In her first collection of poetry for children, Jackie Kay's writing has a freshness and directness which children will immediately recognise. The poems reflect her Glasgow upbringing, with evocative descriptions of Burns Suppers (Patrick Burgh Hall? Partick, surely!) Hogmanay, and island holidays. Her use of Scots dialect with wonderfully descriptive words - skelf, glaikit, cludgie - needs no explanations (although they are given). The poems will strike many chords with children - bullying, racist taunts and adoption, as well as the pleasures of having an imaginary friend. One of the most refreshing and original poetry books I've seen for some time.