



Ursa's Journey

There was once a bear, a most unique creature that would gently roam the grasslands in the nighttime. Her name was Ursa. Her fur was of a most silken material, with hues of blues and purples. At choice points along her fur were white speckles that no other bear had and it had made Ursa quite upset. She would constantly try to wash her fur in nearby pools of water to perhaps rid it of its strange colours, but it would never work. The white speckles would only glow brighter under the light of the moon.

When the nights were especially starry, Ursa would feel herself longing for home. The only dilemma was, she did not know what home was. Surely it would not be with the other bears, they tended to steer clear of Ursa. She could not live in the bustling city, people were not too fond of bears wandering about the streets. But she was certain that she had a place somewhere; she did not have to roam the grasslands in the nighttime forever. So Ursa set out on a journey to find home.

The chirping of crickets and the distant howling of wolves guided Ursa to a riparian forest she had never explored before. She gingerly clawed off some twining vines that were obstructing her path and entered the forest. It was quiet, secluded. Ursa walked along the riverbank close by and took a moment to soak in the sensation of the grass touching her paws, the gentle breeze that sounded in her ears, and of course the sights of mossy greens and browns that surrounded her; it felt like a warm and homely place for a bear like her. However, the tall trees that towered above her blocked the stars from being visible. She sighed to herself. Before she could venture off elsewhere, she suddenly became aware of a crowing. She stopped near the tree she had heard it from and looked to see something that made her grin from ear to ear. A crow who looked exactly like her; feathers with hues of blue and purple, and white speckles that no other crow had.

“My name is Corvus.” The crow squawked.

“Nice to meet you Corvus, I am Ursa.” Ursa replied.



“What are you doing?” Corvus inquired.

“I am looking for home. I have always felt as though I belong somewhere else.”
The bear had expressed.

“I feel the same way. None of the other crows understand my troubles.” Said
Corvus.

“I have an idea. Why don’t you come along, we can find you a home too.” Ursa
exclaimed.

Corvus cawed happily and flew alongside Ursa as they made their way out of the
riparian forest.

The pair headed further west than what Ursa was used to and stumbled across a
cave. Perfect for a bear, not so much for a bird. They still wished to look inside
anyways. It was refreshingly cool, with lots of nooks and crannies hosting
different kinds of glowing mushrooms and wild plants. There was a wonderful
view of the stars if one faced the opening of the cave. But, Ursa thought to herself,
it was way too small to be home. Ursa needed a much more open space. Ursa and
Corvus still enjoyed the environment of the cave. The crow flew about, taking a
gander at everything he could; perched atop one of the higher hidden spaces of the
cave was a small dog sleeping peacefully. Its eyes fluttered open to the sound of
the crow’s wings flapping and it hopped down.

“Who are you?” The dog said, his voice childlike and playful.

“My name is Ursa the bear, and this is Corvus the crow. Sorry to wake you up!”
Ursa introduced. The dog came into the light, his appearance bearing similar
features to the crow and bear. The dog’s expression brightened when he got a better
look at the newcomers.

“The name’s Canis! Gosh, I thought I was the only one who looked this way.”
Canis yipped.



“Are you here alone, Canis?” Corvus queried.

“The other dogs come and go, but they don’t really fancy being near me. So I just stay here because it is quiet and peaceful. Would I be able to join you guys?” The dog asked hopefully. Ursa smiled.

“Of course! We’ve been in search of a new home but it has been quite a challenging task. We could really use more help.” Said Ursa. With that, one more creature as unique as them had joined the group and the three of them continued the journey together. They searched high and low, they found loud places, quiet places, colorful places, dark places. But they were not quite the right fit for the group. Finally, they decided to rest on an open grass field under the open sky.

“What shall we do now?” Corvus crowed. They were beat and had just about explored everywhere they could.

“Well, I think the best thing we can do now is get some shut eye.” Ursa suggested. So the bear, the crow, and the dog shut their eyes. They breathed in, and out, in and out. They were aware of how the grass and flowers surrounding them felt. They took note of the calming soundscape of animals, the wind, the crinkling of leaves. They were aware of each other, the growling bear, the squawking crow, the barking dog, how they became friends and their determination to help each other find where they belong. They thought back on their day, the journey that brought them to this point. Quite a bit of time had passed whilst they reflected.

“We are home.” A voice called out. The three of them woke up among the stars. The white speckles Ursa was so resentful towards glowed brighter than it ever had before. They were stars, she realized. Stars that needed to find their way back to the sky. Ursa turned to see Corvus flying freely, Canis running wildly. So many other animals were up here. Lions, wolves, fishes. The answer to this longing for home was so simple. Ursa just had to look up at those stars she loved so much.

