

Little Bear's Friend

He could hear the wind sing. And he could feel the wind on his fur, on his eyes, on his little black nose.

He shut his eyes, and let the wind brush him. He opened his eyes, and saw two little squirrels.

“Play with us,” they said.

“No time,” said Little Bear. “I have to go home for lunch.”

He began to climb down, and saw four little birds.

“Look at us,” they said, “we can fly.”

“I can, too,” said Little Bear. “But I always fly down. I can't fly up or sideways.”

He climbed down some more, and saw a little green worm.

“Hello,” said the little green worm. “Talk to me.”

“Some other time,” said Little Bear. “I have to go home for lunch.”

He climbed all the way down, and there he saw a little girl.

“I think I am lost,” said the little girl. “Could you see the river from the treetop?”

“Oh, yes,” said Little Bear. “I could see the river. Do you live there?”

“Yes,” said the little girl. My name is Emily. And this is my doll Lucy.”

“I am Little Bear, and I can take you to the river. What is in that basket?”