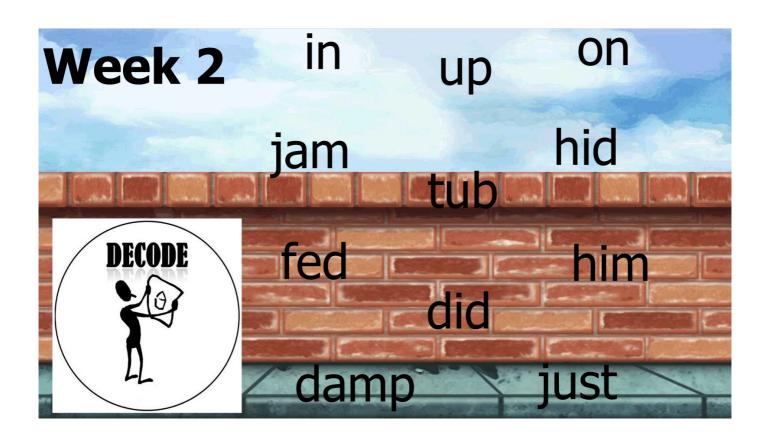


We found the pond. It was squelchy round the edge. The bluebells squeaked under our boots.



We put him in a jar, took him home and hid him in the shed.



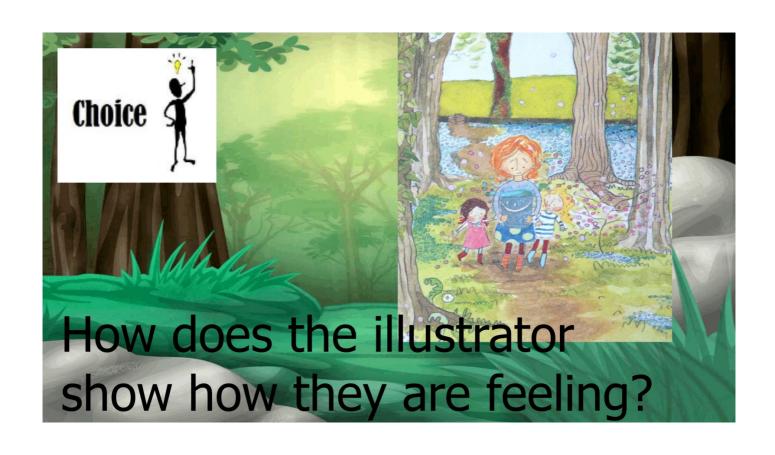












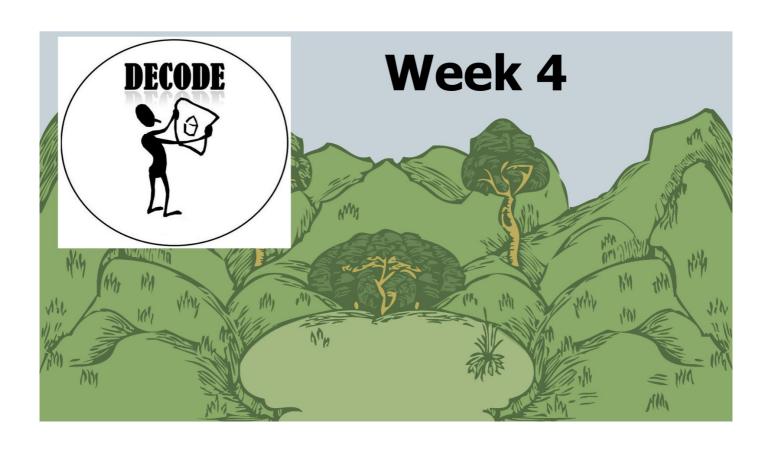
If we really loved the Bog Baby, we had to do what was best for him.

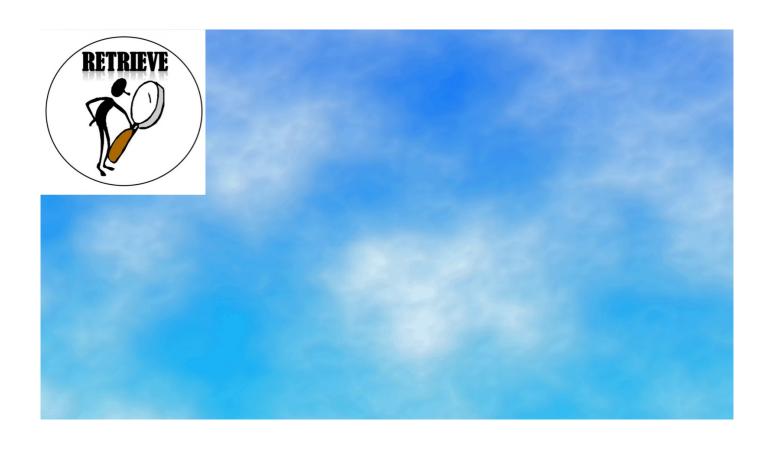
No matter how much it hurt us.

That was real love.

That's why we let him go.

Why is real love in bold letters?

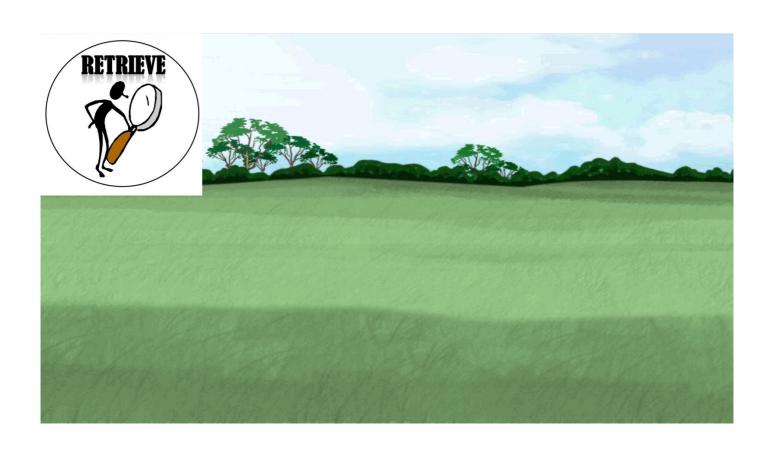








## Week 5 DECODE













"Who's that trip trapping over my BRIDGE!" yelled the troll. The smallest Billy goat stopped and thought carefully for a moment. He needed to trick the troll fast, or he would soon be lunch!