

Model Text – The Bog Baby

Based on the text – The Bog Baby by Jeanne Wills

Down by the magic pond, I found a Bog Baby.

He was round and blue, with googly eyes and a spikey tail.

He had ears like a mouse and wings like daisy petals.

He floated on his back and caught flies and sucked his toes.

I stroked him and he flapped his tiny wings.

I made him a home in a bucket with gravel and shells and fresh, clean water.

He slept in a margarine tub on a bed of damp cotton wool.

I tickled him and took him for walks.

I fed him on cake crumbs and my Bog Baby got sick.

My Bog Baby was a wild thing.

He wasn't meant to eat cake or walk on a lead or sleep in a tub or be tickled.

He needed to live in the wood.

He needed to play on the pond.

He needed to sleep in the damp leaves under the moon.

I loved my Bog Baby so I have to let him go.

Back to where he belonged.