

Foreword

I love the word “tongue” in the context of this anthology. It speaks not just of sound and language but also taste. When we say out loud some of our favourite words we absolutely savour that moment when we form the very sounds of them in our mouth. This anthology is full of children who clearly love the sounds words make. Not content with one language they have shown a great skill in creating and reciting many others. I have to admit a tinge of jealousy of the talent that lies between these covers and hope that all the children hold on to their obvious love for a multitude of languages throughout their lives.

Jim Carruth

Glasgow's Poet Laureate

Mãe

Mãe
Com apenas três letras
Se escreve a palavra 'Mãe'
É das palavras mais pequenas
A maior que o mundo tem

Sou pequenino
Nao sei fazer nada
Aceito carinho
Muito obrigado



My poem is about mothers. My mum helped me to write it. We looked on the internet to give us ideas and decided to write it about mothers because I liked a poem by Mario Quintana called *Mother*. It is about the Virgin Mary.

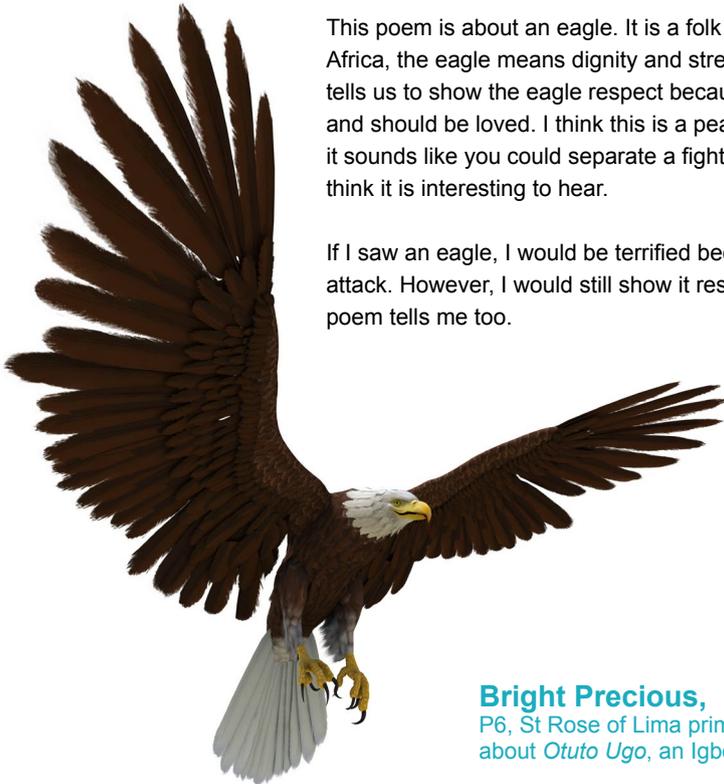
When I read it, I think about my own mum and how I love her. She buys me toys and helps me with my homework. She is good to me.

Bernardo Ferreira
P4/5, St Rose of Lima primary school, (Portuguese)

Eagle

This poem is about an eagle. It is a folk song in Igbo. In Africa, the eagle means dignity and strength. The poem tells us to show the eagle respect because it is adorable and should be loved. I think this is a peace poem because it sounds like you could separate a fight when you say it. I think it is interesting to hear.

If I saw an eagle, I would be terrified because it might attack. However, I would still show it respect, just like the poem tells me too.



Bright Precious,
P6, St Rose of Lima primary school, writes
about *Otuto Ugo*, an Igbo folk song.

Controvento

Highly Commended

This song reminds me of my family and my best friend, Alisha. When I hear it I remember singing the song with Alisha and my brother to my mum and Alisha's mum. I liked singing it to my mum because she liked the song too and enjoyed hearing me sing. I miss my brother and I love him very much. When I talk to my mum on the phone she tells me that Alisha remembers singing the song with me and that she misses me too. My class also sang this song at the end of the year before we moved schools, so it reminds me of my friends and makes me miss them.

When Arisa is singing the song it is like she is telling a secret to someone. We don't find out who she is singing about in the song. I like that because it leaves you wondering who it is she is thinking about: is it her mum? Her dad? Her brother? Her cousin? Her friend? I like the mystery.

At the beginning of the song, Arisa doesn't believe in miracles but by the end she does. At the beginning she thinks she will never meet this person again but at the end she does meet them again and she believes that this is a miracle. When I hear this song I think of miracles. I think it will be a miracle when my family comes here next year. Like Arisa, I cannot wait to see my family again.



"Lo sono qui" (I'm here) is my favourite part of the song because it reminds me of my family. I like this song but it also makes me feel sad because I miss my mum, dad and brother. I came to Glasgow to live with my uncle and cousins but my family is still in Italy.

Mahakjot Kaur,

P7, Mount Florida primary school, writes about *Controvento* an Italian pop song by Arisa (2014).



Pies

Highly Commended

Jestem psem
Czuję smakolyki
Lubię jeść
Umiem robić sztuczki
Jestem psem

Nie widzę wielu kolorów
Słyszę wiele rzeczy
Potrzebuję biegać
Kocham mojego właściciela
Jestem psem

Nienawidzę słodkich kotów
Mam różne imiona
Boję się bycia samym
Uśmiecham się moimi oczami
Jestem psem

Znam twoje sny
Śnię o smakolyku
Mogę być twym przyjacielem
Wygładam inaczej
Jestem psem

I wrote a poem about dogs because I love dogs. They are a big part of my life. I love to be around dogs. I love dogs because they are furry, friendly and they can do lots of tricks. When I see a little dog all alone I feel sad and angry because someone has left this dog. I have a dog called Chelsea. I love to spend time playing with her and training her. I take her to a training club on a Sunday. This week we are moving from the Bronze group to the Silver group.

Last week when I was sick Chelsea was worried about me. She stayed with me all the time. When I felt better I built a new website, in Polish, about dogs. When I write in Polish I feel I can write from the dog's point of view. It is easier to express my thoughts and feelings in Polish.

I wrote this poem so I could teach people about dogs. I wrote '*I can't see many colours*' because dogs can't see red, blue and green. I wrote '*I smile with my eyes*' because dogs show us their feelings through their eyes. I wrote '*I can be your friend*' because your dog will always be your friend.

Chelsea is very important to me because she is my best friend. I brought her with me from Poland but it was very hard to travel with her. I was very worried about her because she was very sad throughout the journey and afterwards. Now she is happy and settled. She jumps on me and wants to play when I come home from school.

Olga Pawlak,
P7, Mount Florida primary school, (Polish)



Kwiecista łąka

Highly Commended

Mała radosna dziewczynka,
W ślicznej sukience złotistej,
Wesoła jest u niej minka,
Biega po łące kwiecistej.

Szybko mija lat kilka,
Uśmiechu już los nie wyżebrał,
Gdzie ta wesoła dziewczynka?
Zły człowiek radość odebrał.

Kwiecista łąka jest dzisiaj pusta,
Nie ma dziewczynki sprzed lat,
Smutne oczy, zacięte usta,
Dawno zniknął z jej życia kat.

Kat zniknął, rana została.
Była wesoła dziewczynka.
Po łące kwiecistej biegała...

I was inspired to write this poem after watching a Polish film called 'Daddy'. This film tells the story of a little girl who goes to live with her grandmother after her mum is diagnosed with mental illness. Her dad liked to stay too long at work and abused alcohol. At the end of the film, the grandmother dies; she had been the greatest executioner in the girl's life.

In the beginning, the little girl who is really cheerful and she loved to go to the flowery meadows. Every time she goes there, she wears a nice golden dress. Her childhood is joyful with a normal and good family. Some years later, the young girl is really sad, everything had changed: she didn't go to the flowery meadow. She really felt anguished. Although the executioner was gone, in her heart, she still felt the pain.

My mum gave me the idea of the executioner and helped me phrase the poem, in Polish and in English. I am Polish and I love gymnastics and dancing. I am really proud of what I have written - especially because Mrs Stevenson said it's a really grown up poem!

Patrycja Juisis,
P7, St Rose of Lima primary school, (Polish)



Mazurek Dąbrowskiego



The Polish national anthem is important to me since it is my own national anthem. It is like a memory, like something I'll never forget. It is important to me and it should be important to other Polish people, and if it doesn't mean anything to them it should, because it's an important part of our national history.

To me it's the most important thing that Poland has. The flag isn't important or the crest. It's the anthem. It was first written in 1797 but it became the national anthem in 1927. In World War II it really made the Polish believe that we can still survive especially the part:

"Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła, Kiedy my żyjemy."

Which translates as *"Poland has not died yet. So long as we still live."*

I'm very proud of being Polish and when I sing our national anthem it makes me feel honoured that we have such a beautiful and meaningful anthem.

Jakub Trybek,
P7, St Francis primary school, writes about *Mazurek Dąbrowskiego*, the Polish national anthem written in 1797.

Mo Li Hua

This poem is about a red and purple flower. I dreamed about the poem. When I was small my mum sang it to me.

It's about a beautiful flower in a garden. When a girl sees it she was very happy. I think she was happy because she loves flowers. I like flowers too.

I wrote the poem and then mum checked it for me.

I picked this poem because it is nice. It makes me think of when I would cry and mum would sing.

J. F. from St Maria Goretti primary school writes about Mo Li Hua, a Chinese folk song written in the 18th century.



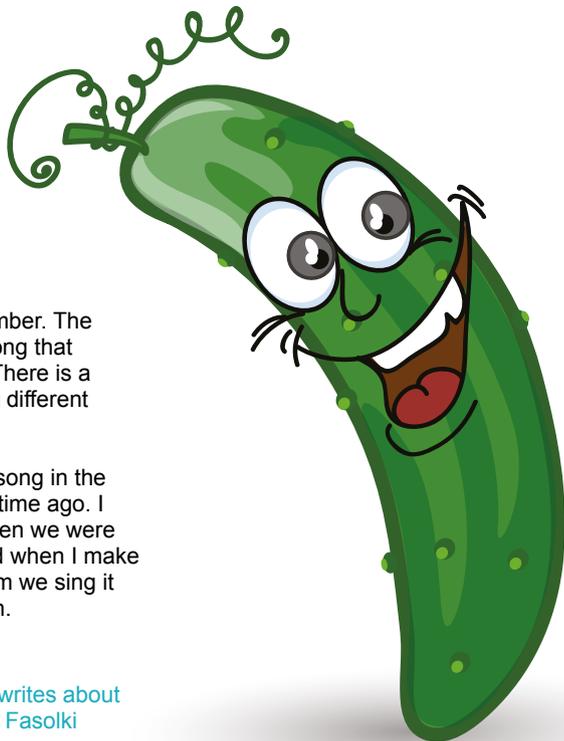
Ogórek

I picked a song about a cucumber. The song was from 1988. It is a song that you might hear on the radio. There is a cucumber in a corner wearing different clothes, sandals and a hat.

This was my gran's favourite song in the whole world. She died a long time ago. I remember her singing this when we were making cucumber salads. And when I make cucumber salads with my mum we sing it now. It reminds me of my gran.

Kamila Browarna,

P5, St Paul's primary school, writes about *Ogórek*, a Polish pop song by Fasołki (1988).



Praise of a beautiful lady

My poem is about a young girl going into her teenage years. I think it's a mother telling her how precious she was when she was younger, and the things she can do when she is a beautiful adult. She is telling her of all the places she could go, people she could help and to remember who she is.

I picked this poem because I think it represents me, and who I am inside. My mother and teachers made me who I'm today. I am a Nigerian and Israeli young lady and my mum helped remind me of my culture.

Lily Precious,

P7, St Rose of Lima primary school, writes about *Praise of a beautiful lady* an Igbo poem by Romanus Egudu and Donatus Nwoga, written in 1973.



Kołysanka



I chose this song in Polish. To me, it is a lullaby; however, it is a famous Polish song. In this song a woman is singing to her husband. She is singing that she will always be next to him. It makes me feel that no matter what happens she will always be there for him and they can do anything. Her husband sings back that she is everything that he has and he doesn't know how to explain that he loves her so much.

When I hear this song it gives me memories. When I was a baby I used to fall asleep to it. My dad would hold me in his arms when I was crying and my mum would put on this song. This song also reminds me of my granddad, because when my mum talks about him I think of this song. When I was younger I was looking at pictures and we listened to this song. Sometimes, I cry when I hear it because I think of my granddad. He died 13 years ago and I never saw him. My mum talks about him sometimes. I think she spent a lot of time with her dad and they were always going fishing and catching frogs. She was very young when he died and I think this would have been very sad.

I have listened to this song a lot, I have it on my iPod and it's one of the first songs I go to when I listen to music. This is not my favourite song, but the others are just pop songs. They don't really make me feel happy in the same way.

Oliwia Warenberg,
P7, St Maria Goretti primary school, writes about *Kołysanka* a Polish pop song from 2000 by Sumptuastic.

Dom

This is the first poem that I made.

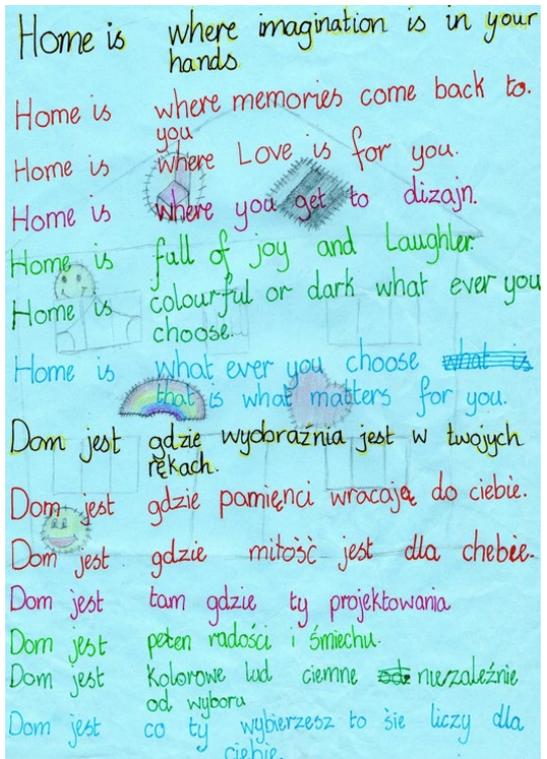
I wrote a poem in English. I found it hard to write in Polish. My brother helped me spell the words in Polish. He knows most of the words. Firstly, I thought of Poland and where I lived that gave me ideas for making my poem. I got lots of ideas and had to write it into sentences.

My teacher was talking about a competition, where you have to write a poem. So I thought I should do it about home. Home is for you.

It's about home, where you want to be and how you want it to be. It made me think about Poland when I was writing it. We had a house in Poland and big stairs and I remembered when we decorated the rooms. We had to clean out lots of dirt and stuff. It was fun.

Patrycja Ochnio,

P7a, St Paul's primary school,
(Polish)



Iraq

العراق

حن كانستطيع نذهب للتصني بواسطنا كان خطرأ جداً .
ذا ذهبنا للتصني ،ماذا سنرا ؟
شباباً وعبادة وبيوت منهدمة وناس يتقاتلون هذا الي سنرا .
ذا ذهبنا للتصني ،ماذا سنشتم ؟
حن سنشتم رائحة كريهة ،ريحة الحرائق ،لهذا الي سنشتم .
ذا ذهبنا للتصني ،ماذا سنسمع ؟
هفان يبكون واهوات القتال وبنادق نتراكم ،ناس بيركعون ويهاون
لهذا الي نسمع .
ذا كنا متحدين في البيت ،ماذا نشعر ؟
شحن العائلة ونيفق في المكان ،لهذا الي نشعر به .
ذا كنا متحبين في البيت ،ماذا نشعر ؟
بالخفين وغمير والحزين ،لهذا الي نشعر به .
بواسطة
رحمة اهلان ورمية اهلان .

We enjoyed writing our poem.
We wrote this poem about Iraq.
We wanted people to know how dangerous Baghdad was when we lived there. It is even more dangerous in Mosul, so my family moved from Mosul to Baghdad. There is lots of fighting in Mosul and in Baghdad, so we are happy in Glasgow with our parents and brother, but we miss our other family in Iraq.

We like these lines in the poem:

“Scared, not safe, that’s what we felt.” We don’t feel scared anymore but sometimes we dream of our family and it makes us miss them.

“Horrible things, bombed houses, people fighting, that’s what we would see.” We wanted to tell people that war is horrible.

Rahmah Aslan and Ruqaya Aslan
P7 and P6, King’s Park Primary School, (Arabic)

Bari

I enjoyed the poetry workshop with Ken Cockburn. I liked hearing the poem in German. It was fun because I am not used to hearing poems in other languages. So, that inspired me to write in Urdu.

My poem is about what I see when I look out the windows of my house. It was easier writing in Urdu because that is my first language. I wrote in Urdu and in English because I thought it would be fun to do and fun for people to hear. Everyone in class said, "It is so cool that you know another language!" They were impressed that I could read and write in another language because they can't do this.

Bari بارے

I am in my ^{میرا} بارے, I saw in my ^{میرا} بارے a ^{گلابوں اور} ^{دھولے} restaurant.

In the ^{دوئمے} بارے I saw ^{گلابوں اور} roses and daffodils.

In the ^{تیسرے} بارے I saw an ice-cream man driving an ice-cream van.

In the ^{چوتھے} بارے I saw a church, there were a lot of people inside the ^{گلابوں اور} church.

In ^{پنجمے} بارے I saw a ^{بچہ} boy playing on the street with his ^{گلابوں اور} daffodils.

by samia Shamsheer

My favourite part is "roses and daffodils" because it makes people think about and imagine summer, all the pretty stuff and all the beauty of summer in Scotland. If someone from another country reads this, I hope they would think Scotland is a good place to spend their summer. I wanted people to imagine the beautiful smelling daffodils and seeing lots of exciting things and meeting new people.

Samia Shamsheer,

P7b, King's Park Primary School, (Urdu)

Kim Jestem?

Jestem sam
Widzę ciemność
Nie słyszę nic
Czuję zapach benzyny
Czuję się porzucony
Jestem sam

Wyobrażam sobie niebo
Wiem że to koniec
Dotykam pustki
Obawiam się najgorszego
Potrzebuję pomocy
Jestem sam

Chcę żyć
Myślę o śmierci
Ja śnię
Kocham życie
Chcę ocaleć
Jestem sam

I was inspired by our World War topic. When I wrote my poem, I imagined I was a soldier lying dying on the battlefield. I didn't say my name or where I was as I tried to write mysteriously. I purposely wrote short but informative and powerful lines. I enjoyed writing the poem. I started with an empty head but the more I wrote the more I became the soldier in my poem.

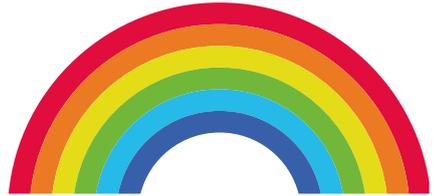
Szymon Korzeniowski,
P7, Mount Florida Primary School, (Polish)



Highly Commended

Un arc-en-ciel

Aux couleurs vivants,
Ça me fait sourire, rire et heureux,
Beau, comme un diamant,
J'aime un arc-en-ciel!



Amy Tuwor, P7, St Francis Primary School (French)

L'hiver

Blanc, bleu,
Neige, beau, froid,
Froid, comme la glace,
L'hiver, c'est fantastique!

Macy Daisley, P7, St Francis Primary School (French)

L'hiver

Bleu, blanc,
Adorer, tomber, sauter
Froid, comme le frigo
J'adore l'hiver!

Ola Siwozad, P7, St Francis Primary School (French)

Soleil

Rouge, jaune,
Grandir, chanter, adorer,
Chaud, comme le feu!
Le soleil, c'est l'été!

Maxwell Peasah, P7, St Francis Primary School (French)



Scots Viking Poem

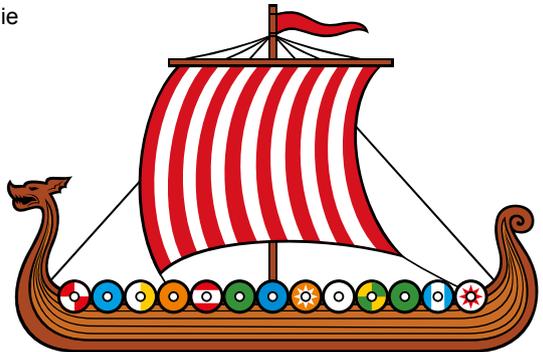
Ah'm a fierce fighter Ah gie it laldy!
Ah see battlefields an' fire fae a monastery
Ah hear screams a' pain
Ah smell boggin smoke fae a lang-hoose
Ah touch swords n' shields
Ah'm a fierce fighter. Ah gie it laldy!

Ah imagine winnin' the stooshies ah
created
Ah know Ah've a boggin outside cludgie
Ah feel wood an' watter
Ah fear nuhin
Ah need weapons an' shields
Ah'm a fierce fighter. Ah gie it laldy!

Ah wan' a wife an' bairns
Ah think about battles an' death
Ah dream about ma lang-hoose
Ah love ma langship
Ah hope ah win battles
Ah'm a fierce fighter. Ah gie it laldy!

I wanted to get “*lang-hoose*” into my poem because that is what I think of when I think of Vikings. I love the word “boggin” so I wanted to use that in my poem too. It felt a bit odd writing in Scots, but it was good!

Alex Stevenson,
P6, Mount Florida Primary



Who am I?

I am Fiona
I see ma hoose aboot tae get bombed
I hear weans greetin'
I smell a honkin' smell fae outside
I feel the earth shooglin'
I am Fiona

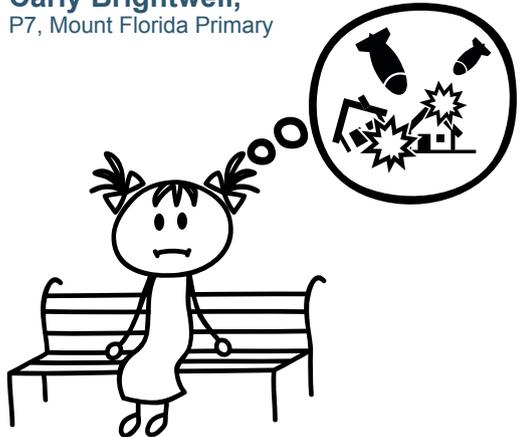
I imagine the war stops noo!
I know Hitler will surrender
I feel awfy
I'm feart that I'll no make it
I need ma weans tae be far away so
they can be the future
I am Fiona

I want ma dreams tae come true
I think aboot a' the brave soldiers
I dream aboot having a better life
I hope war stops
I am Fiona

When I wrote my poem, I wanted the reader to imagine themselves in the war. I wanted it to be a serious poem as war is nothing to laugh about. Many people, grandparents and children died and that is not funny.

I wrote the line *"I know Hitler will surrender"* because I wanted to show that Hitler was a bad man. I wanted to show that Fiona wants the war to end. It also shows that Fiona is a strong and positive person. Even if her house gets bombed, she is still positive about the future. Many people were like her.

Carly Brightwell,
P7, Mount Florida Primary

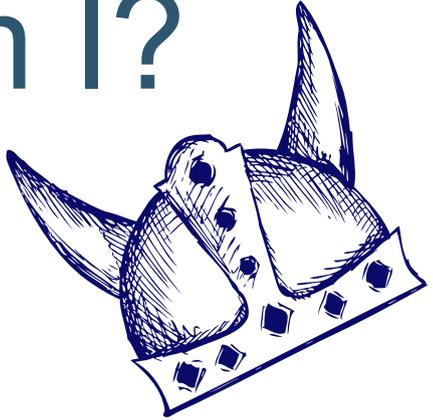


Who am I?

Ah'm a fierce Viking feart o' naebody
Ah see a wee peaceful village where
Ah'm aboot to gie it laldie
Ah hear loud screams
Ah smell a braw turkey cookin'
Ah touch a sword and shield
Ah'm a fierce Viking feart o' naebody

Ah'm kickin some bahookie
Ah know a deid laddie
Ah feel sea sick even though Ah'm aff
the boat
Ah'm feart o' nothing
Ah need armour
Ah'm a fierce Viking feart o' naebody

Ah want ma family back
Ah think about ma bairns
Ah dream about a golden sword
Ah love ma bairns
Ah hope tae come back
Ah'm a fierce Viking feart o' naebody



Before I wrote my poem, I imagined I was a fierce Viking just about to go out to battle. It was a bit weird writing in Scots because I don't normally speak in Scots. Sometimes my dad uses Scots words and I give him a row!

I thought a lot about the words I wanted to use. I put in the line "*Ah know a deid laddie*" because I was thinking about my mum's uncle who died. I used "*gie it laldie*" because I was at the athletics during the Commonwealth games in Glasgow and I saw it up on a screen. I like this Scots phrase.

When people read my poem, I want them to think about the fighting that is still going on today.

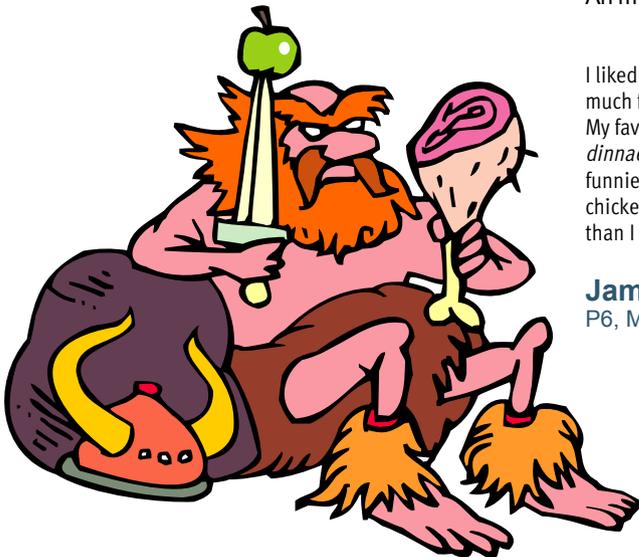
David McConnell,
P6, Mount Florida Primary

Who am Ah?

Ah'm a braw Viking
Ah see coos and pigs
Ah hear the watter
Ah smell pure deid boadies
Noo jist haud oan dinnae touch ma
chicken!
Ah'm a braw Viking!

I liked writing in Scots because it was much funnier than writing in English. My favourite part is "*Noo jist haud oan dinnae touch ma chicken!*" because it's funnier in Scots than "Don't touch my chicken." I wrote more in my Scots poem than I would have in English.

James Hamilton,
P6, Mount Florida Primary



Who am Ah?

Highly Commended

Ah'm a clarty Viking radin toons
Ah see wee hooses in the sma' toon
full of toaty weans
Ah hear animals making noises in the
wee hooses
Ah smell mingin mud, fear and trouble
Ah touch ma brow sword and shield
Ah'm a clarty Viking radin toons

Ah imagine finding heaps of gold and
goods
Ah know Ah'm trouble!
Ah feel strong and excited!
Ah fear they will fight back
Ah need ma friends and family
Ah'm a clarty Viking radin toons

Ah want tae defeat them
Ah think about ma hame
Ah dream about ownin mair food
Ah love ma family and friends
Ah hope Ah win the fight!
Ah'm a clarty Viking radin toons

My favourite part is “Ah dream about ownin’ mair food” because I think it is funny. I think of bread and fish on a plate and the Viking eating it with his bare hands. Some words I pronounced the same but some I had to spell differently which was a little tricky but fun. I liked thinking about different words and how they fitted together. For example, “brow” and “brill” go well together but in English, it would be “good” and “brilliant”. I don’t think they go well together in English but in Scots they do. Writing in Scots was fun because you could write about what you wanted.

Ah dream
about ownin'
mair food .

Laura Daly,
P6, Mount Florida Primary



Ah'm a Viking Sword

Highly Commended

Ah'm the sword 'o' a fallen Viking
Ah see fire an' pain
Ah hear Vikings out 'o' their heid an
screams 'o' the innocent
Ah smell boggin smoke an' decomposing
bodies on their way tae Vallhalah
Ah touch sand an' blood
Ah'm the sword 'o' a fallen Viking

Ah imagine being wedged in tae some
bloke's heart
Ah know the familiar sound 'o' screaming
Ah feel the pain 'o' the wounded
Ah feart nah mer battle
Ah need tae feel pain
Ah'm the sword 'o' a fallen Viking

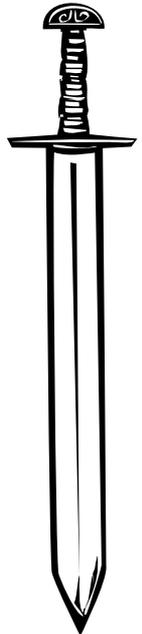
Ah want tae break in battle
Ah often think about the next lad ah'm
gonnae stab
Ah dream about being in the hands 'o' Odin
Ah love fire an pain
Ah hope ah get covered in foosty blood
Ah'm the sword 'o' a fallen Viking

I planned to write my poem in Scots.
I used my imagination to write about a
Viking sword. I wanted the readers to
know that you don't just need to write
about people you can write about many
items and objects.

My favourite line is "*Ah smell boggin'
smoke an' decomposing bodies on their
way to Valhalla.*" I like this because I used
my imagination and knowledge of the
Vikings to write about what it would really
be like. In the line, "*Ah imagine being
wedged in tae some bloke's heart*", I
was think about all the fighting and gory
battles that Vikings were involved in.

I used Scots words because I thought it
would open up my imagination and be
much more effective to the reader.

Luke Hendrie,
P6, Mount Florida Primary



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...Daalu, dakujem, danke, dziękuję, gracias, grazie, merci, obrigado, shukran, shukriya, spasibo, thanks, xièxiè.



Editing of poems and commentaries has been kept to a minimum in order to preserve originality and authenticity

