

Big Bear looked up at the sky and sniffed.
The Cold was coming, and it was time to get ready
for the Sleep – for bears sleep all winter long
and wake up in the spring.

Little Bear was worried.
"Will I dream during
the Sleep, Big Bear?"

. . . the next night, the moon
came back into the sky,
clear and bright and true.

Now I know that if the
moon disappears, it will
always come back.

This is the dream of
Always Having Hope."





"Thank you, Wolf,"
said Little Bear.



"You're back!" said Big Bear. "I was so worried!"
"Yes," said Little Bear, smiling.
"And I've brought back some dreams, so that we don't run out in the middle of the Sleep."



"That's good," said Big Bear, licking Little Bear's ear.
"That's very, very good."

"Big Dreaming, Little Bear," said Big Bear.
"Big Dreaming, Big Bear," said Little Bear,
curling up next to him.

And so, they slept.
And they dreamed . . .