

**I Wish I Was Our Sammy**  
**By Willy Russell**  
**From Blood Brothers**

Pupils can try this monologue with their normal dialect and then if they would like to they could try it using a Liverpudlian accent.

I wish I was our Sammy,  
Our Sammy's nearly ten.  
He's got two worms and a catapult  
An' he's built a underground den.  
But I'm not allowed to go in there,  
I have to stay near the gate,  
'Cos me Mam says I'm only seven,  
But I'm not, I'm nearly eight!

I sometimes hate our Sammy,  
He robbed me toy car y' know,  
Now the wheels are missin' an' the top's broke off,  
An' the bleedin' thing won't go.  
An' he said when he took it, it was just like that,  
But it wasn't, it was dead straight.  
But y' can't say nott'n when they think y' seven,  
An' y' not, y' nearly eight.

I wish I was our Sammy,  
Y' wanna see him spit,  
Straight in y' eye from twenty yards  
An' every time a hit.  
He's allowed to play with matches,  
And he goes to bed dead late,  
And I have to go at seven,  
Even though I'm nearly eight.

Y' know our Sammy,  
He draws nudey women,  
Without arms, or legs, or even heads  
In the baths, when he goes swimmin'.  
But I'm not allowed to go to the baths,  
Me Mam says I have to wait,  
'Cos I might get drowned, 'cos I'm only seven,  
But I'm not, I'm nearly eight.

Y' know our Sammy,  
Y' know what he sometimes does?  
He wees straight through the letter box  
Of the house next door to us.  
I tried to do it one night,  
But I had to stand on a crate,  
'Cos I couldn't reach the letter box,  
but I will by the time I'm eight.