

The Story of Hip Hop

The Books

Alright now, shhhh, I have the nicest surprise for you,
but you first must wash your face and get ready...
(splashing) hmmm, hmmm, hmmm...
Listen carefully... shhh. I want to tell you a story about Hip Hop.
Hello little Hip Hop.
The flowers liked Hip Hop, and Hip Hop liked the flowers. (Yes.)
He lived with his sister, Skip Hop (La la la...)
and his brother, Slide Hop. (Hey.)
He never rests. He beats and whirrs and whirrs so fast that you can't
tell what he looks like. (Thump thump, prrrrrr, click click, quack.)
Little Hip Hop started to hop, Skip Hop didn't know when they would
ever stop. Hip Hop for breakfast, lunch and dinner.
Look at all the pretty flowers... (Acht, zeven, zes, grapefruit.)
One day, Hip Hop took a deep breath, shut his eyes, and jumped...
"ahhhhhh!"
Poor Hip Hop, there was was, right in your house... ooooh.
("Be careful!", "Hello Canada!", "...like Buddhists",
"That's all-natural.", "Nein!", "Gezichts-massage.")
"I closed my eyes and jumped until... Thump!
I didn't mean to hop into your home, really I didn't!"
One small tear came. "Stop crying little Hip Hop,
I'm glad you came to see me. I get lonesome
with no one to make me laugh. Ho ho ho!"
And off they went with a hop and a hip,
a skip and a slide, all happy inside.
Their heads bobbed up and down...
How funny he looks, jumping up and down, whirling in the air...
and the flowers love him. He's always around some flowers.
Now you see the trouble little Hip Hop got into.
It was all because he didn't look where he hopped...
and even the flowers talk to each other, like people do,
but the sounds they make are different.
Listen carefully, and try to understand what they say.

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