

Little Bear's Adventure

by Melody Bertucci

Once upon a time on a cold and windy morning a bear cub called Little Bear, woke up in his cosy, small, soft bed. He yawned, stretched and looked at the world outside his bedroom window. Every morning like clock work he did the same. But this morning he looked past his home, past the meadow, and off into the distance past the forest of tall, tall trees and gently sighed.

What can be found past all those trees? He wondered about that a lot. As he made his bed, as he brushed his teeth, as he changed out and as he made his way downstairs to join his family for breakfast.

In the kitchen Mummy Bear was busy cooking three different pots of porridge for breakfast, whilst Daddy Bear sat at the head of the table hiding behind his 'too big for his face' glasses as he read the newspaper.

"Good morning my sleepy Little Bear," said Mummy Bear sweetly, as she made her way over to delicately plant a tender kiss on Little Bear's forehead.

"Morning, Mummy, morning Daddy," he replied in a sad tone. Daddy Bear looked up from his paper and said concerned.

"Is it not a good morning for you my sweet Little Bear?" Little Bear looked outside the kitchen window and said.

"I woke up this morning, with a very big desire to explore!"

Surprised, both parents looked at Little Bear and in unison said.

“You want to be an explorer?” excitedly Little Bear replied.

“Yes! I sure do! But I want to explore past our driveway, past the meadow all the way past the forest!” Mummy and Daddy Bear worryingly looked at each other and down at Little Bear.

“Our Little Bear, you know you can’t go past the forest. You must stay close where it’s safe, there’s lots of exploring to do around here,” said Daddy Bear as he held his cub’s paw.

Upset and frustrated Little Bear ran up the stairs to his bedroom. He grabbed a backpack filled it with binoculars, a map and some clothes, put it on his back and sneakily tip toed downstairs, quietly opened the front door and left on his adventure.

In the heart of a small, peaceful village a little girl with golden locks shouts at her parents, through streaming tears.

“I just want a friend that understands me!”

She grabs a torch and coat and runs out of her home in the middle of the night.

The little girl with the golden locks runs frantically past her school, past the playground, leaving behind all she knows and all the strict village rules. Rules that a little curious girl may not yet be able to fully understand.

Past the flowing river and into the wilderness and darkness of the forest, she goes in search of a friend. Someone that understands her, someone that’s in pursuit of exciting adventures.

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Little Bear had gone past the edge of the forest, he stood by a breath-taking river and took out his binoculars, looked through the piece. To his surprise he saw a small and pretty village in the distance and beings that were unlike him. They had no fur and different paws. Never had he gone so far from home. He was just about to take off towards the village, when suddenly four paws pulled him back. Mummy and Daddy Bear.

“We’ve been searching for you all morning! You’re safe, thank goodness!” Mummy Bear said and let out a huge sigh of relief as she pulled her precious cub close.

“Who? I mean what are they?” Little Bear curiously asked his Daddy.

“They are humans my sweet cub and they aren’t too fond of us!” replied Daddy Bear.

“But I want to meet them, I want to know them!” Little Bear said to his parents.

“My Little Bear, it seems that you are old enough to get through the forest unharmed. The walk back is long, and I think it’s time we explained what lies past the river!” said Mummy Bear.

Caught between confusion and curiosity, Little Bear did as he was told and listened on to his parent's tale, unaware of what was yet to happen upon his return home.

Wondering through the darkness until morning light, never felt more freeing but at the same time it was the scariest and craziest thing the little girl had done so far. As she wandered through the dense forest and past a vast meadow, she finally sees a little home. Tired, cold, upset and hungry she jogs over to the house and knocks.