My Song Travels Around the World

by Bebé Escritora



A little musical journey through rhythms, cultures, feelings, and the joy of being together.

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Hello, hello! I’m Bebé Escritora!



Here I am, sitting on my rainbow. Did you know it is the very first rainbow to be born in my universe? It is made from the joy of children all around the planet, and it will shine brighter every day when you look at it with your curious little eyes and listen with an open heart.

This rainbow is made of more than colors: it is made of sounds, laughter, and songs that travel around the world. Every color holds a rhythm; every note holds a feeling. And I am here to invite you to explore it with me, as if it were a magical bridge connecting cultures, countries, and dreams.

My song travels around the world because it wants you to discover that music has no borders. It can be as gentle as a Japanese breeze, as joyful as a Mexican cumbia, or as deep as African percussion. It can teach you to breathe, to dance, and to feel.

And so our journey begins: from my rainbow to your heart, from your body to the whole planet. Will you come with me?

Chapter 1: The Fantastic Journey



Here I am, my little body a bit tired but happy, taking a deep breath to feel the excitement of a journey that will carry me all around planet Earth. It is a magical journey: one single song that transforms into many, without ever losing itself. Just like me, just like you, just like everyone who grows by playing and learning.

My song never sits still. It dresses up as salsa, pop, cumbia, reggaeton… and keeps beating with the very same heart. It transforms, but never changes what it says; only the way it says it changes. It is a musical mirror that invites you to feel music in your body, to listen with your feet, your arms, and your heart. You will discover that rhythm can teach, keep you company, and give you a hug.

A very special song joins me on this journey: **“Let’s Exercise, Baby!”** My grandmother composed it for me when I was still just a whisper inside Mommy’s tummy. That song is my little staircase of movements: from my head to my tiny toes, from slow to fast, from playtime to rest. It does not command, shout, or push. It simply invites you, like a soft cloud asking, “Shall we play?”

This chapter is the magical doorway: here begins the adventure of my traveling song. A song that dresses in different worlds, opens windows onto cultures and feelings, and reminds us that music is a universal language. Every rhythm will be one more little step on this fantastic journey, where you will discover that the whole planet sings along with you.

And so my journey begins… A song dressed in a thousand colors, changing its outfit without losing its voice. Every note is a little step; every rhythm is a window.

Now that you know my secret — that music can transform and still remain the same — I invite you to continue with me. Let’s open the planet’s musical map together, where every culture sings and every feeling dances.

Because my song does not travel alone: it travels with you, with your heart, with your little feet that want to jump. In the next chapter, you will discover that every rhythm is a gift, a feeling opening like a flower. Come along! The whole world is waiting for us to sing.

Chapter 2: The Rhythms I Offer You on My Journey — A World of Feelings



“Let’s Exercise, Baby!” is like a musical mirror. Every time it transforms, your body learns to move in a different way. Salsa, cumbia, pop, reggaeton… and also Japanese ballads, yoga, and other rhythms that teach you to breathe, stretch, and feel.

In this chapter, I will take you by the hand through rhythms from many countries, cultures, and feelings. I will show you that music is more than sound: it is history, roots, and identity.

You will discover that:
• India-inspired yoga breathes.
• The Japanese ballad is a breeze.
• Cuban trova is poetry.
• Puerto Rican reggaeton is a racing heart.
• Mexican cumbia is a hammock.
• Spanish flamenco is presence.
• African percussion is a beating root.

Every rhythm will show you a little piece of the world. Every culture will give you a sound. Every feeling will open a door.

There are many more rhythms on our planet than the ones I have chosen, but this is my gift: a musical map to help you discover that the planet sings with you. You can visit my website and suggest other rhythms you would like to hear with my little song as it travels around the planet. For now, enjoy the ones I offer you!

Rhythms for Calm

India-inspired Yoga — Breathing

> “I breathe very slowly… as if my little tummy were a balloon gently rising and falling.”

How it sounds: Soft and gentle, as if the air were tickling you. **Instruments:** Sitar, tabla, and little Tibetan bells. **Where it began:** India, a country full of colors and temples. **A little curiosity:** Babies in India listen to music called *ragas* to help them fall asleep. In India, there are special ragas for different times of day. Music has a clock, too!

Japanese Ballad — Breeze

> “This sounds as if a little cloud were stroking my ear. Listen, and you’ll feel it…”

How it sounds: Like wind passing through flowers. Japanese ballads use clear, delicate sounds, like drops of water falling. **Instruments:** Koto (a kind of long harp) and shakuhachi (a bamboo flute). **Where it began:** Japan, the land of pink cherry blossoms. **A little curiosity:** Many songs are played as sakura petals fall, as if music were keeping nature company.

Cuban Trova — Poetry

> “It is music that speaks softly to me… like Grandma when she tells me a story.”

How it sounds: Like a story sung aloud. **Instruments:** Guitar, a gentle voice, and sometimes the Cuban tres. **Where it began:** Cuba, where people sing stories as if they were letters set to melody. **A little curiosity:** Trova is like a musical letter sung from the heart. Long ago, troubadours traveled from town to town sharing musical stories.

Romantic Ballad — Tenderness

> “It is music for a cuddle… for saying, ‘I love you so much.’”

How it sounds: Like a long, warm hug. **Instruments:** Piano, violins, and guitar. **Where it began:** In many countries, but always with heart. **A little curiosity:** It is a favorite kind of music for singing while looking at someone we love… like Mommy looking at her baby.

Andean Music — Mountain Heights

> “It sounds as if I were flying through the sky on a little llama.”

How it sounds: Like a cool breeze coming down from the mountains. **Instruments:** Quena, panpipes, and charango. **Where it began:** In the high mountains of Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Chile. **A little curiosity:** The panpipes sound as if the clouds themselves were blowing.

Countryside Music — Earth

> “It is music that smells like freshly baked bread.”

How it sounds: Honest and warm, like life in the countryside. **Instruments:** Guitar, tres, and maracas. **Where it began:** In the countryside of Latin America. **A little curiosity:** Many songs tell stories about hens, rain, and sunrise. Babies in the countryside often fall asleep listening to these songs.

Rhythms for Energy

Puerto Rican Reggaeton — Flow

> “My little body starts bouncing all by itself… I just can’t stop!”

How it sounds: Tum-pa-tum-pa, like a racing heart. **Instruments:** Dembow beat and synthesizers. **Where it began:** Puerto Rico. **A little curiosity:** Although it sounds very modern today, its rhythm has roots in very old African drumming traditions.

Cuban Conga — Parade

> “You go that way, I’ll go this way! We’re a dancing caterpillar!”

How it sounds: Like a party on the move. **Instruments:** Congas, bells, and the Chinese trumpet. **Where it began:** Cuba. **A little curiosity:** People dance it together in the streets, like one long musical train.

Dominican Merengue — Explosion

> “My little feet go: tee-ree-tee-ree-ta!”

How it sounds: Fast, joyful, and full of little jumps. **Instruments:** Güira, tambora, and accordion. **Where it began:** The Dominican Republic. **A little curiosity:** Some say it began by imitating the step of an injured soldier… and ended up becoming a dance!

Electrofunk + Pop-Rock — Spark

> “I’m a little dancing robot!”

How it sounds: Modern, electric, bright, and full of lights. **Instruments:** Synthesizers and electric guitars. **Where it began:** A blend of influences from the United States and Europe. **A little curiosity:** Electronic sounds can imitate frogs, robots, or stars… it is music that loves to play!

Classic Rock — Strength

> “My head says yes-yes-yes!”

How it sounds: Strong, brave, and powerful. Rock was born to shout about freedom. **Instruments:** Electric guitar, drums, and bass. **Where it began:** The United States and the United Kingdom. **A little curiosity:** Babies often move their heads without even meaning to when they hear rock… it’s rhythmic instinct — little rock-star instinct!

Cuban Salsa — Flavor

> “My little hips go: ta-ka-ta-ka-ta!”

How it sounds: Like dancing fire. **Instruments:** Trumpets, congas, timbales, and piano. **Where it began:** A blend shaped by Cuba, Puerto Rico, and New York. **A little curiosity:** Salsa is traveling music that brings cultures together by blending rhythms from Cuba, Puerto Rico, and New York.

Rhythms for Imagining

Spanish Flamenco — Presence

> “Clap, clap! I’m a tiny flamenco dancer!”

How it sounds: Deep, elegant, and strong. **Instruments:** Flamenco guitar, handclaps, and rhythmic footwork. **Where it began:** Andalusia, Spain. **A little curiosity:** Little flamenco babies learn to clap before they learn to walk.

Russian Folk Music — Legend

> “It sounds like a little Matryoshka doll telling a secret.”

How it sounds: Like a winter story. **Instruments:** Balalaika and garmon. **Where it began:** Russia. **A little curiosity:** Many songs tell stories about little dolls, snow, and magical forests.

Electro Swing — Style

> “I’m an elegant little baby!”

How it sounds: Old-fashioned and modern at the same time. It is modern music that plays with sounds from the past. **Instruments:** Trumpets, double bass, and electronic beats. **Where it began:** Europe. **A little curiosity:** It sounds like bouncy little footsteps. It is the favorite rhythm of characters who wear hats

and suspenders.

Universal Children's Pop — Play

"My body says yes to playtime!"

How it sounds: Bright, simple, and fun. It is music made for children all around the world. **Instruments:** Gentle voices and colorful sounds. **Where it began:** Everywhere in the world. **A little curiosity:** Many musical toys use pop rhythms so babies can learn without even noticing.

African Percussion — Roots

"My heart goes thump-thump along with the drums."

How it sounds: Deep, ancient, and alive. It is music born from the drum. **Instruments:** Djembe, dun-dun, and kalimba. **Where it began:** West Africa. **A tender little curiosity:** In many African cultures, babies feel the rhythm on their backs as their mothers dance while carrying them.

Rhythms for Hugs

Mexican Cumbia — Swaying

"I rock gently, like a little boat."

How it sounds: Sweet, rocking, and gentle. **Instruments:** Accordion, güiro, and drums. **Where it began:** Colombia. **A little curiosity:** Cumbia began in Colombia, but Mexico welcomed it and made it sweeter and more romantic. It is music people dance close together to, like swaying in a hammock.

Mexican Ranchera — Passion

"Ay-ay-ay! My heart is galloping!"

How it sounds: Strong, brave, and full of feeling. It is music that sings out loud, with a big heart. **Instruments:** Trumpets, violins, and guitarrón. **Where it began:** Mexico. **A tender little curiosity:** Mexican babies hear ranchera music at parties, weddings, and even while Mommy cooks.

Traditional Mexican Music — Pride

"Zap-zap! I'm a tiny charro!"

How it sounds: Festive, colorful, and joyful. **Instruments:** Harp, jarana, violin, and rhythmic footwork. **Where it began:** The heart of Mexico. **A little curiosity:** The "Jarabe Tapatío" is known as the "Mexican Hat Dance."

Chapter 3: Invisible Sounds



During my fantastic journey, I discovered that not everything we hear can be seen. Some sounds have no instrument, yet they are always with us: the silence that gives us a hug, the laughter that lights us up, and the heartbeat that never stops.

These invisible sounds are part of my traveling song. They follow me when I dance salsa, when I rest with a ballad, when I run along with reggaeton, or when I stretch with yoga. They are like a secret thread connecting all the rhythms of the world.

And they will be with you on your own journey through life, too. Because music does not travel only through countries and cultures; it also travels through your heart, your steps, and your dreams.

Whenever you listen to your breathing, your laughter, or your heartbeat, remember that these invisible sounds are part of the very same song: the one that brings us together, keeps us company, and never stops traveling.

And Now, It’s Time to Say Goodbye…

…so I can remind you of something very important:

Music does not divide: it brings us together. It does not separate: it keeps us company. It does not force: it invites.

One single song can become many, just as a child can be curious, tender, strong, and imaginative… all at the same time.

I, Bebé Escritora, give you this journey so that you can:

• Learn to listen with your whole body.
• Discover rhythms from around the world with respect and joy.
• Feel that music is also exercise, play, and culture.
• Know that every rhythm is a way of saying, “Here I am.”

And above all… so that one day you can say in your very own voice:

> **“I FEEL MUSIC IN MY BLOOD!”**

I may be tiny, but when you dance with me, I feel oh-so-big.

Keep playing with music, keep moving your body, and keep traveling with me through the rhythms of the world.

Thank you for dancing with me. Thank you for traveling with my songs. Thank you for letting my little feather pen write in your heart.

> **Until next time!**



With love and music,
Bebé Escritora