

# AHMAD'S DREAM HOLIDAY



### **Ahmad's dream holiday**

Yawning and rubbing the back of his neck, Ahmad followed his classmates into the classroom. School was okay, he knew that learning was important, but he wished it was the holidays again.

He slumped down into his chair, and pulled a book out of his bag. This was a book about Kung Fu which he had started reading yesterday, and he really wanted to get back to it rather than listen to the science teacher. With his nose in the book, he hardly noticed when the teacher entered, and his classmates settled quietly into their seats.





Suddenly his book slipped out of his hand, and he looked up, startled. His friend, Fahmee, was next to him and knocked the book out of his hands. Fahmee was looking at him, but his eyebrows seemed to be saying, “Look at the teacher!”

Hurriedly Ahmad straightened up and tried to look interested in the lesson. The teacher seemed satisfied and continued with the lesson. Ahmad sighed and looked at Fahmee. If only it was the holidays already!

The teacher's voice droned on, and he flipped open the book on his desk once more. He was reading about some young boys in China at a Kung Fu school. They probably didn't have to listen to boring science lessons! There was a photo of them all in their bright silk uniforms standing in rows and kicking out with one leg. Ahmad imagined himself being one of those students, and then he imagined just being able to do all of the right moves and having great strength and speed.

By the time lessons were over, Ahmad was still thinking about having a holiday, being free to read as many books as he could get, as well as being able to jump and kick and snap things like a Kung Fu master.





When school finished, he went with his friends from the class to a grassy patch where they liked to play football together. They could only play for a little while because some other secondary school boys came and said that it was their place. The boys didn't like to be bullied, but they wandered away, picking the grass seeds out of their trousers so their mothers wouldn't scold them about playing in the long grass.

After dinner he helped his mother tidy up, then Ahmad settled down with his book again. He wished his dad was home because he could talk to him about it, and maybe his dad would even know some good Kung Fu moves they could try together.

“The winner of the Kung Fu contest is Ahmad ... please come forward!” He felt so proud, and his dad was standing there looking so pleased. Wearing his medal around his neck he wandered across to his friends to show it to them. “Now we can play football as long as we want, and those boys won’t bother us!” he said. “Maybe they will want to join our team instead.”

He looked at the award paper in his hand. It included a plane ticket and vouchers for a holiday, and he just had to choose where he would go and who he wanted to go with him ... but the words on the page weren’t very clear and he couldn’t quite decide. Besides he was so tired ...





Mother was calling, and she didn't sound happy. She said she had been trying to wake Ahmad up but he wouldn't listen. He woke up with a feeling of excitement, but couldn't quite remember what he was excited about. As he grabbed his book and headed off to school he felt a sudden thrill – that's right, he'd won a holiday and ... oh no! It was just a dream.

He caught up with his friends. “What’s up?” asked Fahmee. “You look a little bit sad.” Ahmad told him all about his dream, and sighed. “Don’t worry!” answered his friend. “It can happen. Hold onto your dream and work hard. And don’t forget – take me with you on that holiday!”

