Little Bear's Friend

By Else Holmelund Minarik

Little Bear sat in the top of a high tree. He looked all about him at the wide, wide world.
He saw the green hills. He saw the river. And far, far away he saw the blue sea.
He saw the tops of trees. He saw his own house. He saw Mother Bear. 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 his. 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 the basket?”


They walked along eating cookies and talking, and soon they came to the river. “I see our tent,” said Emily, “and my mother and father.”

And I hear my mother calling,” said Little Bear. “I have to go home for lunch. Good-by, Emily.”

“Good-by, Little Bear. Come back and play with me.” “I will,” said Little Bear. Little Bear went skipping home. He hugged Mother Bear and said, “Do you know what I just did?”

“What did you just do, Little Bear?”

“I climbed to a treetop, and I saw the wide world. I climbed down again, and I saw two squirrels, four little birds and a little green worm.
Then I climbed all the way down, and what do you think I saw?”

“What did you see?”

“I saw a little girl named Emily. She was lost so I helped her to get home. And now I have a new friend. Who do you think it is? “The little green worm.” said Mother Bear.

Little Bear laughed.

“No,” he said, “it is Emily. Emily and I are friends.”