<u>Model text using 'The Owl who was Afraid of the Dark' as a base text</u>

<u>Year 2 – A Tale of Fear</u>

Once upon a time there was a baby Barn Owl called Plop who lived with his mummy and daddy at the top of a tall tree. Plop was just like every other Barn Owl except for one thing – he was AFRAID of the DARK! Plop thought the dark was NASTY.

Early one morning, his mummy decided that Plop needed to find out more about the dark. So, she sent him off with a flip and a flop and a flap to discover what the dark was really like.

First, Plop landed – flip, flop, flap – beside a little boy who told him that dark was EXCITING! That evening, Plop sat close to his mummy and daddy and watched in amazement as fireworks lit up the night sky. Dark IS exciting, he thought, but I still do not like it at all.

Next, Plop landed - flip, flop, flap – beside a man sitting by a camp-fire who told him that dark was FUN. That evening, Plop stayed with the man happily drinking cocoa and singing songs around the camp fire. Dark IS fun, he thought, but I still do not like it at all.

After that, Plop landed - flip, flop, flap – beside a little girl who was waiting for Father Christmas. She told him that dark was NECESSARY. That evening, Plop hung up his Christmas stocking and waited for the dark, dreaming hopefully about presents. Dark IS necessary, he thought, but I still do not like it at all.

Then, Plop landed - flip, flop, flap – beside a lady who was looking at the stars through her telescope. She told him that dark was WONDERFUL. That evening, Plop gazed with eyes like saucers at all the patterns the stars were making in the night sky. Dark IS wonderful, he thought, but I still do not like it at all.

Finally, Plop landed - flip, flop, flap – beside a big black cat who told him that dark was BEAUTIFUL. That evening, they went exploring all kinds of beautiful together in the magical moonlight. Dark IS beautiful, he thought …
and exciting
and fun
and necessary
and wonderful.

But most of all, Plop thought it was SUPER.