

Date:

Author/Interview subject: Roger McGough (RMcG), Valerie Bloom (VB)

Interviewed by: Janice Forsyth (JF)

Other speakers: Audience (Aud), Boy in Audience 1 (Boy 1), Boy in Audience (Boy 2), Boy in Audience (Boy 3), Girl in Audience 1 (Girl1), Girl in Audience (Girl 2)

JF Hello there, I'm Janice Forsyth. A very, very warm welcome indeed to Authors Live. Yes, this is another in our brilliant series of world class live authors events beamed all over the place; into schools, into libraries, into homes, all sorts of venues right across the country. It's always special but, actually, today's event is extra special because it's taking place during Book Week Scotland, and that means that school right across the country are celebrating a love of reading. Is there any better thing to do in the world, I ask you, read? That's being celebrated and there are hundreds of totally marvellous free events taking place in all sorts of places, again, all over Scotland. If you want to find out about it, if by chance you don't know, you can go online to the website and all the details are there – bookweekscotland.com. It's that simple. I'm even wearing a badge. Now, we are really, really pleased that all of you out there have decided to spend this part of Book Week Scotland celebrating poetry with us. But I'm not alone. That would be pointless, wouldn't it? We have some beautiful, attentive, intelligent, bright children from one of the most beautiful parts of Scotland; yes, they're from Perthshire, they're from Cooper Angus Primary School. You might not believe that they're here so I think you have to see them, see what I'm talking about and they're going to wave to you. So, why don't you wave back, children of Cooper Angus Primary School, wave. Say hi. Hi.

Aud: Hi.

JF: Aren't they lovely? And, we can hear them waving and shouting back, can't we? We can do that. It's the magic of cameras. So, very, very nice to have you along. But it's not particularly about me, not about me at all, I'm not important. It's great to have our audience, it's wonderful to have you but what we really need are some special guests, some very talented guests and we've got two absolute aces when it comes to poetry for today's celebration of poetry. We're really, really lucky to be joined by two outstanding writers, two of the best poets for children in the UK and actually, I think, in the world. They're going to

be sharing some of their favourite poems about animals today, pertaining to animals. So, they'll be some poetry, obviously – Janice it'd be silly if there was no poetry – they'll be some laughter, let's practice some laughing.

Aud: [Laughs]

JF: [Laughs]. Yeah, that was very, very natural. Yours was better. There's going to be some drawing and, I'll let you into a wee secret, there might be a bit of balancing going on too, which we might all find useful. So, lots of opportunities too for all of you to get involved, so are you feeling lively?

Aud: Yeah.

JF: Are you feeling lively? Great. Do you want to meet our special guests?

Aud: Yeah.

JF: Are you ready to humungous applause and cheering?

Aud: Yeah.

JF: Let's hear it then for Roger McGough and Valerie Bloom.

Aud: [Cheers]

RMcG: Hello, hello, hello.

VL: Hello.

RMcG: Thank you, Janice.

VL: Thank you very much, Janice.

RMcG: Yes. Valerie, that's Valerie and I'm Roger. Now, we don't know your names yet, we hadn't have time to go round, knowing your names so if I just count three if you just whisper your name. And those of you watching on a whiteboard or at home shout it very loud because we can't hear you. Okay, so I'm Roger, this is Valerie and you are...one, two, three...

Aud: [Whispers name]

RMcG: Lovely. Yeah, just once more. Did you get...? I didn't get one or two. One, two, three...

Aud: [Whispers name]

RMcG: Lovely, thank you. Okay. Now, lovely, I'd start off with a poem that describes me, and I think you'll agree that it's very true. It's called 'The Writer of This Poem'.

The writer of this poem is taller than a tree,
As keen as the north wind, as handsome as can be,
As bold as a boxer, as sharp as a nib,
As strong as scaffolding, as tricky as a fib,
As smooth as an ice-cream, as quick as a lick,
As clean as a chemist shop, as clever as a...

Aud: Tick.

RMcG: Tick...a tack.

The writer of this poem never ceases to amaze,
He's one in a million billion, or so the poem says.

Must be true, mustn't it? Round of applause for the poem. Thank you very much.

Aud: [Applause]

RMcG: What animal, what animal am I looking at now?

Girl 1: Kangaroo.

RMcG: Kangaroo, straight for kangaroo. Exactly, here's my kangaroo poem.

Kan-ga-roo, kan-ga-roo, kindly stop jump-ing, I'm talk-ing to you.

Aud: [Laughs]. [Applause]

RMcG: Is anybody here...is anybody here got a pet giraffe?

Aud: [Laughs].

RMcG: You have. Oh, five people. Perthshire, it's full of pet giraffes. Aren't they lovely, I love...I love pet giraffes, aren't they beautiful? Big eyes, aren't they? And I was learning about giraffes and I learnt some interesting things. I learnt that they go to sleep standing up! They go to sleep standing, I always thought they'd lie down, wouldn't you, and wrap round their neck like a Cumberland sausage round a tree. But, no, they stand up. The other thing is that they can't talk, they don't have any vocal chords, do you know that? That's why you never see giraffes on television, you know, talking because they can't talk. Here's my poem, called 'The Dumb Giraffe'.

Is it through choice that a giraffe never gives voice?
Or is it because whenever it decides to speak,
By the time the air expelled from the lungs has travelled the length of the neck,
Into the throat and onto the tip of tongue
The giraffe has clean forgotten what it was going to say.

Aud: [Laughs].

RMcG: Thank you.

Aud: [Applause]

RMcG: 'The Missing Sock'.

I found my sock beneath the bed.
"Where have you been all week" I said.
"Hiding away", the sock replied, "another day on your foot and I would have died".

Aud: [Laughs]

RMcG: Which leads me on to this next... Who likes riddles? Do you like riddle or guessing...? Okay. Here's the clues and you're going to guess what the answer is, okay. Riddle.

You've got me to thank otherwise your face would be a pancake.
Blank, snubbed, hooped, like Pinocchio's it grows and grows if you tell lies.
What am I?

Boy 1: Nose.

RMcG: A nose, yes. Nose, very good. And here's... I'll finish with my nose poem, and it has a chorus. And, I'd like you to help the poem by shouting out the chorus, will you do that? And you at home as well, you in the classroom. And it goes, very simple, goes, 'wouldn't it be funny if you didn't have a nose'. One, two, three and...

All: Wouldn't it be funny if you didn't have a nose.

RMcG: Good. To make it work really you've got to hold your nose when you say it, you see. So it goes, one, two, three and...

All: Wouldn't it be funny if you didn't have a nose.

RMcG: There we go.

You couldn't smell your dinner if you didn't have a nose.
You couldn't tell a dirty nappy from a summer rose.
You couldn't smell the ocean or the traffic, I suppose.

All: Wouldn't it be funny if you didn't have a nose.

RMcG: You couldn't smell your mummy if you didn't have a nose.
You couldn't tell an orange from a row of smelly toes.
You couldn't smell the burning, think how quick a fire grows.

All: Wouldn't it be funny if you didn't have a nose.

RMcG: Where would we be without our hooters?
Nothing else would really suit us.
What would we sniff through? How would we sneeze?
What would we wipe upon our sleeves?

You couldn't smell a rat if you didn't have a nose.
You couldn't tell a duchess from a herd of buffalos.
And oh that smelly cheese as it starts to decompose.

All: Wouldn't it be funny if you didn't have a nose.

RMcG: Where would we be without our hooters?
Nothing else would really suit us.
And think of those who rub their noses,
Life would be tough for eskimoses.

You couldn't wear your glasses if you didn't have a nose.
And what would bullies aim for when it came to blows.
Where would nostrils be without them? When it's runny how it glows.

All: Wouldn't it be funny if you didn't have a nose.

RMcG: Well, thank you. Valerie!

VB: Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, Roger. How are you?

Aud: Fine.

VB: Good... Fine. Lovely to see you. Now...how many of you have heard of a place called Jamaica? Oh good. Well, I am from Jamaica originally, and in Jamaica we speak two languages; we speak English but our main language is Jamaican patois. Can you say patois?

Aud: Patois.

VB: And I am going to do some poems in English and some in Jamaican patois, and I'm going to ask you to join in. So, I'm going to ask you to speak Jamaican patois, so how many of you speak Jamaican patois? Ooh, surprise. Well, I will just have to teach you. Would you like to learn a new language just now?

Aud: Yeah.

VB: Excellent. Now, Jamaican patois was made up very quickly because a long time ago there were a lot of people living in Jamaica from all over the world and they didn't understand each other. So what they did was they made a new language and the way they did that was they took most of the words from English, some words from West Africa, where they came from, and they put them together. But the way they put them together in sentences was West African, not English. So, what I'm going to do is give you some of the words and the way we use them, and if you can repeat the words it's easier for you to remember. So if we start with parts of the body. What's this?

Aud: Head.

VB: We say ear.

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: How about this?

Aud: Hair.

VB: Head we say 'ead.

Aud: 'ead. Nose.

VB: Nose.

Aud: Nose. Nostril.

VB: Nose hole.

Aud: Ears.

VB: Ears.

Aud: Hands.

VB: 'an.

Aud: 'an. Palms.

VB: 'an [inaudible 00:43].

Aud: 'an [inaudible 00:10:44]. Fingers.

VB: Finger.

Aud: Finger.

VB: Yeah. How about this?

Aud: Knee. Leg.

VB: All of that in Jamaica is your foot. Yeah. That's your foot bottom.

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: That's your leg. And we don't have thighs. The word for girl is geal.

Aud: Geal.

VB: Boy is boiy.

Aud: Boiy.

VB: Child is pickening.

Aud: Pickening.

VB: Cat is puss.

Aud: Puss.

VB: Dog is dog.

Aud: Dog.

VB: Owl is patoo.

Aud: Patoo.

VB: Mouse is moose moose.

Aud: Moose moose.

VB: There are some words which are not words, they are just sound. So if you want to say yes you say uhu.

Aud: Uhu.

VB: Or mhmm.

Aud: Mhmm.

VB: If you want to say no you say eheh.

Aud: Eheh.

VB: Or mm mm.

Aud: Mm mm.

VB: If you want to say, who do you think you are, you say, eheh.

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: And if you want to say, fancy that, you say [inaudible 00:11:45].

Aud: [Inaudible 00:11:45]

VB: That's it, well done. Okay. Now, we're going to stop there for the minute and I'm going to start with a poem in English and this one is called 'Army Ants'. Have you heard of army ants?

Aud: No. Yes.

VB: Oh, some of you have. Some haven't. Well, army ants are really fierce and they're so fierce that some of them can eat cows and horses and people. And, so we're going to the arm ants poem and I want you to help me. So, I'm going to say, here comes the army, well, tramp, tramp, tramp. Can you say that?

Aud: Here comes the army, tramp, tramp, tramp.

VB: Guess where this army is setting up camp.

Aud: Guess where this army is setting up camp.

VB: Good. Now, over here, all of you, I'd like you to say, here comes the army, tramp, tramp, tramp.

Aud: Here comes the army, tramp, tramp, tramp.

VB: And over here, all of you that way, I'd like you to say, guess where this army is setting up camp.

Aud: Guess where this army is setting up camp.

VB: Good, let's have a go.

Here comes the army, tramp, tramp, tramp.
Guess where this army is setting up camp.

Aud: Here comes the army, tramp, tramp, tramp.
Guess where this army is setting up camp.

VB: Good. Now, that's what you'll do when I point to you. When we come to the end I will say, here comes the army... Now, I was going to ask you to tramp with your feet but your feet can't reach the ground. So, use your chairs and go, tramp, tramp, tramp, on your chairs. Can you do that?

Aud: Tramp, tramp, tramp.

VB: Lovely. Not your feet, not your feet, just your hands on the chair, try that.
Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Aud: Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp...

VB: Excellent.

Here comes the army...

All: Tramp, tramp, tramp.

VB: And then when I say, here's where the army is setting up camp, I want you to go, ahhh.

Aud: Ahhh.

VB: Excellent. Okay. So, this is 'Army Ants'.

Here comes the army...

Aud: Tramp, tramp, tramp.

VB: Guess where this army is setting up camp.

- Aud: Guess where this army is setting up camp.
- VB: They're charging through the wind as they're climbing through the doors.
Here comes the army in twos and fours.
Here comes the army, tramp...
- Aud: Tramp, tramp, tramp.
- VB: And guess where this army is setting up camp.
- Aud: Guess where this army is setting up camp.
- VB: They're feeding on cockroaches, mice and rats.
You better leave your homes, take your dogs and cats.
Here comes the arm, tramp, tramp, tramp.
- Aud: Tramp, tramp, tramp.
- VB: Guess where this army is setting up camp.
- Aud: Guess where this army is setting up camp.
- VB: Take your cows and goats, take your chickens too.
Run for this army will even eat you.
Here comes the army, tramp, tramp, tramp.
- Aud: Tramp, tramp, tramp.
- VB: And guess where this army is setting up camp.
- Aud: Guess where this army is setting up camp.
- VB: Here comes the army.
- Aud: Tramp, tramp, tramp.
- VB: Here's where the army is setting up camp.
- Aud: Ahhh.
- VB: Well done. Well done. Excellent.
- Aud: [Applause].
- VB: Now, Roger was talking about pet giraffes and some of you had pet giraffes, right?

Aud: Mhmm.

VB: Good. How many of you have pet dogs? How about birds? Cats? Fish? Cats and fish? Bad idea.

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: We decided we would like to have some fish so we dug a pond in the garden, went to the garden centre, got some lovely fish and they were both that big, and we put them in the pond and if you just wriggled your fingers like that they would come and swim through your fingers and you could stroke them. And if you stood by the edge of the pond they'd come right up to the edge and have long conversations with you. And my children gave them names so we knew which was which and then next doors cat came visiting. And every morning there would be a dead fish on the path. So, this is a poem called 'Next Doors Cat'.

Next doors cat is by the pond, sitting waiting for the fish.
Next doors cat thinks Geraldine would make a tasty dish.
He's had Twinkles and Rose Red, he ate Alberta too.
And all we found were Junior's bones when next doors cat was through.

Next doors cat comes round at night, strikes when we are in bed.
In the morning when we wake another fish is dead.
Next doors cat has seen the new fish, he thinks that it's a goner.
What a surprise he's going to get when he finds it's a piranha.

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: How many of you have chickens? Oh, there's quite a few have chickens. Well, when I was small we used to have a farm and we used to have chickens. And, we used to send the chickens, when they were big, to the high school for the children's lunches. And sometimes we were very close to these chickens and then off they went. So, this is a poem called... 'Chicken Dinner' and it's in Jamaican patois, so here we go.

Mama don't do it please, don't cook that chicken for dinner.
We know that chicken from the hutch,
She's the only one in the batch that the mongoose didn't catch.
Please don't cook her for dinner.

Mama don't do it please, don't cook that chicken for dinner.
You mean to tell me you forget your promise her [inaudible 00:17:08] as a pet?
She don't even have chance for lay yet and you want to cook her for dinner.

Mama don't do it please, don't cook that chicken for dinner.
Don't give her, Henrietta, the chop.
I tell you what, we could swap.
We will get you one from the shop if you promise not to cook her for dinner.

Mama, me really glad you know you never cook Henny for dinner.
And she really glad to too, I bet.

Oh Lord, me suddenly feel upset.
You don't suppose it's somebody else pet we eating now for dinner?

Aud: [Applause]

VB: Thank you. Thank you. And now, this poem is called 'Swinging'. Do you like the swing?

Aud: Yeah.

VB: And do you like to go really, really high?

Aud: Yeah.

VB: Well, there's a girl in this poem who loves to swing and she loves to go really high.

So, she went into the park with her mum and she sat on the swing and she said to her mum, push me mummy, push me, high up in the air, higher mummy, higher. Send me over there where that branch is growing. This is so much fun. Let me touch those leaves, mummy. Let me touch the sun. Swing me, mummy, swing me. Do you call this high? Let me touch the house there, mummy. Let me touch the sky.

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: Stop me, mummy, stop me. Get me off the swing, my ears are popping.
Mummy, my head is starting to ring.
The ground is spinning.
I think I'm going to die.

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: Really mummy, why did you push the swing so high?

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: Here's Roger.

Aud: [Appluase]

RMcG: [Laughs]. Thank you, Valerie. I'm going to do some drawings now and poems about very strange animals. And this is a very strange and very dangerous animal you might see in the corner of a large department store. And it looks like this.

[Draws]

It's got big mouth, big teeth.

Aud: Crocodile.

RMcG: Oh look, it's like a crocodile. It's a cross between an alligator...and an elevator. And, here's all the people on the elevator going upstairs. And, this is the all-i-va-tor. Oh look, there's someone in the mouth. Oh dear, oh dear. Beware the allivator. If you see one in a shop, he let you ride upon his back then eat you at the top.

This next one is a very small, very small, little animal. And I bet when you go home, back home tonight, even those looking in, look under then kitchen, look under the cupboard and you may see this poor little thing that looks a bit like...a peanut or a guitar. It's got a very, very prickly back...

Aud: Hedgehog.

RMcG: This is a brush...baby.

Aud: [Laughs]

RMcG: A brush baby, and it's very, very...sad.

Aud: Aww.

RMcG: The brush baby lives under the stairs on a diet of dust and old dog hairs. In darkness dreading the daily chores of scrubbing steps and kitchen floors. Doomed to an endless life of grime, the poor little wooden porcupine.

Ah, that's sad. This one's a very nice one. This one is a lovely pet to have and I bet you've all got one at home. Looks like this. Got a big nose and big ear...

Aud: Tea pot.

RMcG: It is, isn't it? Now, this is, as I said, they make lovely pets. So, this is the tea...pet, you see?

Aud: [Laughs]

RMcG: A tea pet I can recommend to those who need a loyal friend.
Quiet, reliable, he'll never stray.
Content to sit on his kitchen tray.
Give him water, stroke his spout, say thank you when the tea comes out.

Round of applause for the tea pet. Thank you!

Aud: [Applause]

RMcG: What is this? What is this? Do we recognise this?

Aud: A fish.

RMcG: Yes, it's a...it is, in fact... This nice big bun on a plate and a few chips and this is a conga burger...

Aud: Fish and chips.

RMcG: Yes, it's a conga, you know, a conga eel. So, there's a conga burger and the poem is 'Is There a Longer Meal Than a Conga Eel?'

Aud: [Laughs]. [Applause]

RMcG: This is...

Aud: Elephant.

RMcG: Yes. It is an elephant, elephant, and it's in a funny old place.

Aud: In a bath.

RMcG: Well, here's the poem.

Ever see elephants with smelly pants?
No, and here's the reason.
Potty training during the rainy season.

Aud: [Laughs]. [Applause]

RMcG: Thank you. Do you know an animal called the llama? Hands up those who know an animal called a llama. Yes. The girl in the red jumper, where do llamas come from? Do we know? Do you know what country? Yes.

Girl 2: They come from...Africa?

RMcG: Africa. Yes, mainly from South America, so like Peru, places like that. And they're lovely animals. This one's a very strange animal because it's a llama but it has...that's on its back. What can this be?

Aud: A clock.

RMcG: Tick tock, tick tock.

Aud: Clock.

RMcG: The llama farmer winding his flock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
Setting his a llama clock.

Aud: [Laughs].

RMcG: Ding a ling a ling.

Aud: [Applause]

RMcG: A llama clock. Thank you. What can...? What animal is this? It's a big bird, it's a big, big bird and a big...

Aud: Eagle.

RMcG: ...feet. Eagle, no, no. And it's neck goes in the...into the sand.

Aud: Emu.

RMcG: It's like an emu. Yeah, keep thinking about it. No, this is an ostrich, an ostrich.

One morning an ostrich buried his head in the sand and fell asleep.
On waking he couldn't remember where he'd buried it.

Aud: [Laughs]

RMcG: Do you like that? Thank you teacher. Thank you.

Aud: [Applause]

RMcG: Actually, I don't know whether I should do this next poem because it's a bit rude and teacher... Shall I do it?

Aud: Yeah.

RMcG: Yeah, I'll do it, because it's got a lovely drawing. It's got a lovely drawing, a lovely drawing. So that's what we call the landscape, the horizon, and here is... It's the end of the day, here is the sun going down and over here we have some trees, two trees on there. And someone mentioned the...the emus before. And, these are very shadowy emus and they're taking shade under there, and then we have the emus. Up in the sky, way up high in the sky we have the kiwis. Do you know where kiwis come from? Yes, boy in the glasses.

Boy 2: South America.

RMcG: No, no. Anybody? Begins with n and ends in d. Yes?

Boy 3: New Zealand.

RMcG: New Zealand, very good, yeah. Very good. I always thought kiwis are very small. If you ever seen a coin, they're only about that big. But in fact they're very big, like chickens. And here's my poem about the emus and the kiwis.

To amuse emus on warm summer nights kiwis do wee wees from spectacular heights.

Aud: [Laughs]

RMcG: I didn't say that, did I?

Aud: [Applause]

RMcG: I did say it. I didn't mean to. I don't know how it came out. And my last poem... You've been a great audience, you've been a great audience too. My last poem is a poem called 'The Sound Collector' and it's all about a man who goes round stealing our favourite sounds. And so I'll read the poem and I want you to make the sounds that I describe. Will you do that?

Aud: Yes.

RMcG: Good.

A stranger called this morning, dressed all in black and grey.
Put every sound into a bag and carried them away.
The whistling of the kettle.

Aud: [Whistles]

RMcG: The turning of the lock.

Aud: [Sound of lock turning]

RMcG: The purring of the kitten.

Aud: Meow.

RMcG: The ticking of the clock.

Aud: [Sound of ticking clock]

RMcG: The popping of the toaster.

Aud: Pop.

RMcG: The crunching of the flakes.

Aud: Crunch, crunch, crunch...

RMcG: When you spread the marmalade the scraping noise it makes.

Aud: [Scraping noise]

RMcG: The hissing of the frying pan.

Aud: Sssssssss...

RMcG: The ticking of the grill.

Aud: [Ticking sound]

RMcG: The bubbling of the bathtub as it starts to fill.

Aud: [Bubbling sound]

RMcG: The drumming of the raindrops on the window pane.

Aud: [Drumming]

RMcG: When you do the washing up the gurgle of the drain.

Aud: Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle...

RMcG: The crying of the baby.

AUd: Waaaa...

RMcG: The squeaking of the chair.

Aud: Squeak, squeak, squeak.

RMcG: The swishing of the curtain.

Aud: Shhhhhh....

RMcG: The creaking on the stair.

Aud: [Creaking sound]

RMcG: A stranger called this morning, he didn't leave his name.
He left us only silence, life will never be the same.

Give yourselves a round of applause.

Aud: [Applause]

RMcG: Thank you. Thank you.

VB: Thank you, Roger. Do you know owls?

Aud: Yes.

VB: What sound do owls make?

Aud: Whoo whoo whoo...

VB: Lovely. I'm going to ask you to be little owls for me now and here's what I want you to do. Whoo whoo whoo.

Aud: Whoo whoo whoo.

VB: Excellent, so three times. Each time I point to you you go whoo whoo whoo. Yeah? But at the end I'm going to put up two fingers, that means you only go whoo whoo. Two times, yes? Got that? Let's have a run through, here we go. Ready.

Aud: Whoo whoo whoo. Whoo whoo.

VB: Excellent. Brilliant, so here we go. This is 'The Owl'.

Who will feed my chicks tonight?

Aud: Whoo whoo whoo.

VB: Who goes about in the pale moonlight?

Aud: Whoo whoo whoo.

VB: Perhaps a mouse, perhaps a vole, perhaps a juicy bat.
Perhaps a mole has left his hole, my children would like that.

Who runs too slow for my sharp claws?

Aud: Whoo whoo whoo.

VB: Who'll find their way into our jaws?

Aud: Whoo whoo.

VB: You! [Laughs]

Aud: [Applause]

VB: Well done. Well done. Now, we're going to... I'm going to do one more poem and I'd like you all to join in. I'd like to hear you really, really loudly singing because we're going to sing a song. This one is called 'Pinda Cake'. Can you say pinda cake?

Aud: Pinda cake.

VB: And pinda is the Jamaican name for peanut. And, if you should go to a school in Jamaica, especially in the countryside, you'd see some people who'd come to the school gate and they'd have a big glass case on their heads and in the glass case they'll have sweets and cakes and pies and cookies, and things like that they'd made at home. And at break time and lunchtime we'd go and buy from them, but the thing we liked the best were the pinda cake, so we're going to do the pinda cake poem and it's got a song to go with it, which goes like this:

Pindaa, pinda cake.

Aud: Pindaaa, pinda cake.

VB: Pindaaa, pinda cake.

Aud: Pindaaa, pinda cake.

VB: Now, can anybody remember what the name for girl in Jamaica patois is? Yes.

Girl: Geal

VB: Geal, well done. And the name for boy is?

Aud: Boiy.

VB: Excellent. So, the next bit says, geal and boiy may just don't bake, which means girls and boys have just finished baking. So, try that, geal and boiy...

Aud: Geal and boiy.

VB: May just done bake.

Aud: May just done bake.

VB: Geal and boiy.

AUd: Geal and boiy.

VB: May just done bake.

Aud: May just done bake.

VB: Geal and boiy may just done bake.

Aud: Geal and boiy may just done bake.

VB: And the tune goes, geal and boiy may just done bake.

Aud: Geal and boiy may just done bake.

VB: Come buy a lovely pinda cake.

Aud: Come buy a lovely pinda cake.

VB: Pindaaa, pinda cake.

Aud: Pindaaa, pinda cake.

VB: Pindaaa, pinda cake.

Aud: Pindaaa, pinda cake.

VB: Geal and boiy may just done bake.

Aud: Geal and boiy may just done bake.

VB: Come buy a lovely pinda cake.

Aud: Come buy a lovely pinda cake.

VB: Let's see if we can do it all together. Here we go. One, two, three, four.

All: Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Geal and boiy may just done bake.
Come buy a lovely pinda cake.

VB: Brilliant. And I'd like to hear the teachers singing really loudly to help, okay? Good. Now, the pinda cake people have the glass case on their heads like this. Now, you have to pretend that this is a glass case because usually the glass case is about that big, right? So, they put it on their heads like that and then in that hand they have a stool and in that hand they have another stool. So they put the stool down and sit on it like that and this stool they put in front of them and put the glass case on it. So, because they have stools in both hands they walk a bit like this.

Aud: [Laughs]

VB: Like...from side to side. So, we're going to pretend that we have a glass case on our heads, so put the glass case on your heads like that and we're going to go first to one side and then to the other, so we go, one, two, three, four.

All: Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Geal and boiy may just done bake.
Come buy a lovely pinda cake.

VB: Brilliant. So, we're going to do that to begin with and then I'll do the poem, three verses, and in between the verses we do the chorus. Okay? So, put the glass cases on your heads. One, two, three, four.

All: Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Geal and boiy may just done bake.
Come buy a lovely pinda cake.

VB: The pinda cake lady coming to town,
With her basket and glass case she coming down.
She stopped by the school gate and set up her stall
And while she is set hear the old lady bawl.

- All: Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Geal and boiy may just done bake.
Come buy a lovely pinda cake.
- VB: She have great cake and she have [inaudible 00:33:44].
Coconut drops and [inaudible 00:33:47] cake too.
[Inaudible 00:33:47] scon eand plantain tart.
But the thing that dearest to my heart is...
- All: Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Geal and boiy may just done bake.
Come buy a lovely pinda cake.
- VB: We all get around her,
And you can tell by the look at a cake and the spicy smell.
That they won't stain the glass case too long,
As we buy from the lady we join in a song.
- All: Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Pindaaa, pinda cake.
Geal and boiy may just done bake.
Come buy a lovely pinda cake.
- VB: You were wonderful. Thank you so much.
- Aud: [Applause]
- JF: Let's hear it for Valerie and Roger ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls.
Weren't they magnificent?
- Aud: [Applause]
- JF: Magnificent. Incredible balancing there.
- RMcG: [Laughs]
- JF: I mentioned balancing, I bet you weren't expecting that. Wasn't it stunning?
Roger's going to do it next, no I'm joking.
- RMcG: [Laughs]
- JF: I think they need a well-deserved rest after all of that. Thank you so much to
them. And it's been such fun and, I guess, what you might do, actually, after

this is think up your own poems, do some drawing and possibly a wee bit of balancing.

Just to remind you that Authors Live is a joint production between the Scottish Book Trust and BBC Scotland Learning, it's supported by Creative Scotland and this is actually the final event in the current Authors Live series. We're at the end of the year so that makes sense, doesn't it? But if you sign up to the Scottish Book Trust Learning Newsletter that means that you can be first in line to learn about everything else that is coming up in the future, the next series of events. But to keep you going we have done about 30 of these Authors Live events and they're all online for you to have a wee look at, so that will keep you going until we start the new ones. That's at the Scottish Book Trust website, so if you've missed any you can absolutely catch up.

So, finally, they've worked hard, are you going to work hard out there and here? Everybody to give another huge, massive round of applause and cheer for Valerie Bloom and Roger McGough.

Aud: [Applause and cheering]