

**From Surat Chakma, former students at Alice Project School.**

This is the poem I wrote last year while leaving from Alice Project. I was in the train lonely; I thought about our school, Alice Project how much is helpful for a society. Last year I have visited Alice Project to bring my certificate. I thought will there be an opportunity to visit Alice Project again but I found myself not. So I wrote just a poem of my days in Alice Project. While writing, tears came out of my eyes.

**MY DAYS IN ALICE PROJECT**

A birth given to me by God.  
In this very place called Earth.  
My first step in Alice Project.  
Is a thanks giving praise to Lord.  
I didn't know as I was only three,  
What is the meaning of 'Alice Project?'  
Just started from my days infancy.  
A treasure still to be discovered.  
A height not yet achieved.  
a union boy, I learned the makes entered in me  
Respected teachers and madam, its like  
A penny that I have earned.  
My new little friends in the class & residence  
I relaxed with one another  
By the bond of the friendship, I pray;  
To the almighty God, never ends!  
Our founder & director of Alice Project, Valentino,  
A learned and creative man  
Has an important hand in shaping me,  
Without him, I could find myself  
In the darkness of the caves.  
Now the time has come, I have to end my journey in Alice project,  
My days in Alice Project are numbered,  
Farewell friends, teachers, madams and respected God father Valentino  
I don't like to leave Alice Project,  
The green fields, colorful flowers, buildings,

Disappearing from my sight now  
Tears appearing in my eyes  
The best friend of my life in the world is end.

2. This is another article composed by me. I saw a butcher cutting a goat in the market, looking at the point I felt pain on me. I thought if I could write a poem about it and publish in the magazine it would be beneficial for the society.

### **WHAT WILL YOU SAY**

What will you say?  
What will you feel or say?  
If swords were struck in your neck.  
Imagine the same on the speechless animals,  
What can they say?  
Animals are our friends  
Would you like to eat your friends?

3. This is the poem I have written about money. I have looked practically and thought, money can do everything except peace. In this world whatever is happening is only for money. Children are studying, workers are working, only to earn money. But I say, we have born to do a good job which would be helpful for all living beings. We should do very good job so that we can rebirth without any difficulty. I thought very carefully, money makes the people good and bad in two cases. First case, if the money is used in the good way, the people will get success and secondly if it is misused, automatically people will be waste.

### **MONEY**

Money makes the world go round,  
But if it is misused then people may even reach to the ground  
Money was invented by man to get power  
Now money has become more powerful than man  
All over the world money and power go together.  
A rich man is easily accepted by the society  
Even if he is corrupt evil or naughty  
One can do anything for money  
They find it as sweet as honey  
He thinks he would not be anyone's slave  
But soon he becomes the slave of money

The more they have the more they want  
Money can buy anything one's life even  
But can't buy peace, happiness and a ticket to heaven.

4. It is last poem I wrote in the sad motion. One day when I woke up from my bed, that day I didn't have even a rupee of coin in my hand. How will I buy vegetables, how will I pay tuition fee, I thought how can I manage myself. Almost a day I set inside the room and I was crying. My eyes were red; friends were asking me, what happened with me? Why are you weeping? But I could say no, nothing happened. I can feel my soul sound, how much in depression. How will I complete my studies? I thought; after few days a sum of two thousand reached, that were brought by a postman sent by you. I was quite happy and make myself a courageous. I was thinking if those money were not sent by you, its sure, I would ruin.

### **HELPERS AND SHELTERER**

One morning, I woke up, I thought  
Motion was seem to be depression,  
Because of poorness thoughts  
Those were no currency in hand.  
I thought, if I were not helped  
By other a person, Valentino  
I would ruin for ever  
Its my luck, I was helped and being helping  
He sheltered and financed me for several years  
Still I'm being helping by him, Valentino.  
Thanks for sweet and kind acts  
I remembered him with pleasure  
Those acts of him are not forgettable.  
One who helped and sheltered other  
He will be a deity in next future  
As per my ideal  
Never give up and forget such man,  
Be like always that man.  
After him, a thought entered in my mind about my father  
who origined me and lifed me to see the world  
But I found not alike the shelterer and helper, that's Valentino!