

Date:

Author/Interview subject: Joseph Coelho, poet

Interviewed by: Janice Forsyth (JF)

Other speakers: Audience (AUD), Boy (BOY), Girl (GIRL)

JF Hello there, a very, very warm welcome indeed to Authors Live. I'm Janice Forsyth, absolutely thrilled to have your company today, thank you so much for joining us.

And today actually is a very special edition of Authors Live, because this week is Book Week Scotland, that is our national celebration of reading and writing, and the great thing is that today, we're all going to be doing some writing. With me today, are pupils from Hill of Beath Primary School in Fife, and Biggar Primary School, in South Lanarkshire, and in fact some of them are already on stage with us, as they are going to be working on creating their own poetry, with today's guest, poet Joseph Coelho.

Joseph's latest picture book is absolutely stunning, it is called, *If All the World were...* and it's really interesting, it's about how we can all capture really important memories, that mean so much to us, by writing them down. It's that simple.

So, today he's going to show us how we can capture our own important memories, by doing that, and creating our own poems, to put into our own books, and of course, we would love you to join in. Are you up for that? Excellent news.

Have you seen the video, now have you seen this, it's really terrific, there's a video on how to make your own folded books, it's on the Scottish Book Trust website, don't worry about it just now, but if you haven't seen it, it's an absolute cracker, and do make sure that you look at it later on, so you can begin writing down your own memories and poems.

And of course, we would absolutely love to see your pictures of your own folded books. So, if you can, do share them on Twitter, using the hashtag BBC Authors Live, hash tag, BBC Authors Live, but right now, are you ready? Here in the

studio, and wherever you are, please give a great big loud warm welcome, lots of applause and cheering for poet, Joseph Coelho.

JC: Thank you, thank you so much, it's such a pleasure to be able to share, *If All the World Were...* with you today. Now, this is a book, it's my latest picture book, and all the illustrations are done by Allison Colpoys, so she's the illustrator. So, if you guys like illustrating, that can be your job. It's my job to write stories and poems, so I had the pleasure of writing the story for this book.

Now, this book is about a little girl and her grandfather, and the exciting times that they have together. It's a little bit sad, because the grandfather does pass away, but, but, the little girl finds a way of making herself feel better when she's sad, with a little notebook, with a homemade notebook. So, I'm hoping that, maybe later on, you guys will make your own little notebooks, and write and draw all your memories inside. Do you think you'll do that, yeah?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Excellent. Would you like to hear the story?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Fantastic.

It's spring, I take long walks with my grandad, I hold his giant hand. He says, you're too old to hold hands. We explore, hand in hand, the budding springtime.

If all the world were springtime, I would re-plant my grandad's birthdays so that he would never get old.

This is one of my favourite pictures in the book, because we've got springtime developing. Can you guys see any bugs? What bugs can you see.

GIRL: Butterflies.

JC: Butterflies.

GIRL: Snails.

JC: Snails. There's butterflies and snails.

GIRL: And ladybugs.

JC: Ladybugs, yeah. Can you see the ladybugs? There are ladybugs. Anything else? What about over here, we've got some...beetles? We've got some lovely

beetles there as well. I love that, 'cause I love spring, and I like planting things, and our little protagonist, the main character, is planting in this spread.

It's summer, grandad buys me a racing track. It's second hand, with missing bits. We fix what we can, together. We use our hands to zoom the cars up and down, up and down, up, up, up and fire them off into deep space.

You know what guys? I think you could help me with that bit. What do you think?

Do you think you can help me with the ups and the downs?

AUD: Yes.

JC: So, do you think you can say, up, for me, and down for me?

AUD: Yes.

JC: We'll have a little practice.

AUD: Up, down.

Up, down.

Up, up, up...

JC: Excellent, okay. We use our hands to zoom the cars.

AUD: Up and down, up and down, up, up, up.

JC: Excellent. And fire them off into deep space.

If all the world were deep space, I'd orbit my grandad like the moon. And our laughs would be shooting stars.

It's autumn, my grandad makes me a notebook, with handmade paper of brown and orange leaves that rustle when I turn the page, bound with ruby Indian leather string. Grandad gives me a pencil, with a rainbow nib. Write and draw, write and draw, all your dreams.

If all the world were dreams, I would mix my bright grandad feelings, and paint them over sad places.

That would be quite nice to do wouldn't it, if you could paint bright feelings over sad things, or go and paint sad people's faces?

It's winter, my grandad tells me tales, from when he was a little boy, of Indian sweets, and homemade toys. There are ships, snakes and tigers in his stories.

If all the world were stories, I could make my grandad better just by listening, listening, listening, to every tale he has to tell. But some tales are silent.

I help mum and dad clean out grandad's room. I find dried blue flowers between book pages, a yellow toy racing car, glued to a piece of track. A length of ruby Indian leather string, a ball of silver foil, from every sweet he ever ate. An open pack of rainbow nipped pencils. A kaleidoscope of memories.

Do you guys know what a kaleidoscope is?

It's like a little toy, and when you peer through it, you see lots of beautiful colours. And what I love about this spread, is that all her grandad memories, make up the kaleidoscope.

If all the world were memories, the past would be rooms that I could visit. And in each room would be my grandad. On grandad's chair is a new notebook, newly made with spring petal paper, newly bound with a length of Indian string. My name is written on the front. It's new and empty, and was made by my grandad so I write, and draw, and write, and draw, and write all my grandad memories inside.

And there she is with her notebook, writing and drawing, to make herself feel better when she's sad.

I write and draw lots of different worlds, and all of them have my grandad, smiling and laughing. Laughing, laughing.

He says, you're too old to hold hands. But still I hold his giant hand, and we explore hand in hand.

And that's the end of the book. And right at the end, there's the little girl, using her notebook to write and draw all her dreams.

Did you like that?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Ah, I'm so pleased. Now a really important part of this book, is having the ability to write and draw to make yourself feel better. That's what got me into poetry. I find when I write and draw, if I'm feeling a bit sad, it makes me feel better. If I'm feeling happy, I can write or draw happy things, and it makes me feel even happier. If I'm feeling a bit angry, I can write and draw, and it makes me feel less angry. It's quite a cool thing, right, and it's free.

Now, this book was inspired by a poem of mine, a poem called, If All The World Were Paper. It was the first poem I ever had published, back in 2006. I was going to read you that poem, tell you the secret about how I wrote the poem, and then get you guys to write your own poetic worlds. Is that okay?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Are you sure?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Would you like to hear the Paper Poem?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Excellent.

The Paper Poem goes like this:

If all the world were paper, I would fold up my gran and take her everywhere I go. I would laminate my baby sister in bubble wrap, and lay her to sleep in unbound fairytale book pages, and should she get scared, rip every fear, shred every scream, tear every tear.

If all the world were paper, I would rebind my grandfather, smooth out the dog ears to all his stories, place his younger days in a zoetrope and flush the harrowing chapters down an ink gurgling well.

If all the world were paper, kind deeds would be post it notes, that stuck to the doer in ever growing trails, so that we would always remember, friends would come with perforated lines, so you could keep their best bits with you, at all times.

If all the world were paper, Christmas wrapping foil and birthday cards, they'd follow you to school. If all the world were paper, dreams would be braille, so we could read them whilst we slept, nightmares would be shopping lists, because shopping lists are so easy to forget.

If all the world were paper, arguments would rustle before they started, and could be put right with a little tape.

If all the world were paper, we could paper clip families together. Draw smiles on all the sad faces, rub out the tears, cover our homes in Tippex, and start all over again.

All the world is not paper. But whilst we can imagine it were, we can recycle the rough times, knowing that we will never, ever, ever, fold.

Thank you.

So, that was my Paper Poem, and that poem inspired the book. Would you like to know how I wrote that poem?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Well, I wrote it by doing a picture, by drawing. Can you believe that? I started off with a spider diagram. Now, have you guys done spider diagrams before?

AUD: No.

JC: So, a spider diagram, some people call them mind maps. You put a word in the middle, like, paper, and then you give the spider lots of legs, and you put lots of ideas around the spider diagram. Does that make sense?

AUD: Yes.

JC: So, before I wrote that poem, I knew that it was going to be called, If All The World Were Paper. I had the title in my head. So, I knew that it was going to be about paper. So, I started off by putting paper in the middle, and then around the outside I put lots of things associated, or connected with, paper.

Can anyone remember what things were connected with paper, in the paper poem?

Do you remember, yeah?

JF: I might help with that, who remembers something? Yeah.

GIRL: Paper clips?

JC: Well done! There were paper clips. That's fantastic. Anything else?

JC: Oh, and we've got someone down here.

GIRL: There were paper houses at the end.

JC: Oh, there were paper houses, yeah. So, we've got houses, yeah?

GIRL: There was paper schools.

JC: Paper schools, yeah, so we had the school in there. But were there any stationery type things?

Do you remember anything that kind of helps hold paper together? Things like...

BOY: Sellotape.

JC: Yeah, well done, there was Sellotape. There was Sellotape, there were things made of metal, things made of metal that hold paper together as well, there was paper clips, Sellotape...?

If we make a mistake, what happens when we make a mistake, what do we use? Oh we've got someone down there.

BOY: A rubber.

JC: Oh rubber, excellent. We've got rubbers, and the liquid stuff that we might use?

BOY: Ink.

JC: Ink, yeah, but what happens if we make a mistake with ink? You're not actually allowed to use this in school. Called Tipp...yeah?

GIRL: Correction...

JC: Yeah, correction fluid, also known as Tippex. I also had things like fold, and what's related to folding, but kind of violent folding>

GIRL: Ripping.

JC: Ripping, there was ripping. And another word, which is like ripping?

Tear, yeah. I said I would tear every tear, and that's a homophone. Do you guys know about homophones?

AUD: Yeah.

JC: So, a homophone, a word that sounds the same, but they have different meanings, and this is one, it's tear, and it's tear. So, I used the homophone, I would tear every tear. Does anyone what I would do to my baby sister? I would...oh yeah?

GIRL: Laminate here.

JC: Yeah, laminate her. I do love her, honest. I would laminate here in the stuff that you package, yeah?

GIRL: Bubble wrap.

JC: Bubble wrap, fantastic. So, do you see, just by filling this spider diagram with lots of words, lots of papery ideas, I was starting to form the poem. So, I had lots of words, all these words were there on my spider diagram, before I wrote the poem, but I had other words as well, I had words like, crayons, and I also had staples, but I didn't find a use for staples. I also had things like sharpener. And I basically went through my head, all the different things associated, connected with paper.

Does that make sense, are you with me?

AUD: Yes.

JC: And then all I had to do, was look at the spider diagram, to get the poem. The poem was hiding inside the spider diagram. It's a little bit like magic. So, I'd look at the spider diagram and go, mmm, how can I use these words to create a poem? Ah, tear, how can I use that? That's a homophone. I would tear every tear. And then I wrote that down. And then I looked at laminate, how can I use that? I know, I would laminate my baby sister, and lay her to sleep in unbound fairytale book pages.

And the poem started to take shape. Does that make sense?

AUD: Yes.

JC: It's pretty amazing though, isn't it, because from a drawing, from a simple diagram, we start to get poetry. But, here's the exciting thing, the world does not have to be made of paper. You might have noticed, in the story, If All The World Were Paper, there were lots of different worlds. The little girl speaks about, if all the world was springtime, if all the world were deep space, if all the world were memories. So, we don't have to have paper as our world, our world could be made of anything else. What else could our world be made of? Let's get some suggestions, some ideas, yes?

BOY: Wood?

JC: It could be wood, couldn't it? And so if all the world were wood, I would carve out my favourite day. If all the world were...?

BOY: Brick.

JC: Brick, oh, if all the world were brick, then everyone would be very heavy. If all the world were...?

GIRL: Blankets.

JC: Ooh, I quite like that, if all the world were blankets, everyone could snuggle. That could be quite nice couldn't it? What about over here, any ideas, if all the world were...?

BOY: Glass.

JC: If all the world were glass, I could smash my enemies. You could see what people were thinking. You could see everyone's heart, that would be quite nice. What do you think?

BOY: Ace.

JC: If everyone was ace. If all the world was ace, like cards. They're aces. If all the world was ace, everyone would be very cool. Yeah?

BOY: Water.

JC: If all the world was water, that could be nice couldn't it? Shall we go with water? Let's put water in the middle, and now guys, what I need from you, are lots of ideas associated with water. What comes into your head, when you think about water?

GIRL: A glass of water?

JC: Glass, yeah, excellent, glass. Yeah?

GIRL: Ice.

JC: Ice, fantastic. Yeah?

GIRL: Sea.

JC: Sea, yeah.

GIRL: Drink.

JC: Drink. So, sea, drink, these are fantastic suggestions. Anything else? Yeah?

GIRL: Liquid.

JC: Liquid. Liquid. I hope you're having a think, in your schools as well. Yeah?

GIRL: Beach.

JC: Beach, yeah, I love the beach. Beach, anything else, yeah?

BOY: Fish tanks.

JC: Fishing?

BOY: Fish tanks.

JC: Fish tanks, yeah.

Fish tanks...?

BOY: Pool.

JC: A pool, yeah.

BOY: Rain.

JC: Rain, yeah. And what about water in different states?

BOY: Aquarium.

JC: Aquarium. Can I spell aquarium? Yes, I can. Phew. Aquarium. Yes?

BOY: Evaporation.

JC: Evaporation. That's a lovely word isn't it? Evaporation. What a fantastic word. Yeah?

BOY: The Bahamas.

JC: Oh, the Bahamas, nice. The Bahamas. Steam, lovely. And the opposite of steam?

Oh no, we've got ice. Steam, ice, yeah, anything else?

BOY: See through.

JC: See through, love it. See through. Excellent, so we've got lots of fantastic suggestions for a world of water. Now, the poem, if all the world were water, is hiding in that spider diagram. All we have to do is tease it out. So, we just look at it, and we go, mmm, if all the world were water, then children would be rain, and adults would be glasses to drink from. They would be aquariums, that would be weird wouldn't it? Adult aquariums. If all the world were water, your bedroom would be ice. And what would be the consequence of having an icy bedroom, what would be the consequence of that?

GIRL: It would melt.

JC: It would melt wouldn't it? It would melt in summer. So, in the summer, you'd have no bedroom. If all the world were water, let's think about school, let's have a think about school, if all the world were water, what in school would change? What would your tables be like? What would the whiteboard be like? What can we think about, yeah?

BOY: Cold.

JC: If all the world were water, school would be cold. If all the world were water...?

GIRL: We'd have see through tables?

JC: We'd have see through tables, that would be good wouldn't it? What would be the consequence of having a see through table? Yeah?

GIRL: It could break.

JC: It could break couldn't it? So maybe we'd have to be very careful when we're doing our homework, when we're studying, doing our exams. We can't press too hard with our, with our, with our, what, pencils, our glass pencils? With our sand pencils, from the beaches? Maybe we've got fish pencils.

That would be weird wouldn't it?

GIRL: Ice pencil.

JC: With our ice pencil, we'd have to be very careful with our ice pencils, because they might break.

Now, do you see how the poem starts to form, just by us looking at the spider diagram? Does that make sense?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Are you sure?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Okay. Here is my challenge for you. What I would like you guys to do, is your very own spider diagrams, but, you're going to hate me for this, is can't be about paper, and it can't be about water. But, it can be about absolutely anything else So, in the middle, you could put sweets, you could put music, you could put

technology, you could put, we had wood before didn't we, wood or fabrics or what?

GIRL: Blankets.

JC: Or blankets, absolutely. Now, a word of advice, I would really suggest that you put something nice and broad in the middle. A nice, broad thing. By that I mean, if you really like gobstoppers, you know the sweeties, the gobstoppers? If you really like, rather than putting gobstoppers in the middle, you put sweets, because that gives you more ideas. If you put gobstoppers, you might put, oh, really big, very hard, they last for a long time, and then you run out of ideas. But, if you put sweets in the middle, you can put gobstoppers, and all the other sweets that you know, jellies and laces, and sugar, and dentists, and cavities and bad teeth, and chocolate. So, you have far more ideas. Does that make sense?

AUD: Yes.

JC: The same with technology, if you're into like computer games, rather than putting computer games in the middle, you can put technology in the middle, then as well as using your computer game ideas, you can also use plug, wire or...?

GIRL: iPhone.

JC: iPhone, yeah, electricity, zip, zap, all sorts of things. Does that make sense?

AUD: Yeah.

JC: Has anyone got any questions? Yes?

BOY: What would you do if you do flowers?

JC: If you do flowers. I think actually, there's quite a lot associated with flowers, but maybe you could do nature. If you did nature, then you could lots of things associated with flowers. Have you got your pencils ready?

AUD: Yes.

JC: Are you writing a poem?

AUD: No.

JC: Are you drawing a spider diagram?

AUD: Yes.

JC: On you marks, get set, go. Excellent work.

Now, whilst you're doing that, I will say some suggestions of things, that will help you think of ideas. So, if I put in the middle, I'm going to put wood. Things that will help me think about things connected with wood, will be to think of colours. So, think about the colours in your world. Think about the colours associated with the things you're thinking about.

Yeah

BOY: Do we need to draw something around it?

JC: Yeah, draw a circle around it, 'cause that makes it a lot easier then. It keeps it all in place. So, think about what colours are associated with the word you've put in the middle. What textures are associated with the word you've put in the middle. For wood I'm putting rough, but wood can also be smooth, so I'm going to add smooth as well. So, that's colours, that's textures, oh smells, I'm going to think of smells, what smells are associated with wood? Earthy. Other smells, woody? So, colours, textures, smells. When I think of wood, I also think of trees, so I might put different types of trees. Are there different examples of the thing that you've put in the middle, that you can put around the outside. So, I'm going to put an acer, which is a type of tree. I'm going to put oak, I'm going to put pine. I'm also going to think about the different tools that you can use with wood. So, different tools might be things like a saw, nails, screws, so think about any tools that you might use, for the thing that you've put in the middle. Excellent, oh we've got some lovely ideas coming along here.

Maybe think about how the thing in the middle makes you feel. How does it make you feel? The woods, when I think of the woods, it makes me feel very relaxed. So, we've had colours, we've had textures, we've had sounds. Using the senses, can be a wonderful way of getting new ideas. So, here, we've thought about what we smell, we've thought about what we can feel, but maybe I could do something connected with taste. When I think of woods and trees, I think of fruit. That's associated with taste. So, I might put apples and oranges. Are there any tastes associated with the thing that you've put in the middle. I don't think there's a taste associated with blankets. Or, maybe cocoa and hot chocolate, ah...so, what other senses are there?

We've done feel, we've done smell, we've done taste. What other ones are there?

Any ideas, yeah?

GIRL: Hear.

JC: Hear, yeah. What can you hear? When I think about wood and sounds, I think about sounds like creak, and crack, and sometimes rustling with the leaves, the

rustling leaves. I'm going to come over and see what some of you guys have come up with. Let's have a look over here.

What did you put in the middle of yours Blake?

Oh blanket, excellent, excellent.

So, what things have we got associated with blanket?

BOY: Snug.

JC: Snug, that's a nice word isn't it, snug? Snug, what else?

BOY: Fabric.

JC: Snug, fabric, excellent. And another one?

BOY: Bedroom, because your bedroom could be made out of blankets.

JC: That would be lovely, if your bedroom is made entirely of blankets, you'd feel nice and soft and relaxed wouldn't you, that would be really lovely.

And, are you starting to get ideas for some sentences? If all the world were blankets, everyone would feel snug. If all the world were blankets, I would always be happy. That would be nice, wouldn't it?

Looking at your spider diagram, tell the person next to you three things about your world. If all the world were...something, something, something. If all the world were...something, something, something. So, tell the person next to you, three things about your world.

Let's see over here, have we got any sentences over here?

We've got sweets, blankets, have you got any sweet lines?

If all the world was sweets...oh that's excellent, excellent. So, we've got some sweet lines. Would you like to say that line again? Yeah, excellent.

GIRL: If there was sweets, there would be lots of wrappers.

JC: Oh, that's fantastic, so we had, if all the world was sweets, there'd be lots of wrappers. That is lovely. Any other lines? Yeah.

GIRL: If all the world were animals, your home would be like a zoo.

JC: Your home would be like a zoo. That's fantastic. Yeah?

GIRL: If all the world was technology, it would be very fancy.

JC: Oh, I think that, it would be very fancy, wouldn't it? If all the world was technology, it would be very fancy.

Excellent. Over here, yeah?

GIRL: If all the world were blankets, it would be nice and warm.

JC: Oh, that's lovely, if all the world were blankets, it would be nice and warm.

Did you guys get some lovely lines, some lovely sentences? I hope you guys in school there, got some lovely sentences as well.

Now, other things that we can think about, when we're coming up with lines of poetry, is to think about the poetic devices, to think about rhyme, to think about alliteration. Do you know what alliteration is?

AUD: Yeah.

JC: Can anyone tell me what alliteration is? What's alliteration?

GIRL: It's where you have a word starting with something, that would go with like a name.

JC: Yeah, well it's where you've got lots of words that start with the same letter, but a good way of doing alliteration, is to start with your name, so you're quite right. You could use your name, so my name's Joe, but I might say, jumping Joe, jumping Joe juggles jellyfish, jumping Joe juggling jellyfish and jokes. So, that would be alliteration. Having a look at your spider diagrams, can you write a sentence that uses alliteration, that has some words that start with the same letter?

Have a go, see if you can make a sentence that uses alliteration, lots of words that start with the same letter.

So, if I was saying wood here, I might come up with one for, what shall we go with, pine? I might say the prickly pine, the perfect prickly pine. The perfect prickly pine in the springtime. Oh, quite a nice rhyme there. The perfect prickly pine. Or, if I was going to use, what else, which word shall I go for? Rustling. Rustling woods, the rich rustling wood, the rich rugged rustling woods. It's quite nice isn't it? We start to get a rhythm in our language, we start to get the rhythm of the poem.

How are we doing? Has anyone got some alliteration that they want to share. Oh, we've got one here. Is that right? Cuddled and cosy. That's lovely, for a blanket world, cuddled and cosy. Excellent. And then you can go through all of your ideas, and think of other poetic devices. You could use some rhyme for some of these. You could think about using some onomatopoeia. Do we know what onomatopoeia is? We've actually got some onomatopoeia up here. Does anyone know what onomatopoeia is?

So, onomatopoeia, are words that are sounds, like boom, crash, bang, and we've got one here, where is it? Creak. So, maybe you can write some onomatopoeic sentences. And then just like that, just by using your spider diagram, you can start to create sentences. And when you run those sentences together, you all of a sudden, have a poem, which is lovely.

Has anyone got any sentences up here, that they would like to share? Any sentence. Or we can help you with a sentence. Oh techno...oh that's wonderful, yeah, do you want to read us that one?

BOY: Worlds when wicked witches while wizards work.

JC: That is brilliant. Worlds win wicked witches, while wizards work. There's so many doubleus in there, it's fantastic. And the word that you had in the middle of your spider diagram, Cadin, was technology wasn't it? And you used worlds...it's hard to get your mouth around, it's like a tongue twister. You used worlds as well, brilliant. Any other sentences? Would you like to share one of yours?

BOY: No.

JC: No, that's okay. Oh, you've got loads there. What about you, what's the word that you've got in the middle?

JF: Do you want to look at yours? What's your, your word in the middle?

GIRL: Sweets.

JC: Sweets. So, with sweets we could do things like, sweet, sugary sweet. Did you manage to get any alliteration in yours?

GIRL: Yeah.

JC: What alliteration did you get?

GIRL: The sugary sour sweets.

JC: The sugary?

GIRL: Sour.

JC: The sugary, sour sweets. So, that's using the tastes. So you're starting to use the sense, which is wonderful. I find that always really helps, when I'm writing a story, or writing a play, or writing a poem, if I get stuck, I think about the senses like we did today, and then you can build up those ideas. Something you can do in your classrooms, is, once you've got these spider diagrams, you can walk around your classroom, very sensibly, walk around your classroom, and read out these sentences out loud, and read them all out together, all at the same time, so you get a jumble of noise, and then you get to practice reading the sentences out loud. You could even try reading them out in different voices.

So, we had, was it sugary sour sweets? So, I might say, sugary sour sweets, in an angry voice, or sugar, sour sweets in a happy voice, or maybe in a witch's voice, sugary sour sweets. Do you guys want to have a go, in saying your lines in a different kind of voice? After three, you all have to do it in a witch's voice. One, two, three, go.

AUD: [Saying lines]

JC: Nice, and what about in a troll's voice? One, two, three.

AUD: [Saying lines]

JC: Oh excellent, lovely troll voices that we've got there, that was fantastic.

JF: I think we've got an excellent one here, we could hear.

JC: Oh, brilliant, let's hear it.

GIRL: If all the world were animals, then who'd have to care about climate? Starfish, swans and even Scottish wild cats would live together.

JC: Oh, that was beautiful.

Well done.

JF: A round of applause, boys and girls.

JC: Well done, thank you so much for sharing that. And so that poem was hiding inside your spider diagram. Which is pretty amazing. Do you think you'll continue on with that poem, and do a second draft, and a third draft? Now, I know, teachers will always tell you this, it's very important, that you must draft and edit your work. But, this is really important, I have to edit and draft my poems, sometimes 20 times. So, it's really important, when your teachers tell you to draft and edit your work, it's really important, because that's how you get

the best possible poems. So today, we've been working on the spider diagram, to get ideas for the poem, and have started to form sentences. Those sentences will form your first draft of your poem, but then when you write it up in neat, and re-draft it, you'll have a super fantastic poem, all inspired by your own world. So, I very much hope that you finish these poems, and have a fantastic time creating your poetic worlds.

JF: Absolutely brilliant. Boys and girls, how much have you enjoyed today's session with Joseph? Hugely. Shall we give Joseph a massive great round of applause, wherever you're watching, and right here.

JC: Thank you.

JF: And we should also say, of course the great thing about technology is, that of course we can watch this session again shortly, later on today, and indeed we have lots and lots, it feels like hundreds of sessions with all sorts of wonderful authors, which again thanks to technology, we can watch forever and ever and ever. They're online at scottishbooktrust/authorslive so I really hope you will watch some of those, if you haven't seen them before, watch today's again, if you want, and indeed tell your friends to do so too.

I really hope that you have enjoyed taking part, and everything that Joseph has been talking about, and you guys too. It's been amazing watching what you've been doing. Tell me what you felt about today.

GIRL: Happy.

JF: Oh good, well that's the best word. Are there any other reactions to today?

What was it like taking part, and making the spider drawing?

GIRL: It was really fantastic, and I loved it.

JF: Oh excellent, happy, fantastic, loved it. Did you all enjoy it too?

AUD: Yes.

JF: Brilliant, that's exactly the response we're looking for. I really hope you guys enjoyed it too, and we look forward to seeing your folded books and everything else, if you get on Twitter later. But, right now, sadly we're coming towards the end of the event, but I'm going to hand back to Joseph, for a final poem.

JC: Oh, thank you.

So, I'm going to share with you a poem called Miss Flotsam. And this poem was inspired by a fantastic teacher I had, when I was young, but also, by all the

wonderful teachers that I've had the pleasure of meeting in schools up and down the country over the years.

Miss Flotsam was my reception teacher. She had travelled the world. Brown hair turned golden under distant suns, clothes carrying colours from countless corners of continents. When my mother's face spilled a gush of adolescent tears at the school gates, Miss Flotsam soaked up the drops in Peruvian alpaca, caught splashed in Himalayan singing bowls, let sobs fall on Indonesian gamelans.

Mrs Flotsam had flown through air pockets in jumbo jets, sailed the seven seas in opposite directions, cycled through cyclones with dengue fever, soothed mothers when their heart heaved. When the bully punched me for being too brown, Miss Flotsam glared at him, with an eye that could turn fists into begging bowls.

When my mother was late, the chairs upturned on the desks, Miss Flotsam read to me, stories of imperfect families and unexpected heroes. When I dozed in class, Miss Flotsam let me sleep, through maths, through lunch, through the tuc, tuc, traffic, through the home time bell. When I was naughty, Miss Flotsam told me off. Asked of the disasters destroying my home, and placed sandbags around my lies. Miss Flotsam had climbed peaks, circled by vultures, waded rivers with unseen bottoms. Bought ugly fruits in dusty languages in foreign markets. Spoke to parents in dialects they could understand. Sang to pupil in rhythms they could bear.

Thank you so much, thank you.