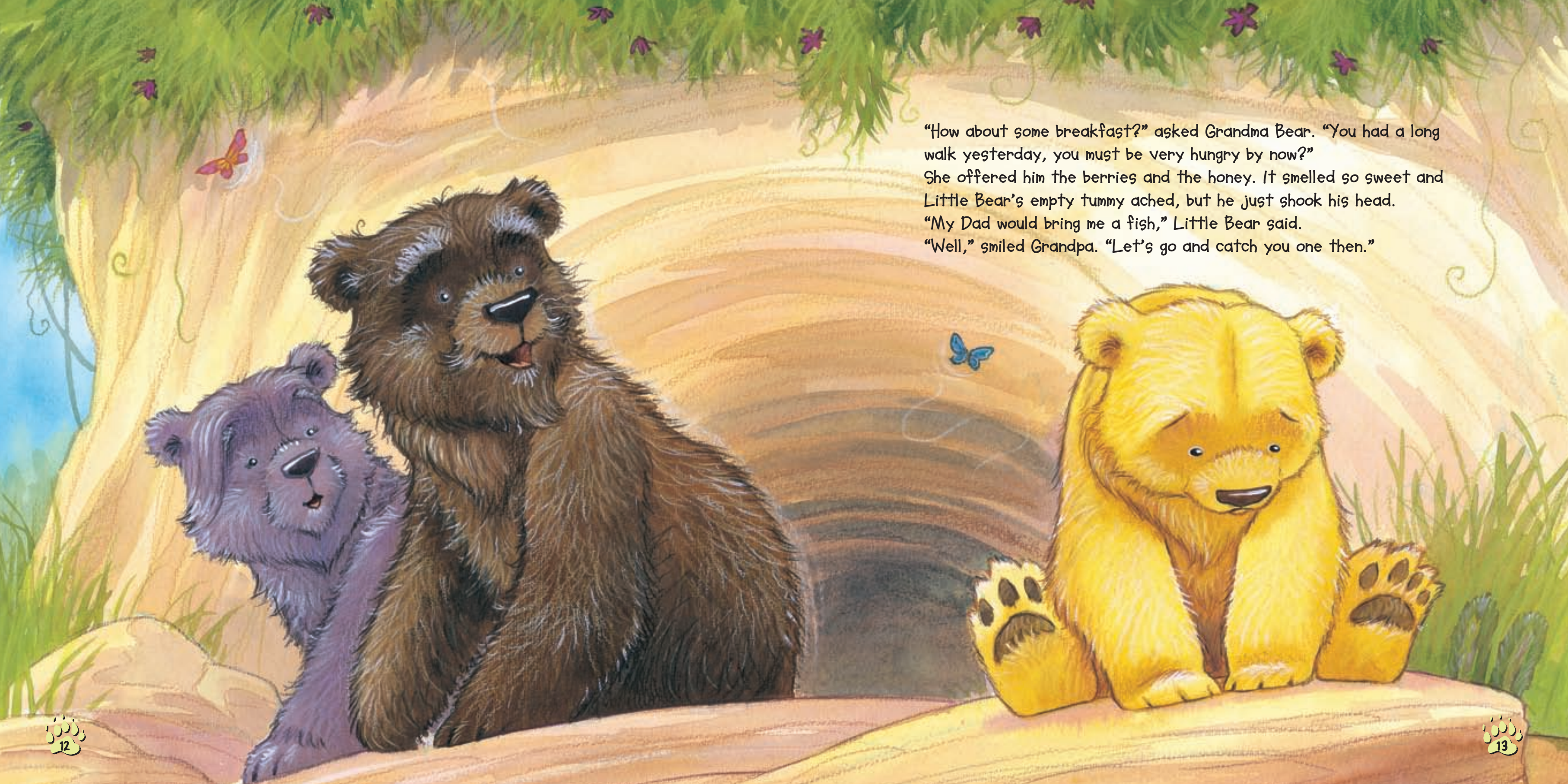


Grandma was very happy when they finally arrived; she had been waiting all day. The cave was warm and cozy. She had made up a fresh pile of leaves as a comfy bed.

Grandpa had collected some of Little Bear's favorite treats for supper: Sweet sticky honey, a pile of fresh juicy berries and some crunchy brown nuts. "Do I get a hug?" she asked, opening her paws wide. But Little Bear was sulking. "I am tired," he said. And even though Little Bear was feeling very hungry, he refused to eat and quickly fell fast asleep.








"How about some breakfast?" asked Grandma Bear. "You had a long walk yesterday, you must be very hungry by now?" She offered him the berries and the honey. It smelled so sweet and Little Bear's empty tummy ached, but he just shook his head. "My Dad would bring me a fish," Little Bear said. "Well," smiled Grandpa. "Let's go and catch you one then."



A yellow bear is shown from the chest up, looking upwards with its mouth slightly open. It is surrounded by autumn foliage in shades of red, orange, and yellow. In the background, several tall, slender evergreen trees with green needles reach towards a bright blue sky with soft white clouds. The scene is depicted in a soft, painterly style.

The forest was much greener here. The trees that towered above them were much higher than the ones near Little Bear's mountain cave. The trees were so tall you could not even see the sun.

A big bee with its legs full of pollen was buzzing slowly by Little Bear's nose. The bee flew high into the tree, so high that all they could hear was the faint buzz of the hive.