



In the shadow of a tree  
that felt larger than life itself  
sat Bear, all alone.

The wind bit and flicked at his fur.  
The cold scratched at his nose.

And a single leaf broke free from the tree and danced and swayed and floated its way down onto Bear's belly.

It was the greenest, most beguiling leaf Bear had ever seen.



Ever so gently, Bear held the leaf to his cheek.  
It was waxy and smooth and quiet and calm.  
Bear leaned in to take a big, deep breath.

It reminded him of mourning.



'Green leaf, I will call you Greaf,' said Bear,  
embracing Greaf. And from that moment on ...





... Bear carried Greaf with him  
everywhere he went.