

The PJ Rapper

By Sabrina Li

Amongst all my uncles, my favourite uncle is Uncle Tommy. He's from Mexico, and has a huge beard and a strange accent. He told me secretly that his dream is to be a rapper. Last year, our town held a concert and everyone was allowed to perform. Uncle Tommy, who always practiced rapping before dinner, signed up to perform.

The week before the performance, Uncle Tommy rapped all day. From the first sound of the chickens crowing, to the sun setting, Uncle Tommy did not stop rapping. He rapped all day and all night 'till his saliva was dry and the lyrics found a permanent place in our brains.

On the day of the performance, this is what Uncle Tommy wore: polka dot PJs, a raincoat, a Mexican chips hat and bunny slippers. How embarrassing! As all the performers paraded through, we could see Uncle Tommy turning red. He whispered to me. "I'm not performing tonight. I'm not talented enough". "Keep going Uncle, this isn't about talent. It's the courage you have. You can do it." I urged. We did a thumbs-up and he scampered away. After all the hard work, he can't possibly give up so easily!

At last, it was time for Uncle Tommy to perform. The audience roared with laughter as Uncle went on stage. He strummed his ukulele and began to rap. It was the best performance ever! With his witty movements and strange accent, he became a famous rapper in our town: "The PJ Rapper!"

