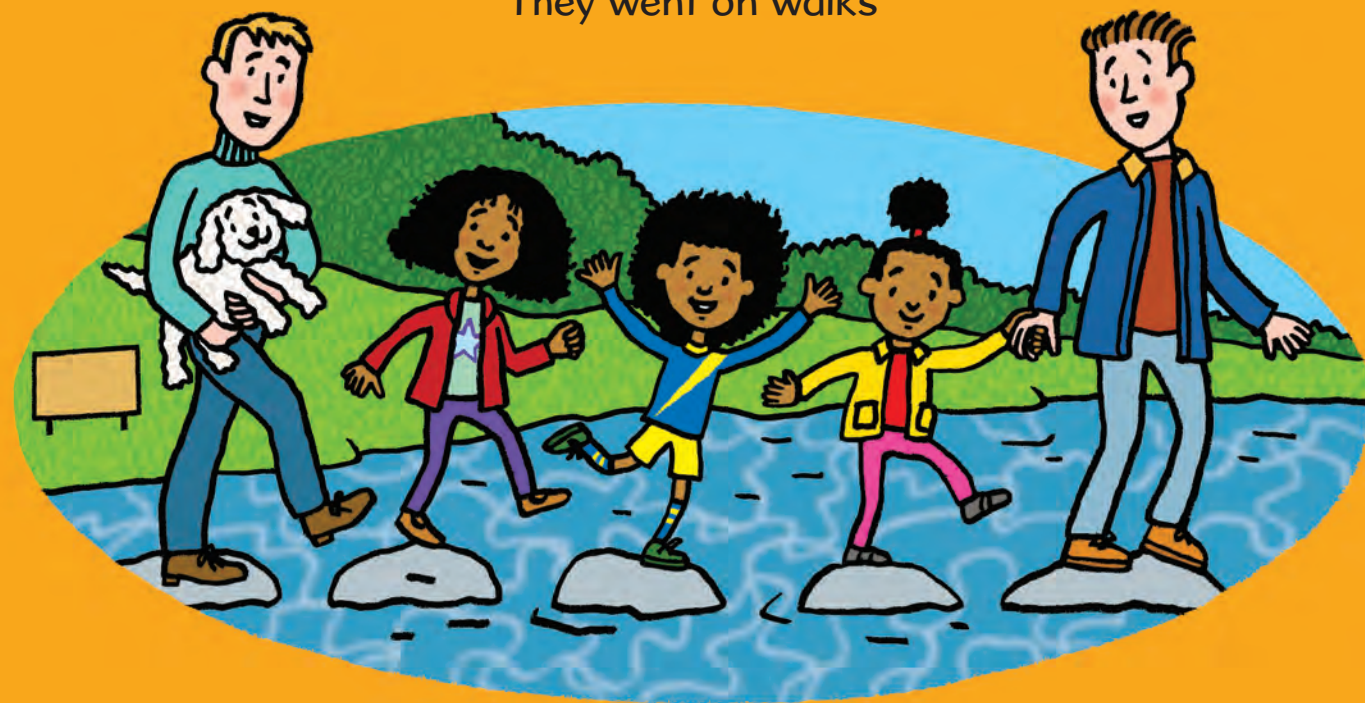


Months went by, and Charlie and his sisters were **happy** and **safe**.
Their **foster parents** let them do lots of fun, new things.

They went on walks



and had picnics in the park.



They bounced **high** on their trampoline.



And Charlie even learnt how to swim.



On the same day he scored the winning goal in a football match, a social worker sat him down and explained that his foster parents had asked if they could adopt **Charlie** and **his sisters!**

GOAL!!!

WOOF!

It was like scoring the winning, sudden-death penalty in a cup final.

