

Opening extract from

Bog Baby

Written by

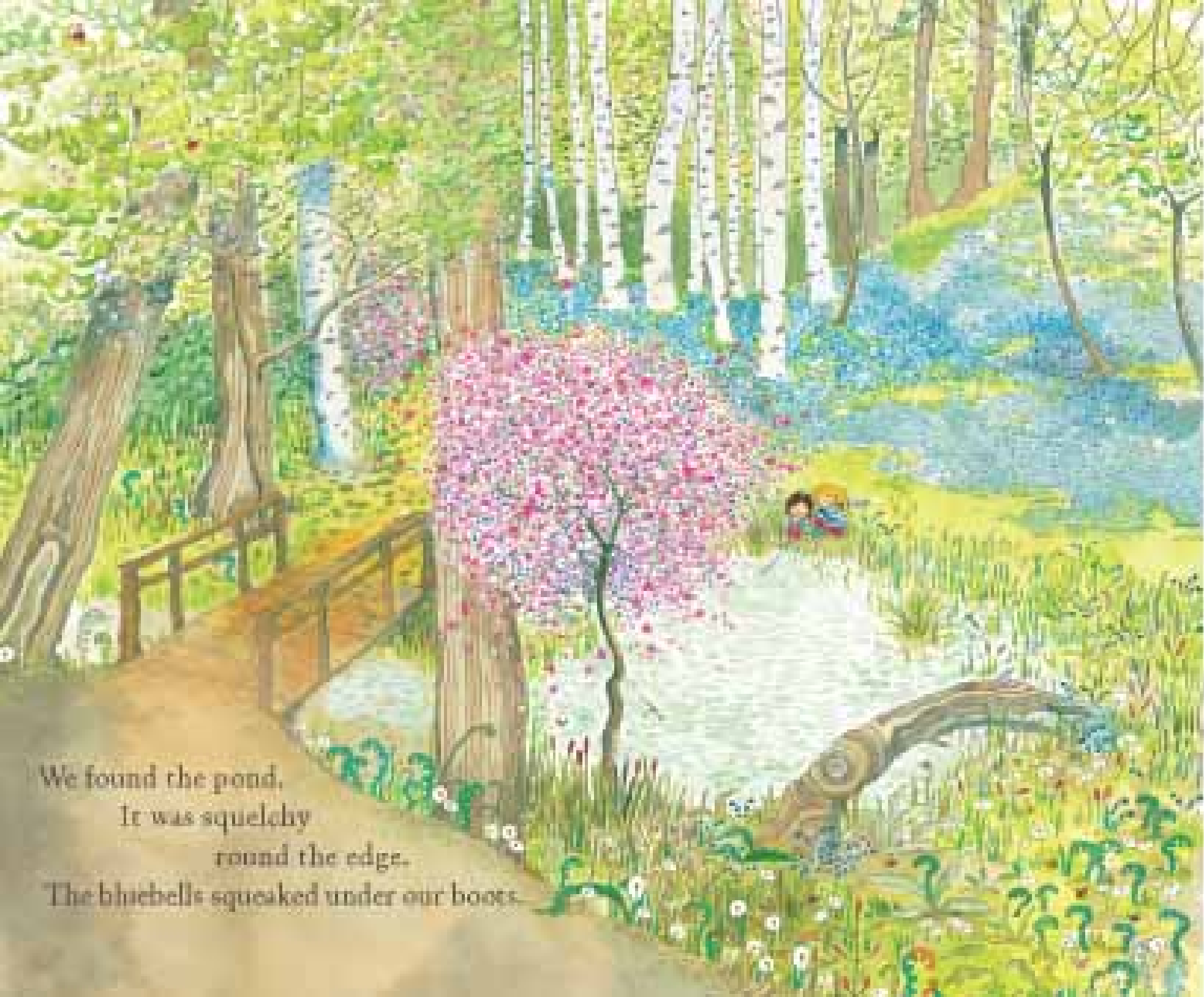
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We found the pond,
It was squelchy
round the edge.
The bluebells squeaked under our boots.

We fished
and
fished,
but we didn't catch a newt.



We caught something much better.

We caught a Bog Baby.