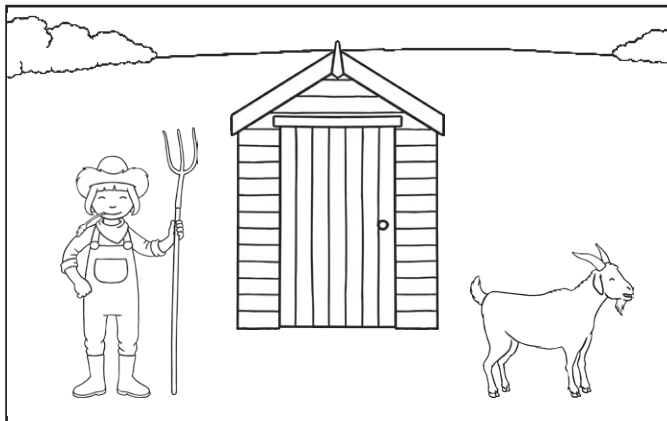
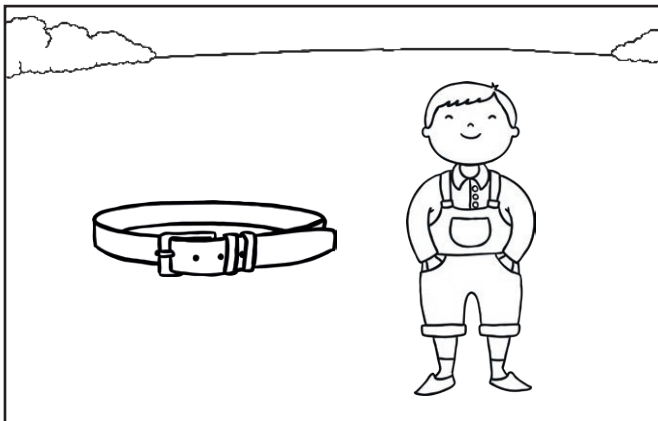


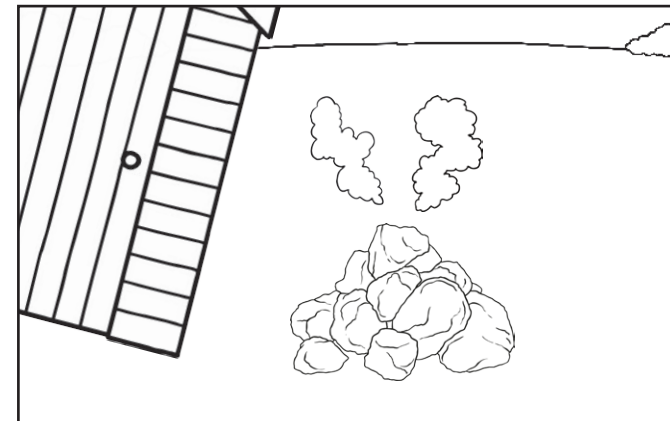
'It' Consonant Blend



Farmer Faith had got together a shed for her goat. It had wooden panels, a black felt roof and a hatch with a bolt on, to stop the goat from getting out. It had been difficult, but now the job was at an end. Farmer Faith went indoors to have a cup of coffee.



In the yard, Fred was having fun. He had his belt in a loop like a catapult. He shot a little bit of brick across the yard and it hit the shed.

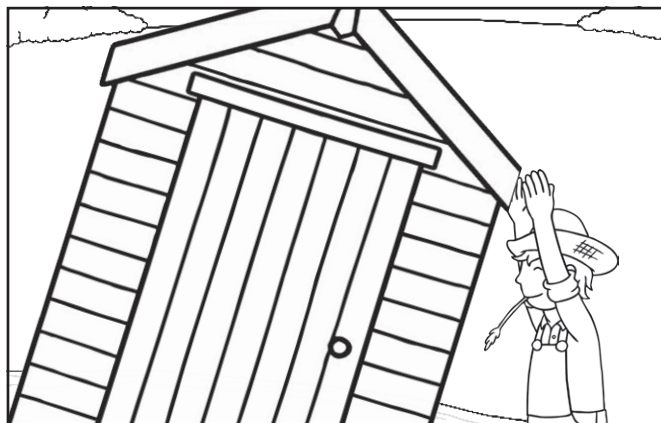


The shed began to tilt. Some hot coals were next to the shed and the shed began to get hot. Farmer Faith sat bolt upright. She had smelt the hot shed.

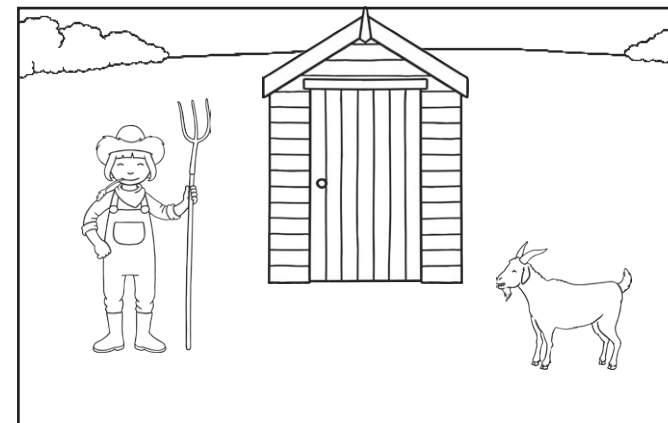


'Oh no, my felt roof is beginning to melt!' she said. 'My shed will be spoilt!'

Farmer Faith went outdoors.
Fred was stopping the shed from tilting into the coals.



'Wait!' said Farmer Faith. 'This is a job for an adult.' Farmer Faith held the shed up and Fred ran to get the toolkit.



Then, Farmer Faith and Fred got wood and nails to mend the shed.
It was stronger than ever - a fantastic result!