

A to Z Jobs List

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Unit 4 Day 1

What do you want to be?

What do you want to *be*?

What do *you* want to be?

What do you want to be?

Hey listen kid, you don't have to tell me—

I'm just here to read some poetry.

You can leave now if you want.

You're completely free, you see.

But, before you go, let me tell you

I'm not here to tell you about birds and bees
and trees

and bananas and farmers and poetry things.

This poem is a question,

and I'm asking what you dream and feel and things.

You see, maybe you want to be famous.

Maybe you want to be an astronaut and explore Uranus.

Maybe you want to be the craziest stunt lady Hollywood's ever seen.

Maybe you want to buy some flashy mansion

and spend all your time keeping it clean.

Maybe you're a dancer and Bollywood's more your scene.

Maybe you're a natural,

Maybe you're going to have work hard at it.

Maybe you're a punk singer and you want to smash...it...up.

Maybe you like nice stuff.

Maybe to get it you're going to act all tough.

Maybe you're going to be sweet.

Maybe you're going to meet and greet.

Maybe you just want to help people.

Or maybe you want to be a success, like prove that you're the best.

Maybe you want to be a celebrity, or an important politician,

shake the hands of the mayor.

Then again, maybe you just don't care.

Maybe you're in it for the money.

Now *that's* a sweet honey.

People don't find anything funny when they're racing to be rich.

Maybe you want to be surrounded by iPhones and quick fixes,

Maybe your heart tremors and twitches round diamond rings and bling.

Maybe you want to see all the precious things that eBay can bring,

Or wear so many jewels you look like a King.

Maybe you just want to sing in the shower

and that's what makes you feel free.

Maybe all you need is the moon and a tree to feel happy.

Maybe you're a natural.

Maybe you're a doctor, a tinker, a tailor, an architect of bad behaviour.

You could be a soldier or a spy.

You could be the kind of guy who wonders why

the world is just as it is

Or how the plane can stay in the sky.

Maybe you're an expert at stopping a baby crying.

Maybe you'll be found frying a rich man's breakfast

in a gourmet restaurant.

Maybe you're a killer chef or an amazing painter.

You don't have to know now;

you can find out later what it is you really want to be.

Because maybe you just want to see the world.

Maybe you want to travel around and live out of a backpack.

Maybe you want to be a goth, wearing nothing but black

'cos maybe being blue just ain't you.

Maybe you just have to find out what's true and what's a lie in the

newspaper.

Maybe you'd make a kiss-ass journalist.

Then again maybe all that writing would turn you mentalist.

Maybe you want to make your own zombie movies,

spray ketchup all over your mate's face for fake blood,

Maybe you want to be a dirt biker all covered in mud,
or a rescue woman saving people in a flood.
Maybe you want to be a boxer, landing punches with a thud.
Maybe you want to do very little,
live life quietly up a mountain someplace,
stay up all night staring into space.
Maybe you want to raise a family.
Maybe you want to devote your life to a god.
Maybe you want to live in a caravan on the sea, serving cod and chips.
Maybe you'll be eternally swell if you can just kiss a sweet pair of lips

Whatever your dream, I'm just here to remind you that you can be
whatever you want to be and you can have *anything*, you see.
Now if you're like me you're going to want it all for free.
But like me and like lots of other people like me,
in the end you're going to see
that if you want to be what you want to be
then you are going to have believe
and work real hard.

Unless you just want to be a nobody, which is real easy.
But don't worry, 'cos this crazy game is not a race,
and it's not up to me or school or TV to tell you your place.
We don't know your dream, or even what you really mean
when you say what you want to be.

It's up to you.

You've got to decide for yourself you see.

Now, tell me - what do you want to be?

Wilf Merttens

Adverbs of Possibility Lists

Print out and cut up for children to refer to when writing sentences about their future job ambitions and dreams

never	never	never
maybe	maybe	maybe
possibly	possibly	possibly
perhaps	perhaps	perhaps
probably	probably	probably
certainly	certainly	certainly
surely	surely	surely
definitely	definitely	definitely
obviously	obviously	obviously
clearly	clearly	clearly
doubtless	doubtless	doubtless

Unit 4 Day 1

Add an Adverb

Selecting an adverb of possibility from the list, copy and complete the sentences below into your book.

never, maybe, possibly, perhaps, probably, certainly, definitely

I will _____ work as a deep-sea diver when I leave school.

Working as a lion tamer is _____ a job I would consider doing.

One day I will _____ climb Mount Everest.

I would _____ love to be an ice cream flavour taster.

_____ I will become a magician when I am older.

I am _____ going to do a job that makes me happy!

Finished? Write a sentence about your dream job using one of the adverbs of possibility. Now chose a different adverb and write another sentence. Keep going! How many can you do?

Unit 4 Day 1

never

perhaps

maybe

possibly

probably

definitely

certainly

Unit 4 Day 1

Author Profile of Lemn Sissay



Lemn Sissay was born in 1967 in Lancashire, although his mother came from Ethiopia. As his mother couldn't look after him as a baby, he lived with foster parents and then in care homes. He had his first book of poems published when he was only 21, and has been a full-time writer and performer ever since. He was awarded an MBE (Member of the Order of the British Empire) in 2009 and was the Poet in Residence for the 2012 London Olympics.

Unit 4 Day 2

When I'm Older

I'll never pull my socks up. I'll never fold my clothes
I'll even have a servant to wipe my drippy nose
And at the dinner table FIRST I'll have my sweet
I'll always rush my tea and never brush my teeth

I'll never wipe my face and never clean my shoes
I'll never cry never ever. I'll never flush the loo
I'll never do my homework. I'll never eat sprouts
When Mum asks. 'where you going' I'll say 'OUT'

I'll never clean my bedroom, never change my socks
I'll always yell 'OI!' through the letterbox
I'll never wash the pots. I'll never do my bed.
For breakfast I'll only eat jam on shortbread

I'll never wipe my feet, I'll never wipe my nose
I'll never cut my nails and I'll never wash my clothes
I'll always ring the doorbell, I'll never wear a tie
I'll always answer the telephone with the word

Goodbye!

Lemn Sissay,
Read Me and Laugh: a fun poem for every day of the year
Chosen by Gaby Morgan
Macmillan, 2005