



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

105

Dream of a Refugee

Sleeping in my wooden desk
enjoying the tranquility of morning
and waiting for a glass of tea
made by my mother, specially for me.

The smell of coconut oil, And
the water drops from her hair
make my day refresh
which a luxury bath can't give.

Her gentle hug and tender kiss,
with her wetted hand and sweated cloth
give me warmth and comfort
which a woollen sweater can't give.

Laying on my mother's lap
making the pattering of rain as lullaby
in my small, pitty hut

(Note: Graded Items may be published in **Schoolwki**. So write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf)



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

105

make ~~make~~ me feel I am in Heaven.

A sudden blasting sound I heard

from the battle field so near

which make me to realise that

these all were just dreams.

I found myself in a wooden desk

with thousands of people around

in a small closed shed

except the one, MY MOTHER!

Now I am a refugee

pushing my life in the camp

with the only dream, that

to see my mother, who is far apart.

Face I see, make me felt

it's that, MY MOTHER.

I try to find my mother's smell

(Note: Graded Items may be published in **Schoolwki**. So write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf)



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 105

in the burning gun powder.

Through the broken window of the shed

I ^{look} wait for my mother's arrival

Like a calm, obedient dog

who wait for his loving owner.

I am pleading you, the Almighty

to fulfill my dream, to go back to my hut,

to have a sleep in my mother's lap,

and to feel the warmth and comfort again.

I know it will never happen

because it's just a dream of a refugee

who already lost his life

and living like a corpse.