

### **When Granny**

Song-bird shut dem mout' an lissen,  
Church bell don' bother to ring,  
All de little stream keep quiet  
When mi Granny sing.

De sun up in de sky get jealous,  
Him wish him got her style,  
For de whole place full o' brightness  
When mi Granny smile.

First a happy soun' jus' bubblin'  
From her belly, low an' sof',  
Den a thunderclap o' merriment  
When mi Granny laugh.

De tree branch dem all start swingin',  
Puss an' dawg begin to prance,  
Everyt'ing ketch de happy fever  
When mi Granny dance.

All o' we look out fe Granny  
Mek sure dat she satisfy,  
For de whole worl' full o' sadness  
When mi Granny cry.

*by Valerie Bloom*

## Fruits

Half a pawpaw in the basket -  
Only one o' we can have it.  
Wonder which one that will be?  
I have a feeling that is me.

One guinep in the tree  
Hanging down there tempting me.  
It don' mek no sense to pick it,  
One guinep can't feed a cricket.

Two ripe guava pon the shel,  
I know I hid them there meself.  
When night com an' it get dark  
Me an' them will have a talk.

Three sweet-sop, well I jus' might  
Give on o' them a nice big bite.  
Cover up the bite jus' so, sis,  
Then no-one will ever notice.

Four red apple near me chair -  
Who so careless put them there?  
Them don' know how me love apple?  
Well, thank God fer silly people.

Five jew-plum, I can't believe it!  
How they know jew-plum's me fav'rit?  
But why they hide them in a cupboard?  
Cho, people can be so awkward.

Six naseberry, you want a nibble?  
Why baby must always dribble?  
Come wipe you mout', it don't mek sense  
To broadcast the evidence.

Seven mango! What a find!  
The smaddy who lef them really kind.  
One fe you an' six fe me,  
If you want more, climb the tree.

Eight orange fe cousin Clem,  
But I have just one problem -  
How to get rid o' the eight skin  
That the orange them come in.

Nine jackfruit! Not even me  
Can finish nine, but let me see,  
I don't suppose that they will miss one.  
That was hard, but now me done.

Ten banana, mek them stay,  
I feeling really full today.  
Mek me lie down on me bed, quick.  
Lawd, ah feeling really sick.

*by Valerie Bloom*

### Week 1

## **Mega Star Rap**

I'm king of the keyboard, star of the screen,  
They call me *Gamesmaster*, you know what I mean,  
'Cause I am just ace on the Nintendo action,  
When I get in my stride, you know, I don't give a fraction,  
With Super Mario I'm a real daredevil,  
I'm cool, I'm wicked, on a different level!  
I'll take on anyone who wants to challenge me,  
No matter what the problem is, I hold the key.  
I can tell you every shortcut on the *Mega drive*,  
I can put the *Sonic Hedgehog* into overdrive,  
And I would, I really would like to accept your dare,  
But I've just run out of batteries for my *Sega Game Gear*.

*by Valerie Bloom*

### **Week 1**

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## I'm Not a Kid

I'm not a kid, ok  
I'm not a kid, I say  
I'm not a kid.

Kids have horns,  
Kids go ma-ay,  
Kids live with goats,  
And anyway

Kids don't wear trousers,  
Don't wear shirts,  
Kids don't eat lemon pies  
For dessert.

So I'm not a kid, ok  
I'm not a kid, I say  
I'm not a kid.

Don't call me a kid  
'Cause I don't like it,  
Don't call me a kid, I'm a  
Child, don't fight it.

Kids have hooves,  
Kids chew the cud,  
Kids nibble grass,  
Kids eat rose buds.

So I'm not a kid, ok  
I'm not a kid, I say  
I'm not a kid.

Kids are animals  
Like a gnu  
A cow, a giraffe,  
Or a kangaroo.

I don't have four feet,  
Not covered with hair,  
Can you see a tail on me?  
Anywhere?

'Cause I'm not a kid, ok  
I'm not a kid, I say  
I'm not a kid.

Oh, look, Mum,  
Look over there,  
See, 'Flights to Eurodisney,  
Extra low fare.'

Can we go, please, Mum?  
No need to pay for me,  
See, that sign there says  
"Kids Go Free!"

*by Valerie Bloom*

Week 1

## Duppy Jamboree

'Back to back, belly to belly  
Ah don't care at all  
For me done dead a'ready.  
Back to back, belly to belly  
In de duppy jamboree.'

What dat noise me hearing  
Coming from out o' doah?  
Mi get out o' bed, pull back de curtain  
An peep out tru de window.

Me rub me yeye an look again,  
Can't believe wha me just see,  
Twenty-seven duppy dere  
Staring back at me!

One o' dem stand up dere  
With him head under him arm,  
One o' dem is a big ole bull  
Like de one pon Granpa farm.

But this one yeye dem full o' fire,  
And it have on one big ole chain,  
Is a rollin-calf! Me shet me yeye,  
Den open dem again

When me hear dem singing.  
Me open me yeye wide  
Ah think one have a horse head  
Growing from him side!

De devil out deh with dem  
With him cow-foot an him horn,  
Him long tail wrap right roun him  
wais'  
Him pitchfork in him han.

Lawd, him looking up at me!  
Him see me! Him a grin!  
It look like aey him come  
To punish me for all me sin.

Dem coming to de doorway,  
Me noh ready yet fe dead!  
Me fly into me mama room  
An jump into her bed.

Yeye-water running dung me face  
Till me can hardly see,  
'De duppy dem out o' doah, Mama  
Doan mek dem come ketch me!'

Mama hold me tight an laugh,  
'Noh mek dem frighten you,  
Is not a duppy jamboree,  
Is just de Jonkunnu.'

'Duppy' is the West Indian name for ghost.

*by Valerie Bloom*

Week 1