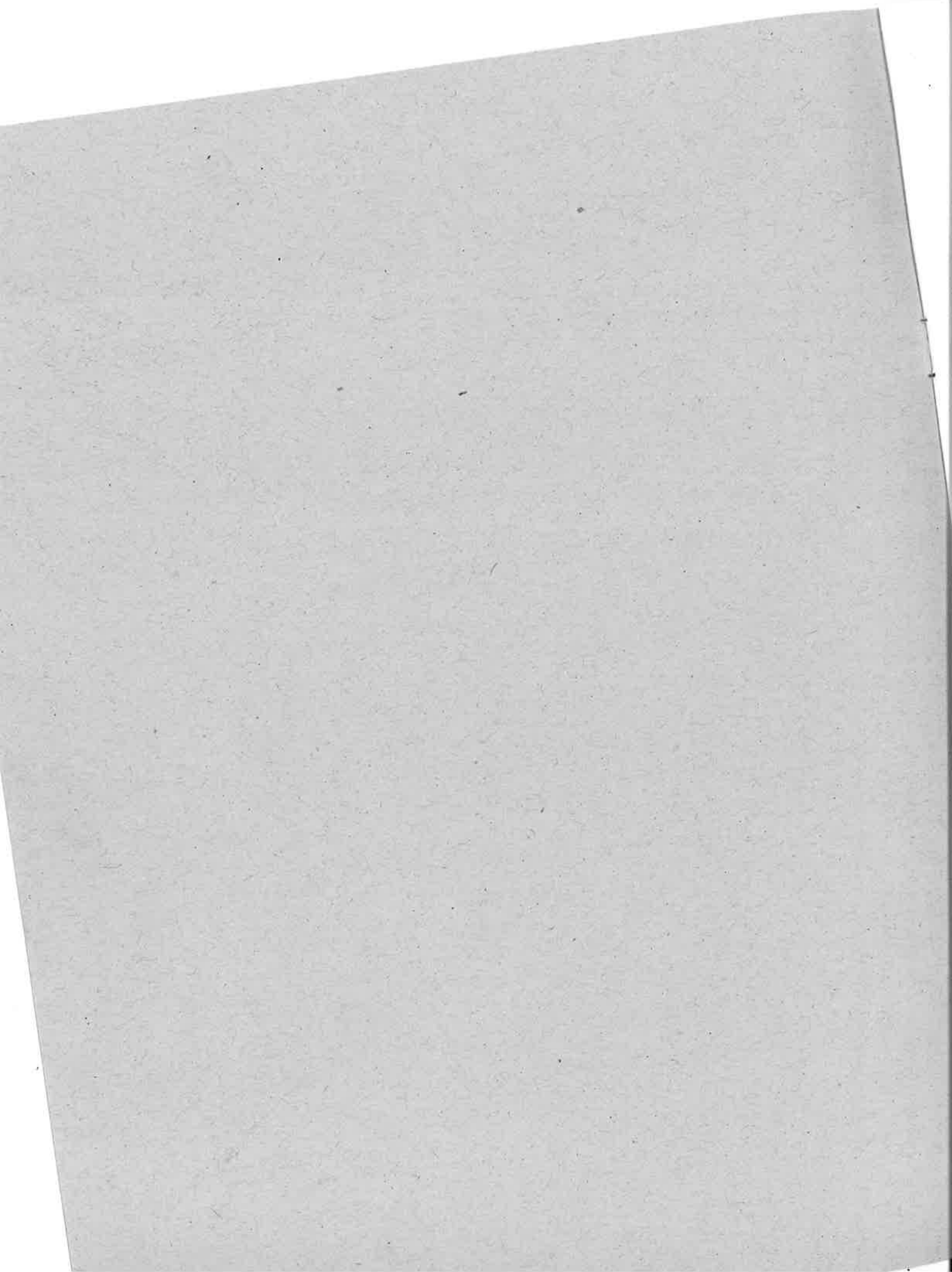
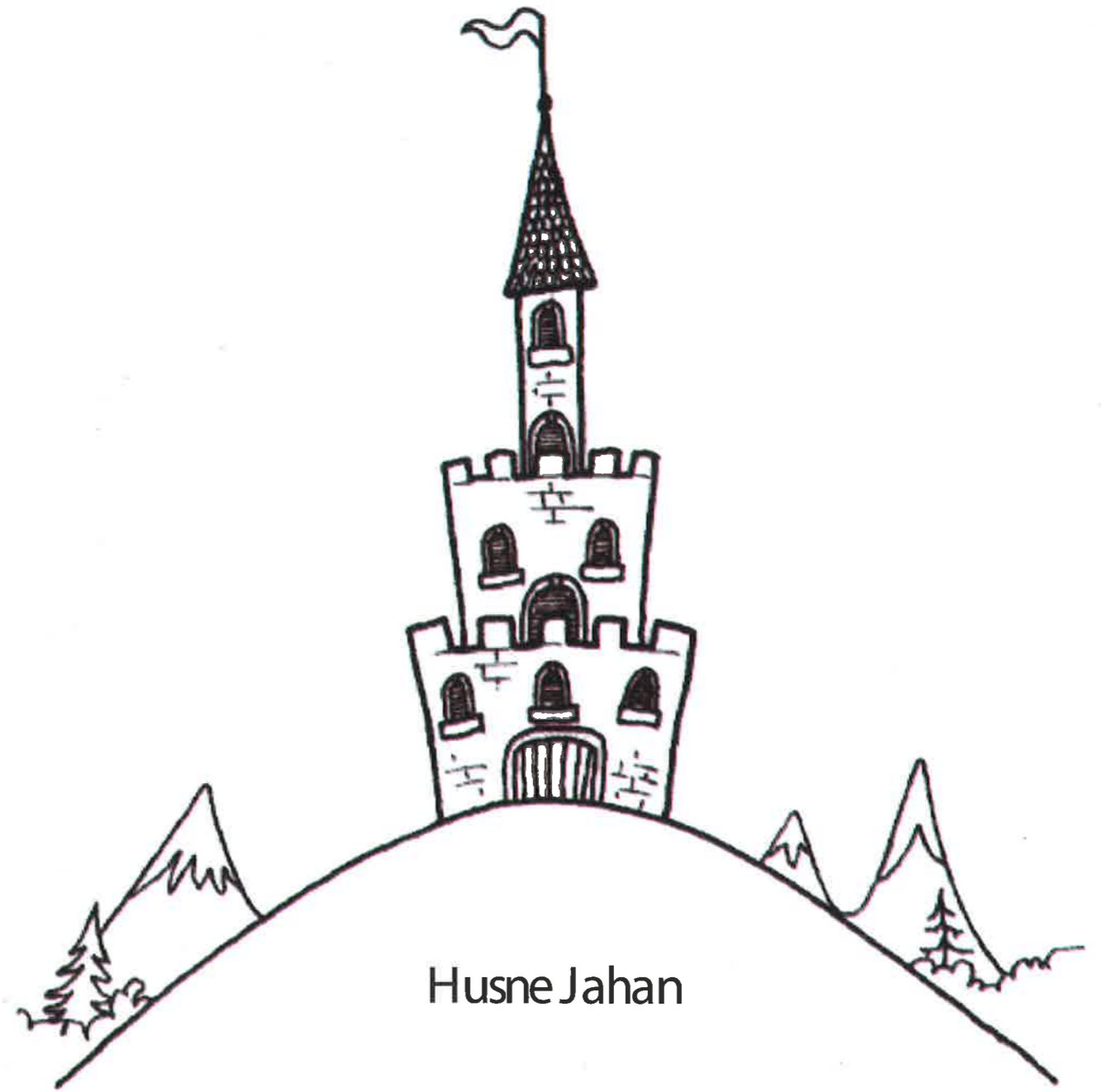


# Royal Phonics

Professor Husne Jahan







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Royal Phonics : Professor Husne Jahan

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## DEDICATION

THESE NONSENSE RHYMES ARE DEDICATED TO TWO LITTLE BOYS FOR WHOM AND WITH WHOM I COMPOSED THE VERSES, ENJOYING EVERY LINE AND EVERY MINUTE OF THE ACTIVITY. THE BOYS ARE REHAN AND SAMIR WITH WHOM I SPENT THAT SUMMER IN USA IN THIS EXCITING ACTIVITY. LATER, REHAN TYPED OUT THE FIRST COPY

ANOTHER REASON FOR COMPOSING THESE RHYMES WAS TO TEACH ENGLISH VOWEL SOUNDS TO MY UNDERGRADUATE STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY. ZEENAT, A STUDENT OF MINE, ENJOYS PLAYING WITH COMPUTER DESIGNS AND OFFERED TO ARRANGE THEM WITH PICTURES. LATER, A LITTLE FRIEND OF MINE, NAHEEN, ARRANGED THE PICTURES AND THE RHYMES IN THE PRESENT FORM. I THANK THEM BOTH WHOLE HEARTEDLY FOR THEIR HELPFUL EFFORTS.



PROFESSOR HUSNE JAHAN

Professor Husne Jahan was born in Rajshahi when her father was posted there. She passed Matriculation from Calcutta University as a student of Sakhawat Memorial Muslim Girls School. Then she passed Intermediate, B.A. Hons and MA in English from Dhaka University. In spite of an early marriage she continued her studies uninterrupted and completed HSC, BA Hons and MA in English with outstanding results from Dhaka University and later obtained scholarships twice to complete MA in Literature and MA in TEFL from USA. Husne Jahan has devoted her entire life in teaching and teaching related activities participating in workshops, seminars, short courses, writing, editing etc.

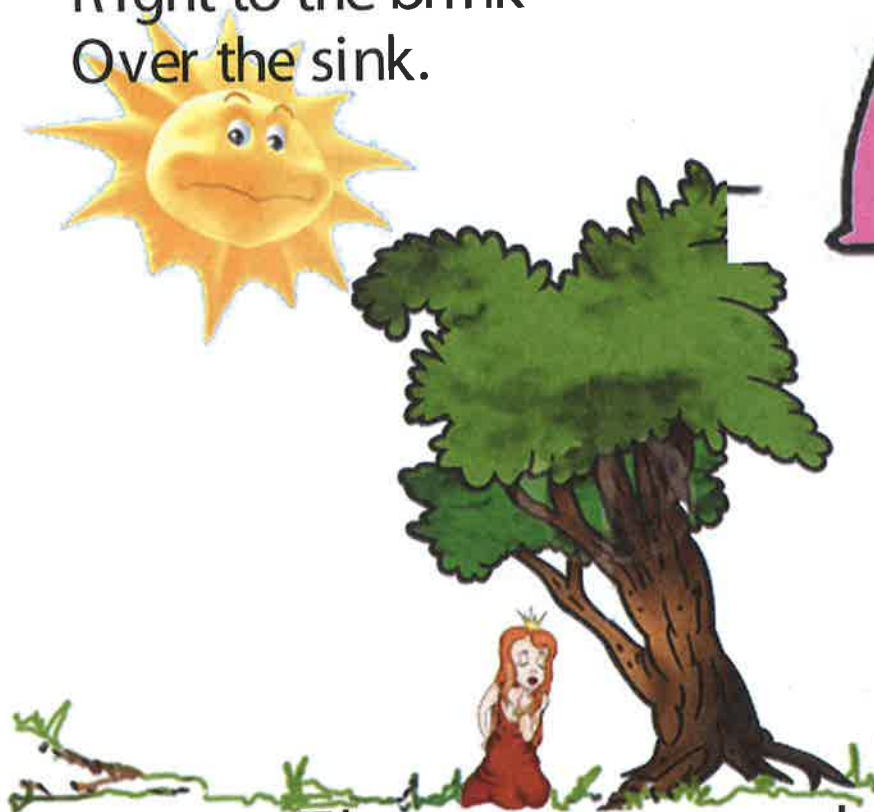
Husne Jahan first composed poems as part of a classroom activity in USA. This made her realize that writing poetry is not as impossible as she had thought.

There was a king  
Who swallowed a ring,  
So he couldn't sing  
And they had to bring  
A medicinal thing  
From a bird's wing  
From far off Ming  
To make him ring  
The bell again and sing  
With the ding.



The king had a queen  
Who had never been  
Absolutely clean  
In her early teen;  
She was very mean  
Jealously green  
Always making a scene,  
When she was seen  
Flirting with the Dean  
Who was very keen  
To tell her she was mean  
And ask her to be clean.

The king's people think  
The queen should wear mink  
And frequently wink,  
Which would make her pink  
As well as drink  
Melted zink  
Right to the brink  
Over the sink.



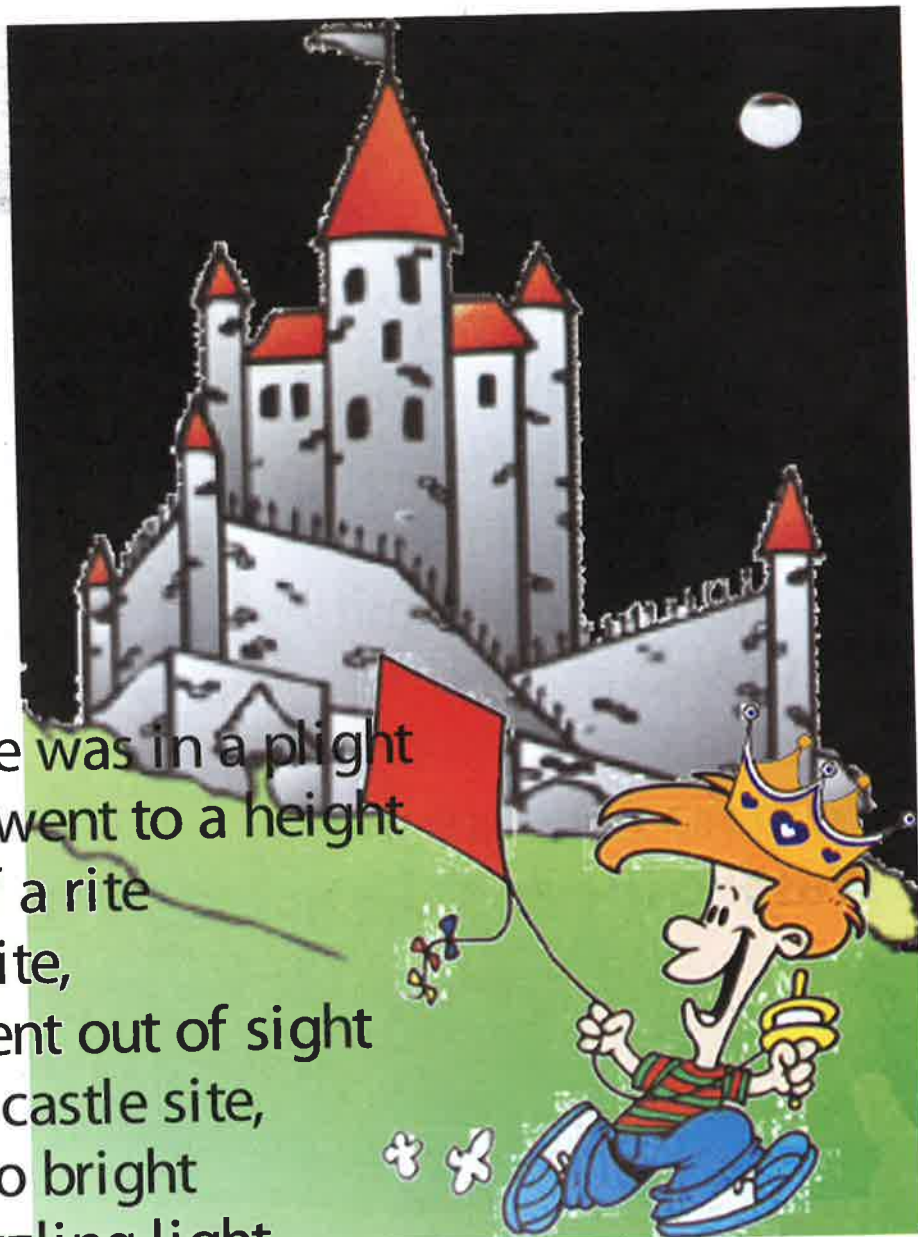
The queen went to a hut  
To pluck some nut,  
Where she had a cut  
And blood did jut,  
Which made her berserk;  
So she had herself shut  
And quenched her thirst  
Avoiding those who rushed.

The King's little son  
Who was the only one,  
Liked to have fun,  
Roaming in the sun  
And playing with a gun,  
Which he had won  
In a long run  
After he had done  
Eating a bun  
Given by a nun  
Who made a pun  
When she met a Hun.



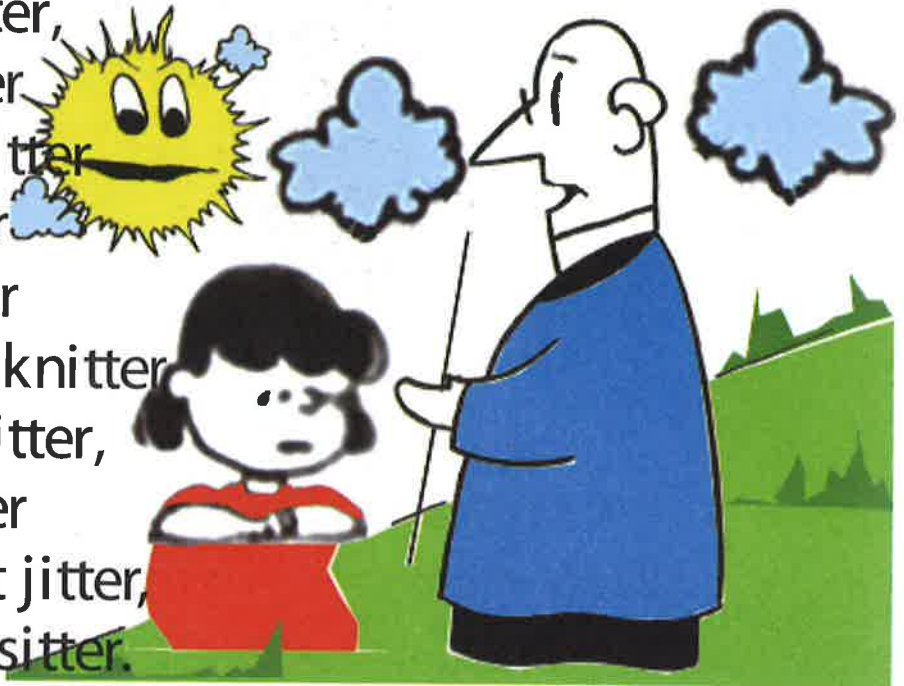
The prince talked a lot  
About a little knot.  
Which was short  
And a little rot,  
Found in a pot,  
Which had a dot  
Made from a shot,  
As he would not  
Let it get hot.



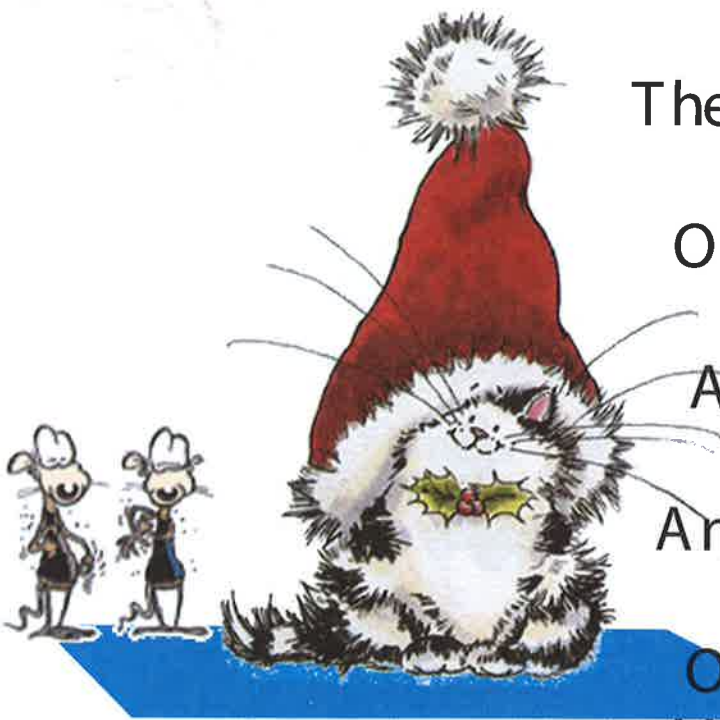


The prince was in a plight  
When he went to a height  
As part of a rite  
To fly a kite,  
Which went out of sight  
From the castle site,  
Shining so bright  
In the dazzling light,  
Though the prince held it tight  
With all his might  
As if in a flight  
Like a brazen knight  
And about to bite  
To prove his right  
Giving all a fright  
Until it turned into night,  
Though the moon was white.

The king's minister  
Was very sinister  
Who beat his sister,  
Who ate an oyster  
And made him bitter  
By loving a hitter  
Who was a spitter  
And an irritating knitter  
Who also made litter,  
Messing as a fitter  
With his constant jitter,  
Wasting life as a sitter.



The queen had a cat,  
Which only sat  
On a colorful mat,  
Wearing a hat  
After getting a pat  
For killing a rat  
And shooting a bat,  
Which fell flat  
On the noisy knat,  
Messing up the hat  
Of the hunting cat,  
As he continuously spat.



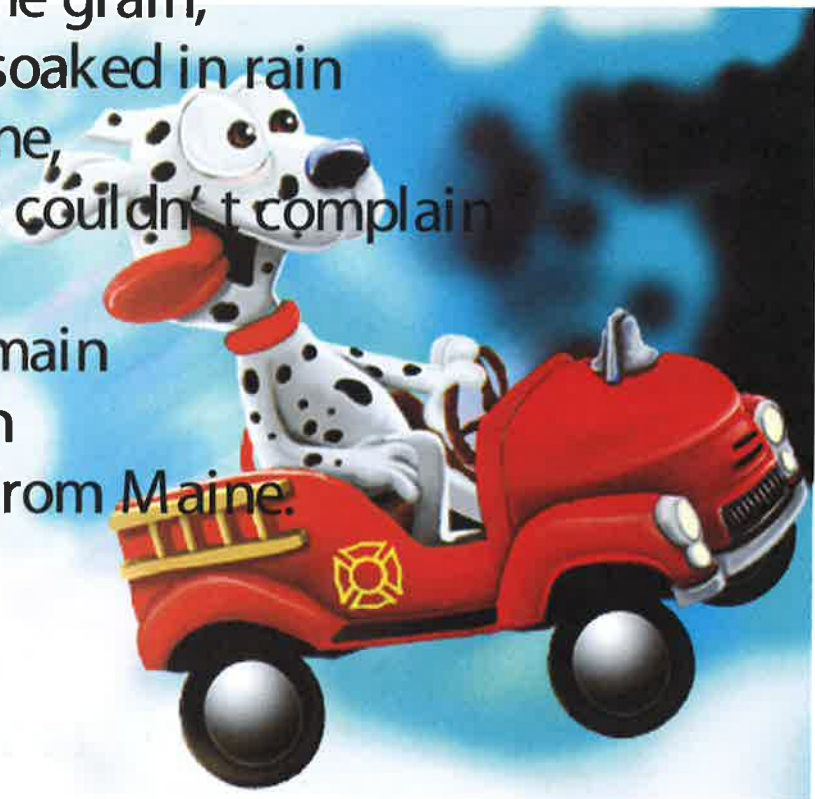
The cat liked the hen,  
Which awakened the men  
When it laid eggs ten  
In its hidden den  
And pecked at the pen  
Again and again,  
Snatching it from Ben,  
Running with it then,  
Hiding from the men  
Who would eat the hen.



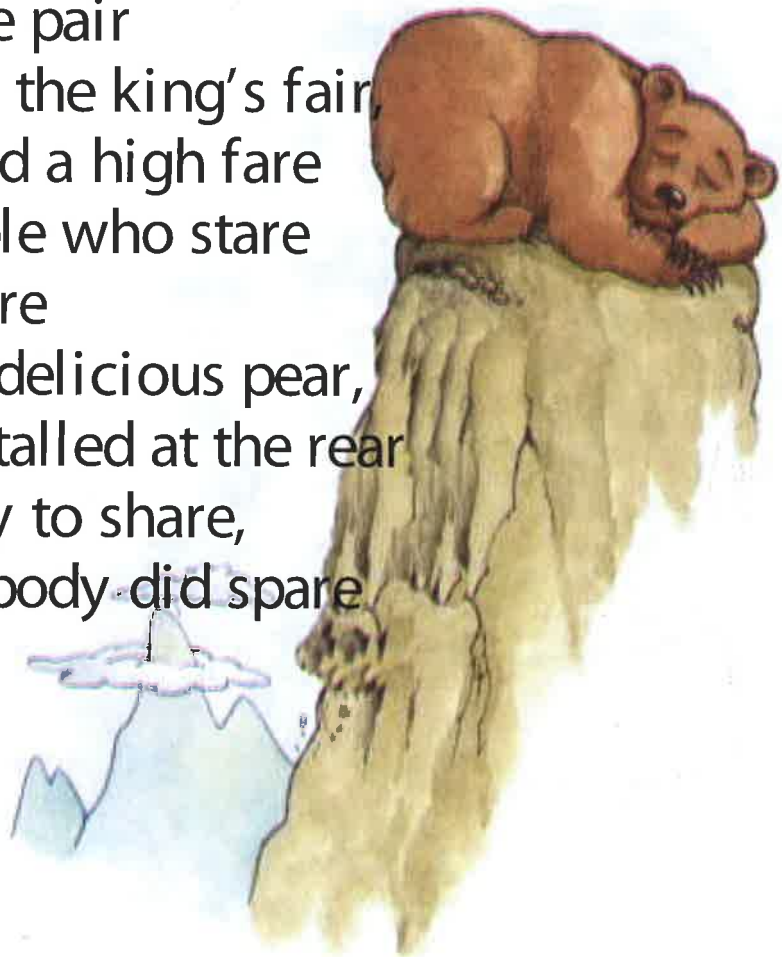
I'll tell you now  
Of a royal cow  
Along with a sow  
Who met a POW  
Who did bow  
And made a vow  
Not ever to row  
Or to chow,  
Learning how  
Only to scream wow!



A dog named Shane,  
Given by a Dane,  
Having a big brain  
Which wasn't totally sane  
After he came in a train  
Instead of a plane  
Across the plain,  
Tying the dog in a chain  
Around its mane  
As its mother was slain,  
Beaten with a cane  
By a woman called Jane  
Who had got a sprain  
With a lot of pain  
From sorting the grain,  
Which got soaked in rain  
That hit the pane,  
Though she couldn't complain  
Or even feign  
About the main  
Part of her gain  
She made from Maine.



A mountain bear  
Ate the king's hare,  
Which had a lot of hair  
For which the prince did care.  
This the prince could not bear,  
So he did dare  
To send his hunters to its lair  
To catch it with a snare,  
Making it bare  
Into pieces to tear.  
Then he gave it to his mayor,  
Telling him to wear  
As a furry glove pair  
And attend the king's fair  
Which charged a high fare  
From people who stare  
At items so rare  
And some delicious pear,  
Which were staled at the rear  
For nobody to share,  
But which nobody did spare

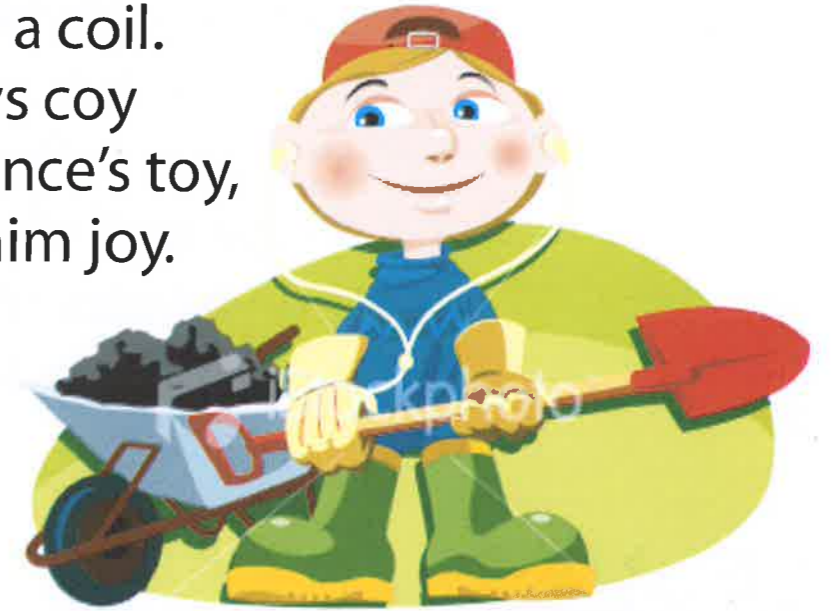


In the queen's park,  
There was a shark  
Eating a lark  
Which was naked stark  
Inside an ark,  
Which was very dark  
And left a mark  
On the bark  
With a spark.



The palace cook  
Who read no book  
Was a big crook  
And worked for a duke  
Who went to a nook  
With a bird he took,  
Which was a rook  
Caught with a hook  
From a tree that shook,  
Where he went to look.

The Royal gardener's boy  
Who worked in the soil  
With a lot of toil,  
Which made him boil  
And wipe with a voile  
Wrapped like a coil.  
He was always coy  
About the prince's toy,  
Which gave him joy.



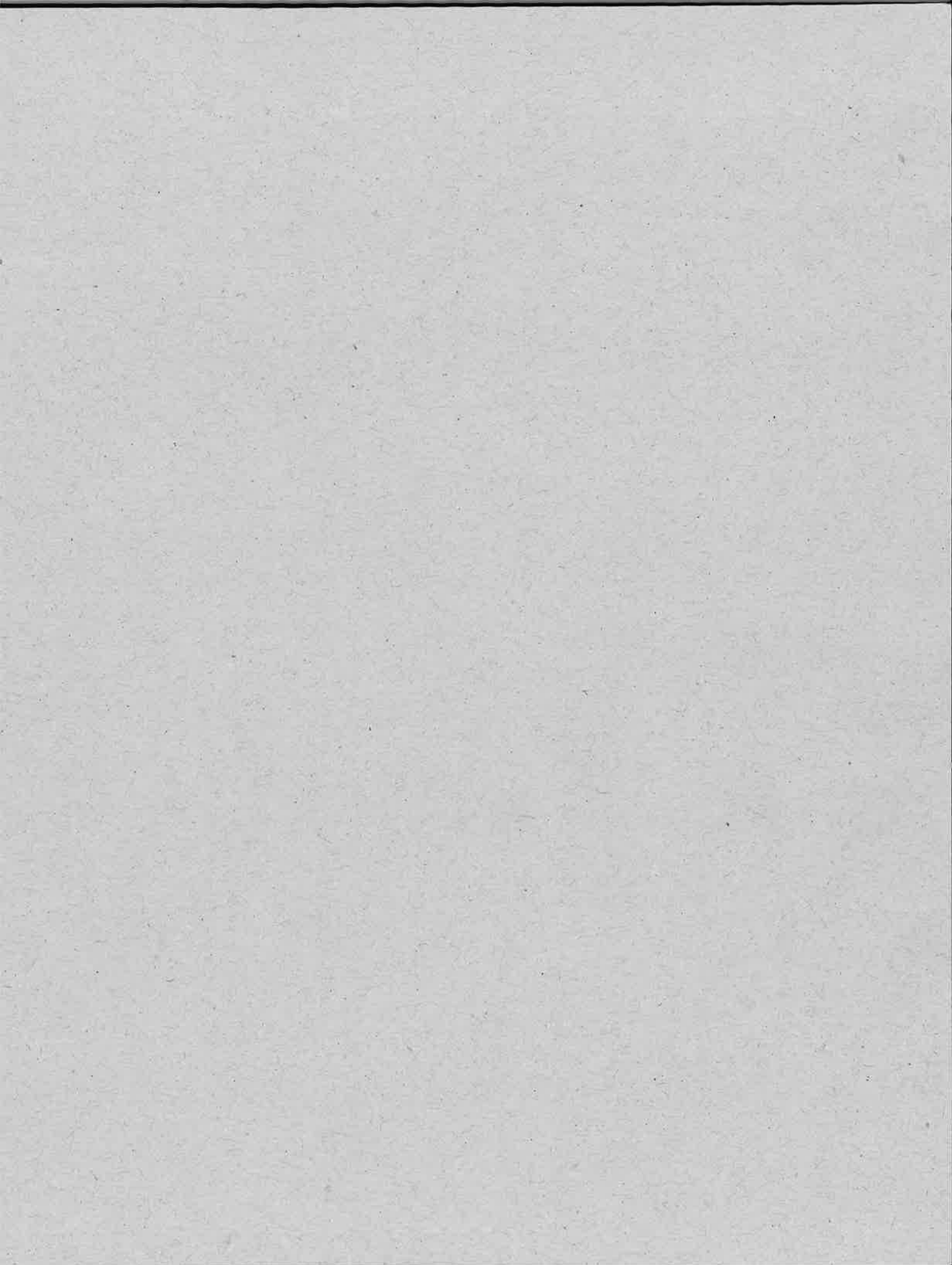
One silly fool  
Didn't know the rule  
And started to drool  
Sitting by the pool  
On a high stool  
To make himself cool  
With a little tool.

When the king became old,  
He was no longer bold  
And was unable to hold,  
As he felt extremely cold;  
So he was told  
By his own fold  
To take out his gold  
To have it rolled  
To shape and mould  
Whatever was old;  
But he got them sold.



The end





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