

Jane Foster's

Baby's First Stories

4 stories to read aloud



**0-3
MONTHS**

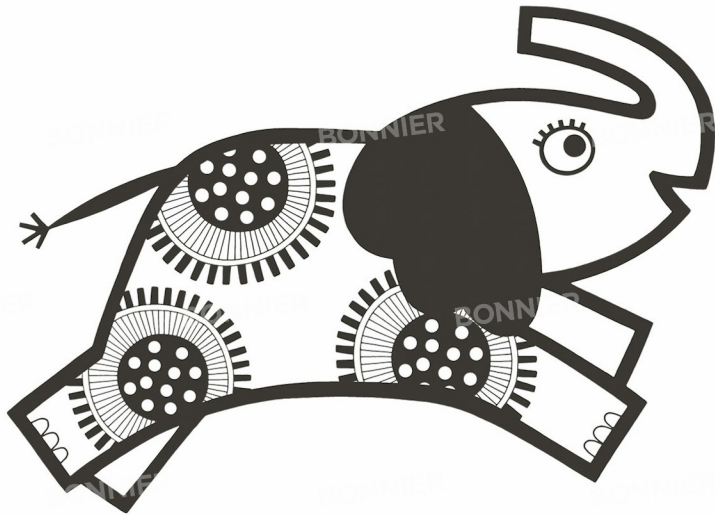
Written by Lily Murray

Elephant's Song

This is Little Elephant.
Her trunk is sleek and long,
And every day she uses it
To sing her special song.

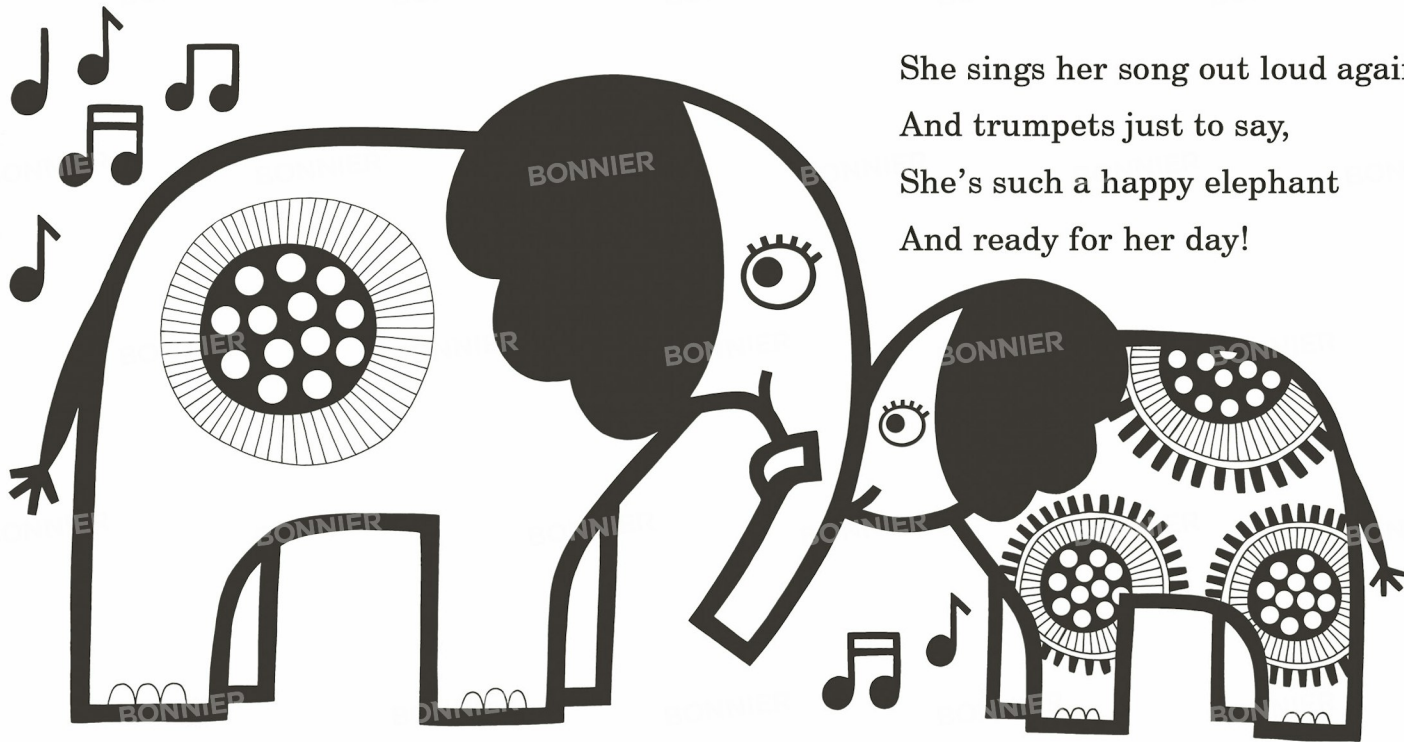


She runs beside the river –
Her trunk goes swish, swish, swish.
Then she paddles in the shallows
Among the gleaming fish.





... she sucks up water,
And sprays it in a cloud.
She watches all the droplets
As they shimmer to the ground.



She sings her song out loud again,
And trumpets just to say,
She's such a happy elephant
And ready for her day!

Panda's Day

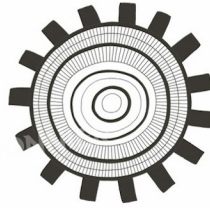
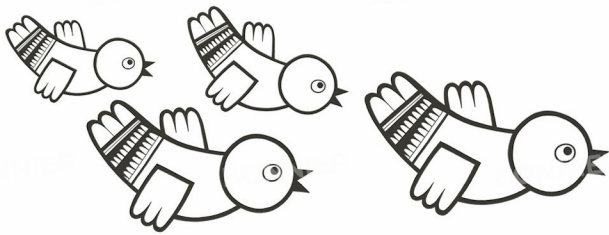
Where is Little Panda?
He's climbing up a tree.
He stops to munch some juicy leaves
And makes friends with a bee.





Where is Little Panda?
He's resting in a glade.
See him gently snoozing
In the cool and dappled shade.





Where is Little Panda?

He's gazing at the sky.

A flock of birds flies overhead,

Calling from on high.



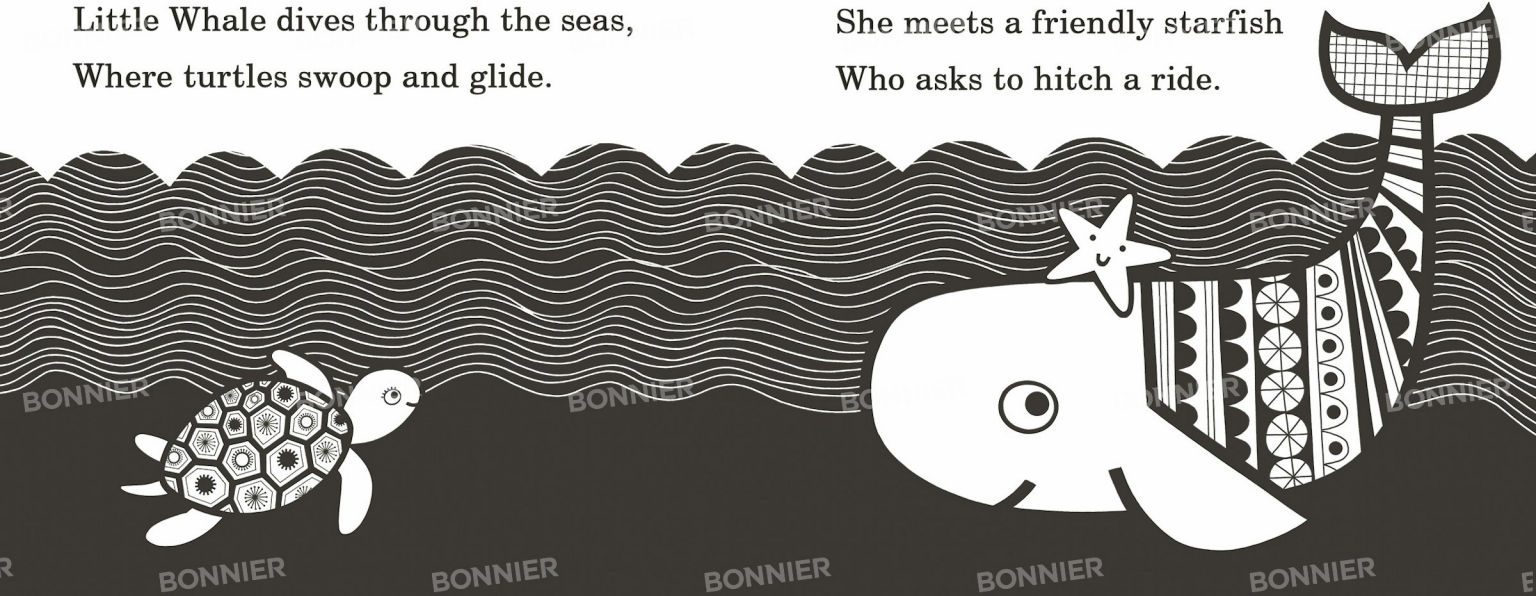


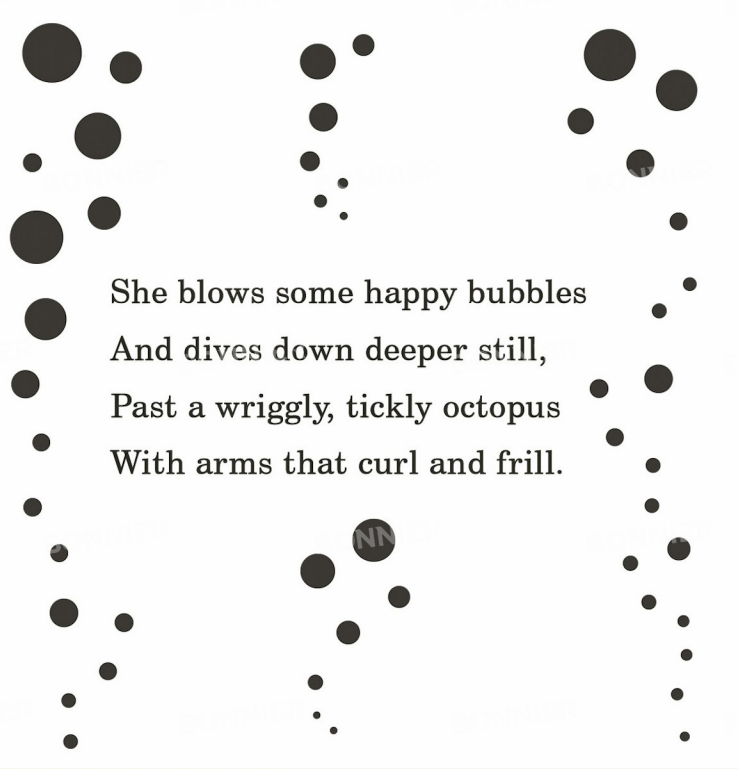
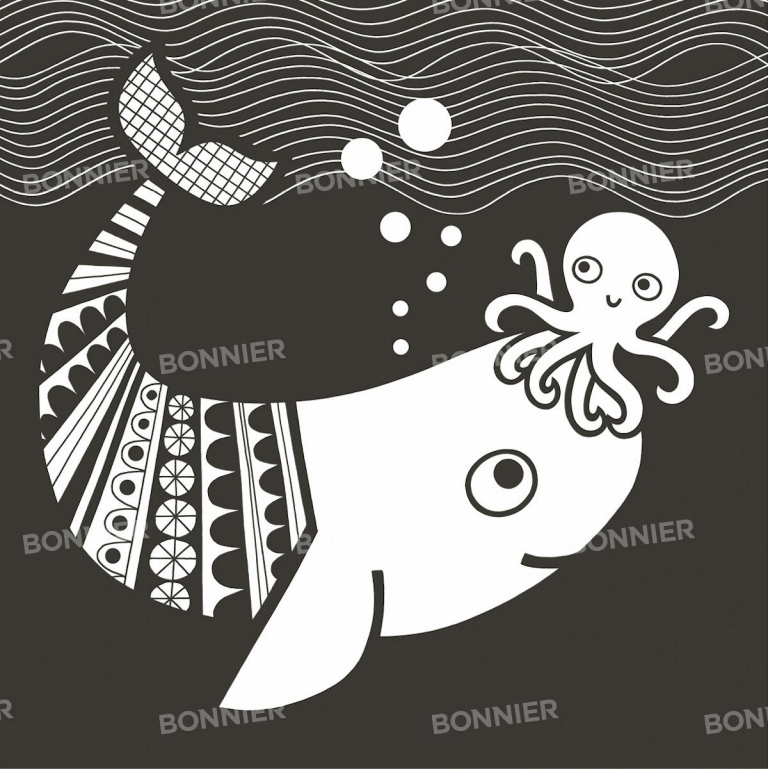
Where is Little Panda?
He's curled up, safe and snug,
Dreaming of adventures
In a cosy panda hug.

Whale Plays

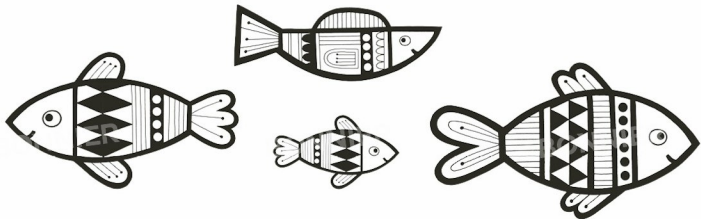
Little Whale dives through the seas,
Where turtles swoop and glide.

She meets a friendly starfish
Who asks to hitch a ride.



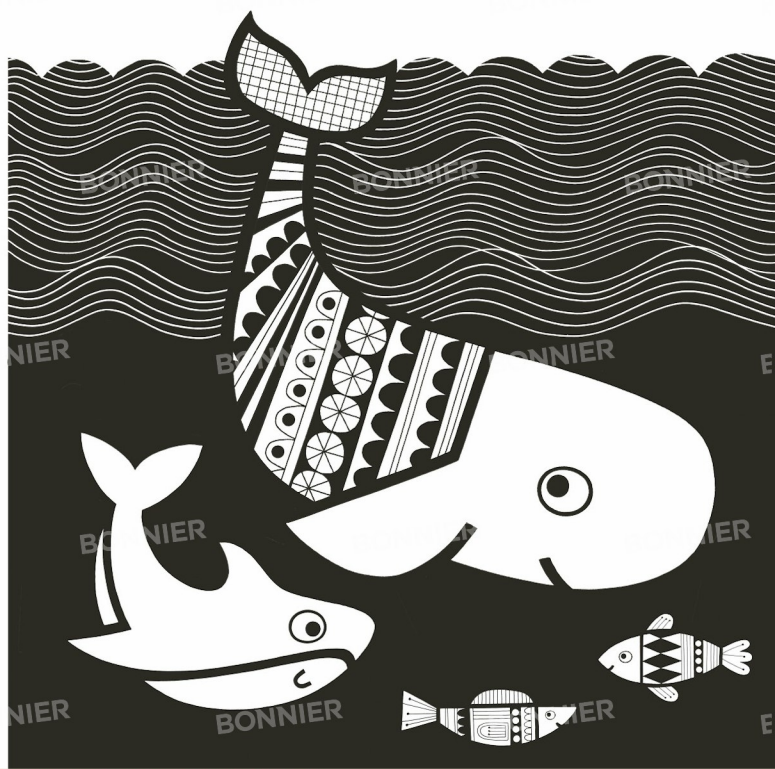
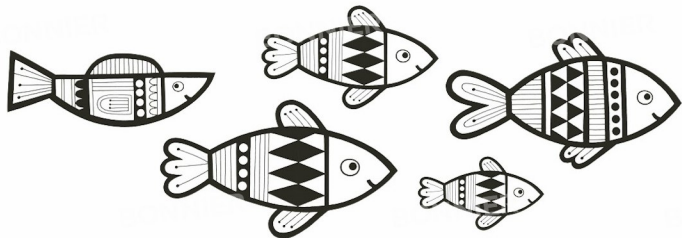


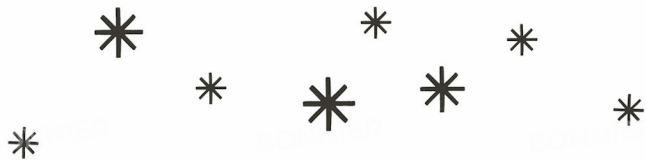
She blows some happy bubbles
And dives down deeper still,
Past a wriggly, tickly octopus
With arms that curl and frill.



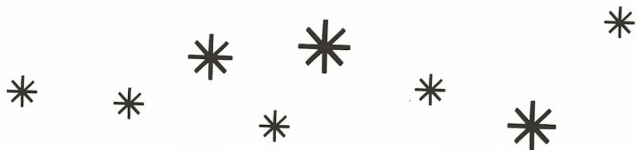
She weaves through shoals of silver fish,
And greets a playful shark.

They plunge together to the depths,
And race on through the dark.





Then it's back up to the surface,
Are you ready? 1... 2... 3...
Little Whale soars through the waves,
She's flying fast and free.





Bunny's Burrow

Bunny's in her burrow

With its soft and sandy floor.

Long ears pricked, her whiskers twitch,

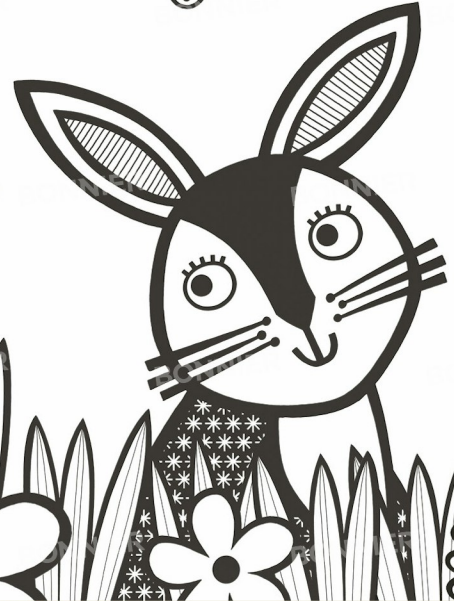
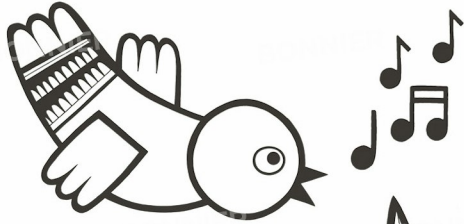
It's time to go explore!



She bounds through fields of flowers
And clouds of butterflies,
Then bobs her head above the grass,
With bright and shining eyes.



And who's this tweeting softly,
With gently flapping wings?
It's a friendly baby bird.
Let's stop to hear her sing.



Little Bunny's hopping home,
Her tail a flash of white.
She dives into her burrow . . .
It's time to say,

“Goodnight!”

