

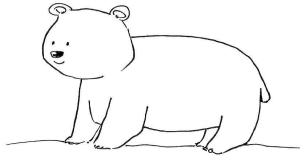
The Adventures of Beary Little Cub

—Part 1—



Imaginary Story

**The
Adventures of
Beary Little
Cub
-Part 1-**



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(October 2017)

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Chapter 1—Beary Little Cub

Yawn! Stretch! Beary Little Cub stretched out after a good night's sleep.

The birds chirping in the trees sang a cheery song as all the forest creatures were stirring for the delightful day ahead.

Little Cub curled up again snugly beside his mother.

“What are we going to do today, mother?” he asked.

“Well, Little Cub,” she stroked his soft fur and hugged him in a way only a mother can, and said, “Today we are going to explore deeper within the forest, on the steeper side of the mountain.

Little Cub sat up excitedly.

“Oh, Mama, really?!” he exclaimed, and then gave a hop and a bound around, leaping up and over his mother and dashing all around.

Finally, he snuggled back again, ready to hear more about the adventure planned for that day.

In another part of the forest slept a team of growing squirrels in the hollow of a very large tree. This tree was probably one of the first to grow, or at least sure looked like the oldest tree, in this part of the forest.

When the wind blew through, which it often did, its large branches swayed and looked like it was ready to dance. But when things were calm again it looked very strong and stately.

“Mother, can we play hide-the-nut?” asked the first little squirrel that woke to greet the day.

“Yes, darling,” said a bushy-tailed mother squirrel.

“We need to learn how to hide the extra nuts real well—but of course we can’t

forget where we put them. When winter comes, we'll depend on them for our food. Come on, let's go nut hunting and hiding."

"Yippee!" said two eager little squirrels.

Then they nimbly sped out of their home in a hole on the side of the tree, across a long branch to a neighbouring tree, then down the trunk they zoomed, over the forest floor and up again to their favourite nut-producing tree.

"Swquak! Swquak!" Came the loud call over head, as a noisy bird residence made his presence known.

The little squirrels held very still as the loud call had startled them.

"Oh, don't worry about him. Perhaps he just needs a good breakfast. Let's get on with our search," mother encouraged.

Meanwhile in a dark part of the forest Mr. and Mrs. Owl and their owlets were just settling down for sleep.

“Come darlings, we’ve had a long night, your father and I, and we are ready for a good day of rest.

“Mom, it’s squishy in here,” complained one particularly fat owlet who seemed to have benefited from many a meal that its parents had helped to provide.

“Soon you’ll be big enough to find a nook of your own. But for now, let’s just get some rest,” mother said.

And soon they were peacefully at rest in a hole of a tall tree that had also seen many a season and year.

But just before father owl had fully shut his eyes for sleep on a nearby branch, a squeak and rustle was heard.

He turned his head nearly all the way back to see a mouse running for cover, to likewise catch some sleep for the day.

“I’ll catch up with you tonight,” father owl said with a smile.

“With breakfast planned, now I can get some good shut-eye.”

He gave a last hoot, as if announcing the changing of the forest guards. The day creatures would now look after the majestic forest, while he and his family had a rest.

Mama Bear and Little Cub started off on their day’s adventure, the first stop being the river’s edge for a refreshing drink.

Near the river was the best breakfast buffet Little Cub could wish for. It was the season for ripe, delicious, and sweet berries.

“Twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three!” Little Cub counted as he popped the plump delights into his eager mouth.

Mama Bear meanwhile stood watch, ever watchful, in order to give the alert should anything troubling be coming near.

“Now that you’ve had your breakfast, please go wash your face and hands and

get a clean drink of water,” she instructed Little Cub.

“Yes, Mama,” he said and soon was splashing in the water, with his caring mother by his side.

Mother looked up and saw that Papa Bear was coming to join them just then. Little Cub bounded over and leaped around, announcing with joy, “Today we are going to explore deeper in the forest, and I’m so eager!”

“I can see that, young one, I can see that indeed,” the Papa Bear said in a low growl, and made his way to the river’s edge.

“Perhaps a fish will swim this way and provide a good meal, or perhaps later...” he looked in and used his paws to feel around.

“There! There! I saw one!” Little Cub pointed out.

But the fish was far too fast and the white rushing water over the rocks hid it suddenly from view, and it was out of sight.

Papa Bear made his way over to the berry bushes and was delighted to find so many were growing. After his morning snack, he found a sunny spot to lie down for a little rest.

“Are we ready?” Mama Bear asked Little Cub.

“Yes!!” he responded, doing his usual leaping and bounding to express his joy. Then following close to her side, they started up the seldom used animal trail. And today they would go further than they ever had before.

Chapter 2—On an Adventure

“Mama, what do you think is inside that cave I see over there?” Little Cub pointed out as they passed a secret entrance into the side of the mountain.

“Why don’t we go have a look? Perhaps an animal is living there already, but if not, it might be nice for a cosy nap there,” Mama Bear replied.

Slowly and cautiously Little Cub walked closer to the entrance of the cave. But as soon as he heard some unexpected noises, he jumped back.

“What did you hear?” Mama Bear asked, for she was a bit further behind than Little Cub.

All of a sudden out dashed a racoon, who scurried off into the bushes.

Perhaps he too, was just having a look around. But there were yet more inhabitants in this cave, as Little Cub was soon to discover.

As he and his mother walked into the cave there was some fluttering and flying about.

“Bats!” the bears said at once.

“Why do they stay in the cave?” Little Cub asked his mother, as they walked out.

“They don’t mind it, because they can find their way around in the dark. They don’t have to have light to see things. They have other clever ways to get around and to find food,” Mama Bear responded.

“They like to fly out of the cave at dusk, after the sun sets, at the time when mosquitoes are out and about. It helps there not be as many of these troublesome bugs. Some bats like to fly around and find fruit trees also.”

Mama Bear and Little Cub continued their hike into the new area as they chatted and learned about all the things around.

“What is this, Mama?” said Little Cub examining some fungi growth and lichens on some old logs. Little Cub remembered seeing some of this before.

He remembered several types of colours growing on trees and fallen logs—orange, yellow, blue-grey, green, white and beige.

Mama Bear replied, “Some things can grow and get nourishment simply by being on the wood. Most plants need to grow right from the ground, but some of these special plants can live on whatever nourishment is in the wood, as well as the moist air and water.”

“Oh!” said Little Cub, bungling down the path a bit further to see what could be discovered next.

Suddenly he paused. He had come right to the edge of the cliff! He was looking way over when his mother caught up to him.

“It goes very far down, doesn’t it?” she spoke.

Little Cub was feeling a bit dizzy realising he was at such a height. He held very still.

“Mama, I don’t think I can go down there,” he said with a quivering voice.

“Oh, Darling! That isn’t the way we are going. We have to be careful on this adventure. There are some steep places to watch out for. Let’s go back a bit and find a safer way, shall we?” Mama Bear said.

Just as they were beginning to walk again on their journey, something very fast sped past them.

If he blinked he might have missed it. But not Little Cub. He had his wide eyes open, every minute. He didn’t want to skip out on seeing anything on his special discovery journey today.

“What was that, Mama?” Little Cub asked.

“What was what, Dear?” Mama Bear responded with a question, for she had been looking a different direction than Little cub.

“Was it an animal?”

“Yes, I think it was,” Little Cub answered. “Oh, there it is again! I can see it past that tree over there!”

Mama Bear saw it this time, but only for a second, for then it ran fast away into a long hollow log.

“That was a fox; a fast and clever fox,” Mama Bear explained.

“I have never seen one before, Mother, but now I know why. He was almost too fast for me to see him even this time, when we were nearby,” Little Cub reasoned.

“Perhaps,” Mama Bear said as she continued leading the way.

A lovely trickling sound was heard. It seemed like music in a way, mixed with a

noise of rustling, like the wind sounds in the leaves sometimes.

Mama Bear and Little Cub had discovered a cute little mountain waterfall and stream. It seemed to be pouring out of the rocky area.

Little Cub could hop right over it, back and forth, while Mama Bear took a drink.

Little Cub then lay down beside it and listened and watched the water as it trickled down the rock and fell into the small pond below, and continued on over the rocks and soil and leaves.

Little Cub had a drink, lapping up the fresh mountain stream water.

He then took a paw full of leaves and tossed them gently in the air and watched them flutter. The ones that landed on the water were carried along.

Some floated for a bit on the surface of the water, like a boat would do—only, of course he never saw a boat or knew what

they were. Still, he was as happy as can be, especially when he had new things to learn about, and could be near to his Mama.

Mama Bear found some bark to chew on, and a large rock to rest on, while Little Cub enjoyed playing near this pond. He even splashed in it a time or two.

“Whee!” he said, while playing in the water. “This is fun!”

When Little Cub was ready for more adventure, Mama Bear led the way. There was so much to learn about; so much to see, to hear, and to discover.

For awhile Mama Bear and Little Cub played hide-and-peek. One of them would go on up ahead and hide in a bush or behind a tree, and would peek out playfully when the other one would walk nearby.

Little Cub enjoyed this game so much, he wanted to play it again and again, and all the while they were moving along the

trail. They hardly realised how far they went, as they were happily busy playing games as they explored.

One time when Little Cub was hiding, he saw a fast and furry little hopping creature.

“A bunny! It’s a bunny!” he thought excitedly, and shuffled out of his hiding place, forgetting about the game momentarily.

He tried to follow where this cute creature had gone off to, but it was too fast for him, and soon disappeared into its hole in the ground.

When Mama Bear came along to the spot where Little Cub had been hiding, she found he wasn’t there—for she knew just where he had been.

“Little Cub,” she called out with a low growl, but didn’t hear a response.

She called again, and at last a bounding Little Cub had found his way back to her side.

“What did you find this time, Darling? Where did you go?”

“Oh, I found a nice little bunny, but I couldn’t see very much of him, because he was too fast,” Little Cub responded.

“Yes, I know! They sure can hop fast!” Mama Bear agreed.

“I can go fast too, Mama look!” Little Cub tried to demonstrate great speed for a cub.

Mother laughed at his antics, “Yes, you can go fast! Just don’t go so fast or far away that I don’t know where you are and can’t see you when I look for you, just like that bunny!”

Little Cub came near to his Mama. He was glad to have someone to care for him and help him learn about this big new world around him.

Chapter 3—Magnificent Waterfall

The furry squirrel family had spent most of the morning playing hide-the-nut, and had eaten plenty of nibbles too. It was a nice time for a cosy rest.

They bounded, one then the other and another, after each other, up and across and then into their tree nook. Curling up near their mother, they settled for a bit of rest.

“Rest and work and play and good food, and the right balance of them will help you be healthy and happy and strong,” Papa squirrel would tell his family.

Suddenly the littlest one popped up his head, with a very worried look on his face, “Oh, Mother! I forgot where I put one of the nuts. How will we get to eat it later?”

“Never mind that dear, we have plenty of nuts stored up, and we can hide some more tomorrow. Besides, look over there at that strong and tall tree—and that other one there, and even this one we are on.

“That’s how some trees get planted, by the forest keepers like us, hiding the seeds of them—the nuts—in the ground, but missing finding some of them.

“Maybe the one you don’t remember will one day grow into a big huge tree that will bear many new nuts when it is grown.

“Who knows? Perhaps our favourite nut tree was grown from a nut hidden by a squirrel relative many years gone by. So instead of one little meal for one little squirrel, it has given us many, many meals!”

“Oh,” said little squirrel, as he contentedly settled down, warm and snug.

“Hee, hee!” Little Cub laughed and leapt and ran along with this “flying flower” that he saw.

Mama Bear watched her happy cub playfully following after a butterfly, that would keep just out of his reach.

It would flutter and fly near to Little Cub, and then flitter up and above, beyond his touch.

After awhile, Little Cub knew it wasn't a flower at all, but another kind of woodland creature—so small, so delicate, and pretty too.

The butterfly then landed on a blue coloured wildflower, where a ray of sun was shining on it.

Mama Bear stood near Little Cub as he was still and quiet, watching this amazing creature of the forest.

But then he slunk down to the ground, somewhat melancholy.

“Mama,” Little Cub began to express. “I can't fly, can I?”

“We have other abilities, Darling. We are strong and brave, and have a furry coat on us at all times so we can endure the cold of winter.

“We can walk, climb, run, and roll around in the grass too!” Mama Bear said while playfully doing as she was explaining.

Soon a playful Little Cub bounded over to join in. They rolled around in the grass and played together.

“I like being bear,” at last he said.

“Me too, Darling,” replied Mama Bear.

“Are we almost there yet, Mother?” Little Cub asked, feeling the walk was a rather long one for his little size.

“We can go as far or as fast as suits us for today, Darling. But I think what you need now is some time to relax. Oh, and look, there’s something over there!” Mama Bear said.

The two went over to check out a bag that had been mistakenly left behind by some brave hiker some days before.

There were two apples and some other fresh food nibbles.

“Mmmm! Yummy!” said Little Cub.

He didn’t know how it happened, but it always seemed to work out.

Whenever they needed food, something worked out. And in the season when not much food was around, the bears slept and didn’t need to eat. They would hibernate through the winter.

It was clear there wasn’t a human around right then, and this exploring team was glad for this snack.

Mama Bear nibbled the most, as she had the biggest appetite. But Little Cub enjoyed his meal, too.

After which they lay beside a bush and had a little rest. The sun was now hot and high, and they would save their energy for a bit later on.

Mama Bear rested the most, but when Little Cub felt energetic again, he played

around the nearby trees, and tried to climb a tree or two.

Before too long, Mama Bear was up and ready to continue their adventure together.

Soon they heard the sound of falling water, rushing down the side of a mountain.

“Oh! Mama!” exclaimed Little Cub as they reached the edge that overlooked a magnificent waterfall.

The rushing of the water was exciting, and the height of the waterfall was awe-inspiring. It wasn't the tallest waterfall on the mountain, but big enough.

To see the tallest one, they'd have to go to see “The Great Waterfall”.

Maybe on some other day they could go. But for today, this place was exciting enough.

“This is a special place,” Mama Bear said. “I haven't been here for a while, but

it is one of my favourite places to come.
Do you like it?”

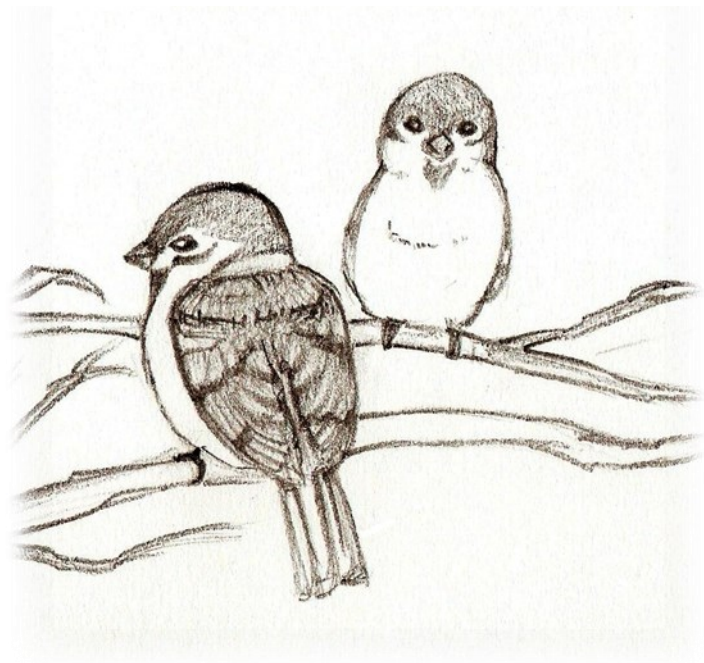
“Yes! I do!” said a very enthusiastic
Little Cub.

He stood as tall and strong as he could,
feeling very big to be able to come all the
way here. It wasn't a place for little
growing ones, but now that he was
getting older, he could behave safely.

His mother had taught him that if he
wished to grow up strong and big, and be
safe, he'd need to listen to her and follow
her advice. And this is what he tried to do
each day.

For a long while the two bears just
stood there watching the marvellous show
of water pouring down.

“How lovely, isn't it?” Mama Bear said to
Little Cub. He nodded. It was a special
day and a special trip.



Chapter 4—Under the Stars

“Come, I’ll show you one of my favourite nooks,” Mama Bear said to Little Cub.

A short distance away was a cave or shelter in the rock. It wasn’t a cave that went deep into the mountain, but just the perfect place for a rest or night’s sleep.

It was the perfect size for Mama Bear and Little Cub to curl up snugly for the night, if they wanted to camp here. They could go to sleep to the sound of a rushing waterfall nearby, and could look out at all the lovely trees and bushes in the surrounding area.

It was getting late in the day, and it would be soon time to find some supper and a place to rest for the night. –That is if they didn’t wish to go all the way back to their usual home before night.

“Can we sleep there?” Little Cub jumped around and excitedly asked,

pointing to the nook under the overhanging rocky edge.

“Would you like that?” Mama Bear returned the question.

“Yes! Yes! I would very much like that!” was Little Cub enthusiastic response.

“Very well, then, that will do for tonight,” Mama Bear agreed.

A bit more time was spent walking around and exploring the area, and finding nibbles to eat. But they chose to return to this leafy bed to rest on, in this cave nook.

It was a place that would be sheltered from some of the wind, or rain—if it was to rain.

When they were ready, the two bears settled for the night.

Just as Little Cub was shutting his eyes and drifting off to sleep, he heard a “Hoot-Hoot!”

Suddenly his eyes sprang open and he got up.

“Mama! Something woke me up... Well, I hadn’t really been asleep yet...” Little Cub explained.

Then it came again, “Hoot-Hoot!”

He had heard it before, but it seemed very near to where they were and sounded louder than he had ever heard it before.

“While we go to sleep, the owls in the woods wake up and keep watch over the woods—along with other creatures that can come and go in the dark as they wish,” Mama Bear said, while she helped Little Cub to settle down once again for sleep.

“Think of it as a goodnight song for us, letting us know it’s time to rest—because the others, the nocturnal animals that stay awake at night and sleep in the day, will be watching over things,” Mama Bear suggested.

The “Hoot-Hoot” came again a time or two, but this time Little Cub stayed still and lay snugly as he drifted off to sleep.

All the different sounds in the woods at night would be like a big, yet rather soft and mostly quiet sounding chorus to listen to while resting for the night.

At one time in the night a sniffing furry creature came around where Mama Bear and Little Cub were at rest.

Mama Bear had opened her eyes and could see some of the bright stars in the sky. It was like a sign that even when things were dark, there was always something to give light.

Those in the dark night could always find something light-filled to look at. Light is beautiful and lovely. Sometimes the night had a bright moon, or clear starry sky. Or sometimes some fireflies would fly by shining with their lights.

So when Mama Bear was looking at the stars and heard this creature sniffing around where she and her cub were, she was alerted.

It didn't sound like a friendly creature, but one that was usually unwelcome.

“Off with you!” growled Mama Bear in her big loud voice and threatening to lunge out at the wolf who was not to be tolerated.

Taken by surprise to suddenly encounter such a large and strong Mama Bear, the wolf decided if he didn't want to find out what would happen if he didn't leave, it was best to go. He'd have to find somewhere else to sniff around.

“What was that?” Little Cub groggily asked his Mama Bear who was settling down once again beside him.

“Nothing to worry about, Darling,” Mama reassured. “We'll be fine.”

Mama Bear whispered,

“Mama must always be alert to keep good watch over you. Some creatures around in this part of the woods are up to no good.

“But if we stay together, and use our instincts and abilities that we were created with, we can be safe.

“Why don’t you go back to sleep now. If any trouble comes, I’ll be right here to guard you.”

And so Little Cub did just that. He knew his mother loved him a whole lot. As he drifted off to sleep he thought about all the ways his Mama showed how much she loved him.

He listed them in his mind:

Mama makes sure I am safe.

She always wants to know where I am, and likes to be with me.

She hugs me and keeps me snug when I need cuddles.

She helps me get food and water when I need it.

She teaches me lots of things, like how to behave like a good bear, and what the woods are like, and answers my questions.

She talks to me kindly and is patient.

She warns me of danger, and teaches me how to avoid it or how to manage it.

She takes me with her when she goes to places, and doesn't leave me alone.

She is kind to the other forest dwellers, so they will be friendly to me as well.

She is stern with any that would cause me harm and doesn't tolerate troublemakers.

I am happy with my Mama....

With these thoughts Little Cub was soon fast asleep.

Mama Bear kept watch for a while longer. She didn't want any prowler to get near to her dear Little Cub.

Then clouds started to move across the sky as the wind blew them. Soon the wind was blowing on the forest trees, first with a breeze, but then a bigger wind that moved and seemed to rustle every branch.

“Crash!” a few branches fell from some trees, and one old rotting tree toppled over with a boom.

Pouring rain soon followed, liberally watering the forest area.

“I’m sure glad we are in this little safe nook,” thought Mama Bear.

Then she too, took some time to rest. As she drifted to sleep to the sound of rainfall she thought of all the ways the Creator of all—all the beasts and birds and swimming creatures, the sky, the water, the land and all the plants, and everything that was in the forest— had shown His love and care for her too.

She listed them as she drifted off to sleep:

Our Creator is kind to us, and has provided each thing that we need, in the place that we live.

He makes sure the place is big enough and provides for new plants and trees to grow each day.

He sends the rain to water the ground and keep everything growing right, and the water fills the rivers and streams. We can drink it, wash in it, or find fish in it, too.

He sends the sunshine to keep everything growing, and to give us light to see in the day. The sun causes the moon to shine at night, too, as it reflects the sun's light.

Our Creator makes sure that the rocks and logs are made in such a way that they erode or wear away a bit with the rain and the wind, so that nooks and

holes are made for creatures to have a place to sleep nice and snug.

And with that last thought, she too, fell fast asleep until the birds chirped the morning song.

Chapter 5—Acorns and Pine Nuts

Stretch! Yawn! Mama Bear and Little Cub awoke to greet a sunny day. The rain had passed, and all looked cheery and bright. Especially nice, because it was washed clean and sparkled in the sunlight.

“Let’s go to the stream that we found earlier, and have a drink of water, shall we?” Mama Bear suggested.

“It’s always good to start with a good drink of fresh clean water when you wake up. It helps you to wake up happy and thinking clearly.”

So after a morning hug and tickle, and some play in the slippery wet leaves that were all around from the night’s windy and wet event, they walked off to find some water.

When they reached the stream, Little Cub was seen to be standing very still near one small pool of water that had gathered to the side of the stream.

“What do you see?” Mama Bear asked, as she came over. “I see another little bear in the water!” Little Cub said curiously.

“Ah!” smiled Mama Bear. “I think it’s a little bear cub that would LIKE to be in the water! Look closely at that bear that you see on the surface of the water. Does it do everything that you do as well? Try touching your nose and see what happens,” Mama Bear suggested.

So Little Cub did it, and oddly enough the bear he was seeing was seen to touch his own nose, also. Next, Little Cub shook his head, and so did the image of the little bear on the water follow the same motion.

“It’s you, Darling!” Mama Bear explained. “That is just a reflection or picture of you on the top of the water. If you stir up the water and put your paw in it, you will find that it’s just water there, and not a bear—yet!

“That is until you jump in it!”

Little Cub looked up and smiled, and then took the plunge and jumped into the water. Now there was a little bear cub in that small pond—a very wet and happy one.

Leaping around from place to place in the stream, Little Cub laughed. It would be a great day!

He had a nice drink of the water, and soon they were off to find something for breakfast.

Then it was Mama Bear that was seen looking into a pond to the side of the stream. Little Cub came up to her side slowly and quietly. What was she looking at?

Putting in her paw a few times, she pulled out a fish! A fish was swimming in this stream and had found its way into this little pond away from the flowing water. It was as if their Creator had placed it just right there for them to have something for breakfast.

They didn't need to worry about food the next day, or the next, or for the rest of their life. All they needed to do was what they were made to do in their bear life in the woods and mountain, and their Creator who watched over them would see to it that they had what was needed.

Little Cub was learning that, and saw how his Mama Bear didn't worry, but took one hour at a time, doing her best to care for her little cub. He decided he would do the same—just do his best at what he was meant to do, and trust that the things he needed would be provided.

“Time to find and hide some nuts!”
Mother squirrel called out to her furry young ones.

They were just about to scamper across the tree branch and hop to the other tree and scurry down the trunk and rustle through the leaves, when something made them all stop suddenly.

They hardly even twitched a tail while they held real still and watched below at what they just noticed.

“Krrdwygcitcemuvdeezinuhtsz*” a little childish voice called out.

The squirrel family of course couldn't understand what was being said by the human little one, as it was people talk. But they did see the father picking up a nut off the ground and examining it.

“Deezahraykohns,*” the father said, “Skwurlzligckemaihtynk.*”

Then he seemed to be heading out to a different place where the squirrels knew that pine nuts were often found.

They watched as the human child and her father picked up pinecones and looked on the ground. The girl's face lit up with a smile every time she found a little edible nut, and placed it in her pocket.

“I wish I had something to hold the nuts for me,” one young squirrel said aloud to

his mother. “Then I could fill it up with nuts!”

Mother smiled, “And what would then happen when you wanted to hop and jump and scurry up and down trees and all on the ground? Do you think the nuts would drop out of your pocket, if you had one, and would get lost?”

Little squirrel thought about it, and realised it was true.

“It’s good then that we hide them in the ground when we have extra. That way they won’t get lost—and some of them will grow into a tree one day, too!”

Mother nodded, and then gave the signal for them to get on with their activity for the day.

The owl family had been sleeping very soundly already, when an unusual sound was heard, alerting them.

The sound of a little human girl and the deep voice of her father responding, woke them briefly.

“Doohyoowsynkdatderizahbehurrahrownt?*” the girl asked, in a small voice, with wide eyes, as she was wondering what large creatures might be around in this part of the woods.

“Iz pocibolbuhdaitynkweewolbiyokai,*” the father responded to reassure her.

They didn’t know that the mother bear and little cub had normally been there, but on that day had chosen to go elsewhere on their discovery of the forest farther away.

It was good timing for their trip to find some nuts and see the forest.

Before too long the humans were walking further away, and so the owl family snuggled back down for some more sleep.

Some bunnies were hopping along when they saw a little girl looking at them, and scurried into a place to get out of sight.

Happy to have seen them for at least a bit, the girl exclaimed, and all the neighbouring birds in the tree above heard too:

“Ahyasahhubuneegowieenfahsstoafurrd er!*”

The father smiled. He'd seen it and its friends, too.

Chapter 6—Breakfast, Bugs, Berries

“Thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud-thud,” a very fast and loud sound was coming from a nearby tree.

The human father and daughter looked to see where it came from. It was a well-known sound. Then they spotted it. It was a woodpecker at work, doing just that: pecking wood!

The little girl wondered why it did that, as it seemed hard work, and hard for its head to do that much banging.

The father explained how the woodpecker was so cleverly created, with all the parts made by the Creator in such a way so that it didn’t get hurt doing its job of finding bugs in the wood of the trees.

“Aiheeamclatdataidoantneetoododat,*” the girl commented, thankful that she didn’t have such a hard job just to get her breakfast, though it did seem that the woodpecker was perfectly happy and even enjoyed it.

He was special and admired for his great ability and skill and strength in his own way.

Father explained how many creatures it took to maintain and keep the forest going well, as well as the many creatures that depended on the forest for living. Each one was designed with different abilities.

Some bugs that eat wood, help to create hollow trees for other creatures to live in.

But the woodpecker perhaps helped the trees, too, by removing extra bugs, so the trees could be strong and tall.

The father had brought his axe and a large sack, as he needed to collect some more wood for his home's fireplace.

They lived about an hour's walk from here, in a remote area and knew about forest life. But they didn't often come to this part, so it was a new time of discovery.

Looking around at some large branches that had fallen, the father chose out the best looking ones that would be good for burning.

Using an old stump for a base, the father chopped up some wide branches and loaded them into his sack.

Meanwhile the girl picked up little twigs to be used for kindling. She put them in a basket that she had brought.

When they were finished, they left back for home.

“Oawpaphlukanceeduhberreezovfurder!*” the girl excitedly exclaimed while pointing out a berry bush she had just noticed.

With a nod of her father, they both set down their loads for a moment to pick some good berries. The girl was able to wrap some of them in a napkin she had, and carefully added it to the basket, so as not to let them get squished.

She would bring them home for her mother and little brother.

All the nearby animals in the woods watched and listened as these humans left the area. They kept rather still and out of sight most of the time. But as soon as these humans were gone, noise and activity resumed as usual.

There was scurrying and hopping, climbing and flying, digging and pecking, and many interesting sounds—yet it was all rather peacefully done and in harmony, so as to make being out in nature a lovely place, and relaxing.

“Humans are just different than us animals,” said a mama racoon who had woken to watch the visitors carefully.

The sly fox agreed as she trotted on past, “And it should be so. For if they ever try to imitate our ways,” the fox put on a sneaky grin, “they always get into trouble.”

Another small bird joined in,

“I heard my mother say that my grandmother heard her mother’s aunt say that her grandfather used to know a bird whose distant cousin’s friend’s great uncle’s dad saw what used to be there, instead of a grey line and speeding metal machines.”

Several other winged friends gathered together to hear what this little one had to say.

“They used horses on a dirt or stone roadway, and that is what these humans used for travel, nearly everywhere,” the bird announced.

“Ah, now that would be more friendly,” expressed Mr. Crow.

“If the speedy and strong ones of our animal kingdom were used for human transportation, it would be much more sensible. For animals know animals, and can sense things better.

“A horse would know better to give way to a struggling hedgehog’s family as they struggled across the road. Why, it could just leap over them, if need be.

“But these machines, why they don’t know how to do anything! They just go, or stop. They don’t think, or jump, or ponder.” He ended with a tone of exasperation.

“Well, speaking of roads, I best be off,” said Mrs. Crow. “The road needs to be checked and cleaned up regularly. The Creator doesn’t want His creation to be left a mess and dirty, causing filth and disease. These cars make extra work to be sure, for sadly, not all animals make it across the road.”

And off she flew, with Mr. Crow soon flying away to tend to his duties for the day as well.

“I’m off too,” said the littlest bird of the forest. “I’ve got to find good seeds to eat and help to spread seeds around.

“New plants growing is what keeps the Earth going! That is my job for the Creator, to assist the plant life. And also to keep the nasty bugs and mosquitoes from getting too abundant.

“I’ll be off again to continue a good day’s work. I’ll be back again to sing the evening song I sing each day when it’s time to rest.

“It is my way to thank the Creator for His provision and care for us all—animals and plants, and the humans too. For I know He cares about them and loves them very much, and that is why He has given us the job of looking after things, so that the humans will have all they need, too.”

Two birds were left and scooted together to chat.

“I’ve been to their house, you know? That family that was here today,” one bird said to the other.

“Really? Tell me about it!” he eagerly asked.

“Well, they kindly have placed a birdfeeder on their back porch, so little ones like me feel welcome.

“It was especially nice some months ago when it was cold and a bit hard to find seeds to eat. I was looking for food at a further away place when I came across their home. It’s a lot bigger than a nest, of course.

“Anyway, at first I was a bit timid, but because no one was there to chase me away, I landed on the birdfeeder that was filled with all kinds of seeds.

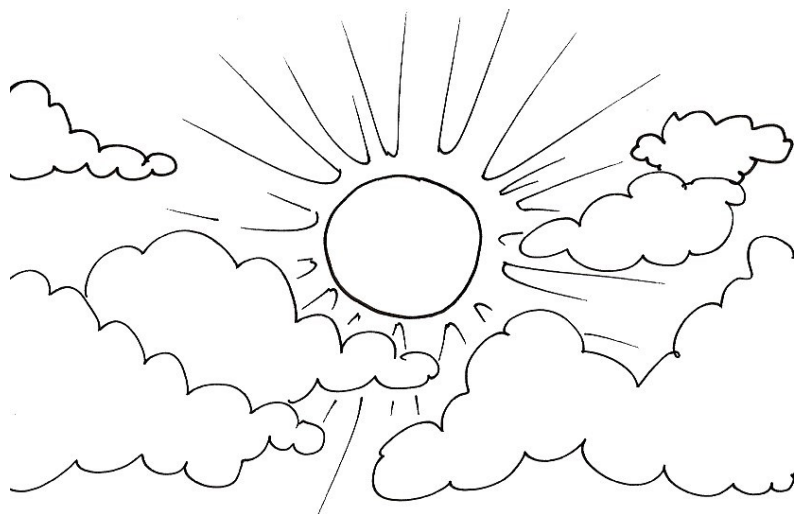
“It was great! So delicious. There was also a little birdbath for me to drink from and splash some of the bugs off,” the bird told his experience.

“Sounds like a nice place,” the other bird commented. “Maybe I should check it out too, some time.”

“Yes, we could go together!”

And with that they decided that in the later afternoon they would fly to see the human’s house and yard. But for now they had jobs to do and were off doing what they were created to do each day.

“See you later!” said one bird to another, and so was the reply.



A large crow squawked from a high branch, and added a comment to her companion,

“They are to be in charge of the Earth you know. That is why we aren’t too bold when they come around. But I do hope they can learn from our Creator the best ways to run things.”

The other crow nodded. For if he could talk to the humans and they would listen, there was much this crow would like to say.

He had flown here and there and been in many situations. There was lots he had learned about humans and their ways of life.

“I say it is a pity indeed, these things called cars...” Mrs. Crow lamented.

“For so many of our forest dwellers must attempt to cross that dangerous grey surface. It’s hard to do it and not get hit by those speeding metal machines.”

Chapter 7—Care for the Creatures

In the late afternoon, when the little family had finished eating their supper on the back porch, the little girl spotted two visitors.

Her mama was in the kitchen washing up the dishes, her little brother was playing on the rug beside his father who was watching over him carefully. Father was getting a fire going before it was evening.

At the end of the day the family liked to sit around the fireplace and sing songs or tell stories from when Mama and Papa were young. Today there would be new stories to tell about their long walk and trip to the other forest.

The little girl had cleared some of the dishes from the outdoor table and brought them to the kitchen, and was just about to go out to get the rest of the dishes, when she paused and pointed out the visitors she saw.

The two little birds had come as they had agreed, to see the human's living place and see if there were any snacks to be enjoyed.

They had come at just the right time, as the crumbs on the table needed cleaning up. Here is what they heard the girl say.

“Oawlukatdeezkyootlidelburtzawnahrtay bolheerh.*”

The sudden sound of her voice startled the little birds so off they flew, but not away, only up to the tree branch to look down and take in the setting and possible food options.

After the girl finished clearing the table, she then watched very quietly from a window, to see if the birds would return. And sure enough the two little birds flew back down to the table to peck just a few more crumbs.

The girl smiled. The birds were helping her to clean up, and that helped provide a little meal for them.

It was nice when good creatures and kind humans helped one another.

After cleaning up what they liked from the seeds and crumbs on the table, the two little birds checked out the bird feeder and birdbath.

The little girl enjoyed watching them at play and having fun. They had worked hard all day, and were having a time of relaxing before settling down for the night.

Before leaving, the two little birds sat up high in the tree to sing a lovely song, right there.

It was their way to thank those kind people for their care, and to thank their Creator for His provision and protection.

“We are nearly back to our little home,” said Mama Bear to Little Cub as they finished the last part of their journey back home.

“Did you enjoy your time of exploring, darling?” asked Mama Bear.

“Oh, yes, it was great fun! And we even got to stay the night in a new area! I saw so many fun things!” an enthusiastic but ready-to-sleep Little Cub responded.

“Mama, do you think anything interesting happened here while we were gone?” Little Cub suddenly thought.

“I’m sure all kinds of things happened! There’s never a day when something new doesn’t happen.

“Why! Look over here! This patch of wild flowers were just about to open when we left, and now they have fully bloomed.”

Little Cub went over to examine these flowers, give them a sniff and bid them good night. For they would soon close up for the evening, but would open again to receive the light in the morning.

The squirrel family darted past. They seemed to like to move very fast from

place to place, but they could sure hold still when they wanted to, as well.

“You’re back,” they called out briefly to Mama Bear and Little Cub, greeting them. Happy to see them, but also glad that they had been away for the day, due to the visitors their part of the forest had had.

Mr. and Mrs. Crow flew down to say “Hello” and give the news.

“Did you hear? A team of humans were here just today?” the crows joined in announcing.

“A team of a father and his little girl. Seems they were up to no trouble at all, just collecting wood, and some berries and they were on their way again back to their home.”

“Oh, really?” Mama Bear was very curious.

“What did they look like?” Little Cub asked, for he had never seen humans before.

Mama Bear had only seen the father one time from a distance, but that was many months ago. So she couldn't rightly answer that, but said:

“They don't have fur like we do, and get around balanced on just two legs.

“But they have a pair of clever hands with long smooth fingers that can do and make so many things.”

“I wish I could have seen them and heard them and smelled them,” said Little Cub.

Mama Bear commented, “The Creator has said that we bears and the humans are not to get too close to each other. He's put it in our instincts to keep a good distance from each other, for the good of both of us.

“Neither of us are safe for each other—because both of us are afraid that the other isn't safe to be around, and try to protect ourselves.

“It’s best we just stay in our parts of the forest, or leave when humans need to come to gather supplies for their family from the forest, that our Creator said is meant for them.

“We both have something in common, I hear, though, and that is that human mothers and bear mothers both want to protect their little ones very well.

“I suppose it’s just as well that we took the day to explore somewhere else. We all had a lovely peaceful day.”

“Did the Creator tell you to take me to that new part of the forest on the mountain edge today and yesterday, Mama?” Little Cub wondered.

Mama Bear thoughtfully nodded, “You, know, it just might have been. Our Creator cares about the welfare of all His creatures and provides also for His beloved humans.

“They don’t have the skills that we have, for survival out in nature all the

time, and in many ways things are harder for them. We can be glad for what we have.”

“Like my fur!” Little Cub added. “It keeps me nice and warm.”

“Yes, darling,” Mama Bear said. “You are just perfectly created for what you need, and where you need to live.”

“But don’t they get cold in the snowy winter without fur?” Little Cub asked.

Mama Bear smiled, “I’m sure they do get cold at times. But the Creator gave them the ability to make things, remember?

“He made humans somewhat like Him—He likes to make and create things, and so do humans.

“So whatever they need, the Creator can give them the ideas of how to make things out of what they find in nature.

“They can make coverings for themselves to keep warm. They can also

gather wood and build a place to have a fire burning for warmth.

“They can make coverings for their feet, and also make big covered places to live in, so the wind and the snow and the rain doesn’t get on them.”

“Oh!” a wide-eyed Little Cub listened to this new information. He was learning so much that day.

Chapter 8—Curious Little Cub

As Mama Bear and Little Cub were walking over to their den, another question popped into Little Cub's mind to ask his Mama.

“Do humans hibernate all winter in the place they build to stay in?”

Mama Bear responded, “They do sleep there, in their houses as they are called. But they are usually always awake for some part of the day or night, in all seasons of the year.

“See, we can sleep and have stored food in our body to keep ourselves living. But humans have the need to eat nearly every day, usually, even in the winter.”

“But where do they get food then?” Little Cub was curious.

Just then one of the little birds who had been to the human's home flew down to join in the discussion.

“I don’t hibernate either, but there’s always something I can find around. It’s especially nice when the humans leave some seeds outside for us to eat. That makes it easy.

“But I did see something else when I was at their home today. As I flew past the window I saw a whole lot of containers filled with foods.

“We birds don’t need to store up food, for our Creator gives us things here and there to nibble on, in nature. But the humans have the skill and ability to store it up, so they can have what their family needs when crops don’t grow in the cold season.

“That’s our Creator’s way of providing for them—giving them the skill and ability to save it up, and keep it from going bad, and keep the bugs and... well, birds also, and perhaps a few bears from eating it, so the humans can have some later on.”

“That’s interesting,” commented Mama Bear.

“Speaking of food, Mama, I’m hungry,” said Little Cub, who was ready for another meal before settling down to sleep.

“Come! I’ll show you somewhere that has something that is good for supper tonight!” the little bird chirped.

“My friends and I have had our fill, so why don’t you enjoy it now, too.”

And the little bird chirped and flew and led Mama Bear and Little Cub over to an old rotting log that was filled with termites and other crawling bugs and larvae.

The bear team thanked the little bird, and enjoyed their snack before going to rest.

Little Cub would have a lot to tell papa bear, when he got back from wherever he had been gone to. Little Cub had seen and learned so much over the past two days.

That night as Little Cub slept, he had a curious dream.

In his dream he found himself very near to a human house, and was most curious to see what it was like.

Very quietly he crept so as to not stir anyone or to make his presence be known. Little Cub climbed up on the wooden veranda and sniffed around, until something caught his attention. A dog!

A grumpy and loud dog came running out of his little house and barked loudly at Little Cub.

Soon a window was opened and Little Cub lumbered away, taking one look at the face of a human man, who angrily yelled something out.

“Curious,” Little Cub thought, in his dream. “His head only has fur on the top, and a bit around his mouth. But that dog spoiled the fun of exploring.

“I guess I should just stay where I am meant to, or trouble might find me if I go looking for it.”

When Little Cub woke up and told his Mama about the dream he added,

“I didn’t like the sound of the human man’s angry voice...” Little Cub said, happy to be with his soft and nice Mama.

“Well, dear,” Mama Bear said soothingly,

“Remember what I told you about some animals and humans needing to stay separate because of the fear they have, and the skills they have to protect themselves?

“This helps neither one suffer harm that wasn’t meant to be.

“Anger shows fear. Humans are afraid of us. We are stronger than they, and if we aren’t careful to mind our own business and stay away, we might hurt them.

“We are afraid of them and what they might do to us to protect themselves, also.”

“Does anger always show that a creature or a human is afraid?” Little Cub asked.

“Often it does, but not always. Sometimes it’s just a warning. Or sometimes it’s because of hurt. Feelings of anger might come when a creature is hurt. The best thing to do when a creature or human is angry, is to give kindness and consideration. This helps take away hurts and fear. Different creatures appreciate kindness and consideration in different ways,” Mama Bear explained.

“For example, to stay away from human homes is showing that you care enough to not frighten them, and you aren’t trying to come around and take their food or disrupt things. Instead you go and find your own food and home, with the skills and instincts that you have.”

Little Cub added in,

“And when the humans put out seeds for the little birds who don’t have much to eat in the winter, this is kind too.”

“Yes, that’s right. Or when a family of animals are living in a nook somewhere in the forest, and another animal family tries to go live there, they are met with anger sometimes.

“The animal family living there doesn’t want to be disturbed and have no where for their little ones to be safe and warm. So the kind thing to do is to leave and let the animal family stay peacefully where they have set up their home, and instead work to find another place.

“Our Creator knew how many of us there would be, and he makes sure there is enough room for all the creatures to have a place to live and something to eat,” Mama Bear said.

Little Cub remembered another example.

“Remember last week, Mama, when we were fishing in the lake, and my fish fell back into the water and swam away?”

“I was very upset, but then my friend cub who was there that day, shared some of hers with me. That took away my anger. That was very kind.”

“That’s right dear,” Mama Bear commented, “Kindness and consideration help to bring peace and happiness.”

Little Cub wondered, “Mama, is it good to be angry and to act roughly, like when a parent is trying to protect their little ones? It doesn’t seem kind. But it’s not nice to let little ones get hurt by troublemakers.”

Mama Bear remembered about the wolf, and how she had to protect her little one.

“Remember when we were sleeping in the other part of the forest?”

Little Cub nodded, and Mama Bear continued, “Well, there was a wolf that came sniffing around, trying to see what it could get away with. Sometimes in order to make things be peaceful, the troublemakers that don’t care about things being nice, need to be told to stop.

“Sometimes I have to growl and imitate how I will lunge out at a troublemaker, so they can be warned. But if they observe and heed the warning, then I don’t have to do anything rough.

“It’s only those that try to hurt and are looking to stir up trouble, that sometimes need the tougher language of kindness.

“Most of the time kindness is a soothing voice and gentle care. But other times, if it’s to help protect little ones and to help troublemakers change their plans, then this is kindness, too, for its goal is to make things better. And nothing is done that is unnecessary.”

Mama Bear knew that day-by-day her little cub would learn all the things that would make him be a wise, fine and strong bear.

Little Cub wasn't sure he understood the full answer to his question, but he knew if he kept asking questions, and kept watching the way his mother behaved and what she did, he would learn to act wisely and well.

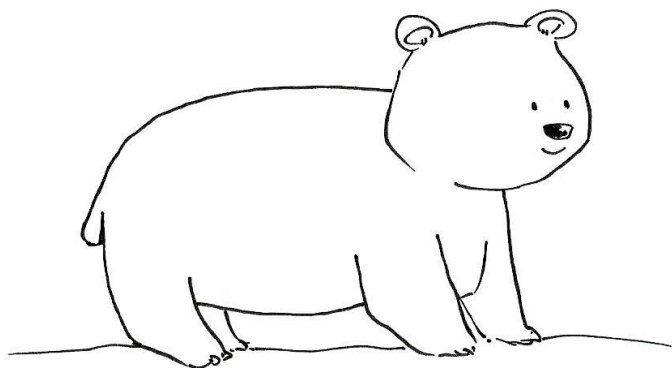
Little Cub tried to repeat back to his mother what he thought she meant, in answer to his question.

“So, Mama, it's okay to sometimes be angry if it is the only way to make things better and protect the little ones, and if a creature won't make a good change when using the kinder ways?”

“But most of the time being soft and gentle and speaking nicely is the best way?”

“Yes, dear,” Mama Bear nodded. “So that’s why sometimes it’s just best for some creatures that upset each other, or cause anger, to stay away from each other for now, to keep things peaceful.

“One day our wonderful Creator will help take away the upsetting things, and troublesome things and teach all creatures and humans the way to enjoy living happily, in peace together.”



Chapter 9—Let’s Sing!

When Little Cub woke up the next morning, after a snug and peaceful rest, there was a new song in the air.

“A new bird must have come to this part of the forest!” Mama Bear said aloud what Little Cub was just wondering. It was a cheery way to wake up.

“Mama, why do the birds always sing—at least the birds that know how to?” Little Cub asked.

“Well, dear, let’s go and ask one, shall we? They know better than I do,” Mama Bear suggested.

So Mama Bear stood on her back legs and reached up high on the tree with her front paws, and in a low friendly growly way asked the new bird what she was singing about.

The light little winged creature kindly came down to a lower branch to finish off her song, so the bears could hear it better.

She thought if they could hear the notes she sang they would better understand what the song was about.

Little Cub thought he ought to try to get closer too, to hear the bird's song, so copying the position of his mother, he too put up his paws on the tree and stood on his back legs.

But after a minute he got tired and stood back on the ground, and so did his mother.

When the song ended, it was then that the Creator gave the bears the understanding of what this little winged creature was singing.

“I'm singing because the sound of my voice wakes up the plants, and cheers my own self too.

“I sing because I thank our Creator, in advance for the provision of the day ahead of me. I sing because I don't have to worry where I will get my food.

“I sing because I don’t have to create my own wings for covering and support. I sing because I am happy to do my part to help creation to carry on.

“I sing to let all the creatures of the woods know that they are created by a Creator that likes songs and music and loves it when His creatures sing, too.

“I sing to start the day off on the right note—cheery and free.”

And with that, the little bird flew off and away.

Meanwhile back at the human’s home, mother was holding the littlest one and rocking him gently. He had been awake in the night for some time, and now, though it was morning he seemed already ready for more sleep.

Father had some concerns on his mind. Their food was running low—that is the food that wasn’t stored and saved for the winter—and he was hoping that they

would be able to get new shoes and coats before the cold weather set in on them.

He had presented these concerns to his family for prayer the night before, and was trying to not worry about them.

The little girl woke with a smile on her face, and opened up the window wide to let lots of fresh air into the room. It was then that she noticed the songs of the birds.

It seemed they were singing more than ever. It must be a special day today. Or maybe it was just a special moment, their moment, a time for the birds to be appreciated.

When she walked out of the room and hugged her father, she said, “That’s all we need to do, Father, to let go of our cares, is to sing—like the birds—every morning.

“The birds trust that the Creator will provide their food; and they have feather coats too, that they never had to buy or make.

“Even though our Creator will provide for us differently, still, he cares for us, and probably cares about us even more, because the world and all nature was set up for us, the Creator’s special friends.”

Father’s face lit up, “You’re right Darling, let’s sing! We know our Creator knows all that we need. If we don’t have it, it’s because we don’t need it quite yet, if we’ve asked Him for it.”

And so father and daughter sat out on the veranda and sang song after song, songs that the mother had taught them.

When they were done, smiles were on their faces. They were warm enough for today, and they had enough for their meals for a while longer. All was well.

And they needn’t have worried, for later in the day a knock was heard on the door of their mountain cabin.

“Hi, y’all, how’ve you been? I was just coming to give you a bit of extra supplies that we haven’t need of at this time.

“Bring it around, Jeremy,” the visitor said to his teen son, who had come to help out. A wheelbarrow-load full of dry grains, freshly picked veggies, some seeds for planting next spring, as well as some wool blankets that could be sewn into coats, if need be.

“It’s not much,” said one father to the next.

“But the timing is perfect!” replied the father whose family had prayed for just those things. Why, I couldn’t be happier! Thanks a whole lot! May you all have a great rest of the year!”

With hearty hugs of thanks, and an offer of a jar of blueberry jam, the visiting team left and whistled their way back home, about half an hour’s walk away.

Father and mother hugged and tears of thankfulness came to their eyes. Their Creator used the needs of the humans to help train each other in the skills of

kindness and consideration, unselfishness and caring. The more they learned to give to each other, to work hard, and help one another, the better things would get.

“Remember you helped Jeremy and his dad one time too, father? Last winter when they didn’t have enough dry wood, as the roof of their shed had cracked and rain came in? So you gave them a wheelbarrow full of wood to get a good fire going. They used that fire to start drying out their wood, and had what they needed from then on to keep them warm in the winter,” the girl recalled.

Father put his arm around her, nodded and said, “I guess it’s good to help others out. Seems we sure need one another. And believe me, mother and I sure need YOU!” he said to his daughter.

She smiled.

It was good to be needed and it felt good to be cared for.

Chapter 10—Something New

“What are we going to do today?” Little Cub leapt up at the thought of more adventures.

“I was thinking we could check out ‘The Great Waterfall’! Would you like that?” Mama Bear suggested.

Little Cub paused for a moment then with wide eyes said,

“I would like that very much, but isn’t that a long walk down the mountain? Will we have time to do it all in one day?”

“It is a long walk,” Mama Bear said, “And we don’t have to do it all in one day. Let’s just go bit by bit and see how far we get. We can enjoy things along the way, and discover all we can.

“It might take us a while, but I think we’ll find interesting things there.”

So it was decided that their long hike would be started right then. Little Cub lumbered and ran, sniffed and rolled, as

they made their way to the lower part of the mountain.

It was from there that they would be able to see the huge and long waterfall that fell from high up on the mountain, and made its way down to this final, long waterfall they called “The Great Waterfall”. It was the place they could get a good view.

It had been a long time since Mama Bear had gone to this particular part of the mountain.

What she didn’t know about was the new camp ground that had been set up there for humans who liked to travel and hike and be out in nature. Those who wanted to, could stay the night there, in tents or in the few log cabins that had been built there as well.

“Mama, Mama! I found something very unusual!” Little Cub said, nearly out of breath.

He had ran ahead down the slope a ways, but now lumbered as fast as he could, up the slope to his mother to tell her immediately about his discovery.

“Well, dear, I’ll have to see what it could be. Show me where this object is as we walk that way,” Mama Bear replied.

So they made their way through this pine forest area with lots of trees, until they got to the unusual item!

“It’s that Mama! It’s that! What is that?” Little Cub asked.

“My oh my. Would you look at that? I don’t rightly think I’ve seen such a thing! Whatever could it be?” Mama Bear responded.

A short distance away there was yet another strange looking object, “And look at this Mama! This is different, but it’s something I’ve never seen before either!”

A scamperous racoon ran past when being alerted by the excited Little Cub.

“Say, sir, do you know what these items on the forest floor are? My Cub and I haven’t a clue. Must have something to do with humans, for it’s nothing that grows, that I know of,” Mama Bear asked.

“Ah, those! Yea, I know those things veerrry well! I see them all the time, when I’m...uh...just looking around for a good supper down below, at the human campsite. Something to do with food and drink; containers of some sort.”

Then back into the hollow log the racoon went to carry on his rest. He’d need strength to stay awake that night to check things out in the human camp.

There always seemed to be some tasty can to lick out, or plastic bottle to chew on, or leftover bits of this and that to nibble on.

Chapter 11—Camping and Scampering

As a family of campers woke that morning they found that their trash bag from the night before had gotten dug into. Bits of rubbish were scattered around, so the father had some work to do to clean things up.

“I guess a racoon has gotten into things in the night,” he thought. “Well, we can be glad that at least it wasn’t a bear.”

“Do you think there are bears in this area?” said his wife with a concerned look, as she handed a piece of fruit to each of their children.

“Well, though I know some must be around, I don’t think any have been seen in these parts for some time. But you never know. We should keep a good look out, and not leave things around that would invite unwanted guests.”

So all the food, and rubbish as well, were placed in a tough big plastic

container, and locked tightly. Any bits of food were cleared and their fold-out table was washed well.

With so many new things to see, and when spying from a cliff down to the human campground below, this made the two bears move rather swiftly down the mountain—mostly Mama Bear was just trying to keep up with her bounding Little Cub.

“Please don’t go too far or too fast, darling. We don’t know what dangers are up ahead. It’s possible that we can see the falls, but let’s just take it one bit at a time, and not run into danger due to lack of watchfulness,” Mama Bear tried to instruct her Little Cub.

But he was much too excited to stay still for too long, however very shortly after not heeding his mother’s instructions, he heard a noise he hadn’t heard before.

“Ahhyderizabehrwutahrweeegoentoodo nahw...*”

Not sure what it was, Little Cub kept on walking, even though his mother had taken it as a warning signal and stayed behind a tree very still, but kept peeking on the situation.

Soon it was seen that some hikers were coming up the mountain trail and had spotted Little Cub.

They were very alarmed, and knew if there was a little bear cub, there must be a big bear around too.

They wisely turned around and left the pathway, scurrying back to the camp to tell everyone there.

Mama Bear caught up with Little Cub and said, “Now that they know we are here, we’re not sure what they will do. They know we are not safe, and we know they are not safe to be around.

“Let’s go back up a bit to where we were, and wait until the night. If you really

want to see the waterfall more closely, we can possibly creep up closer when all the humans are sleeping.

“The moon will be bright tonight, and it will look beautiful with moonlight shining on the pool of water formed by the waterfall.”

Little Cub knew his mother was right, and so he quietly walked up the mountain a ways again. As they sat in the bushy area and nibbled on berries, he had time to ponder.

“Maybe if I hadn’t been so fast, and had stayed closer to my mother, we might not have been noticed by the humans and had to leave. I’ll listen better and respond next time, even if I’m excited.”

A more obedient Little Cub waited patiently with his mother until they were sure things at the camp were still and at peace, and it was dark enough.

Chapter 12—The Great Waterfall

“Make sure not to growl,” Mama Bear instructed, “or they might try to chase us away.”

“Yes, mother,” Little Cub whispered.

Closer and closer they got, until they were nearly at the place they could see the full falling water, and drink from the pool.

However, just before they took the last steps out of the trees, a human stepped out of his tent.

He’d forgotten to put his food and scraps away safely and a racoon was now scampering around.

The bear team saw the human shine a light of some sort and wave a stick uttering something that sounded like, “Beofwityooangityaawaifrumheehr!”

Soon it was quiet again, and Mama Bear led the way, but then stopped to warn Little Cub of one more thing.

“If you don’t want to be chased off, don’t scamper around the human’s things. Leave the humans and their food and all their things alone. We have what we need and don’t need to be getting into what isn’t ours.

“We are here to see the water and get a drink, then we’ll quietly leave.”

Little Cub nodded in agreement, and determined to do that; that is until a smell of food began to call him, and away from his mother he began to stray. Mama Bear was thirsty and so carried on to the water.

“The moon is perfect tonight!” she thought, and thanked her Creator for all the beauty that could be enjoyed, day or night. She then looked over her shoulder to be sure that Little Cub was coming over.

Little Cub saw his mother and the lovely water with the moon shining on it, but then looked over at some food scraps that were left on the metal grate over the fire pit.

He had to make a tough choice. He nearly missed that nice drink of water and the joy of having his Mama Bear commend him with words of praise for doing the right thing, but as hard as it was to turn and walk away from the food scraps, he did it.

It helped to remember what his mother said about staying away from anger and not being the cause of it. So he quietly bounded over to the water.

It was fresh and good tasting, and looked lovely. He felt more grown up now that he had learned to say 'no' to himself, and would not do something that would cause him and his mother trouble.

Only big strong bears could turn away from things that were tempting but would make his other wishes not come true, if given in to.

Because he chose to follow his mother's good advice, he and she were able to do

what they had set out to do, and waited so long for—this special time at “The Great Waterfall”.

Lest anyone should wake up, when they’d had enough time there, the bears quietly left the camp, and made their way up to the pine forest to find a place to rest.

Mama thought they should only stay for part of the night, and be on their way before the first signs of light, which also might mean hiking humans could be coming around.

“Get up now darling,” Mama Bear said, waking her drowsy little one. “We should be on our way now, and head back to our home.”

“But Mama, I’m tired. We walked a long way. Can’t I sleep just a wee bit more?” Little Cub pleaded.

“Well, just a bit more. But I’ll keep watch over the cliff, and as soon as I see anyone moving in the camp, do you promise you will get up quickly and go with me?”

Little Cub was grateful for a kind mother that understood how he felt and what he needed, but who was also concerned and looking out for his wellbeing.

He then kept his word, and as soon as Mama Bear nudged him the next time, he bounded up and they were off and away, without so much as even rousing the racoon who had just settled down to sleep again.

By the time the sun was high in the sky, the bear team were far on their way, and it wasn't long before they would be home.

Papa Bear was around when they got back, and Little Cub had so many things to tell him. He told of the humans they saw and heard.

He told of 'The Great Waterfall' shining in the moonlight. He told of how he learned to obey and so many other things.

"I see you are getting to be a wise and learned bear, little one," Papa Bear said.

The family then went to the river for a relaxing time of swimming, rest, and a meal of fish and berries.

Little Cub rolled in the grass and wild flowers, and played games with his parents.

The birds sang on the overhanging tree branches at the lake's edge.

It was great to be a part of the Creator's creation. While they were in His loving care, every day was special and filled with new learning experiences.





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