



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

THE TRAP

In front of Grandpa's house, a sprawling rosehip bush grew. In winter, Grandma made excellent tea from the rosehips. Bobula and Safi could hide perfectly behind the bush. From the rosehip fortress, they could see the whole street. Besides its advantageous location, the area around the fortress was filled with the intoxicating scent of spring, as lily-of-the-valley grew nearby. Among the elongated, light green leaves, small white pearls gathered around the stems, competing to see whose fragrance was better. Despite Grandma having various colored tulips, oleanders, and colourful geraniums in the yard, Grandpa loved the gentle lily-of-the-valley the most. He appeared several times a day, reaching into the leaves, muttering something about bugs attacking again, but Bobula knew it was just a cover, and he was actually admiring the fragrant white pearls.

Every time Bobula helped Grandma with grocery shopping, she received a cottage cheese bar as a gift. Cottage cheese bars were her favorite in the whole world, right after strawberries. She was wrestling with one of the packages when Safi came over. As always, she had an idea.

What if we pierce the packaging, thread a thin string through it, and put it out on the street? When someone comes by and tries to lift it to eat it, we'll pull the string. It'll be fun, and the cottage cheese bar will stay safe!

Bobula enthusiastically nodded, although her stomach protested vehemently. Eventually, she calmed it down, as it seemed they would really have a good time. They asked Grandpa for some string. They set up the trap effortlessly, then placed it on the street. They positioned it so that anyone passing by would notice, but it was close enough for them to rush to save their sweet bait.

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.



BOBULA



S16
T5
L2



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Afterward, they settled behind the rosehip bush. They took turns in the watchtower at regular intervals. Bobula held the string for a while, then Safi took over. The sun was already high, and both of them felt quite warm. Fortunately, the rosehip bush cast a pleasant shade.

"Don't squirm around so much, or they'll catch us!" whispered Safi.

"Ant attack! I had to remove it from the fortress area, purely for security reasons," replied Bobula. Truth be told, she was a bit bored because, apart from that one ant, not a soul was in sight on the street. Bobula sadly eyed the cottage cheese bar and decided to go in and at least grab a strawberry.

Meanwhile, she entrusted Safi with the watch.

At that moment, the mailman turned into the street, pulling a blue cart behind him. Bobula and Safi watched his every move with vigilant eyes. Zamat barked a few times, but as usual, only from behind the fence. Ever since the encounter with Uncle Virsony, he didn't dare to take risks.

The mailman noticed the cottage cheese bar. A smile appeared on his face. He even licked his lips. Bobula suddenly worried that she might lose the delicious treat.

"What if the mailman is faster than us? He probably underwent tough training in those houses where there are bolder dogs than our Zamat," Safi whispered, as she had the string in her hands. Safi was so focused that she didn't make a sound.

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The mailman approached, bent down, but just before he could grab the sweet prize, he slyly grinned and walked away. The two schemers didn't understand what had happened.

"Maybe he spotted us," Safi feared the nightmare of being caught. Bobula jumped up and went out into the street to observe the rosehip fortress from there.

"I certainly wouldn't have noticed," she said when she returned to the hiding place. So, Bobula and Safi took up their surveillance positions again.

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