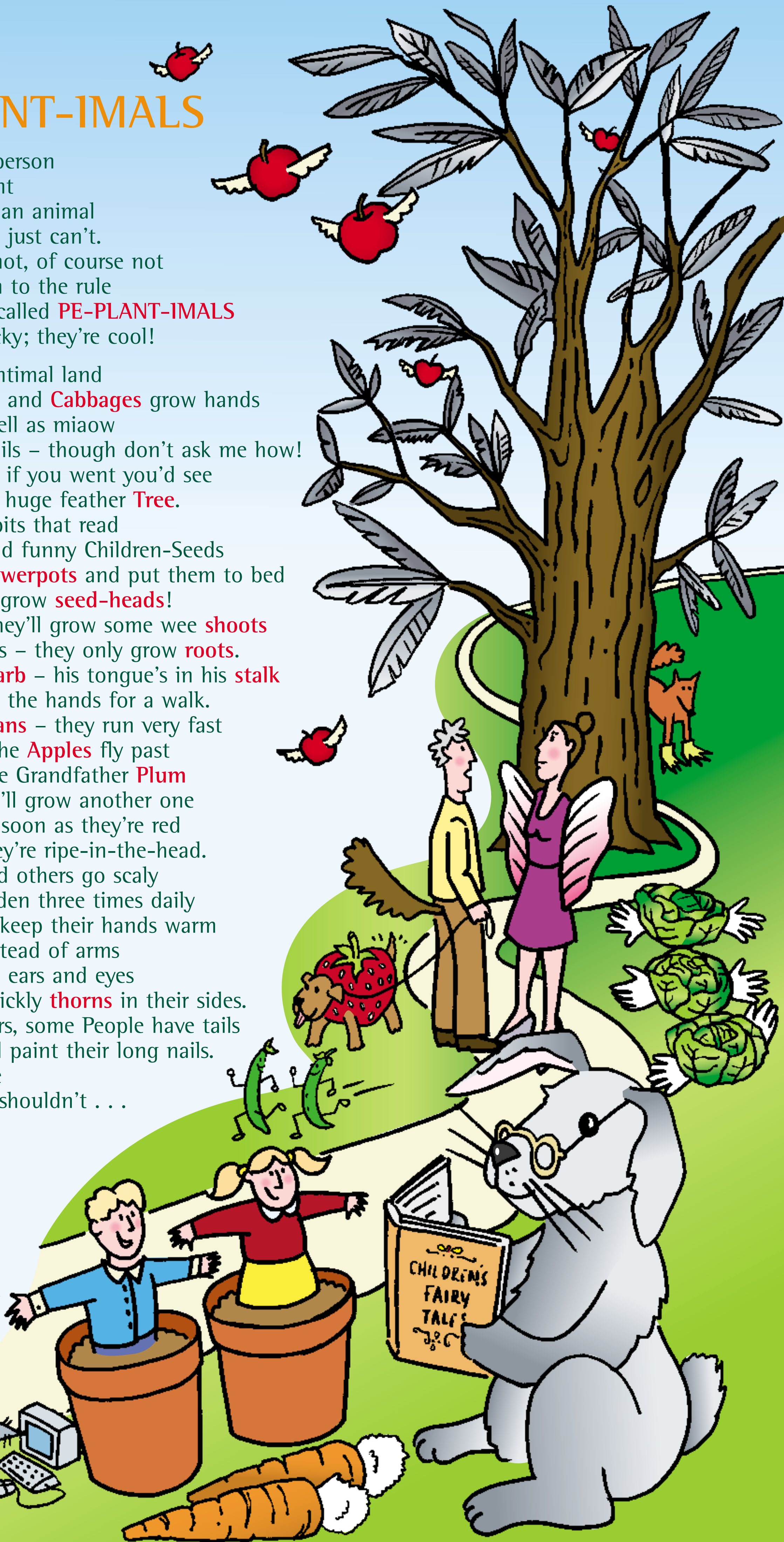


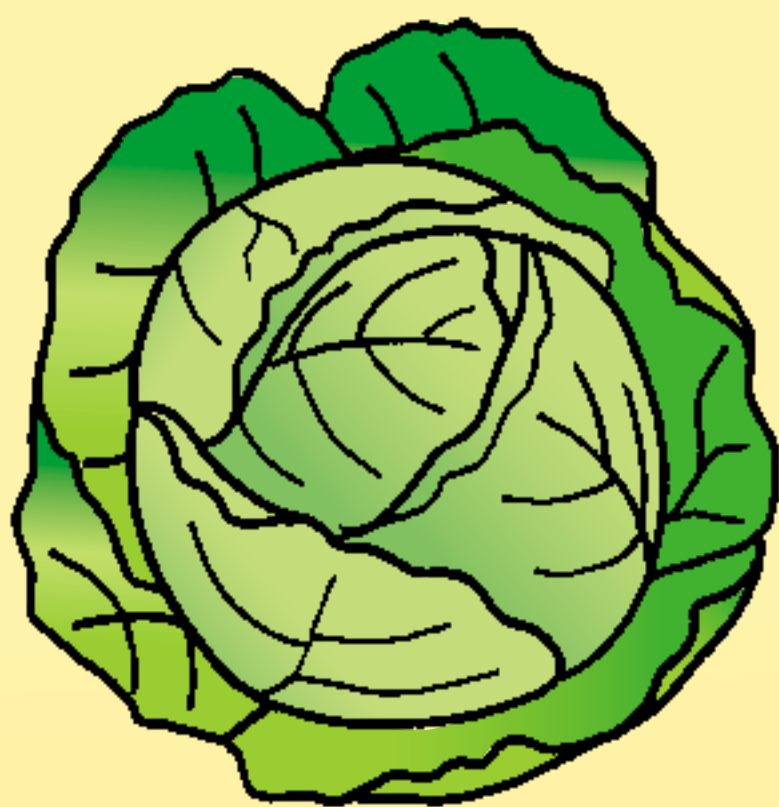
THE PE-PLANT-IMALS

A person is a person is a person
 A plant is a plant is a plant
 An animal is an animal is an animal
 It can't be any other way; just can't.
 Of course not, of course not, of course not
 But there is one exception to the rule
 There are these creatures called **PE-PLANT-IMALS**
 They're mega; they're wacky; they're cool!

Peplantimals live in Peplantimal land
 Where People grow **petals** and **Cabbages** grow hands
 And Kittens can talk as well as miaow
 And **Carrots** grow furry tails – though don't ask me how!
 I've been there; I love it – if you went you'd see
Turnips with curly hair; a huge feather **Tree**.
Strawberry Puppies; Rabbits that read
 Birds who wear glasses and funny Children-Seeds
 You can plant them in **flowerpots** and put them to bed
 And after a week they all grow **seed-heads**!
 And after another week they'll grow some wee **shoots**
 But they'll never grow legs – they only grow **roots**.
 You can talk to the **Rhubarb** – his tongue's in his **stalk**
 You can take the Cows by the hands for a walk.
 You can play with the **Beans** – they run very fast
 Or just sit and watch all the **Apples** fly past
 You can taste a bite of the Grandfather **Plum**
 He won't mind at all – he'll grow another one
 The **Tomatoes** all bark as soon as they're red
 That's a sure sign that they're ripe-in-the-head.
 Some **Flowers** go bald and others go scaly
 And swim around the garden three times daily
 The Foxes wear gloves to keep their hands warm
 And Aunties have fins, instead of arms
 The Roses have noses and ears and eyes
 And some Fathers have prickly **thorns** in their sides.
 Some Mice have computers, some People have tails
 All Fish wear perfume and paint their long nails.
 You really should go there
 – though . . . maybe you shouldn't . . .

Peplantimals live in
 a world of their own
 Perhaps it's as well
 that we leave them alone
 For, can you imagine... !
 What would we do
 If Peplantimals came back
 and lived here
 – with you?

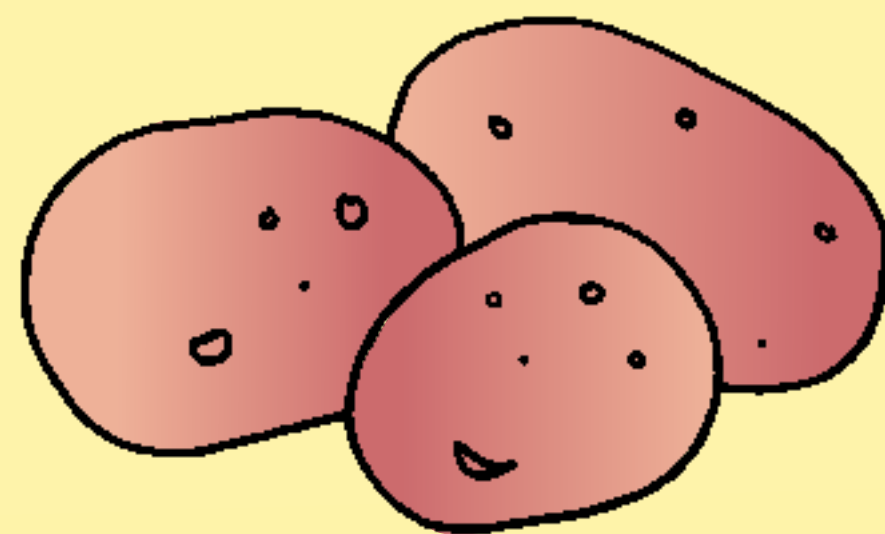




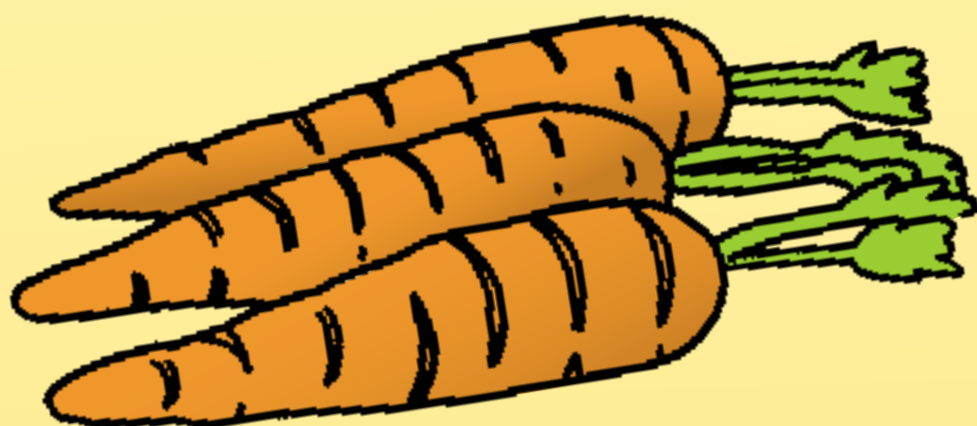
Cabbage



Parsnip



Potatoes



Carrots



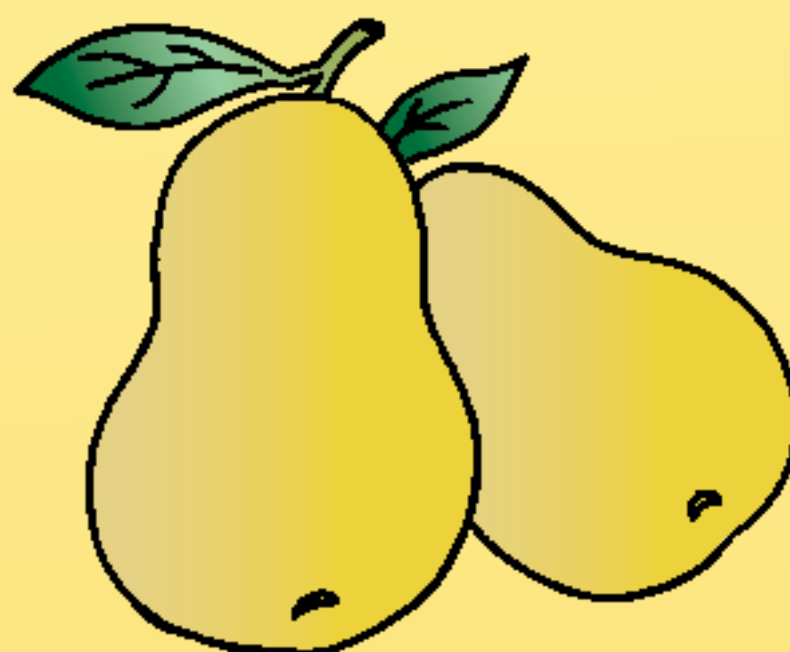
Broccoli



Peas



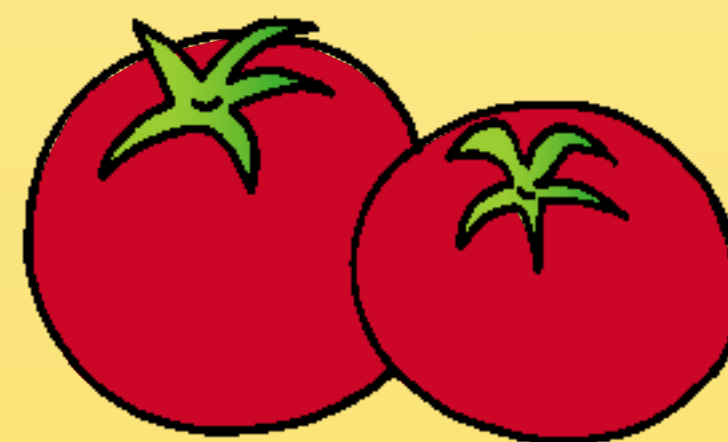
Turnip



Pears



Mushrooms



Tomatoes



Brussel Sprouts



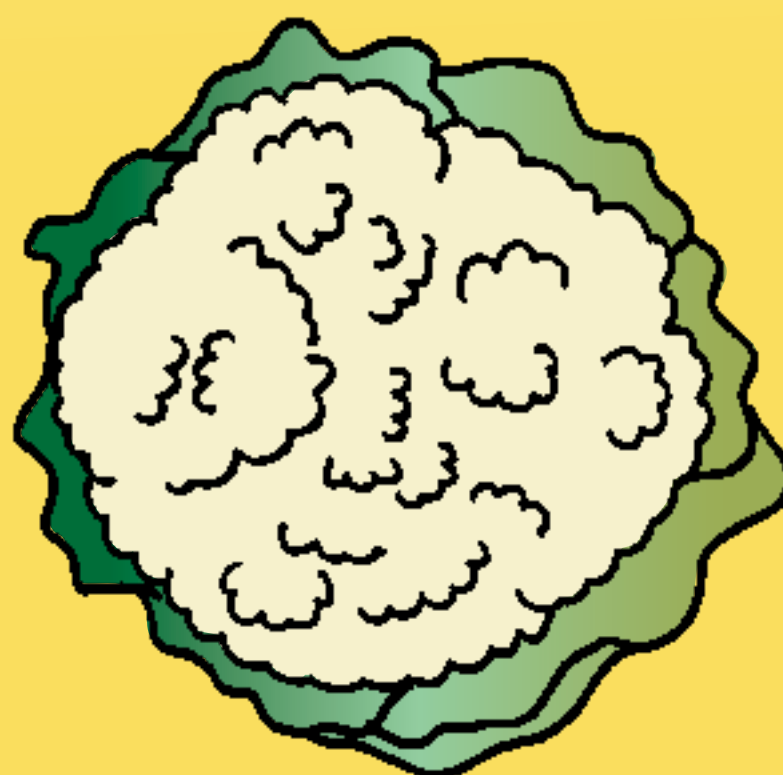
Apple



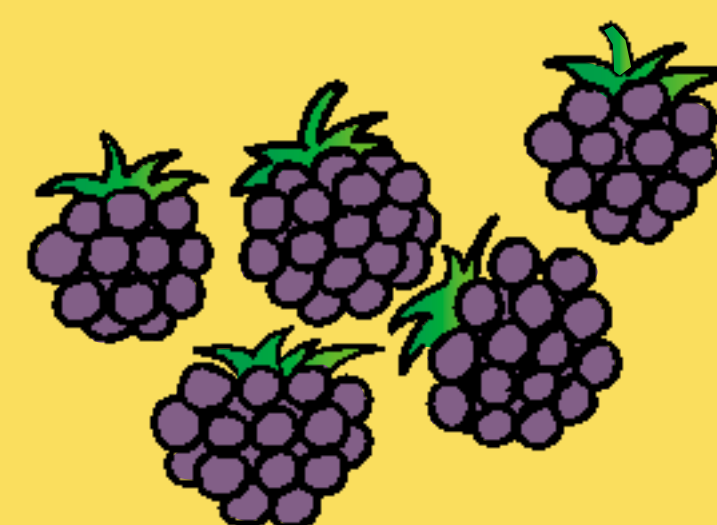
Celery



Onions

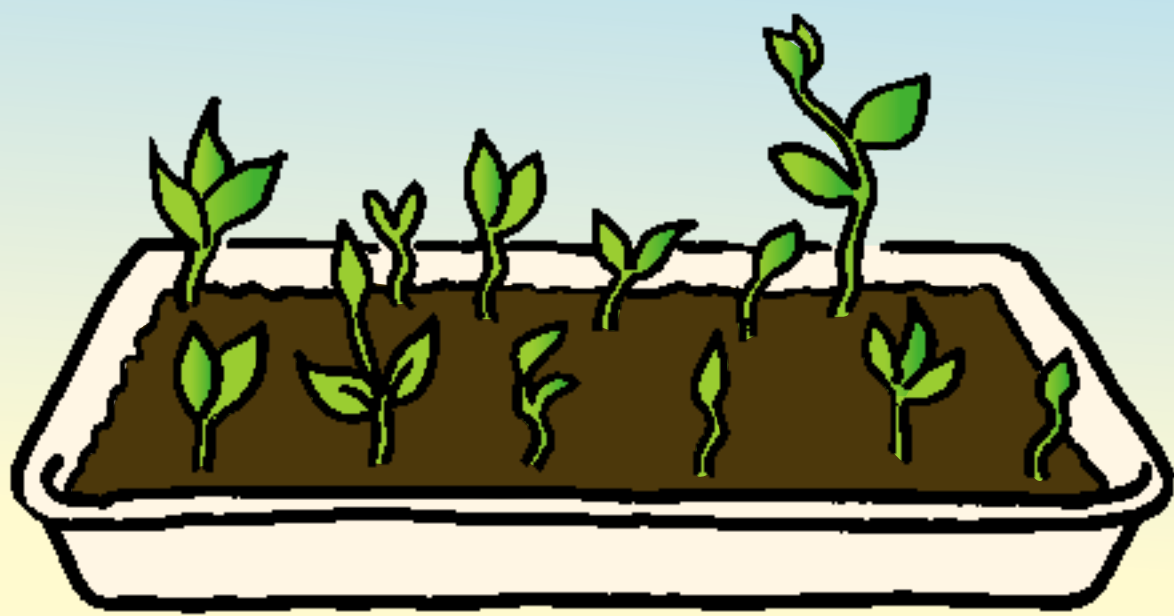


Cauliflower



Blackberries

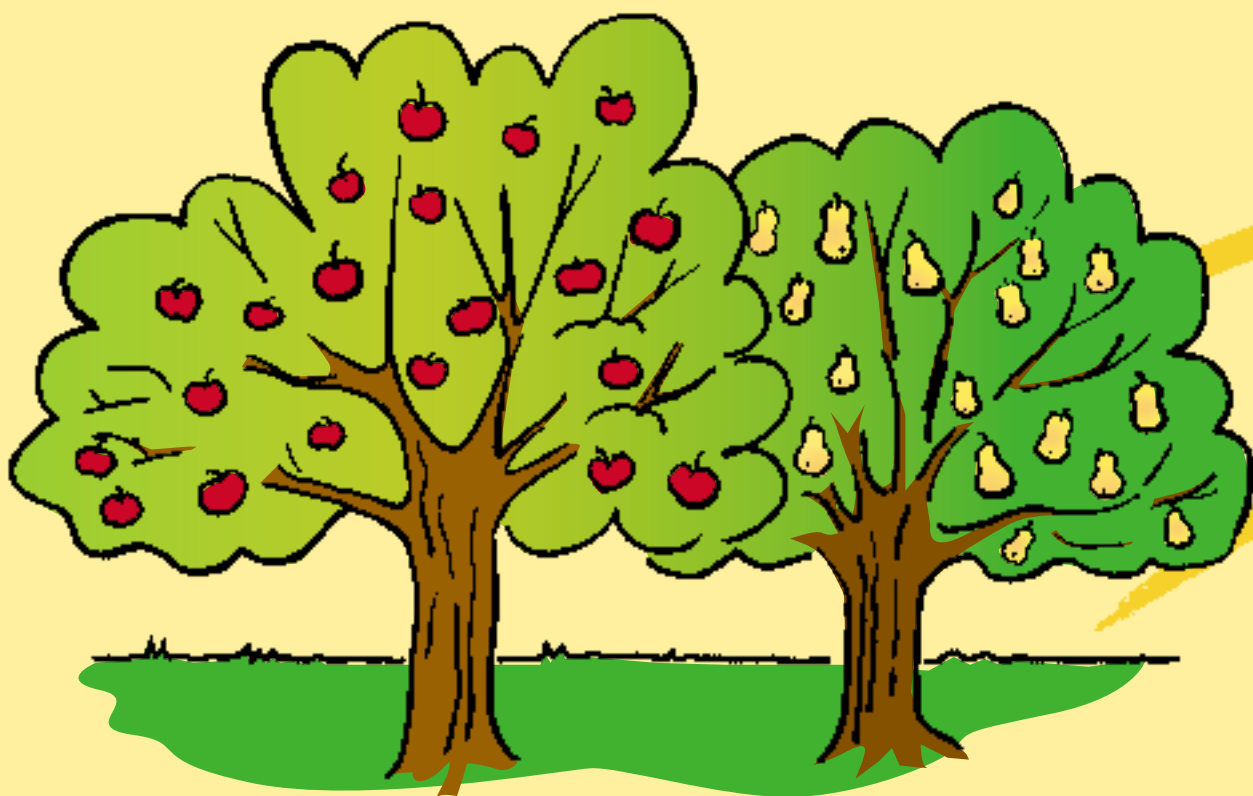
The Sun and the Seasons



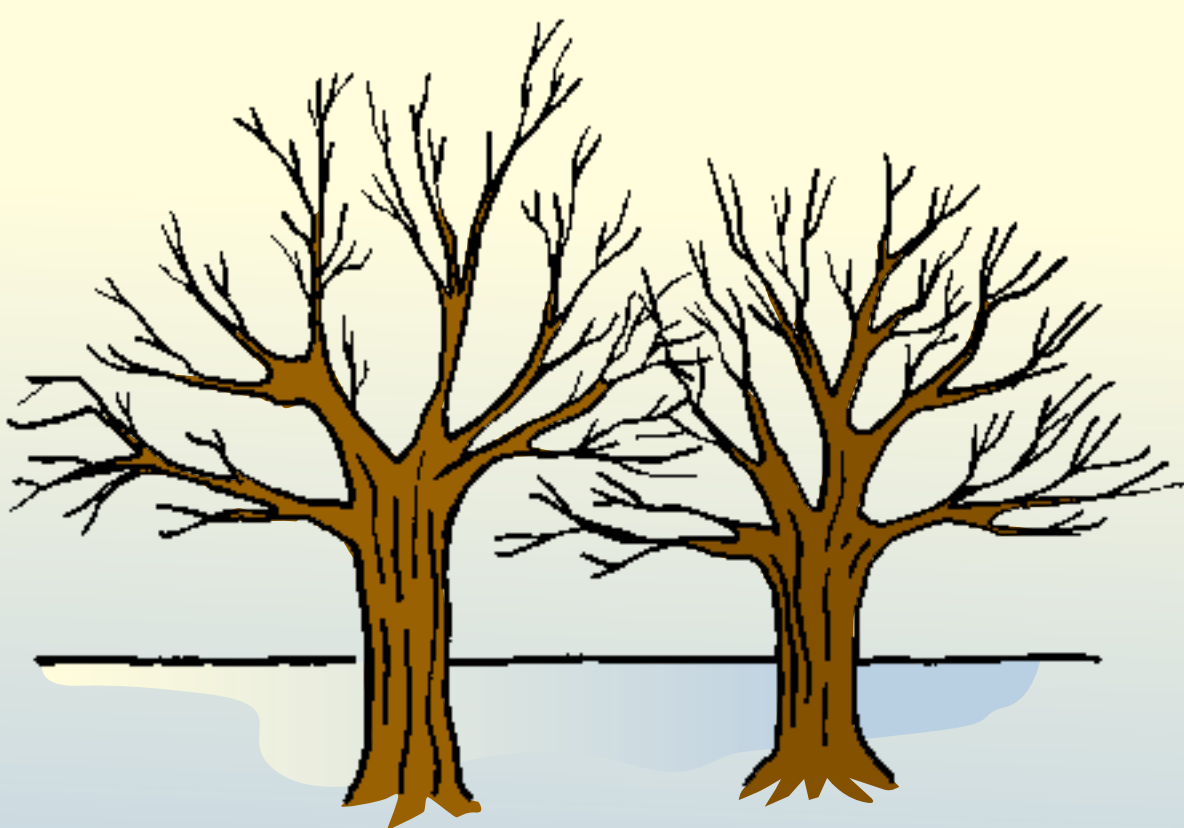
In **Spring** baby veg in their vegetable plots
Wake and stand up like babies in cots
Reaching wee fingery **leaves** to the sun
Who holds out her rays and calls –
“Come children, **come!**”



In **Summer** the sun shines long **daylight** hours –
No better thing for **growing** young flowers.
They **bloom** and they **blossom** their colourful best
Just like a garden full of bright wedding guests.

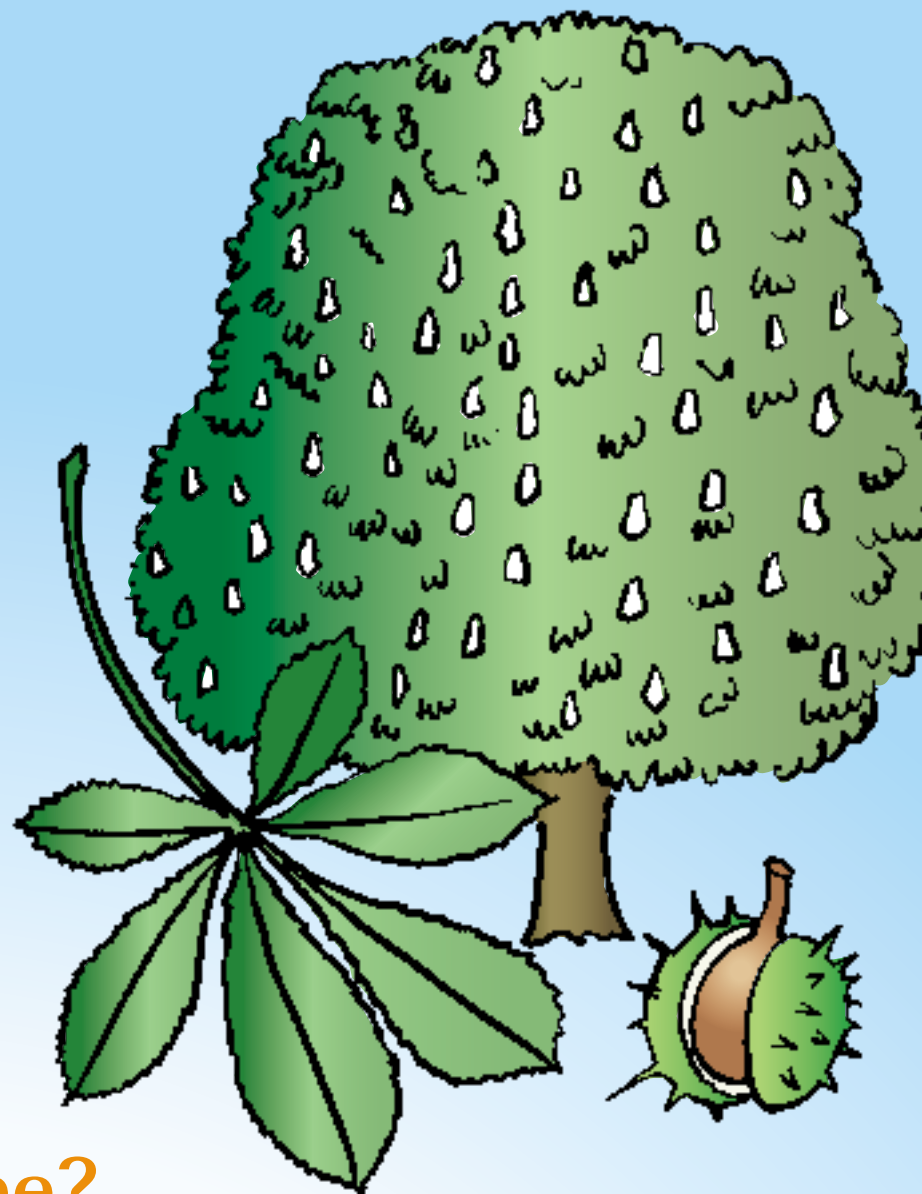


In **Autumn** the sun's work is almost done
She just has to **ripen** her apples, pears, plums
She plumps up each one with a juicy little tum
Fruit of the labour of **golden** Autumn **sun**.



In **Winter** the sun gets so **tired** – poor thing
She slithers down the sky as the **darkness** creeps in
While many of her **plants** retire to their **bed**
Pulling blankets of earth up over their heads.

And there they will **sleep**, the long winter through
Without the **sun's** warmth, what else can they do?
But early in **Springtime**, the sun'll start to climb
Calling to all **plants**, “Wake up, **rise** and shine!”

Oak DaOir**Chestnut Cnóchapail**

What Is A Tree?

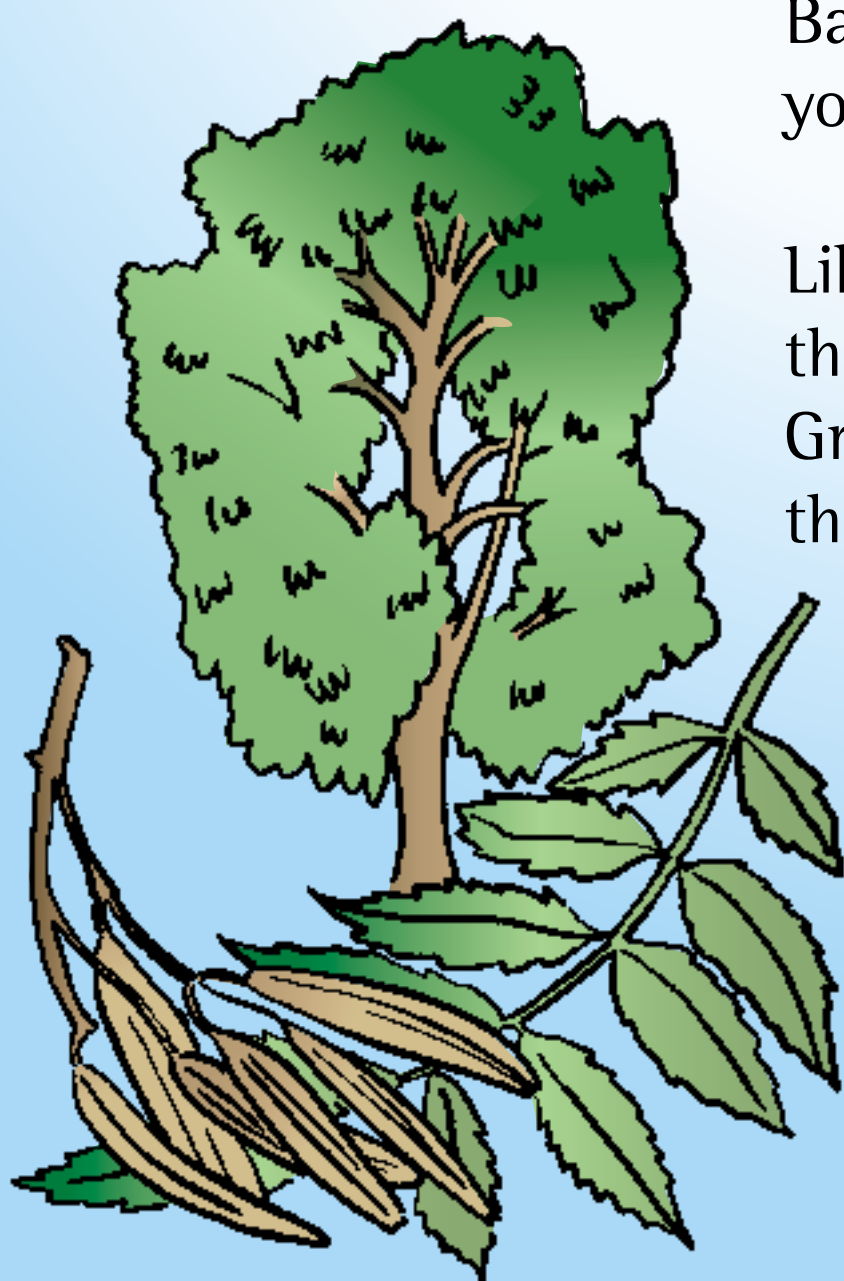
Like a million straws
the roots of a tree
Suck water in
when it gets thirsty

Like a million fingers
gripping tight
Roots hold a tree firm -
with all their might

Like a strong backbone
the trunk of a tree
Holds its branches aloft
proud as can be

Like skin that is tough
and rough as your boot
Bark saves the tree like
your shoe does your foot

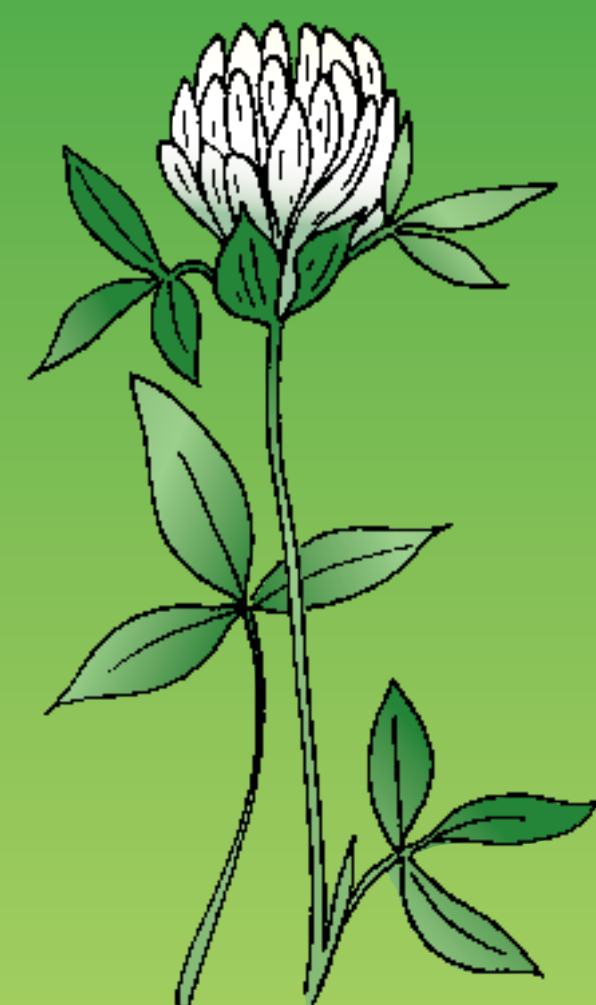
Like a million green tongues
the tree's leaves hang out
Grabbing food from the air
that blows roundabout

**Fir Giúis****Beech Fáibhile****Spruce Giúisghallda****Ash Fuinseog**

Primrose



Fuchsia



White Clover

Poppy



Buttercup

Stitchwort



Daisy



Red Clover

**Dandelion - D'oh!*****Taraxacum Dens-Leonis!***

Dandelion, funky fellow
Mad dyed-hair, electric yellow

Dude; punk-Bart Simpson hair
Havoc in ditches, everywhere

In the end, Dandelion, beware!
Puff ... Puff ... Puff ...
Goodbye hair!





Black Currant



Red Currant



Gooseberry



Strawberry

THE GOOD FOOD SONG

(To the tune of 'A Little Bit a' Monica' etc.)

One two three four five
Everybody in the country gotta' stay alive
Got to keep growin' strong
(pause/rest between the words 'Got' and 'to')
Gotta keep goin' so I'm singing this song.

Chorus

A little bit a' breakfast every day
A little bit a' cereal – that's the way
A little bit a' fruit for breaktime munch
A little bit a' brown bread in my lunch
A little bit a' meat at dinner time
A little bit a' veg – will be just fine
A little bit a' fish is good for tea
A little bit a' everything's good for me.

(spoken)

Six seven eight nine ten
I'm goin' to eat good food again and again
Breakfast lunch dinner or tea
I'm goin' to eat everything; it's all good for me.

Chorus



Blackberry

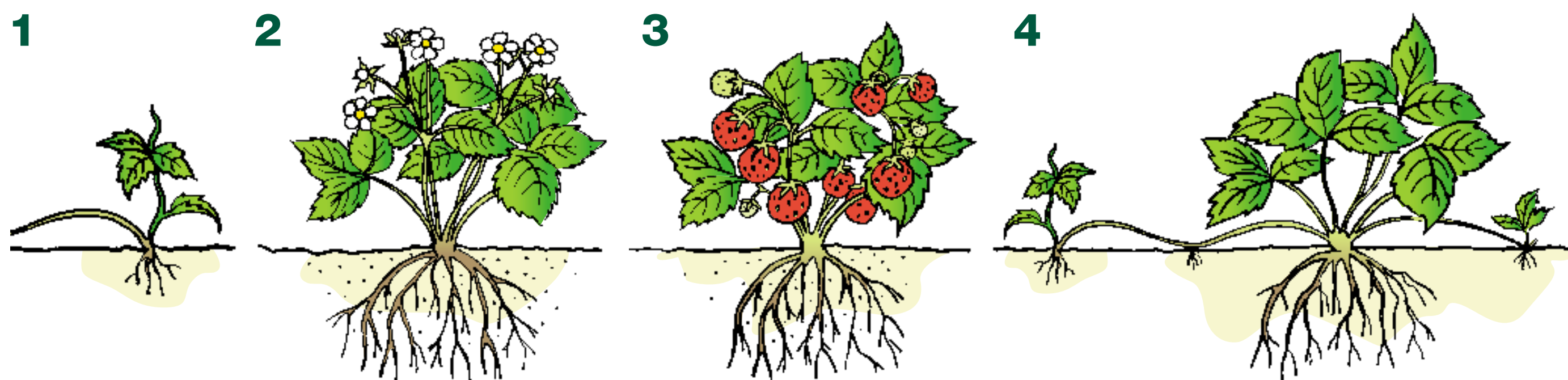


Blueberry



Raspberry

LIFECYCLE OF A STRAWBERRY



Horticulture
IRELAND
BORD BIA THE IRISH FOOD BOARD