

Bailey and the Wriggly Pig

Bailey the naughty trailer has to carry a wriggly pig in this story poem to read aloud!

Bailey was carrying a big pig called Liz, which the farmer had bought from a good friend of his.

Bailey muttered and groaned as they went down the hill. "I wish she'd stop wriggling. I wish she'd sit still."

They stopped at a field where Liz was to stay, but the farmer said, "Oh, the old gate's come away."

He went off to fetch nails and some wood. "Stay there, Lizzie Pig," he said, "and be good."

But Lizzie was hungry and wouldn't be still. She knocked Bailey about and made him feel ill.



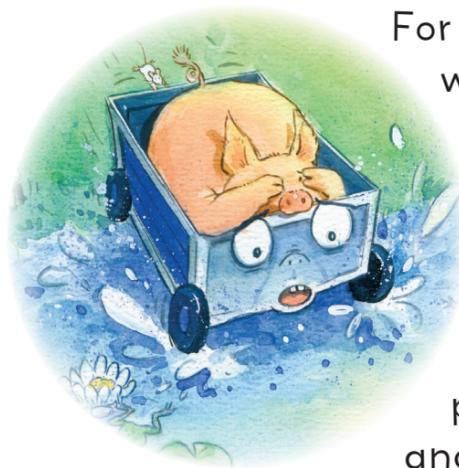
Bailey thought, "Right! I'll show her who's boss." And he rocked on his wheels, feeling ruffled and cross.

Lizzie Pig squealed and bounced to one side, and to Bailey's dismay, he started to slide!

For the bank of the stream, was muddy and soft. Bailey slipped down to the water and there was a big **splash!**

Then trailer and pig were carried away, past forests and meadows and fields full of hay.

For hour after hour, after hour, they sailed on, 'til at last darkness fell and above the stars shone.



Bailey grew snoozy, and Lizzie did too. Then they both fell asleep by the light of the moon.

When Bailey awoke next day with a shiver, he saw that the stream had turned into a river!

They sailed to a town with cranes and a steeple. And as they drew near, they heard crowds of people.

Four boats were lined up for the start of a race. The TV crew stood with their cameras in place.

The countdown began, the excitement grew. Then Bailey and Liz sailed into view.

They sailed past the boats, which fell out of line, and got tangled up - two even capsized!

But Bailey sailed on, with Liz - what a sight. "Hey! They've won the race," the crowd roared with delight.

The farmer, wide-eyed, stared at his TV. "That's the pig I've just bought! And there's no mistaking Bailey!"

He drove to the town to pick them both up. And there the mayor gave him a handsome gold cup.

When he dropped Lizzie off, the farmer gave her a treat. For all that she'd wanted was something to eat.

Then Farmer took Bailey back to his shed. "I'll leave the cup here - you won it," he said.

When Bailey looked up at the cup on the wall, he thought, "Maybe that pig's not so bad after all!"

