

CHICKPEAS

TastEd



**STORIES AND
POEMS**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

TastEd



01

ODE TO A CHICKPEA

02

CHIKA'S TIKKA
MELTDOWN

03

SONG: LES POIS CHICHES

ODE TO A CHICKPEA

In pods you grow so shy and small,
A golden globe, not grand nor tall.
Yet oh! The wonders you contain—
A humble heart, a protein brain.

Boiled or baked, or mashed with flair,
You journey far from Tupperware.
From hummus swirls to stews that steam,
You're every cook's delicious dream.

You've danced through kitchens east and west,
In spicy coats, you're at your best.
A curry's soul, a salad's cheer,
A falafel friend we hold so dear.

A team of pulses, strong and true,
With chickpeas right there in the crew.
From lentils red to beans that shine,
Together they make meals divine.

So here's to you, oh chickpea bright,
In every dish, a pure delight.
With tender bite and nutty grace,
You've earned your proud and rightful place.



CHIKA'S TIKKA MELTDOWN

A SPICY SAGA OF CHICKPEAS, BRAVERY & THE YOGHURT THAT KEPT HER COOL

Starring:

- **Chika – aspiring legend, full-time chickpea, part-time drama queen**
- **Tikka Paste – spicy and confident**
- **Mint Raita – chilled to the core and not here for the drama**

It was dark in the cupboard. Too quiet.

Chika sat in her tin, plotting her future.

“Let the others be falafel,” she muttered. “I’m not here for pita crumbs and parsley fluff. I’m meant for something hotter.”

The tinned tomatoes rolled their eyes.

The lentils sighed dramatically.

The kidney beans, frankly, were too full of themselves to care.

Then...

CLUNK.

POP.

Light. Movement. The pantry door swung open.

Chika had been chosen.

“YES!” she yelled. “GET ME TO THE PAN!”

Chika was rinsed, drained, and tossed into a hot pan like a contestant on MasterChef: Spicy Edition. Oil sizzled. The air shimmered with tension.

Then came the tikka masala paste. It slithered in like a celebrity chef in slow motion.

Spices exploded—garlic, ginger, cumin, coriander. Aromatic chaos. Paprika everywhere.

“Who are you?” gasped Chika, slightly overwhelmed.

“Tikka. First name: Iconic. Last name: You’re Welcome.”

Chika began to bubble. Literally. “I feel... powerful. I feel... FLAVOURFUL.”

“You’re becoming,” whispered the paste. “But you’re not done yet.”

Suddenly, the temperature dropped.

Across the counter, a bowl of Greek yogurt was being stirred with mint, lemon, and chill vibes only.

She floated in like a breeze through a herb garden.

“Who’s that?” whispered Chika.

“That’s the raita,” murmured a coriander leaf. “She cools the chaos. She’s the yin to your tikka.”

Raita didn’t speak. She simply nodded once and continued swirling, probably listening to lo-fi beats and journaling about work-life balance.

Chika blinked. “Wow. I love her. I think I need her.”

“You definitely do,” said the rice from the steamer. “You’re a little... intense.”

Plating time.

Chika landed in a bowl of fluffy rice like a pop star entering the stage.

The tikka sauce hugged her like a warm, fragrant blanket. The raita glided in beside her, effortlessly elegant.

A sprinkle of coriander snowed gently from above. Someone turned on fairy lights. (Probably.)

A fork approached.

This was it.

Chika smiled to herself and thought:

“From shelf life to main course.
From pantry to powerhouse.
I am the spice.”



SONG: LES POIS CHICHES

(TO THE TUNE OF FRÈRE JACQUES)

French Lyrics:

Les pois chiches, les pois chiches
Tout petits, tout petits !
Ils poussent dans la terre,
Sous le soleil clair,
Miam, miam, miam!
Miam, miam, miam!

English Meaning:

The chickpeas, the chickpeas
So small, so small!
They grow in the earth,
Under the bright sun,
Yum, yum, yum!
Yum, yum, yum!

