

THE  
BEAR  
AND THE  
SEED



POONAM  
MISTRY

COVER NOT  
FINAL







DEDICATION HERE

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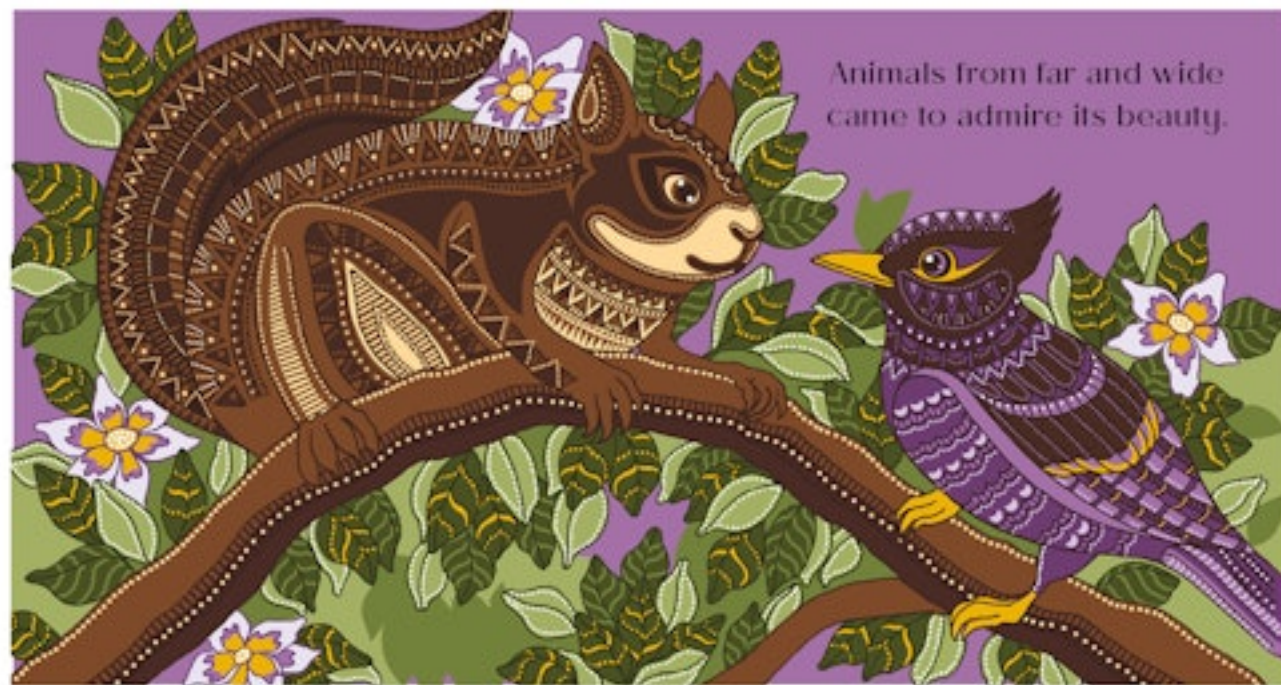
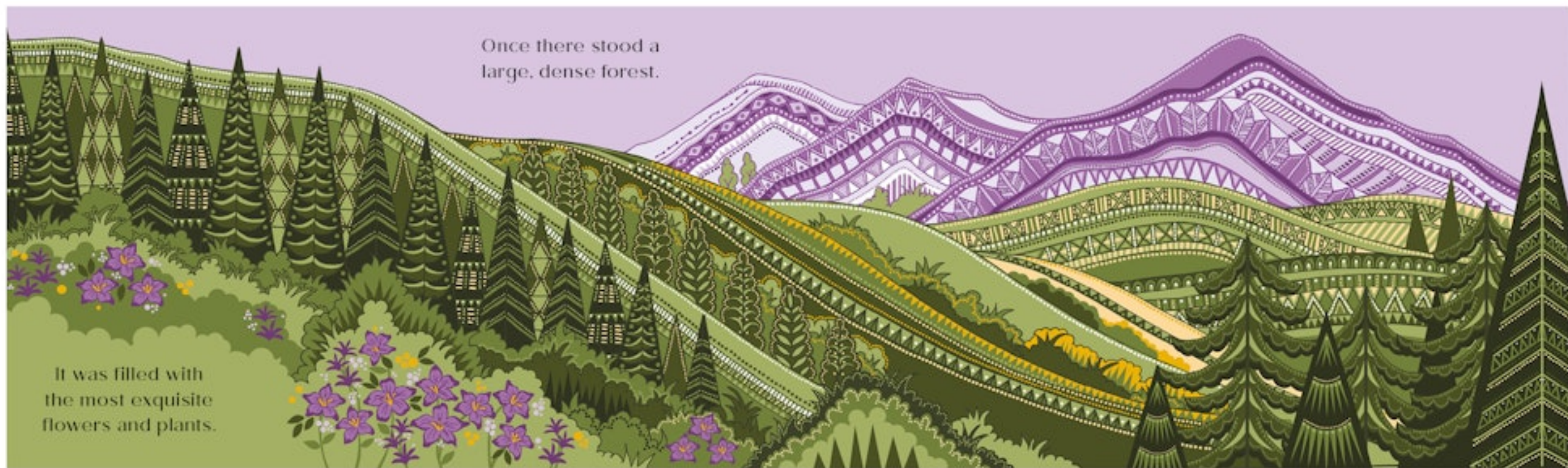


# THE BEAR AND THE SEED




POONAM MISTRY









In the forest lived  
a little bear.

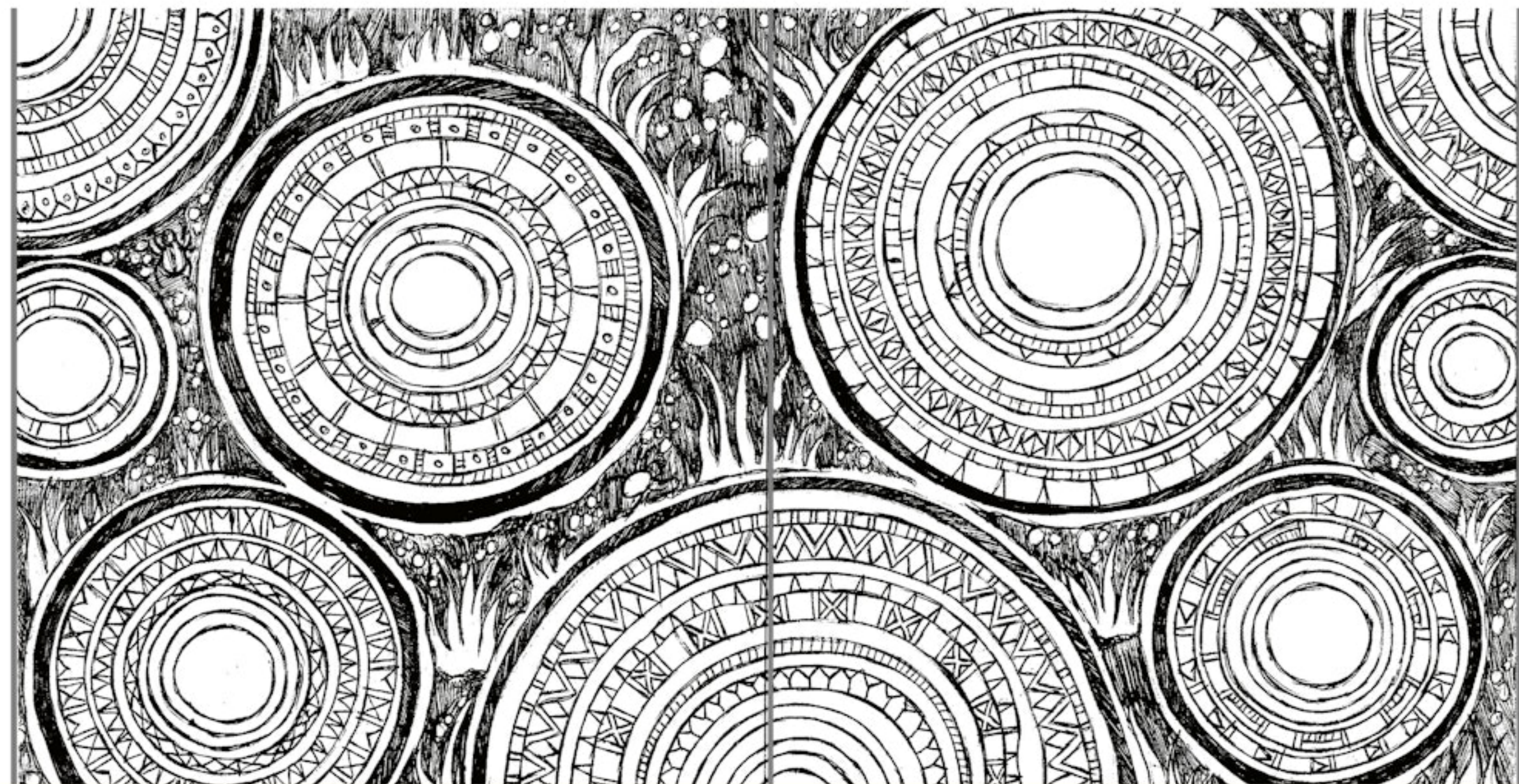
Bear often gazed up at the  
soaring trees that stood tall,  
rooted deep in the earth.

During the day, the light  
weaved through the thickets  
and branches while the  
crisp leaves swayed in the  
evening breeze.



But one day, the trees and flowers  
disappeared out of sight and sound.

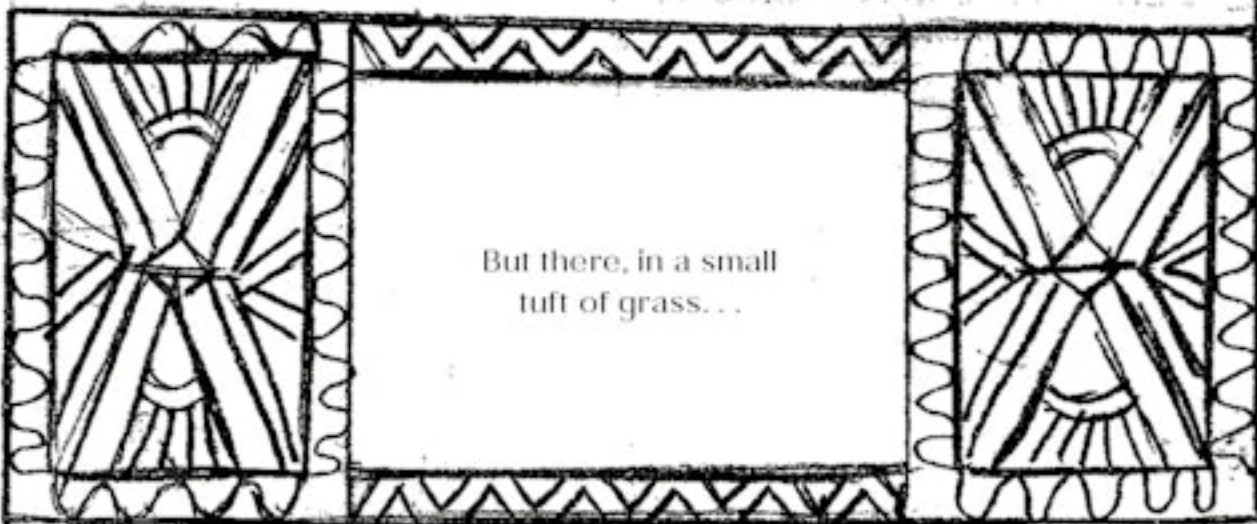
Slowly, the animals began to leave the forest.





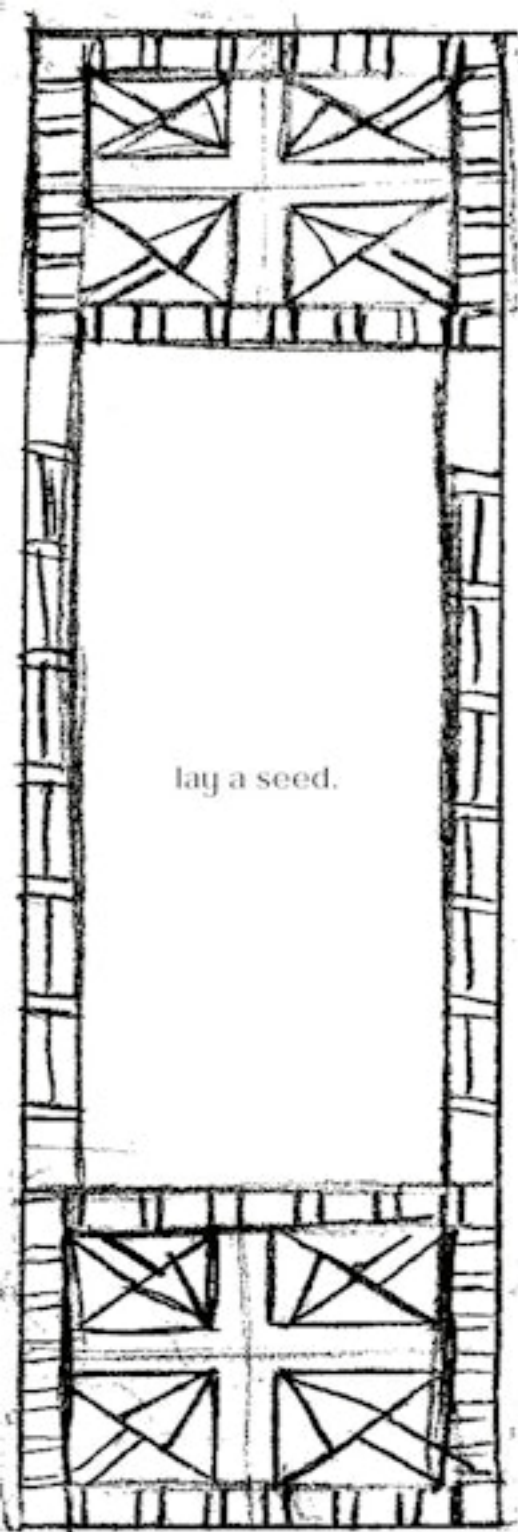


Bear's heart was overcome with grief.  
He stared at the empty space and began to cry.



But there, in a small  
tuft of grass...









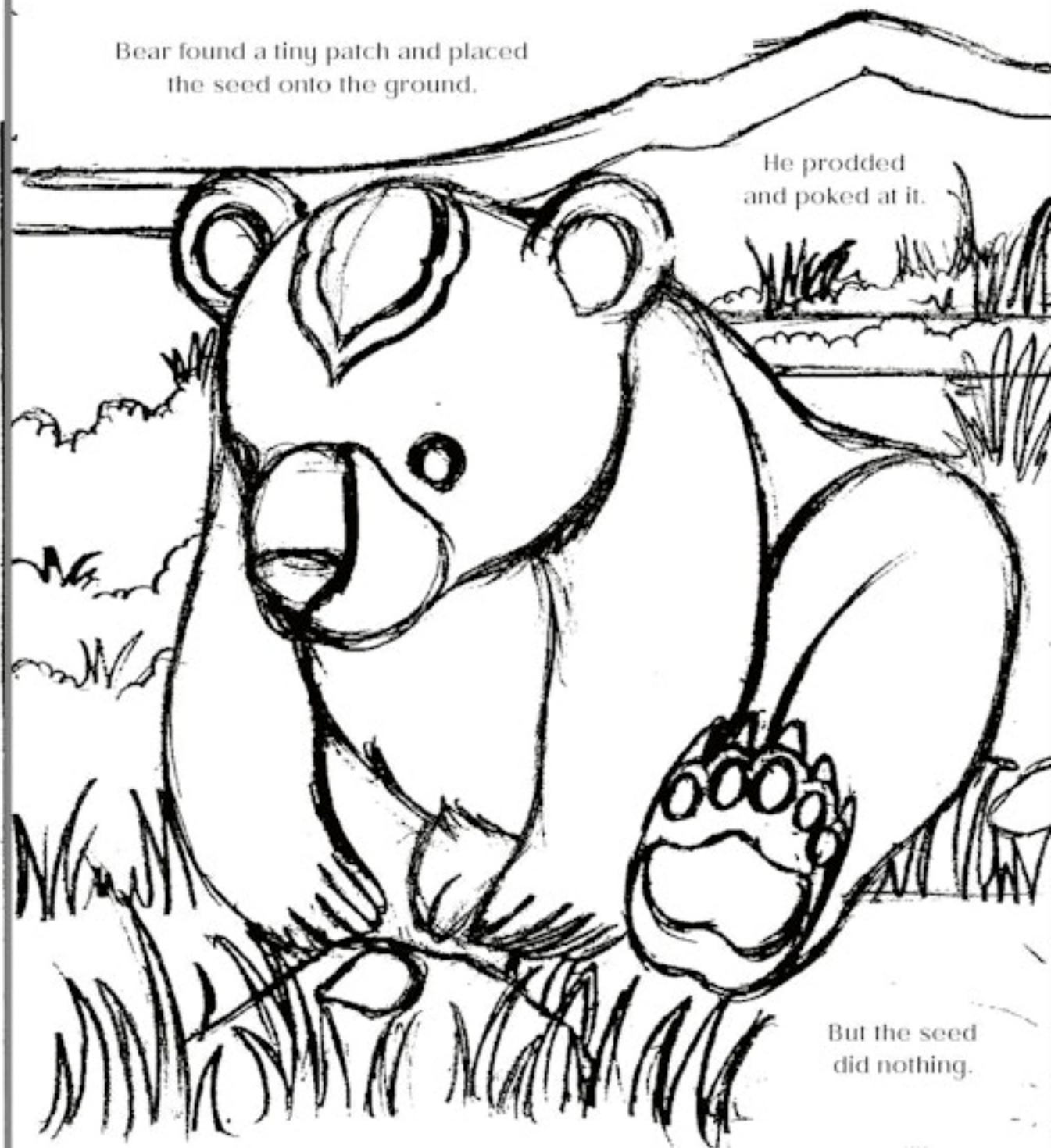
Bear stared at the seed. It was so small.



"I wonder what you will be?"  
he asked. Bear picked up  
the seed in his paw.  
"I will keep you safe."



Bear found a tiny patch and placed  
the seed onto the ground.



He prodded  
and poked at it.

But the seed  
did nothing.





Worm slithered by.

He watched Bear closely.

"Do you know how I can  
get my seed to grow?"

Bear asked.

"Place it deep in the earth.  
The soil is a warm, cosy  
blanket and will keep the seed  
protected and sheltered."

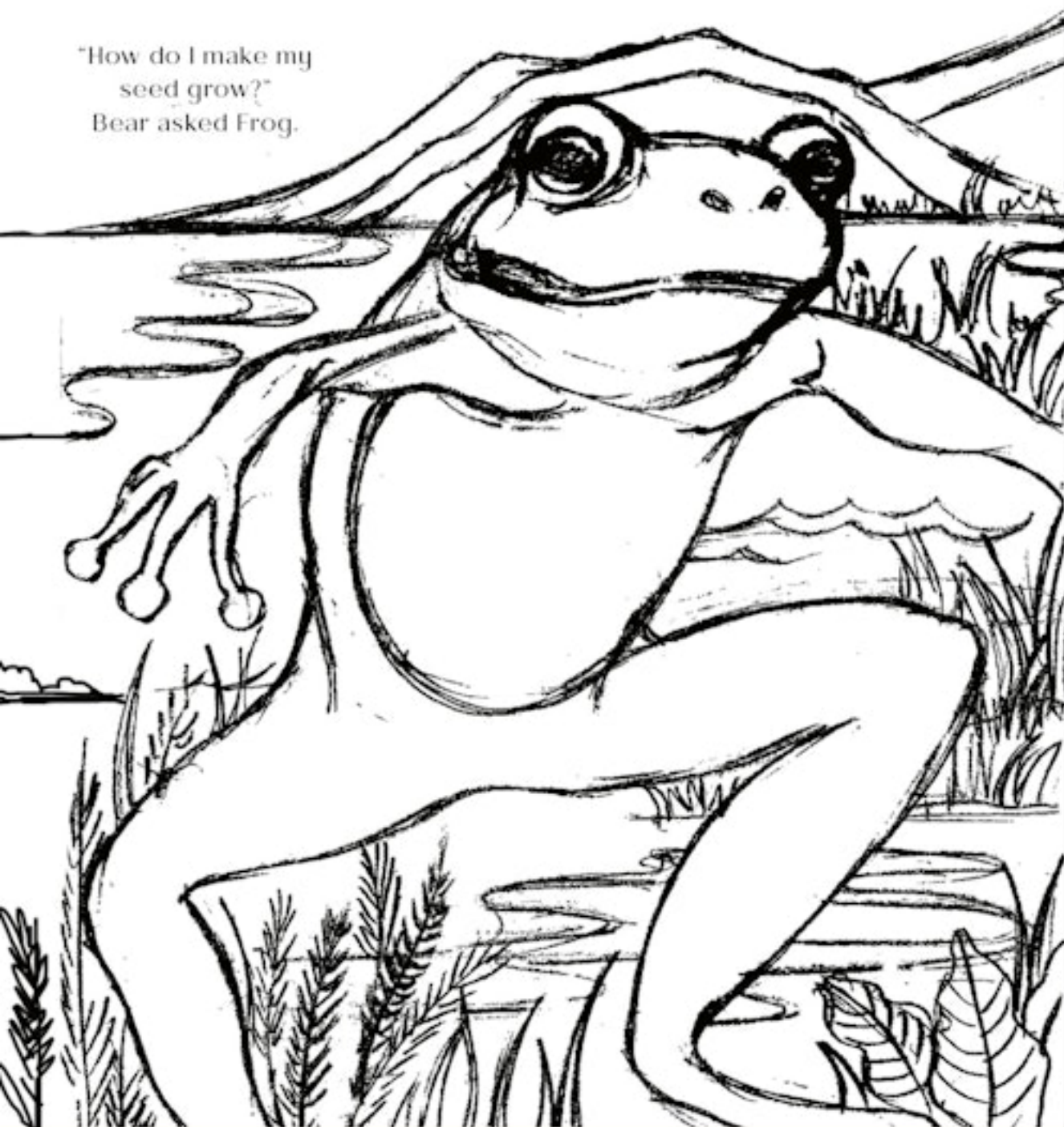
Bear dug into the  
soft earth and  
covered the seed  
with the loose soil.

But the seed didn't grow.



A few days passed and Frog leapt by.

"How do I make my  
seed grow?"  
Bear asked Frog.

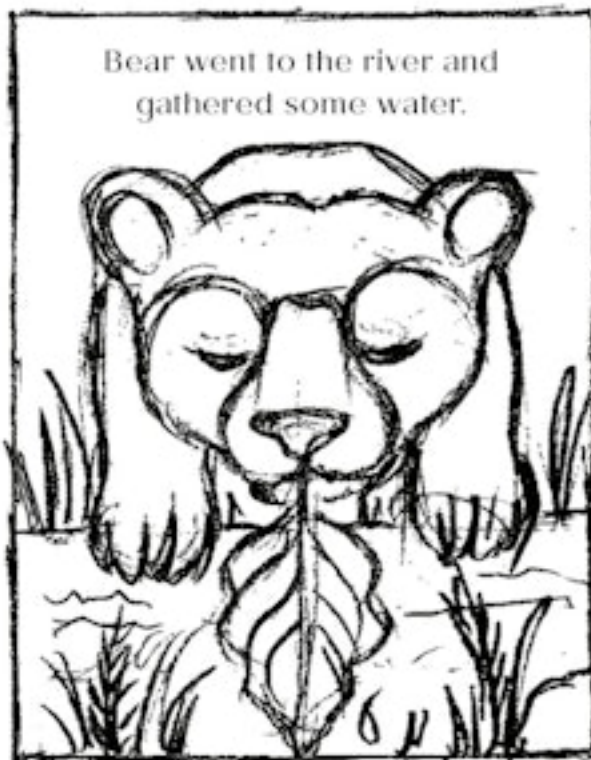


"Maybe it's thirsty," Frog replied.



"Perhaps you should  
give it a drink."

Bear went to the river and  
gathered some water.



He showered  
the seed.



But the seed  
did nothing.

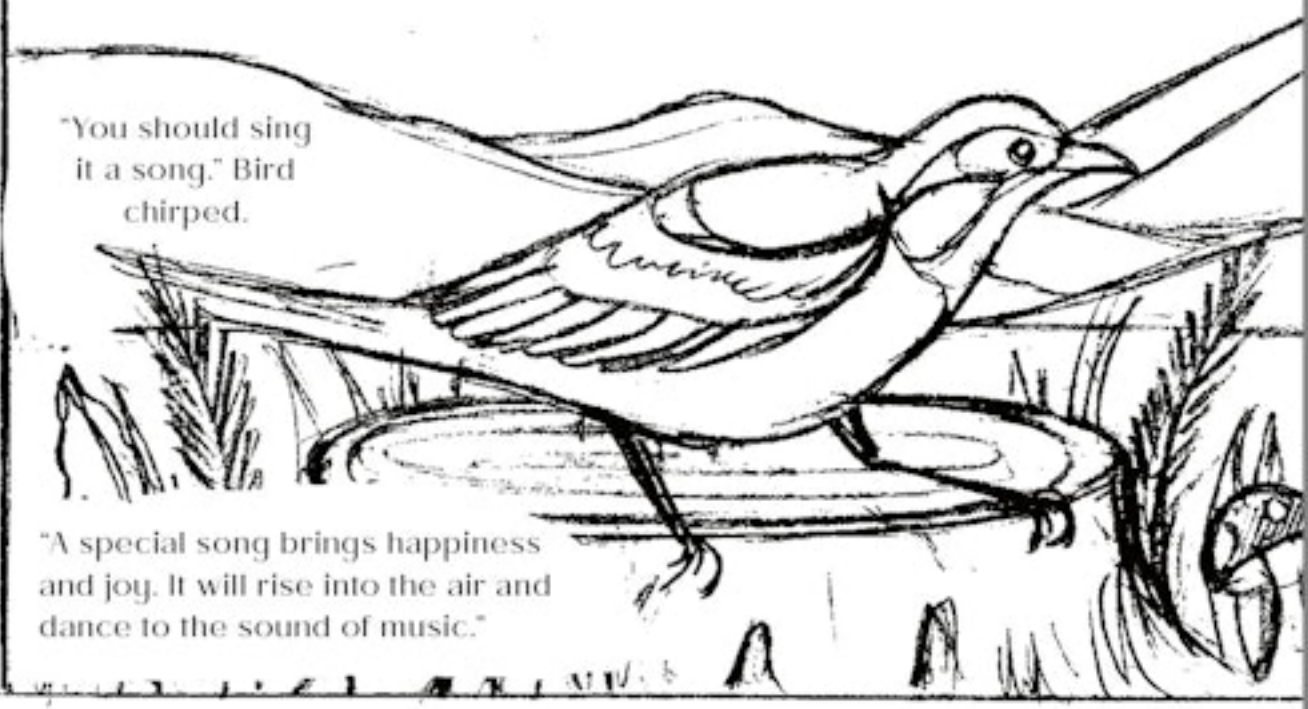


More days  
passed, then  
Bird flew by.  
"Do you know  
how to make  
my seed grow?"  
Bear asked.



"You should sing  
it a song." Bird  
chirped.

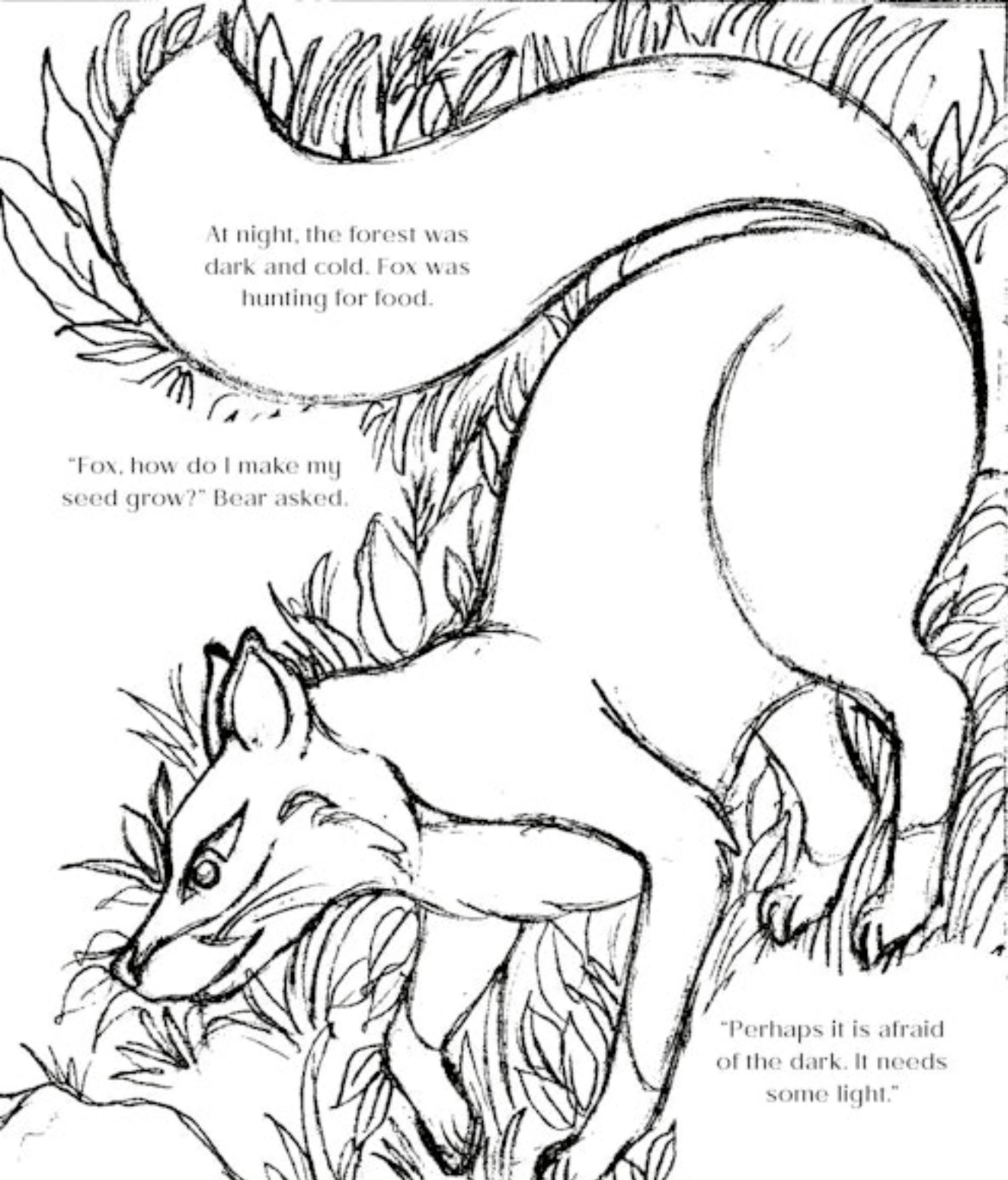
"A special song brings happiness  
and joy. It will rise into the air and  
dance to the sound of music."



So Bear sung a  
sweet melody.  
But still the seed  
didn't sprout.





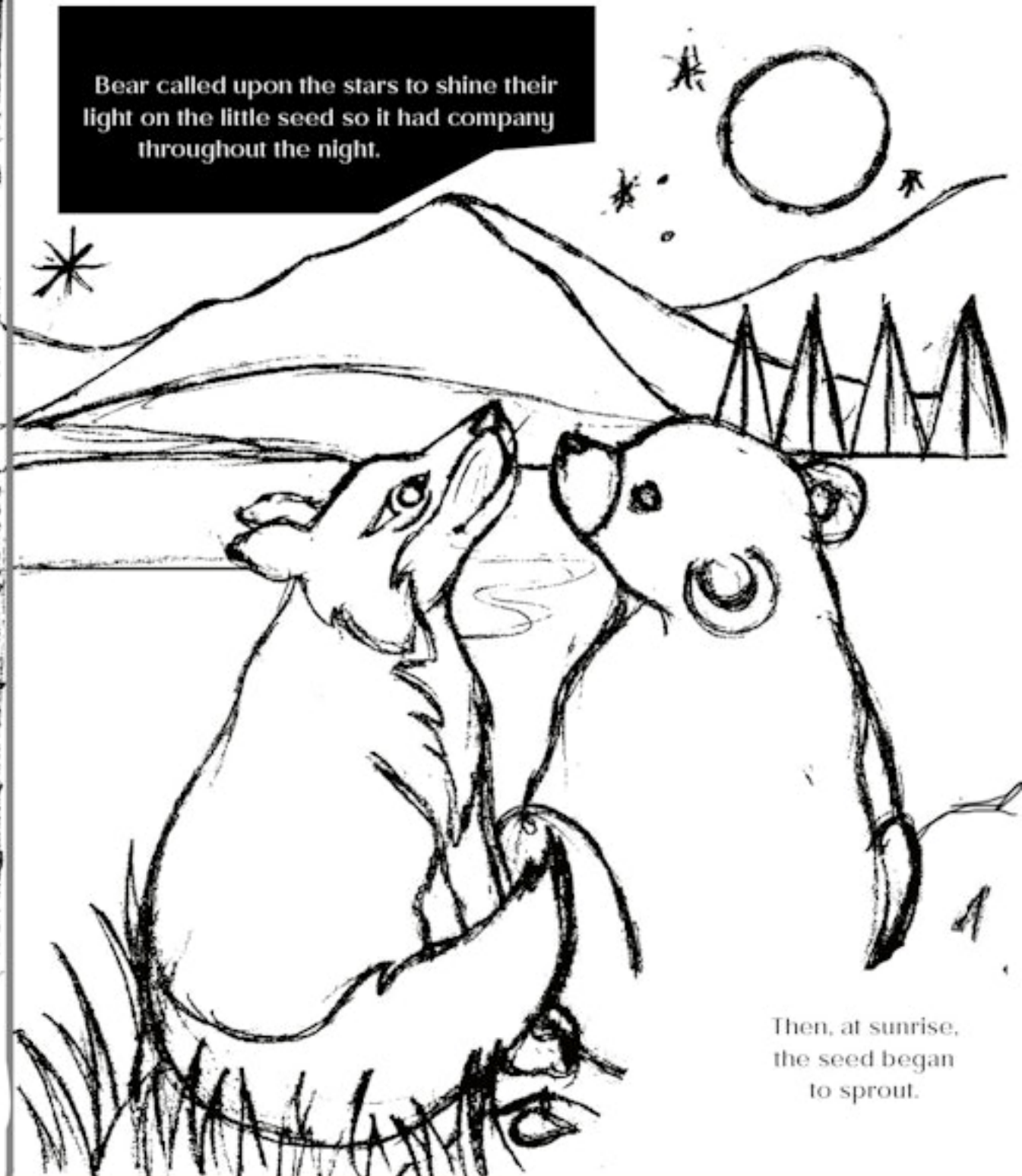


At night, the forest was dark and cold. Fox was hunting for food.

"Fox, how do I make my seed grow?" Bear asked.

"Perhaps it is afraid of the dark. It needs some light."

Bear called upon the stars to shine their light on the little seed so it had company throughout the night.



Then, at sunrise, the seed began to sprout.



Day and night Bear  
guarded the seed. . .  
He sheltered and  
watered and sang to  
the little plant.

Each day it grew  
taller and taller.

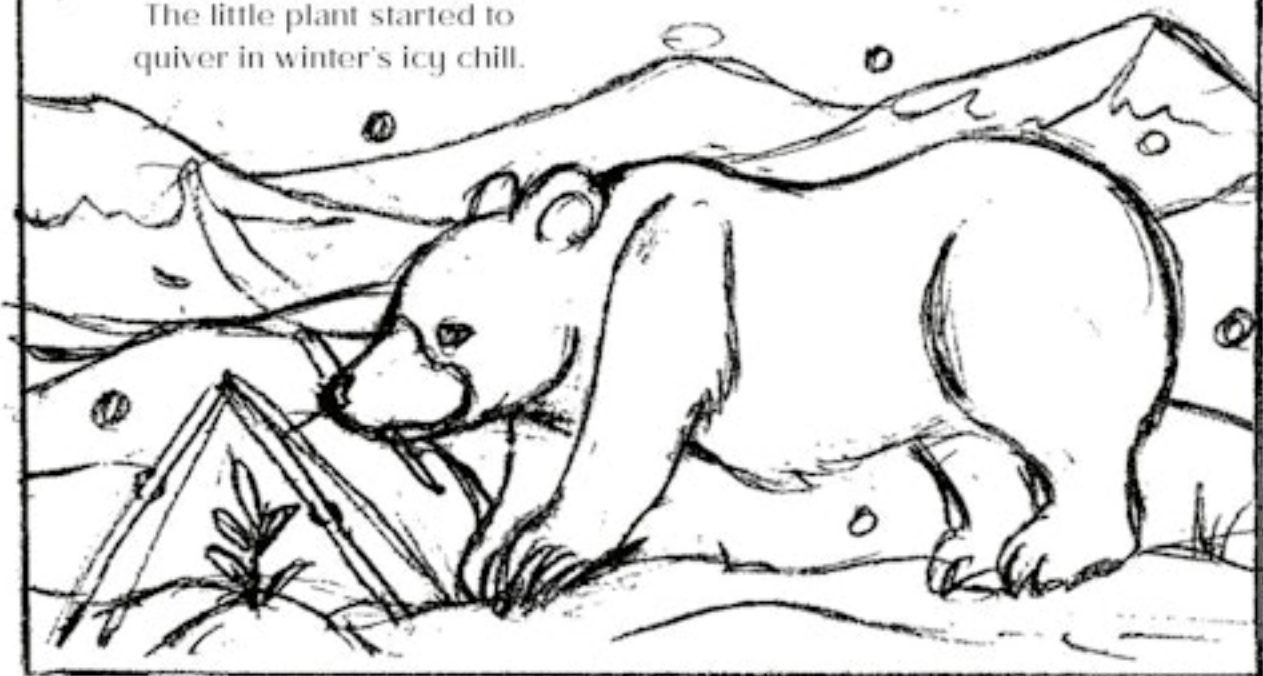




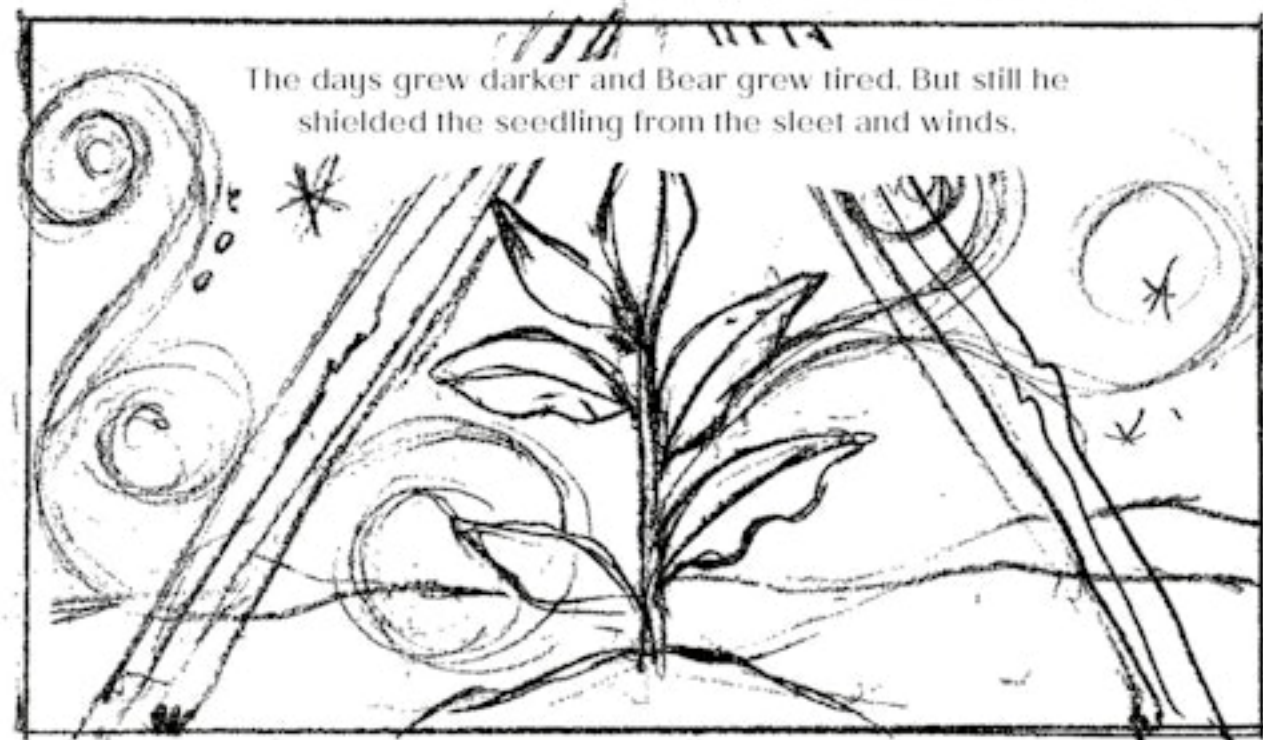
Soon winter arrived.  
It began to rain and snow.



The little plant started to  
quiver in winter's icy chill.



The days grew darker and Bear grew tired. But still he  
shielded the seedling from the sleet and winds.

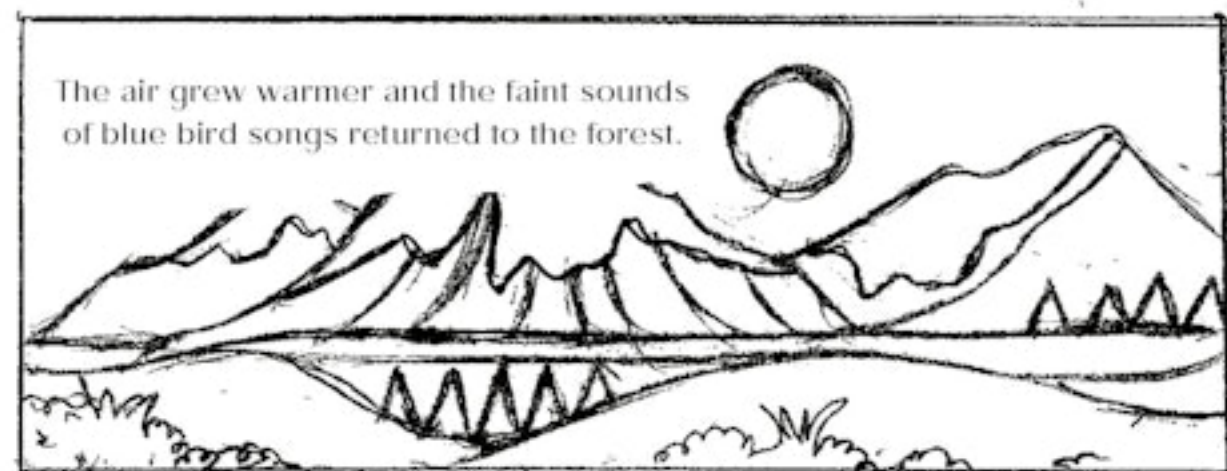




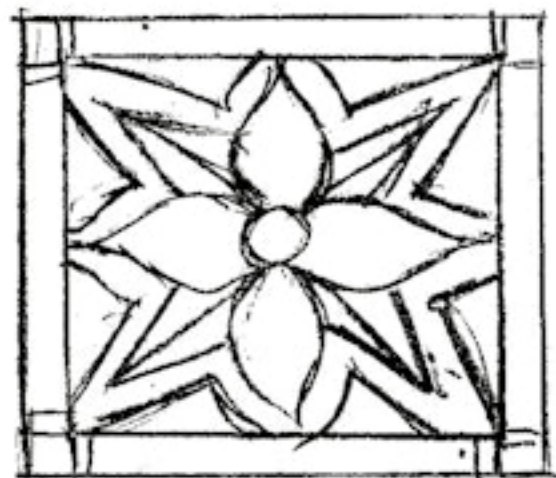
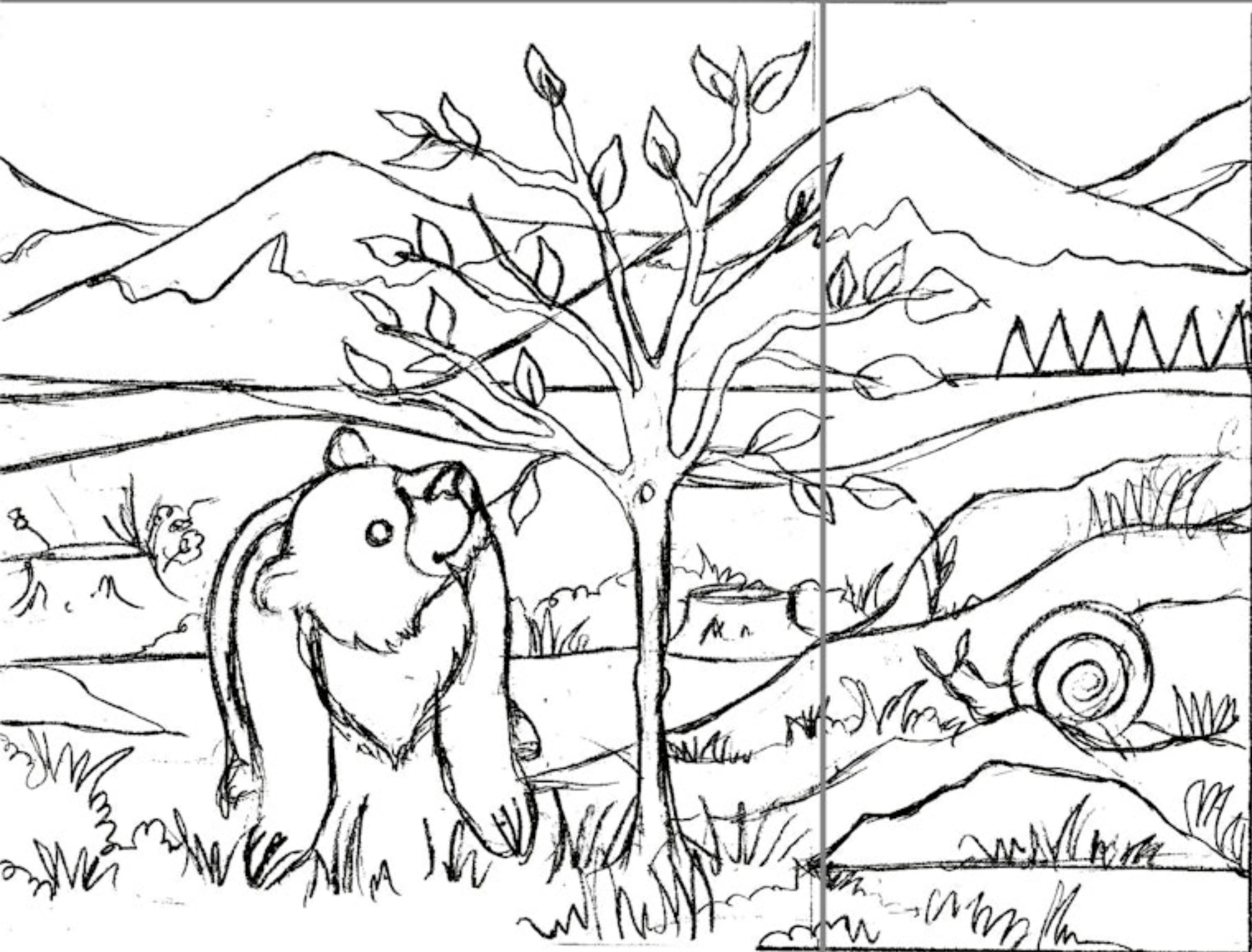
Until Bear became weary and exhausted.  
He curled into a ball and fell  
into a deep sleep.







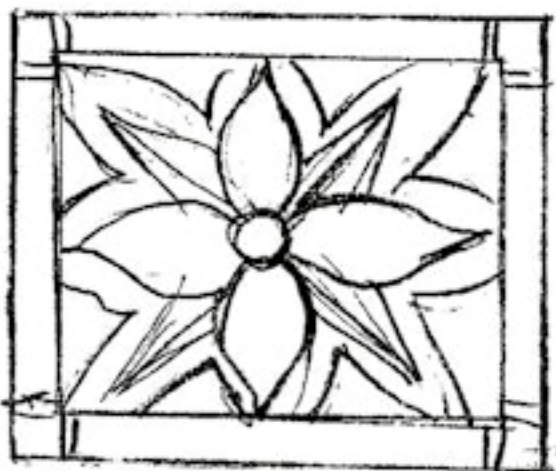




There in front of him  
stood a sapling, its small,  
hopeful branches reaching  
out into the sky.

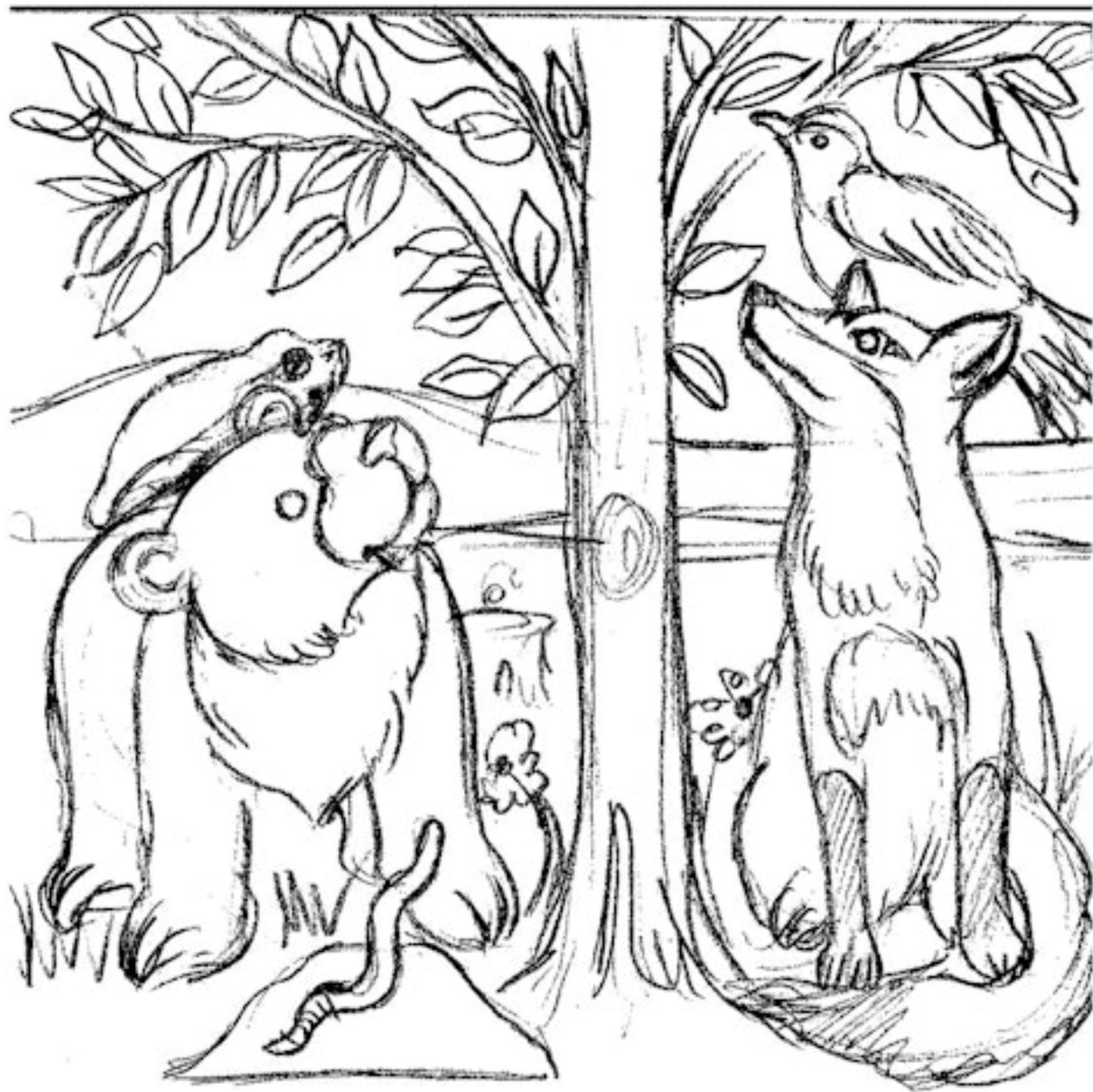
Bear couldn't  
believe his eyes.

His heart filled with joy.





News of the sapling spread fast and wide through the forest. Animals emerged to gaze in wonderment. Worm, Frog, Bird and Fox circled around the little tree.



As time passed, the tree grew taller. Until one day, it made seeds of it's own. Bear smiled. With each new seed brought hope the forest would grow back once more.





