



This is the fifth part of the story.
 Read it and then... Create it!

THE TRAP

In front of Grandpa's house, a rosehip bush was growing. In winter, Grandma made a delicious tea from the rose hips. Bobula and Safi could hide behind the bush. From the rosehip bush they could see the whole street. In spring, the bower had an intoxicating smell, as lily-of-the-valley flowers grew near it. Small white pearls clustered around the stems among the elongated light green leaves. Grandma's garden also had tulips of various colours, leander and colourful geraniums, but Grandpa liked the gentle little lilies of the valley best. He admired them several times a day.

Bobula was very fond of cottage cheese bars. She was fiddling with the wrapper of one when Safi came over. As usual, she had an idea. – What if we pierced the wrapper, threaded a thin string through it and put it on the street? If someone comes along and tries to pick it up to eat it, we'll pull the string. It'll be fun.

Bobula nodded enthusiastically, although her stomach protested fiercely. She asked Grandpa for string. They set the trap without a problem and put it out in the street. They placed it so that all passers-by would notice it, but close enough to them in case they had to rush to the rescue of the sweet bait. They then positioned themselves behind the rosehip bush. At regular intervals they took turns in the sentry post. Bobula held the string for a while, Safi for a while.

- Don't move so much, or we'll be caught – whispered Safi.
- I've been attacked by an ant! I had to remove it from the bastion area, purely for safety reasons – Bobula replied.

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
Mindmap
Table
Drawing, etc.



BOBULA



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She was a bit bored, because there was not a soul on the street except the ant. Bobula looked at the cottage cheese bar with increasing sadness and decided to go inside and have at least a strawberry.

At that moment the postman turned into the street. He was pulling a blue cart behind him. Bobula and Safi watched his every move with wary eyes. The postman noticed the cottage cheese bar. He smiled and licked his lips. Bobula began to worry that she was going to lose the delicious treat.

The postman approached, bent down, but just before he could get his hands on the sweet prize, he stopped, smiled and moved on. The two tricksters didn't understand what had happened.

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