



# Who Do You Think You Are ?

As I walk down that street, I see that smug smirk on your face !  
I can tell you don't like me, why ? Wearing something that is so  
last year ? Have I done my make-up wrong ? Is my nail polish  
chapping ? But the thing I most disgust is the act of which  
someone judges someone else by what they are.

Yes ! That's right !

## RACISM

The subject that I absolutely disgust, and as for the racist people  
I am determined to stop them !

Racism is as cruel as the evil villain in a fairytale dropped from Hell.  
I started heading home, but the thing is, am I or am I not being followed ?  
I decide to go out during the evening, I walk on the same street  
As before, and I suddenly get pushed on a green grassy field...  
"Oi ! You wanna be white like us ? Well ! Ere is your chance !"

And I get white gloss paint all over me.

"What are you doing ?" I cry.

"Well ! Even if I tell ya, what ya gonna do about it ?" a different bloke said.

"Aha ! Splat me with a chapatti, maybe topped up wiv a bit of curry !"

The last guy said. All three of them burst into laughter

And ran away at high speed.

Then I ran as fast as I was able, to get home. I rushed into the bathroom  
pouring white spirit on my hair, and scrubbing my face clean with it  
and I sat there crying, being ashamed of what I am and who I am.

See how racism can hurt people's feelings ?

See how the world is such a dangerous place ?

If there are any racists, (I hope you aren't) listen to this :

"Britain is full of ethnicity, so we should be proud of it !"

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**aged 10**

*Schools across Medway took part in a multi-lingual poetry day held in Rochester in July 2009. This poem is a prize winner of a competition held for that day.*