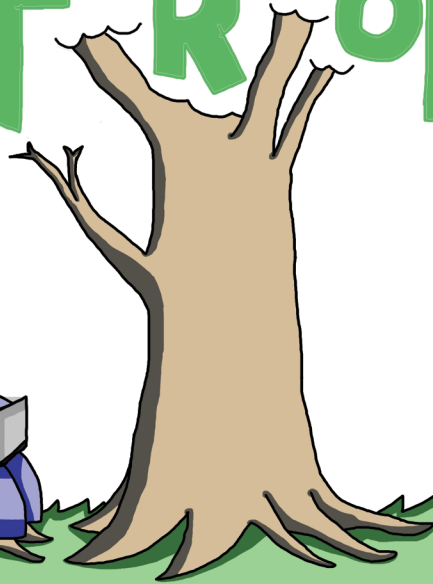
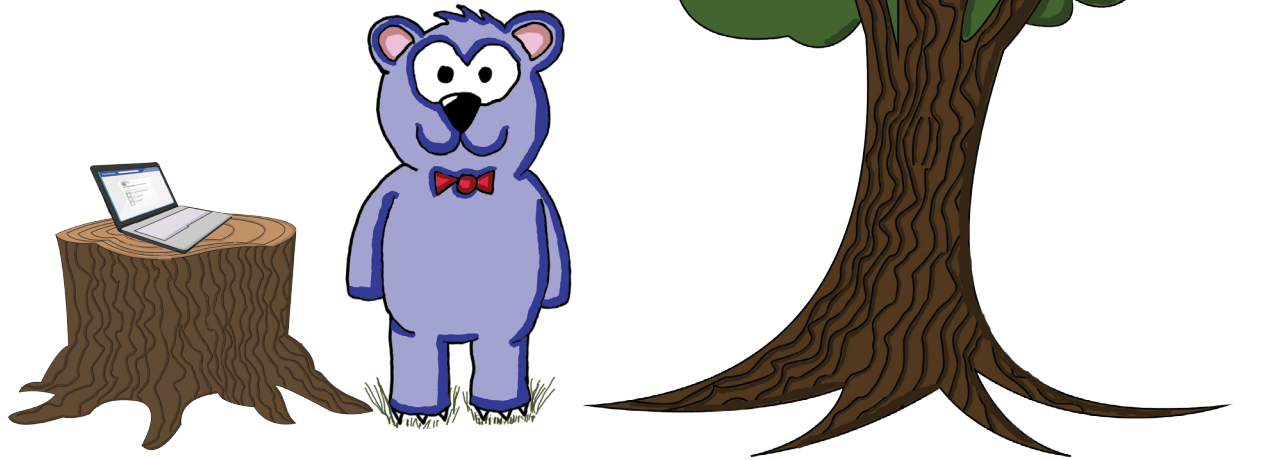


# THE BEAR AND THE TROLL

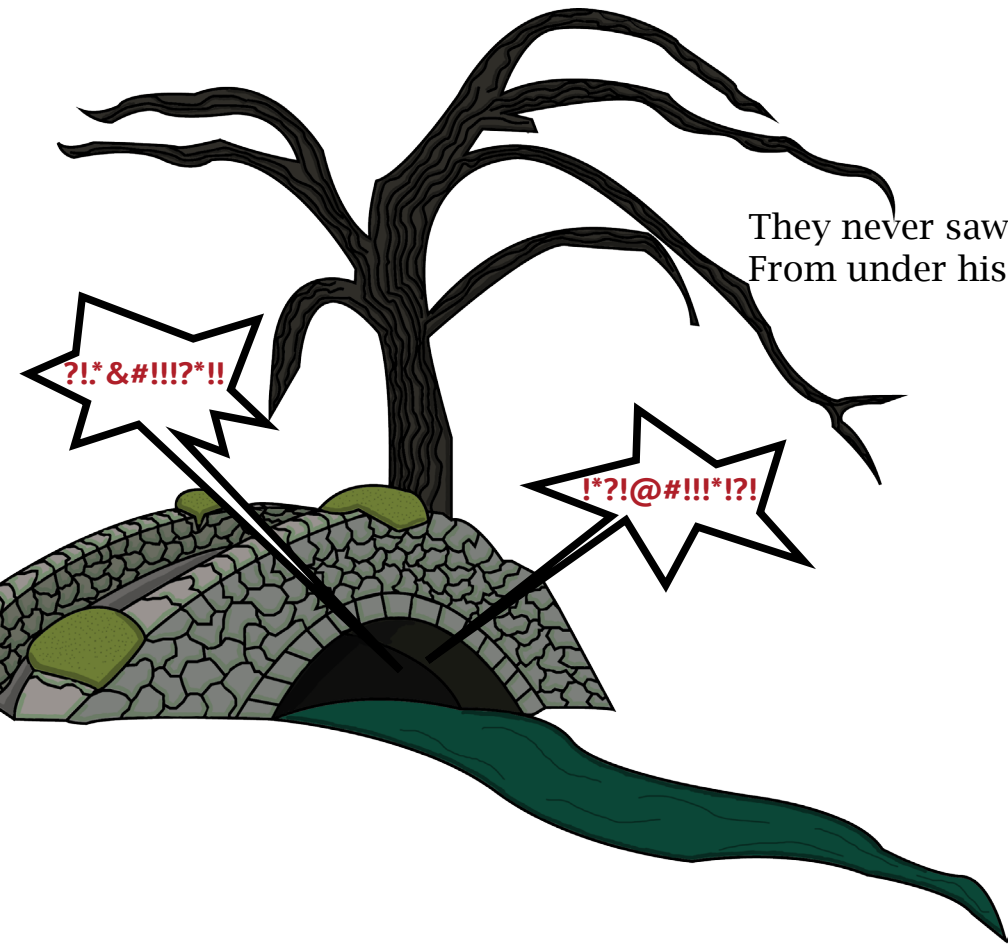


Bear loved spending time with his friends  
He played games, talked and followed trends.



Cuckoo, Hedgehog and Fox were always nice,  
But there was someone they knew that was cold as ice.



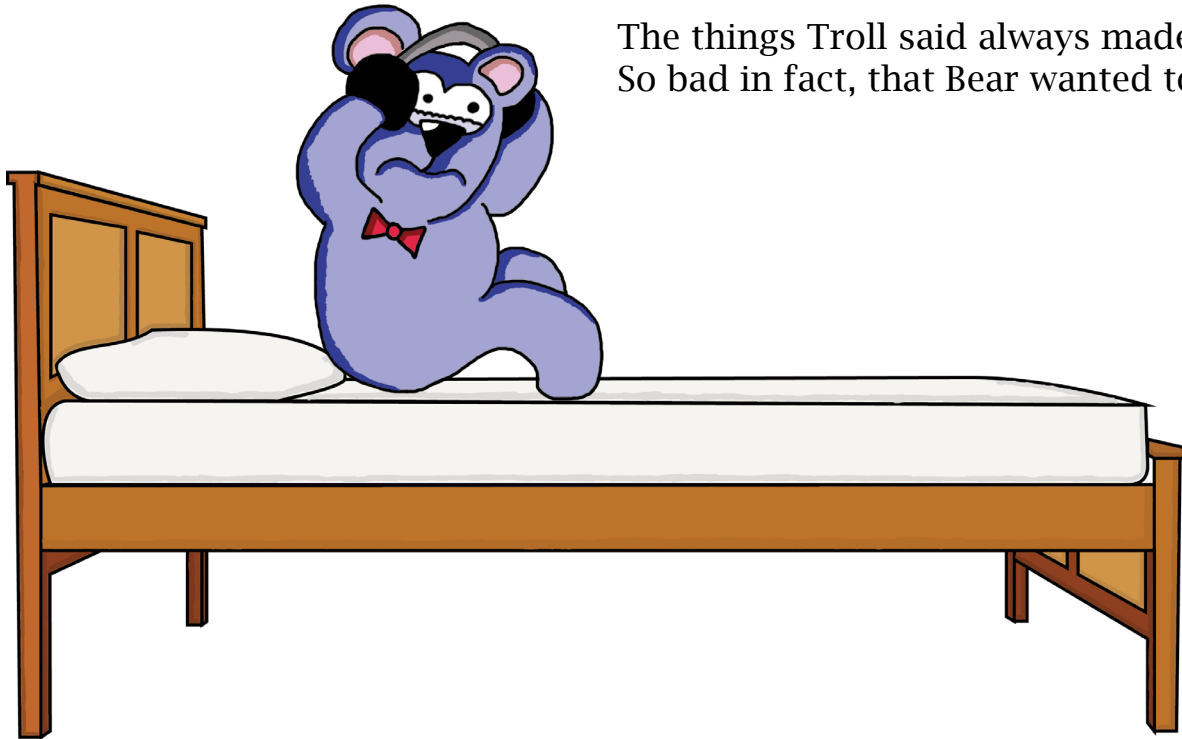


They never saw him, but he was always heard.  
From under his bridge shouting harsh words.



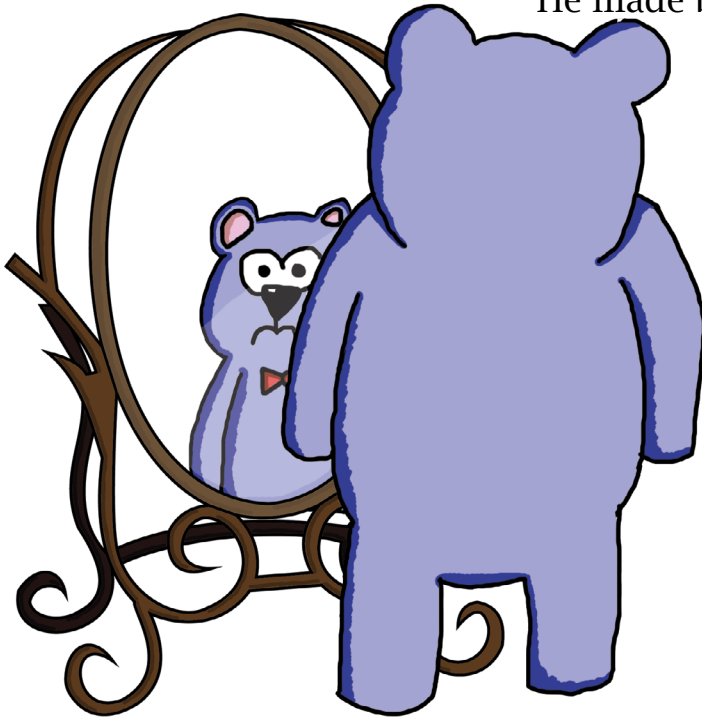
Troll was his name and he was always mean,  
Leaving comments from his computer screen.



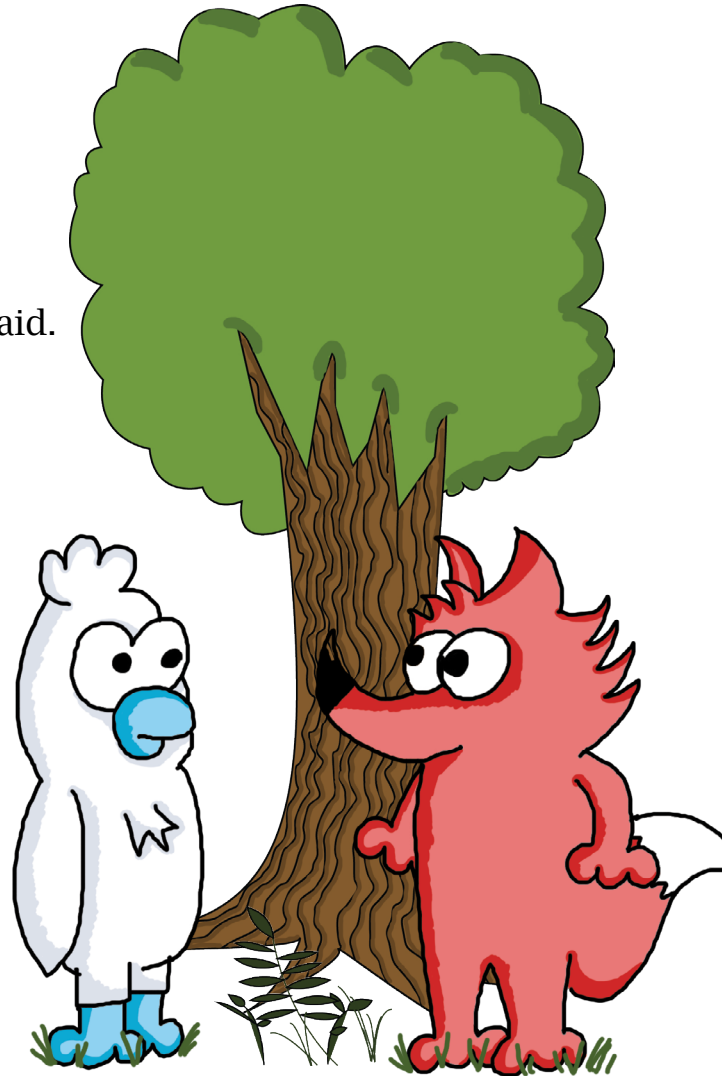


The things Troll said always made Bear cry,  
So bad in fact, that Bear wanted to die.

He made fun of his weight, looks and personality,  
He made bear question his sexuality.

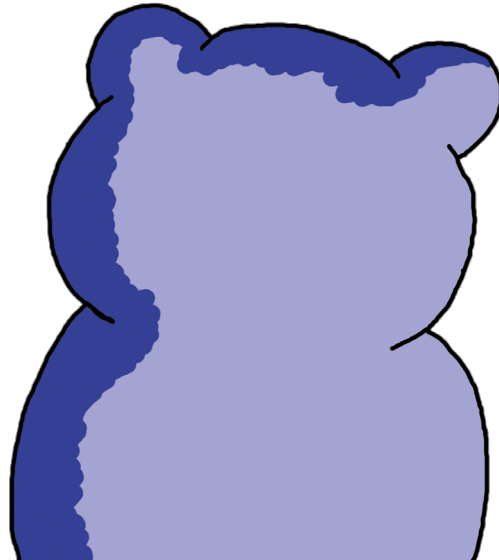


Bear went to his friends to ask for their aid,  
He couldn't confront the Troll, he was too afraid.

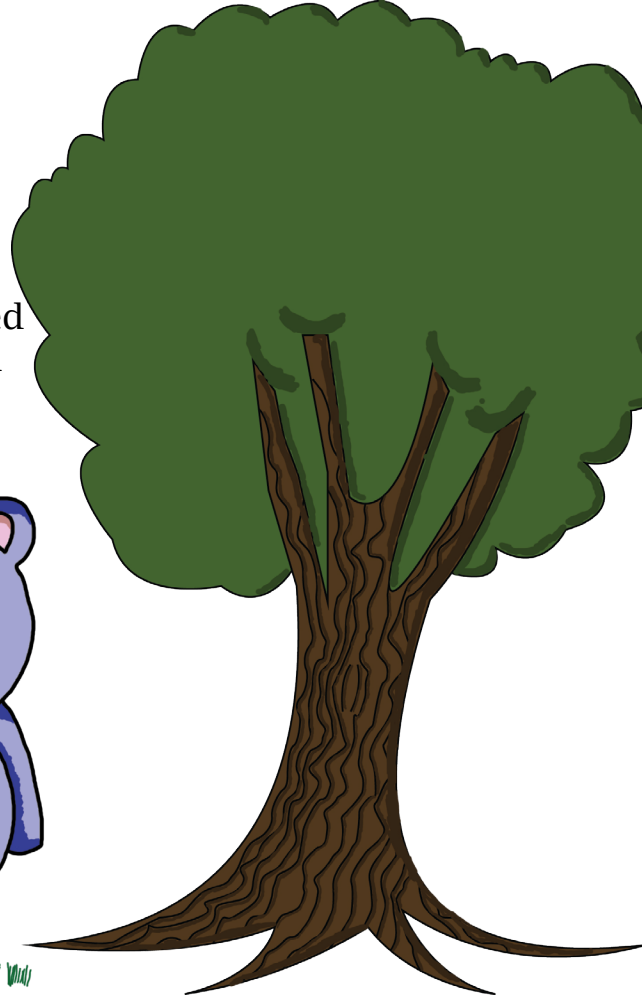




They claimed that the troll always said mean stuff to them too,  
You wouldn't believe the things said to shrew!



They thought perhaps they should pay him no heed  
And report all the insults on their Forestbook feed

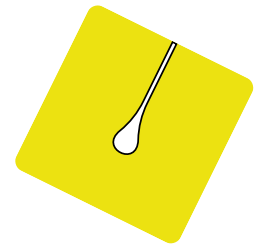
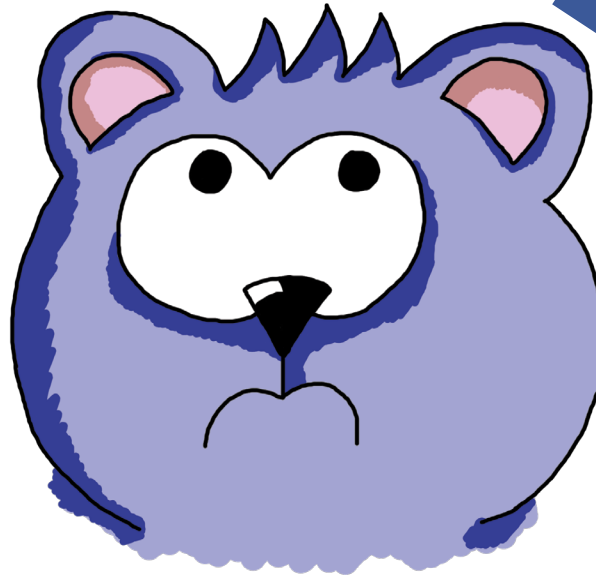
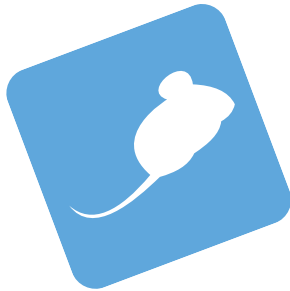


His comments never stopped, he wouldn't behave,  
Not on Forestbook, or Critter, not on Sapchat or Mycave

**YewTrunk**

 mycave

**forestbook** 



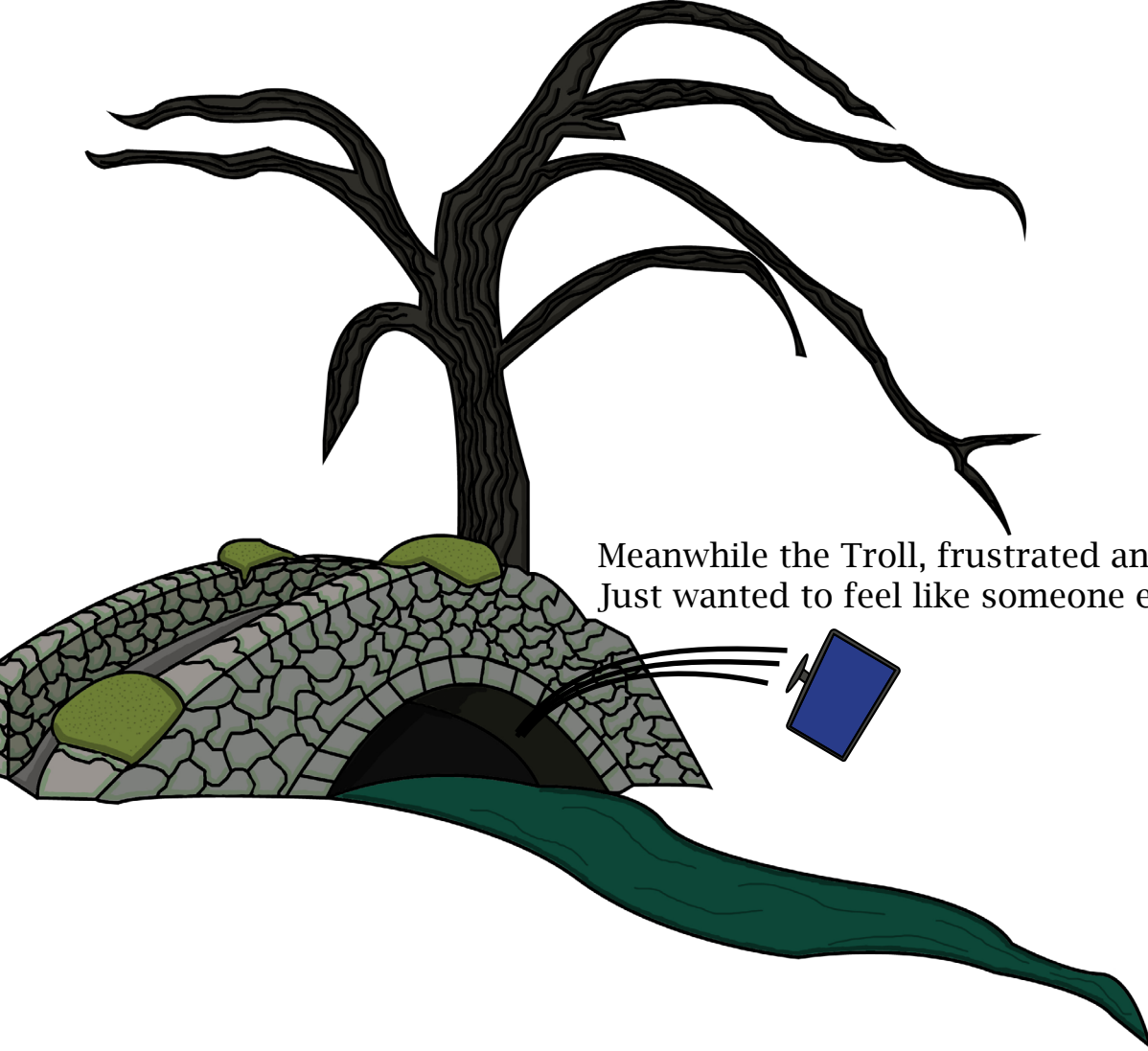
But they eventually tried it, and what do you know?  
The barrage of insults gradually started to slow.





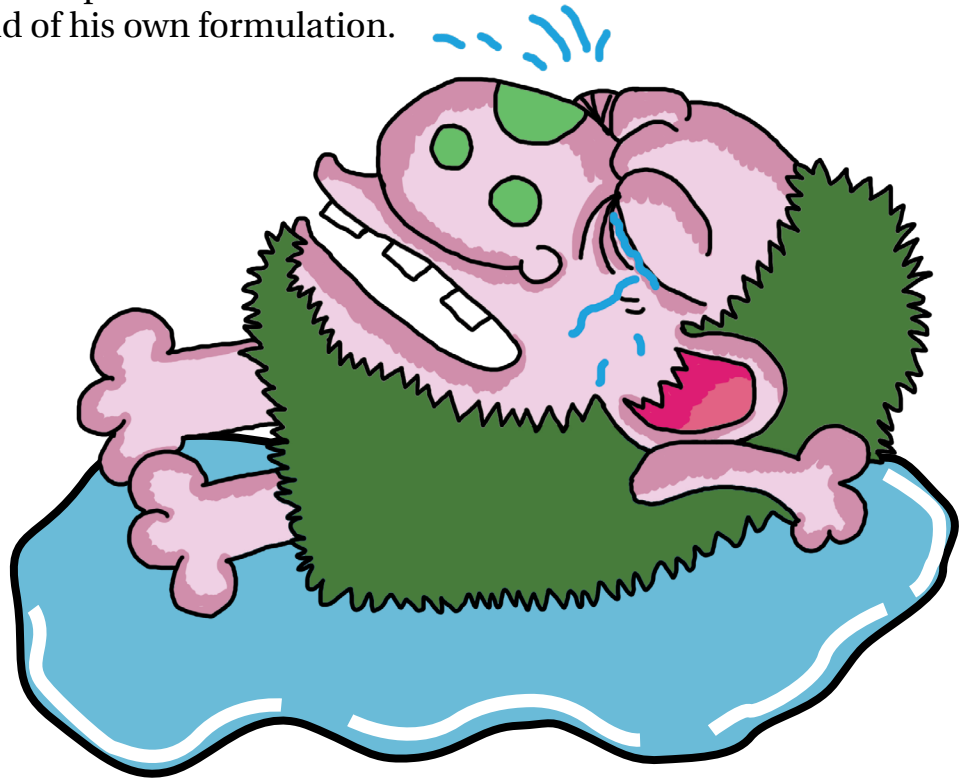
Maybe he got bored, it was no fun anymore.  
The friends felt like they had won a war.



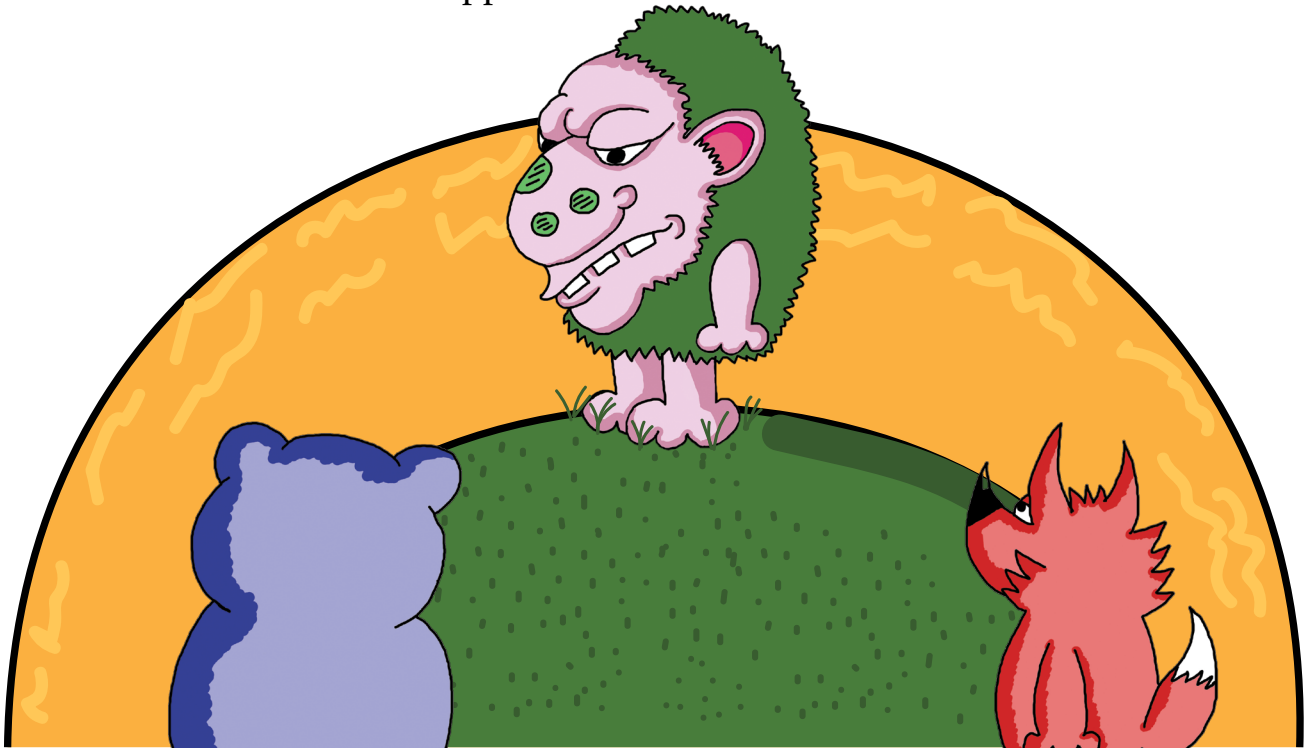


Meanwhile the Troll, frustrated and angered.  
Just wanted to feel like someone else was substandard.

So he billowed and whined in pure isolation.  
As he escaped into a world of his own formulation.



In this world he was perfect and all stood in affection,  
When in the real life this was an apparent disconnection.





And from that day on they lived happily evermore,  
For the solution to bullying, was to simply ignore.

