

so much that I start to worry about frostbite. I make us stop and we put on another layer of socks on our feet and socks over our hands too, a triple layer of them. Neither of us have any spare socks left but at least, hopefully, we'll get to keep our fingers and toes.

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It's our third night in the forest. The trap's baited with acorns, conkers and a tiny corner of snack bar. Surely something is going to want some of our spread. Even a mouse would be better than nothing. Even a rat.

Bear's shivering. I sit him as near as I can to the fire without worrying he'll go up in flames and wrap the space blanket tight around him. I've taken out more ticks from his skin. One more from his neck – I'm not sure how they get all the way up there – and two from his legs. There were two more on my legs too.

I wipe each site down and dab on the antiseptic. Weals have come up a bit from the first bites, but small faint ones, and neither of us seem to have a temperature.

For tea, it's nettle soup followed by snack bars and protein balls. We leave the acorns alone. There's an ache in the bottom of our stomachs and a bitter taste from lunchtime.