

BEAR



One sunny day under a canopy of trees, lay a girl named Quinn—wearing ripped dungarees.

When Quinn awoke she felt a burst of fright. She didn't know where she was. Was it day? Was it night?

She'd woken on a beach, an island she didn't know. The raft had saved her but now where would she go? I'm on land at last she thought, but now what to do? She hoped the worst was over but she didn't have a clue.

Hello! Quinn shouted, Is any-body there? Then appeared from the distance— a big brown bear.

The bear seemed friendly; he smiled but made no sound. Quinn wasn't so sure, her feet felt stuck to the ground.

What if bear can't help her? What if bear is lost too? What if bear tries to hurt her? Bear could leave, that she knew.

Expecting very little and hoping for a lot, Quinn was frightened to get nothing, which is usually what she got.

The clouds began to rumble, the rain began to fall, BEAR looked so big and Quinn felt so small.

The sky got darker as light began to fade, Bear sat beside Quinn with an umbrella he had made.

As the morning came, Quinn awoke with surprise. Bear wasn't next to her, he was out finding supplies.

Out of the woods he came, with sticks and branches too. Quinn watched as Bear sparked fire, perhaps he could teach her what to do.

They sat around the fire not saying very much, then bear held out his paw for Quinn's hand to touch.

There was a rustle in the woods, it felt a scary place to be. Bear got up sharply, and scrambled up the tree.

Down dropped a twisty rope, for Quinn to try to climb, she hesitated at first, but she thought perhaps this will be fine.

On a branch they sat, as high as they could be. For the first time she felt safe, tucked up here, she felt free.



BEAR

Quinn pointed to the lake, it glistened far away. She thought maybe they could go there, but not today.

As morning came again, Quinn's heart was beating fast, it was time to set off but first she would get her raft.

How do we get to the lake?, Her ideas felt all jumbled, her heart began to beat fast and her mind began to crumble.

BEAR was busy bumbling, there was something important to make, he knew they had to cross the river so Quinn could reach her lake.

Bear finished what he was doing, and he held up a map, Quinn couldn't quite believe it- how handy is that?!

They set off into the forest, searching for a sign. Sometimes one step, sometimes two steps but always one step at a time.

Quinn pointed to the map, she saw the lake marked in red. It was just across the river, "We can get there Bear!" she said.

The trees parted ahead, the river was a surprise - it was both calm and choppy, an enemy in disguise.

The water was rough and rugged, the rapids would test her strength, it was a challenge she needed to face to find her peace again.

The raft had saved her before -that much was true, it was time to think outside of the box and challenge what she knew.

She looked at bear for guidance and he answered with a nod, and so she made the decision, which felt rather odd.

The raft would become a bridge, stepping stones to lead the way. But first they had to break it up, be that as it may.

The logs were huge and heavy, Quinn handled them with care. Somehow she knew she could do it and she had some help from Bear.

The next storm could push them back, although try as she might, but for the first time in forever - the lake was finally in sight.

As she took her final step, to get to the other side. She knew it was time to part ways, and turned to Bear to wave goodbye.

At the other side the forest looked inviting, Everything felt different, unknown but exciting.

She looked out ahead, the lake rippled in the breeze. Quinn took a deep breath and finally her world felt at ease.



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