

I had heard a peculiar noise, so I followed it off the path and into the woods. The result, a baby black bear. He was laying on the ground whimpering. He had a big, bloody gash on his right leg. I don't know how, I just knew from his gentle eyes and tiny nose he was a boy. He must have tried to climb the tree, lost his grip and fell. I confirmed it when I saw scratch marks on the tree next to us. I knew the baby bear was hurt, but I wanted to heal him. I tried to pick him up, but his whimpering just got louder. So instead I put my hand out and inched toward him. Once the bear sniffed my hand, he stopped whimpering. I scooped him up in my arms and started to walk home.

When I got home, black clouds were circling over the house. When I stepped on the porch to open the door a million worries raced through my mind at once. I knew Papa didn't approve of me taking home wild animals, so I feared what would happen when I walked through the door with a baby bear in my hand. One time when I was in first grade, I brought home a sleeping chipmunk and he went all beserk on me. Instead I found a note taped to the fridge saying he'd gone to the grocery store and wouldn't be back for a while. The timing couldn't have been any better.

