

**River Deep Mountain High** by Ike and Tina Turner

When I was a little girl  
I had a rag doll  
Only doll I've ever owned  
Now I love you just the way I loved that rag doll  
But only now my love has grown  
And it gets stronger, in every way  
And it gets deeper, let me say  
And it gets higher, day by day  
And do I love you my oh my  
Yeah, river deep mountain high  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
If I lost you would I cry  
Oh how I love you baby, baby, baby, baby

When you were a young boy  
Did you have a puppy  
That always followed you around  
Well I'm gonna be as faithful as that puppy  
No I'll never let you down  
Cause it grows stronger, like a river flows  
And it gets bigger baby, and heaven knows  
And it gets sweeter baby, as it grows  
And do I love you my oh my  
Yeah, river deep mountain high  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
If I lost you would I cry  
Oh how I love you baby, baby, baby, baby

I love you baby like a flower loves the spring  
And I love you baby like a robin loves to sing  
And I love you baby like a schoolboy loves his pet  
And I love you baby, river deep mountain high  
baby, baby, baby ... oh baby ... oh ... oh ...  
Do I love you my oh my  
Yeah, river deep mountain high  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
If I lost you would I cry  
Oh how I love you baby, baby, baby, baby

**5 Kids**

17

- 1
- A: Um, it's something that lived a long, a very long time ago. It looks very scary.
- B: A thing that lived long time ago.
- C: Um ... It's a big monster.
- 2
- D: It's a man and, and um ... he lives in ... he lives up in space.
- E: It's someone who um ... made the world and um ... he made the animals.
- F: He's someone who lives ... who's died and he ... he, um ... looks down on people.
- G: He's a man up in heaven.
- H: A person that helps people, in heaven.
- 3
- I: It's something that's er ... er, very cold and it's in ... it's a ... it's a ... it's a, um ... it's a stone.
- J: It's something that crashes down on people and it's got ice.
- K: It's a sort of big piece of, um ... ice that cracks off a bigger piece.
- L: It's a big ice cube.
- 4
- M: A place where ... where animals ...

- have been put up to show.
- N: Somewhere where um ... they show you things that are very old.
- O: It's somewhere where er, people will show things like dinosaurs and olden days things.
- P: A place ... a place that um ... you see loads and loads of ... you see bones or things and pictures.
- Q: It's in the country and you see dinosaur bones there.
- 5
- R: It's a person who takes toys away.
- S: It's someone that in the middle of the night ... and it's got um ... it's got a ... it's got um, a ba ... something around his face with, with, um ... round holes and he's ... he's got um ... a T-shirt that's got black and white and he robs things.
- T: It's someone who steals things when you're asleep.
- U: A person that steals things at night.

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19

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester  
In a shower of rain  
He stepped in a puddle right up to his middle  
And never went there again

20

(See page 48.)

21

Her name was Mrs Pratchett. She was a small skinny old hag with a moustache on her upper lip and a mouth as sour as a green gooseberry. She never smiled.

Her apron was grey and greasy. Her blouse had bits of breakfast all over it, toast-crumbs and tea stains and splotches of dried egg-yolk. It was her hands, however, that disturbed us most. They were disgusting. They were black with dirt and grime.

And do not forget that it was these hands and fingers that she would plunge into the sweet-jars when we asked for a pennyworth of Treacle Toffee or Wine Gums or Nut Clusters or whatever. There were precious few health laws in those days, and nobody, least of all Mrs Pratchett, ever thought of using a little shovel for getting sweets out as they do today.

The other thing we hated Mrs Pratchett for was her meanness. Unless you spent a whole sixpence all in one go, she wouldn't give you a bag. Instead you got your sweets twisted up in a small piece of newspaper which she tore off a pile of old Daily Mirrors lying on the counter.

So you can well understand that we had it in for Mrs Pratchett in a big way, but we didn't quite know what to do about it. Many schemes were put forward, but none of them was any good. None of them, that is, until suddenly, one memorable afternoon, we found the dead mouse.

My four friends and I had come across a loose floor-board at the back of the classroom, and when we prised it up with the blade of a pocket-knife, we discovered a big hollow space underneath. This, we decided, would be our secret hiding place

for sweets and other small treasures such as conkers and monkey-nuts and birds' eggs.

Every afternoon, when the last lesson was over, the five of us would wait until the classroom had emptied, then we would lift up the floor-board and examine our secret hoard, perhaps adding to it or taking something away.

One day, when we lifted it up, we found a dead mouse lying among our treasures. It was an exciting discovery.

Thwaites took it out by its tail and waved it in front of our faces. 'What shall we do with it?' he cried.

'It stinks!' someone shouted. 'Throw it out of the window!'

'Hold on a tick,' I said. 'Don't throw it away.'

Thwaites hesitated. They all looked at me.

When writing about oneself, one must strive to be truthful. Truth is more important than modesty. I must tell you, therefore, that it was I and I alone who had the idea for the great and daring Mouse Plot. We all have our moments of brilliance and glory, and this was mine.

'Why don't we,' I said, 'slip it into one of Mrs Pratchett's jars of sweets? Then when she puts her dirty hand in to grab a handful, she'll grab a stinky dead mouse instead.'

The other four stared at me in wonder.

Then, as the sheer genius of the plot began to sink in, they all started grinning. They slapped me on the back. They cheered me and danced around the classroom. 'We'll do it today!' they cried. 'We'll do it on the way home! You had the idea,' they said to me, 'so you can be the one to put the mouse in the jar.'

Thwaites handed me the mouse. I put it into my trouser pocket. Then the five of us left the school, crossed the village green and headed for the sweet-shop. We were tremendously jazzed up. We felt like a gang of desperados setting out to rob a train or blow up the sheriff's office.

We were the victors now and Mrs Pratchett was the victim. She stood behind the counter, and her small malignant pig-eyes watched us suspiciously as we came forward.

'One Sherbet Sucker, please,' Thwaites said to her, holding out his penny.

I kept to the rear of the group, and when I saw Mrs Pratchett turn her head away for a couple of seconds to fish a Sherbet Sucker out of the box, I lifted the heavy glass lid of the Gobstopper jar and dropped the mouse in. Then I replaced the lid as silently as possible. My heart was thumping like mad and my hands had gone all sweaty.

As soon as we were outside, we broke into a run. 'Did you do it?' they shouted at me.

'Of course I did!' I said.

'Well done you!' they cried. 'What a super show!'

I felt like a hero. I was a hero. It was marvellous to be so popular.

The flush of triumph over the dead mouse was carried forward to the next morning as we met again to walk to school.

'Let's go in and see if it's still in the jar,' somebody said as we approached the sweet-shop.

'Don't,' Thwaites said firmly. 'It's too dangerous. Walk past as though nothing has happened.'