

My grandma moves like a hippopotamus- a tired, limping, fragile soul. She always has a cooking utensil or a television remote in her hand. A few hours before every meal time, my grandma would vanish into the kitchen and as we waited we would smell the pungent, spicy aroma in the air. She is as physically delicate as wet cardboard, like an uneven pavement or an accidental push would make her fall over. When she takes a step out of the shower into the house, the minty, fresh smell permeates the air. Her wrinkled, paper thin skin clings on to her flimsy, old bones, like the disturbed surface of a bowl of soup.

# The Enemy Wars.....

## .....In your Cousin's House

Jack trudged down the stone path, sweating. Great verb choice!

“Mum, could you please carry my bag for me?” he pleaded.

“Jack, it’s your bag and you have to carry it. You’re going to middle school, and you still can’t carry your own bag?” lectured his mom in reply. Excellent verb choice

Jack sighed, his shoulders aching and asked for the umpteenth time- “Why can’t we just buy a car so that we can drive home?”

“Our house is 20 minutes by foot from school.” His mom snapped. “And besides, every single dollar we save from that goes to the poor!” she said.

Jack rolled his eyes as he brushed a trickle of sweat from his red cheek. Jack was an extremely tall kid with rough, black hair. From a distance they could see Fred, the newspaper man, halting near their house, holding an envelope. When he knocked on the door, Jack’s mom called

“Fred! I’m here”.

Fred looked around for a second, lost, until he saw Jack’s mom.

“Oh hi, Kathy. Can I give this to you?” asked Fred wearily.

“Sure, Fred” replied mom as they entered the house.

As soon as he reached, he closed the door, dropped his bag on the couch, and sat himself in front of the computer. After a few minutes, Jack heard his mum gasp.

“Mmmmmm?” asked Jack, too mesmerized by his game.

“I’ve just got a letter from South Africa! We have got an invitation to go and rebuild some homes there!!!” said Jack’s mum excitedly.

“Where will I go?” asked Jack, but he feared he already knew the answer. Somewhere across the country, somewhere he dreaded. His cousin’s house.

He had tried arguing in the past many times. He still tried arguing now even (repetition) though he knew it was hopeless anyway. Last time he went to his cousin’s house, his parents picked him up with him soaking in toilet water. Exasperated memories flooded back into Jack’s brain. And his mom said he should be happy that he finally gets to go away? Good luck with that! As if he felt nostalgic anyway.

Despite all his efforts, in a few weeks he found himself on a plane to Washington.

“All passengers on the New York to Washington UA435 plane-the boarding gates are opening!” The attendant’s voice echoed through the room.

Jack gave his parents a small heavy hearted wave and entered the long passageway to the flight.

Jack was angry with himself. *Really* angry. He should have just pretended he was sick or something, because there was no turning back now. Jack found his flight assistant waiting at the entrance of the plane. She was a tall, young lady with brown hair, and even though Jack didn’t mention it, she had too much makeup on, much like many other flight assistants.

“Hi” said Jack in a hesitant tone.

“Hello” said the flight assistant politely. “Shall we go to your seat?” “Sure” said Jack quickly. “Hey, why are we going left?” asked Jack, confused. “We’re in Business class” replied the flight assistant, grinning at the look on his face. “What’s business class like?” asked Jack excitedly. The flight assistant merely replied “You’ll see”. When Jack took a step into the business class area, he was startled. Luxury cushioned seats with blankets and foldable chairs, and screens on each of them- like mini TVs. He looked at his flight tickets and saw that his

seat was one just next to a window. Perfect. His holiday could be bad but at least his flight would be good. As he sat down he wondered where his parents got the money to put him in business class. I mean, they were saving up money to rebuild those houses in South Africa, weren't they? But that didn't matter right now. He jumped on to his seat, switched on the mini TV and immediately pressed OK on New Super Mario Bros. and started playing video games once again. The flight assistant said "You can't play that until we finish take-off". Jack sighed and put the controller away. But sure enough, in half an hour he was back on New Super Mario Bros., playing so much as if his life depended on it.

He didn't even realize how quickly the time had passed and soon enough it was time to land. 'Now here comes the annoying part of my holiday' thought Jack, sorry that the flight was over. His cousins did have a New Super Mario Bros. on their Wii but as if they would let him play. The flight attendant told him it was time to get up. Jack took out his suitcase from his overhead cabinet and joined the long queue of passengers to leave the plane. And as much Jack tried to delay the travel, he found himself at his cousin's doorstep a few hours later. He sighed, stepped forward and pressed the bell. 'Ding Dong!' To his dismay, his cousin answered the door. It was a long time since they had met. His cousin had grown quite a lot. He was six feet tall with spiky black hair, brown eyes and looked quite burly and muscular. "Hey Pete" said Jack, feeling like a tiny ant compared to his cousin. "Hey Jack" said Peter slyly. "Why don't you come in?" As soon as Jack stepped in, he heard a faint clicking noise and a bucket of water fell on his head. "Pete" called Peter's mom from upstairs. "What was that splashing noise?" "Oh nothing" said Peter quickly. "I was just getting a glass of water for Jack and I accidently dropped it." He shouted back. "Hey, dude, seriously, no trap here, but do you want to see everyone else before we go on an all out war?" Jack rolled his eyes. He knew this was going to happen. Every time he comes to his cousin's house, it was always a stupid match between Peter and Derek against Jordan and himself. Actually it was mostly Peter and Derek trying to dominate them and Jordan and himself trying to stop them from being so exasperating. Taking off his soaked bag, he went into the living room where Derek and Jordan sat. Derek smiled as if he was about to do something evil. "You know what we do to people we hate. Of course you do. You've experienced it so many times". Jack sucked his breath.

He knew that the next day they would do something or the other to him and then it would be the all out war. After his aunt came down they had dinner and then they went to bed. "Good night" said Peter and Derek grinning at each other. "And Good Night to you, Peter and Jordan. We will see you in the morning" trying to look innocent but failing to do so.

It was on a Sunday afternoon. Peter and Derek were trying a silly experiment of cooking a fake meal for Jack and Jordan. But as they did that, they were so excited they turned the wrong stove up too high and it lit up their cookery guide to cooking 'Harmless but Disgusting' food. Next, there was fire. At first, Jack did not believe there was a fire in the house after all that they'd been through. "They're just lying" said Jack to Jordan. "They've probably set up some complicated trap down there to get us wet or dirty or something like that". But when they smelt the burning smell of smoke in the air, their curiosity couldn't hold them any longer. They went downstairs shocked to see that the house really *was* on fire. "Put it out, put it out" they were all shouting. After a few minutes, they all scream a victory shout "We did it, we did it!" they shouted dancing around the house. And soon it was time to leave.

Jack didn't really know if they had fun or not, but he did notice that for the rest of the days after the fire, Peter and Derek did not play any pranks on them again. And when he was about to leave, he got a big surprise. "Why don't we just be friends" said Peter and Derek as he was about to step out the door. "We can't help but thank you for saving us from the fire. We owe you a lot. I guess we can stop being enemies now, right? I mean, we did work together" So Jack left with some 'new' friends and a feeling of peace. And that was the last time the wars ever took place.