

The Wonderful Slaps by Kusumita mam

It was the result declaration day,
Well let me first say you what I wanted to say
Kusumita mam told me that she would tie me with a rope on a tree,
As my marks in the exam were seventy-three!

Mam abruptly entered the classroom,
Asked I, First she would slap whom?
Mam then said, Everyone sit down,
Or else I will send you out of this town!

Everyone then sat down on their seat,
But I was in fear that Kusumita mam wanted to beat,
She then started giving the paper,
And on the table, She had bought a rod made up of copper!

Said I to Saswat, Apply on my face a packet of oil,
Or else she will give me slaps that I'll boil!
Kusumita mam said, Namish It's your turn,
If you get less marks, You are the one whom I'll burn!

When everyone was about to give me clap,
Kusumita mam took out her hand and gave me a horrible slap!
Mam asked me Why don't you cry?
Or else I will convert you into Namish Fry!

(Image of the slap on the next page ->)



(Picture of how Kusumita mam slapped me though this is not the real image!)

I then asked my friend Tribikram what was his mark?
But surprisingly like a dog, He started to bark!
He said It's Seventy Seven,
And Said I, Oh my god, You'll go to heaven!

Tribikram Sahu



Remarks by Kusumita Mam:-
Excellent and not bad like Namish

It was just a question of Compound Interest
And mam then said In scoring full marks You have no Interest!
Said I to mam, I knew but It was too long,
But Tribikram's Parents were so happy that they wanted to take
him to Hong-Kong!

After 3 hours of these events I returned to home,
As I was in fear, I started to chant the mantra, Omm, Omm!
Well, While walking on the lane, I was in fear,
I don't know what happened, then I felt as if God said oh my dear



(Namish walking alone on a lane, **However, This is not the photo of Namish!**)

My mother asked me, What's your mark
If it's too little, I will start to bark!
Oh mama, You'll get to know about my marks very soon,
To beat me, She went to the kitchen and bought a spoon!

I said, Oh mama, It's seventy-three,
Said I, Why don't you feel free!
I then said, Jay mata shree,
Jay mata shree!!



(NOTICE- This photo is only for Representation and not a real photo. After all, My mother didn't scold me this much!!!)

—Namish Kumar (8 C)