

# The Bear Facts about fur color





# THE BEAR FACTS

Judy Wilson

*It is a matter of fact that there are differences that people see when only looking on the surface of something or someone.*

*It takes looking deeper than that to find what we need to survive as one humanity, one world people, one family. Through the eyes of a child, right?*

*This book is dedicated to Mom. Also thank you TJ for your valuable input on this project. You too Grumpy.*

*All bears in this story are fictional characters, but that is no reason to love them any less.*

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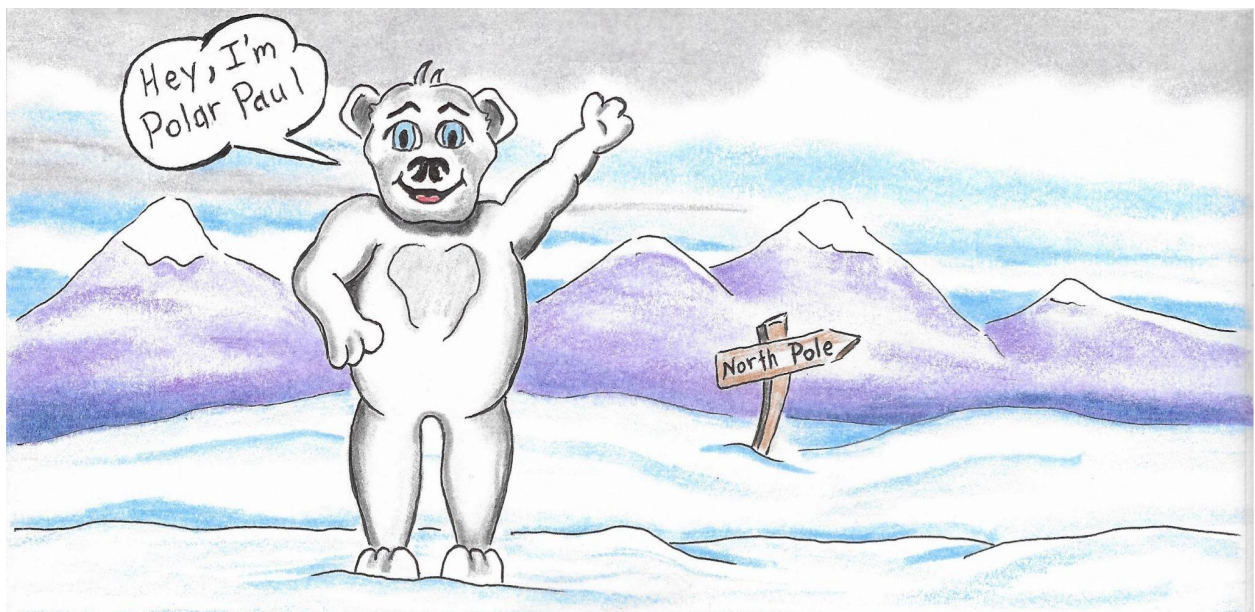
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*This is the story of four bears and lessons learned about friendship and equality. These four bears have never met each other. They are not friends or family. Or are they?*

*The fact is, yes, they are family. They are just bears of a different color. Yeah, the same but different.*

*The first bear, a Polar bear, goes by the name Paul. He is a very popular bear in his neighborhood and he has a lot of friends. Polar Paul is what his friends all call him.*

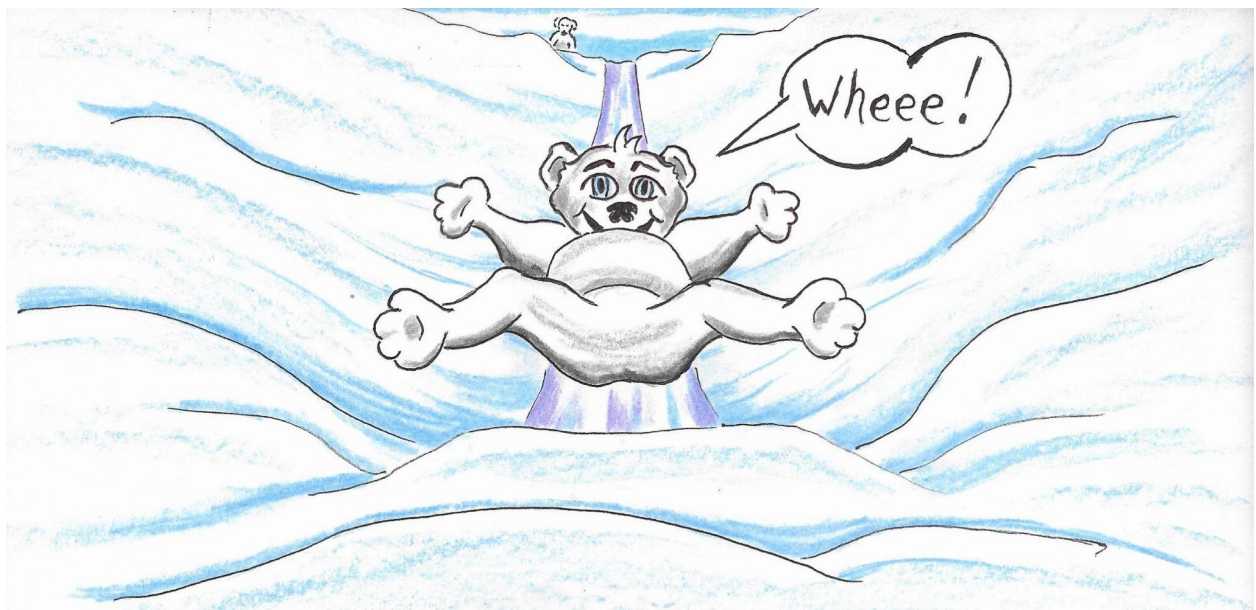


Paul doesn't mind his friends calling him Polar Paul, it is kinda catchy, I guess.

Usually, Paul just plays with his friends all day. You know, just doing general Polar bear stuff.

Paul and his friends like sliding and laughing. What great fun. Cold, but fun. When that gets boring, they chase seals or penguins. Not much fun for either of those two critters though.

Polar bears do *NOT* rush into *NOTHING*!  
That's why they chase penguins. Those critters are slow!



*This activity really doesn't end well for the seals or the penguins. We won't talk about that though.*

*One day when Paul was out playing Polar bear ice games, a bad thing happened. He wasn't paying attention and before he knew it the iceberg he was on, drifted out to sea.*

*"I can't believe this," Paul yelled. There's no telling where this free-flowing berg would carry him. It is a big blue ocean out there.*





Paul has never been away from his own icy neighborhood. After three long boring days at sea, (felt like forever to Paul) he finally spotted land. Sure was green though. Where was the ice or the snow? **THIS WAS NOT-COOL-AT-ALL!** Better than nothing, Paul thought.

Glad to be anywhere but lost at sea, green or not, Paul swam ashore. It could take some exploring to solve the mystery of this no ice in sight. Paul shook the water out of his thick white fur. Might as well get started, Paul thought.



Looking around, Polar Paul thought to himself, "What a strange place." He didn't see any snow to slide on anywhere. What the what is a bear to do for fun without snow?

Another thing bothered Paul, now that he thought about it. There wasn't a seal in sight, or a penguin for that matter.

He yelled "Not a single one, Anywhere! No Seals! No Penguins! No Ice! No Snow!" NOT GOOD. Paul was very worried. What kinda crazy place is this?





Just when all hope seemed lost, Paul saw another bear. "At least I'll have someone to talk to," Paul muttered to himself. That is one good thing, he thought. Everyone needs a great friend.

The weird thing is, this bear sure did look brown to Paul. He had never seen a totally brown bear. Maybe a dirty Polar bear, but not a completely brown bear. Right then, the bear turned and looked at Paul, then started waving excitedly.

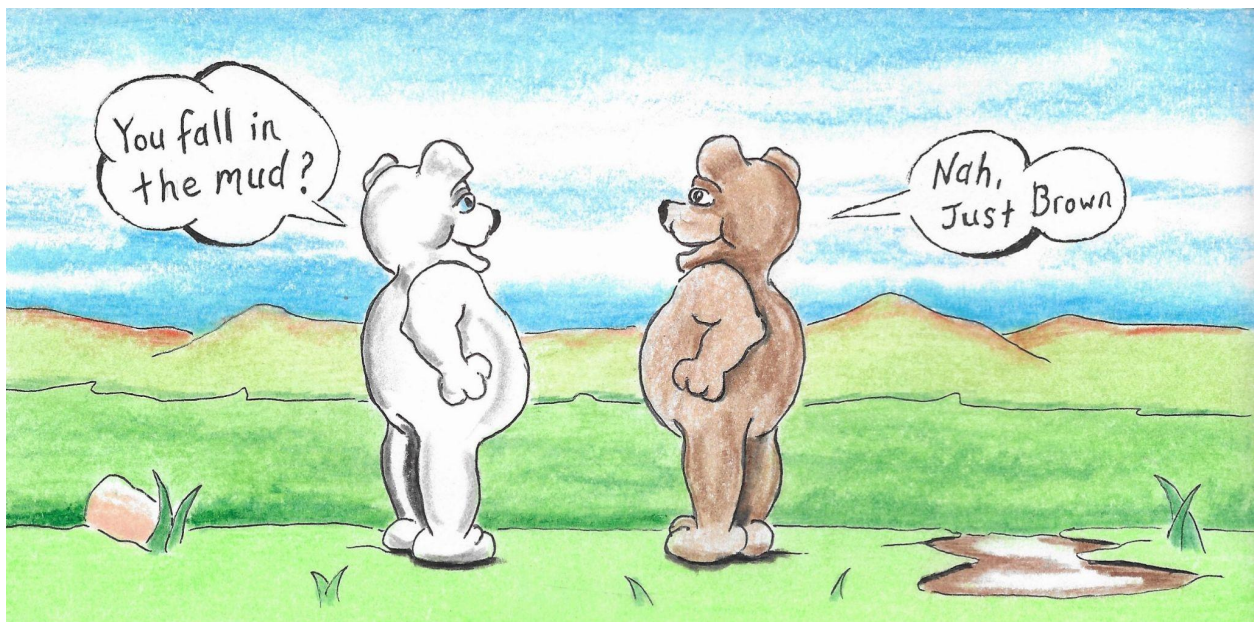


Paul gave a confused wave back. "This is interesting," Paul mumbled to himself. The Brown bear strolled bearlike towards Paul like it weren't nothing.

"Hey my name is Treviño," he said to Paul.

"Did you fall in the mud or something?" Paul asked.

Treviño thought Paul was kidding around. Then he saw the dazed and confused look on Paul's face. "No," laughed Treviño, "this is just fur of another color, my brother."





*"You've never, ever seen a Brown bear?"*

*Treviño asked. Paul responded, "Nope."*

*Treviño shrugged. He thought for a minute and realized he had never seen a totally white bear either.*

*Actually, Treviño thought Paul was just TOO clean to be a real bear. To start with, part of the fun of being a bear was that you could get as dirty as you wanted. No one questioned it at all.*

*So why wasn't Paul dirty? Something didn't add up here, for Treviño.*



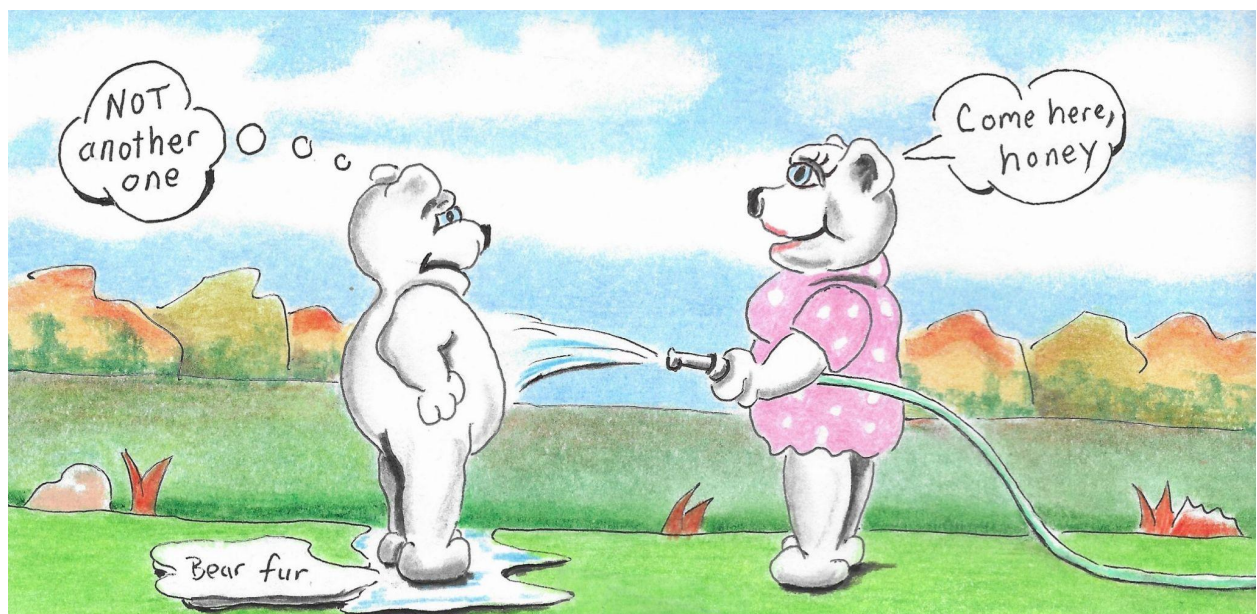


Thinking something was a little fishy, Treviño asked Paul, “Does your mom make you take a lot of baths?”

“Sometimes, why do you ask?” Paul responded. Treviño laughed and said, “Yeah well, it looks like she washed the bear right off of you!”

“Nah, I’ve been this color all of my life. I guess to you, this is fur of a different color.”

“Yeah, but it doesn’t matter to me,” said Treviño. Just like Paul, Treviño didn’t know about different colors of fur.



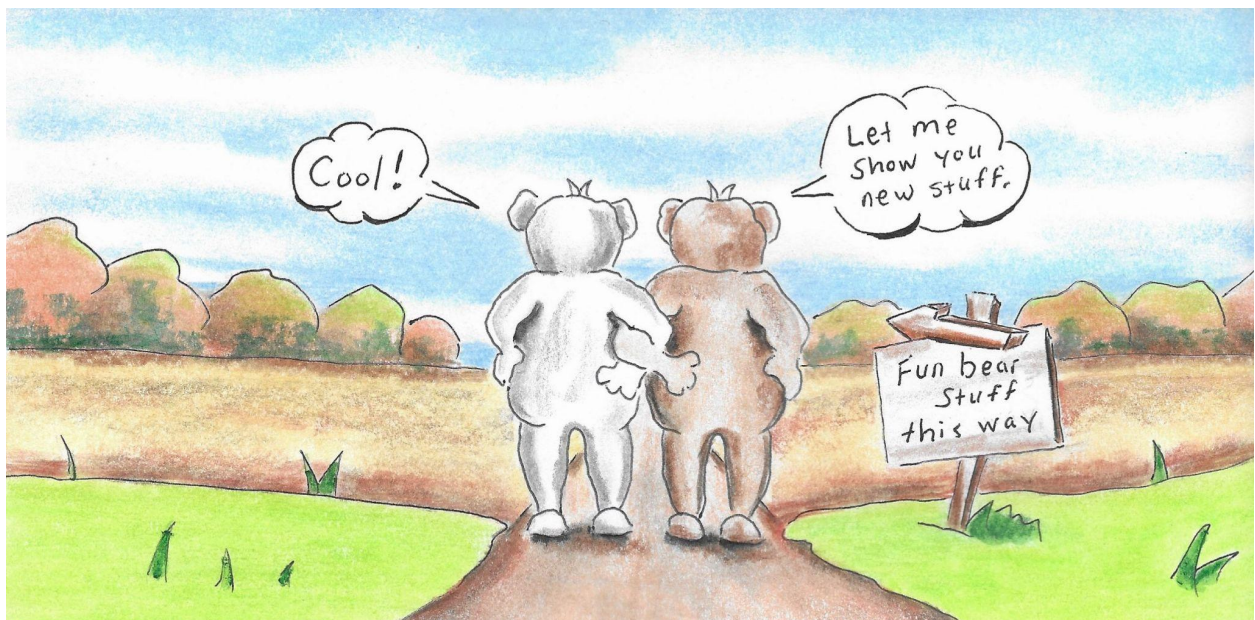
*"What do bears do around here?" Paul asked Treviño.*

*"Bear stuff!" shouted Treviño happily.*

*"Will you show me?" Paul asked.*

*Away the two new friends strolled bearlike to find fun bear stuff to do.*

*This could be interesting. Even though they were both bears, Treviño had been raised differently. Polar bears did Polar bear stuff, and Brown bears did, well, not Polar bear stuff. Besides, cold living sounded un-bearable.*





Treviño started showing Paul the bear business of warm climate living. Pretty soon they were playing, laughing, and having big bear fun together. All of a sudden Paul saw a tree with a large brown, ball-shaped mass on one of its branches. Flying insects were buzzing all around it. *FASCINATING!*

Polar bear neighborhoods didn't have anything that looked like this.

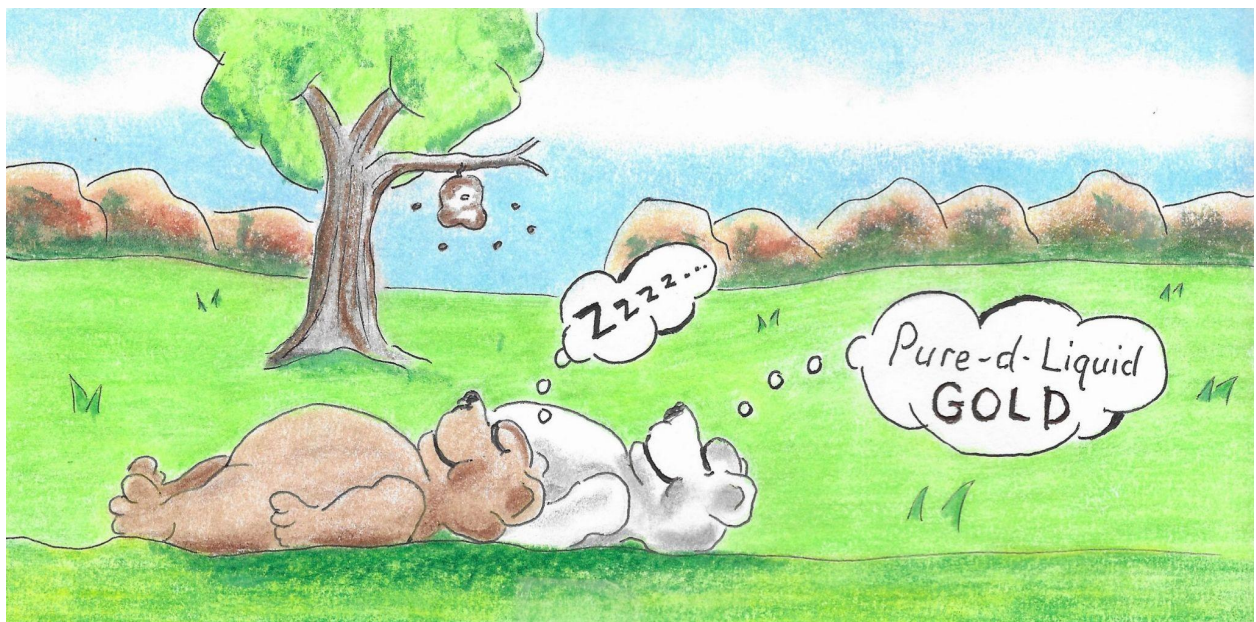
"What the what is *THAT*?" Paul roared. He had never seen such a contraption.



"That is Pure-d-Liquid Gold, my man," Treviño said sing-songed. He bolted up the tree, snatched up some goodies, (honey) for bear snacks.

Paul had never heard of such a thing in his whole Polar bear life. But could it be as wonderful as it sounded to Paul?

"Pure-d-Liquid Gold sounds awfully good," said Paul. After feasting on what seemed like to Paul, the most incredible gift to bears, they both fell into a bearlike slumber. Because that's what bears with full tummies do!





As soon as they woke up Treviño cried, "Watch this," and Bam! He took off after what Paul thought looked a lot like a penguin with four feet. Maybe there *WAS* bear fun to be had around here. It looked very similar to chasing penguins back home. Except for one thing. These little critters climbed trees pretty fast.

Paul had never climbed a tree before, but Treviño must have done it because he shot right up that tree after the critter. It was an awesome sight. Paul was extremely excited!



Treviño couldn't catch the raccoon so he climbed back down the tree where Paul was waiting for him. The critter was way too fast.

"What was *THAT*?" Paul asked excitedly.

"Raccoon," Treviño answered, like what he had done was normal. Well for him it was normal.

Paul wondered if when bears caught one of those raccoon critters, it turned out like it did for the penguins or the seals back home.

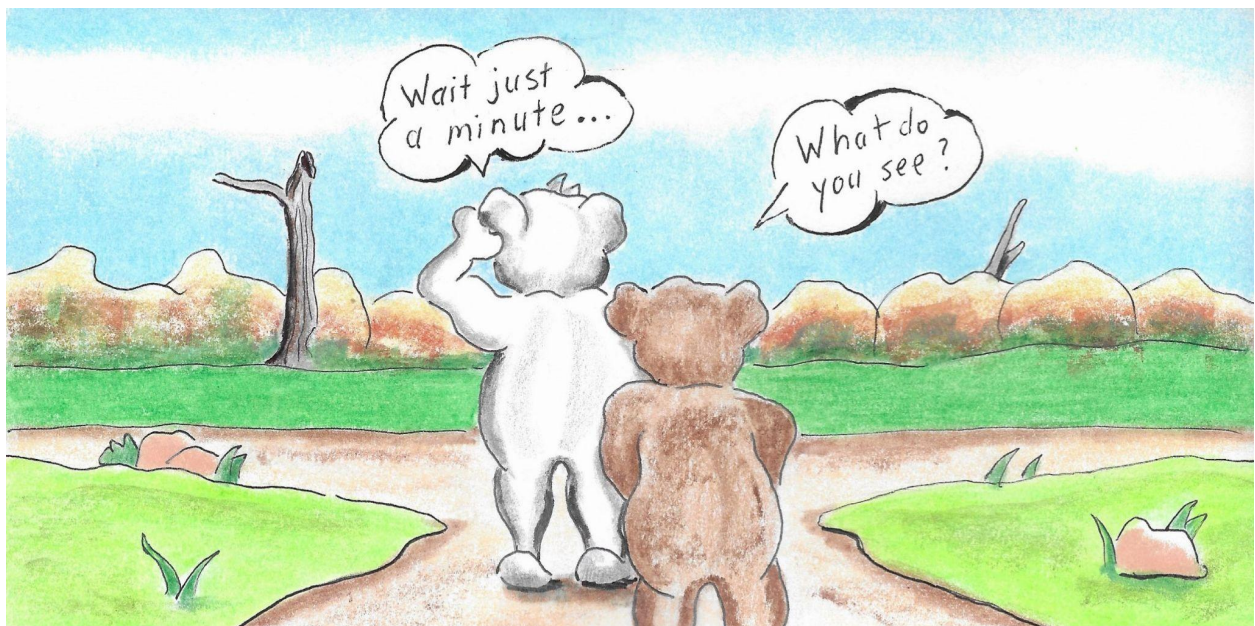
Sorry, we're weren't going to talk about that.





Treviño and Paul laughed, because not only was chasing raccoons enjoyable, it was also very funny. Even bears have a sense of humor. After they had laughed a good laugh, they decided to go exploring for more fun bear stuff to do. Treviño had shown Paul cool new stuff to do. What a wonderful good time they were having together. "New friends are so great," is what both bears were thinking as they walked along.

All of a sudden something startled Paul. He stopped right then in his Polar bear tracks.



There on the path, directly in front of them was another bear that was also out doing bear stuff. WAIT. WHAT? This bear looked even darker than Treviño.

In fact, this bear was solid black. Now Paul was even more confused. He glanced over at Treviño, then back at this new bear. Over, then back again.

Paul was pretty sure he was seeing this correctly. Now, there were three different colors of fur. Well now, this was very interesting.





Just then, the Black bear started waving frantically at them. Joining up, they started checking each other out.

"Who are you?" Paul asked the new bear.

"I'm Lloyd," the Black bear responded.

"Hey Lloyd," Treviño said and then gave Lloyd a friendly fist, (paw) bump.

Paul smiled, then also gave Lloyd a dap.

"What are y'all doing," Lloyd asked both bears. They just looked at each other and shrugged.



"Just general bear stuff," Paul and Treviño answered. Lloyd had never seen a bear with white fur, so he caught himself checking Paul out.

For a minute or two, the bears looked each other over, then all three smiled. All at once, Paul, Treviño, and Lloyd started bear-belly laughing very loudly. It was quite a sight to behold.

"Who knew?" All three said together. Paul asked Lloyd what he did for fun. He and Treviño were all in on learning more new fun bear stuff.





Lloyd told Paul and Treviño about the secret trout fishing going on in his neighborhood. That sounded pretty cool, so away they went to catch some tasty bear food. Just when Paul thought it couldn't get any more fun, BAM!

Lloyd took off up the trout stream like a rocket. (Well for a bear, that is.)

"What the what?" Paul questioned Treviño.

"BEAVER!" screamed Treviño, then added, "gotta get 'em quick, they dive underwater."

"Man, are they fast," Paul said.



Paul thought it probably wouldn't end well for the beaver if Lloyd caught it. Kind of like the raccoons, or the polar seals back home. Oops! Don't talk about that part of the story. Right?

That afternoon they all had a lot of fun. Laughing, fishing, and just doing general fun bear stuff.

"What more could a bear want?" said the three new friends.

It seemed they all had a lot more in common than they thought. Huh, who would've thunk it?





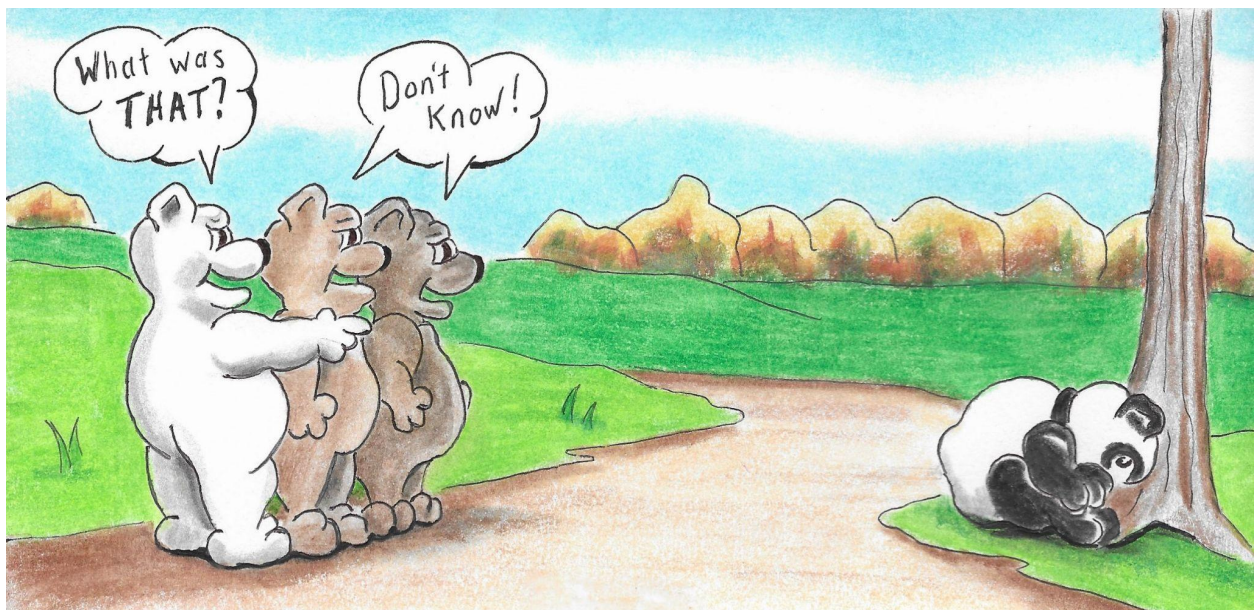
They all just wanted to live well and do fun bear stuff. They just didn't know that they had wanted to do it together.

As Treviño , Lloyd, and Paul were heading back to wherever bears go, right out of nowhere, a giant black and white ball of fur rolled past.

"What was *THAT*?" one of them shouted.

"Don't know!" the other two bears screamed.

Right then, the rolling black and white ball of fur slammed into a tree next to the bear path. Something none of them were expecting.



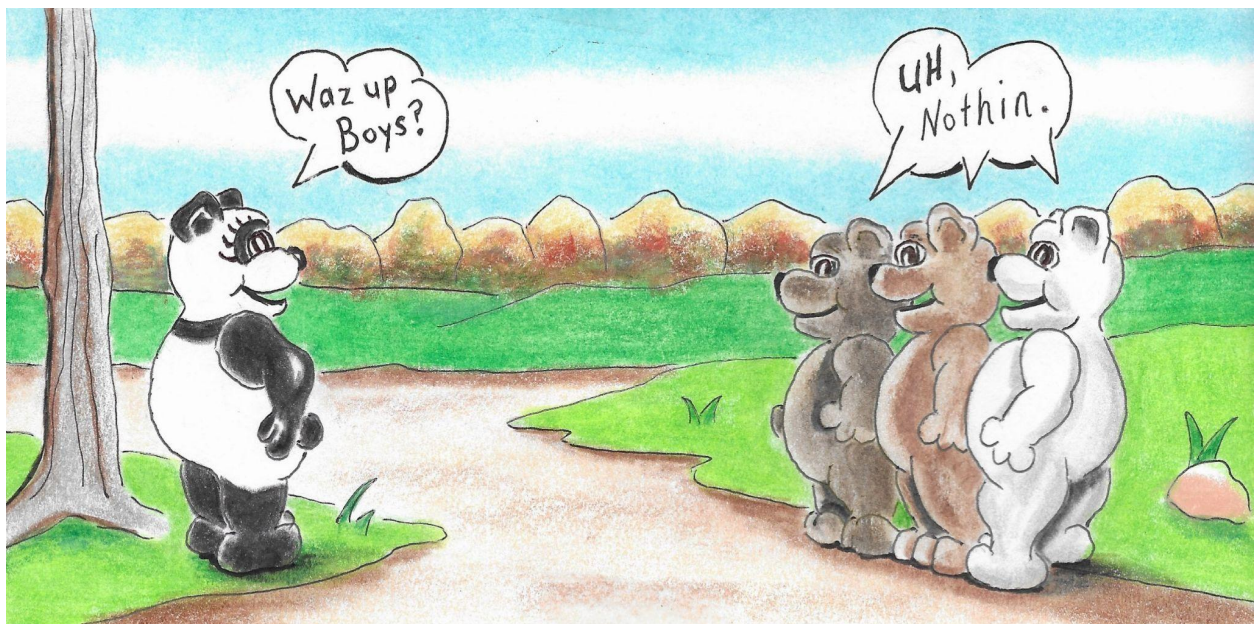
Right there in front of them, sprawled out and laughing, was what sure looked like a black and white bear. Yep! sure was. WAIT. WHAT?

Was this a bear of a whole different color? Or two colors? Mixed colors should we say?

“Waz up guys?” the Panda bear asked.

All three bears, now confused, answered, “Nothing,” chorus like.

None of them had ever, ever seen a two-toned bear in their entire life.





*"I'm Pamela, Pamela Panda," this new bear said then added, "I haven't seen you three around here."*

*After introductions, Lloyd blurted out, "Are you sick or something?"*

*"Have you been in a fight?" Paul asked*

*"Do you have some kinda rash, or what?"*

*Treviño asked curiously.*

*"Nah, why?" responded Pamela.*

*All three bears said together, "Your fur is two different colors!"*

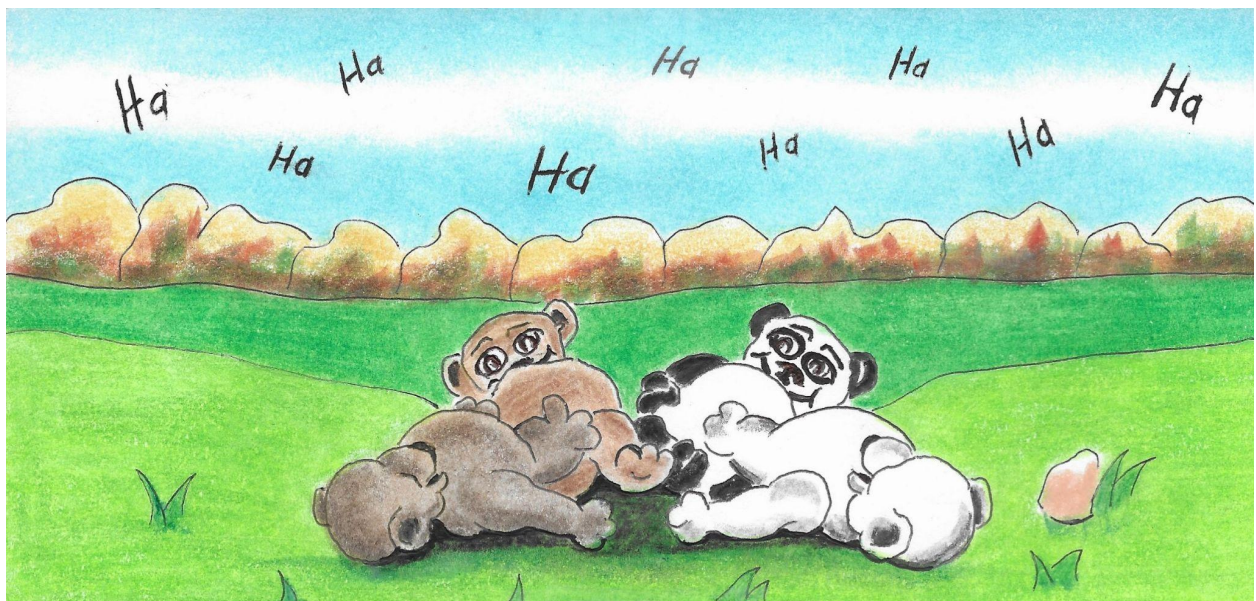


"Well, I don't know, I've been these two colors my whole life," Pamela said.

"Huh," shrugged the other bears. All four bears looked at each other and after a minute, started bear-belly laughing.

They all laughed so hard, they fell on the ground. Well wasn't this something. Four bears of different colors, right here in a circle.

It was right then each bear realized that even though their fur was of different color they were just, BEARS!





They all found out that there are many colors of fur. But does that define anything? Each bear had introduced the other bears to different styles of bear life. None of the bears had realized what they were missing. What else had they missed?

Different cool bear stuff to do. Guess what? They all liked doing the cool new bear stuff AND doing it together.

Paul, Treviño, Lloyd, and Pamela had become really good friends. There was no telling how many other bears also needed friends.



What it all comes down to is that these four bears have the same noses, ears, bear paws and desire for big bear fun.

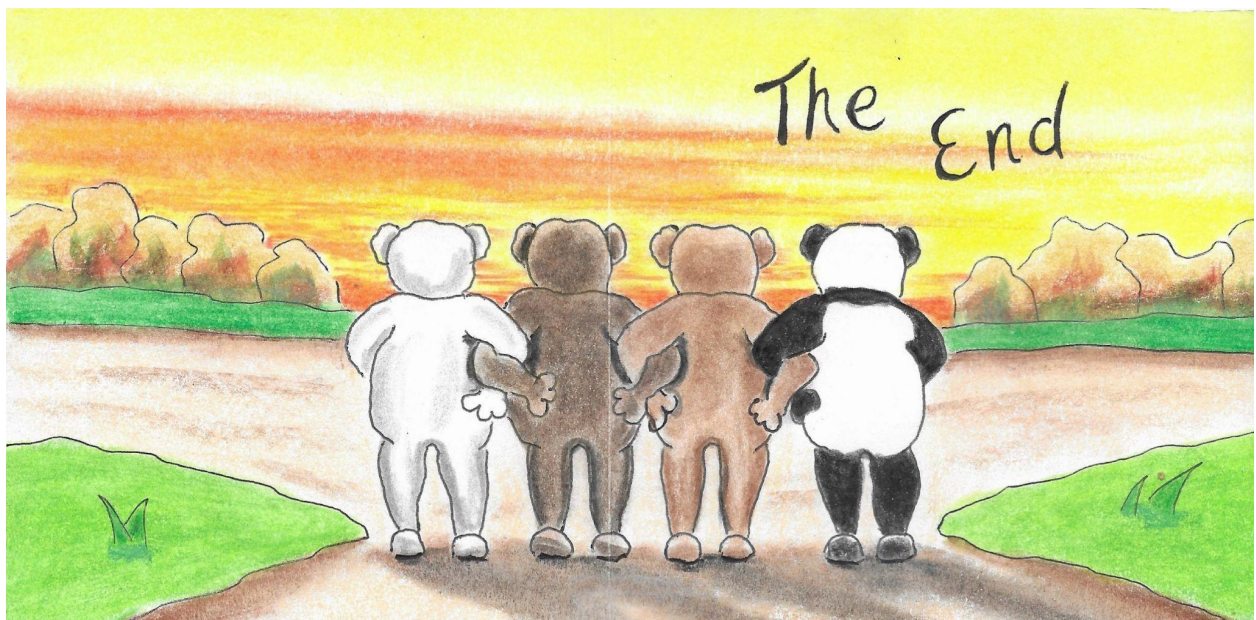
The only thing that is different about them, *IS* the color of their fur coats.

Four bears, four colors, one family. All *DIFFERENT, ALL THE SAME!*

Isn't life about love and acceptance?

One people, (or bears) one family. What if they say you're not like others?


I say, look in the mirror!





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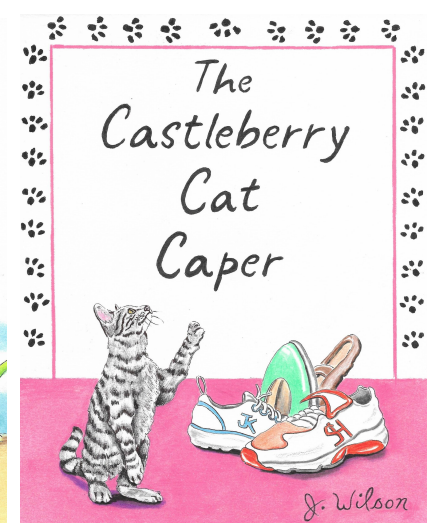
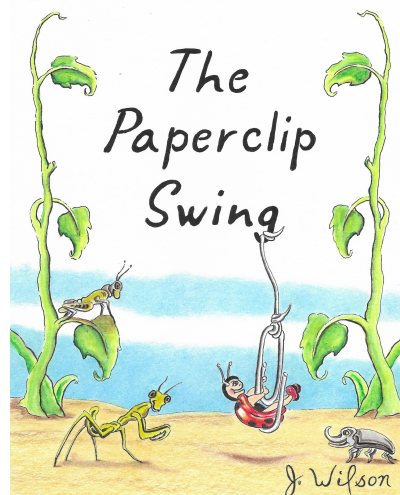
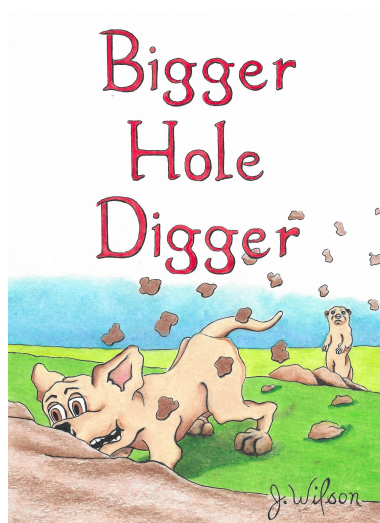
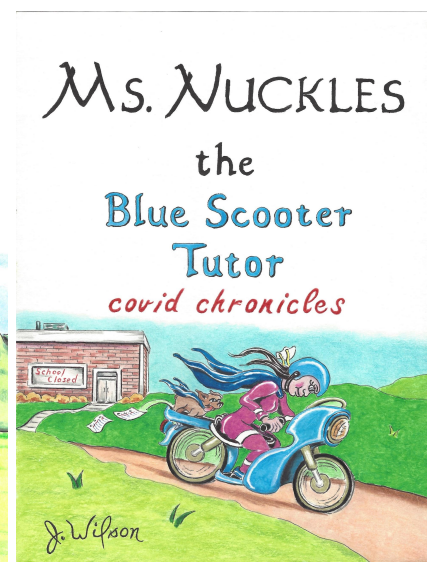
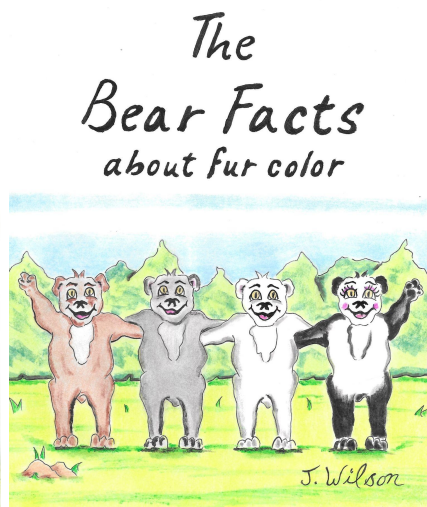
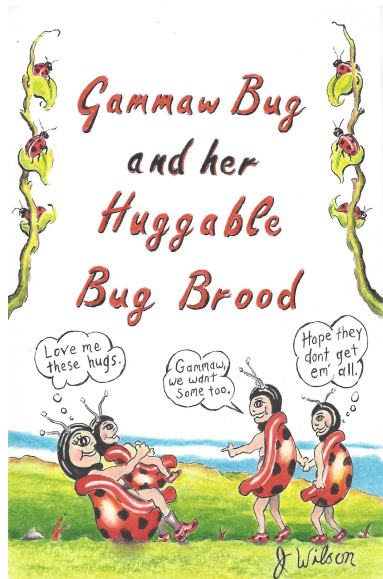


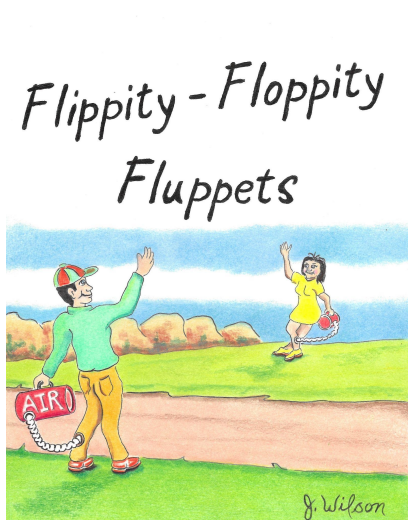
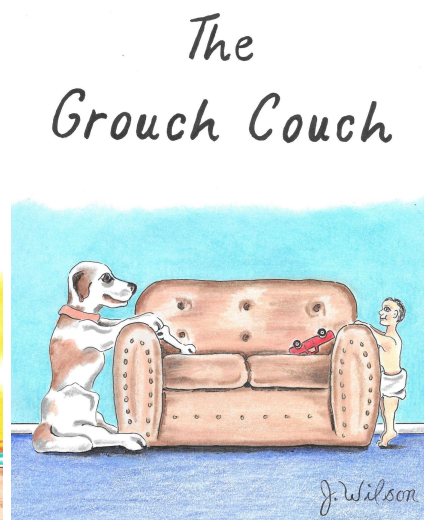
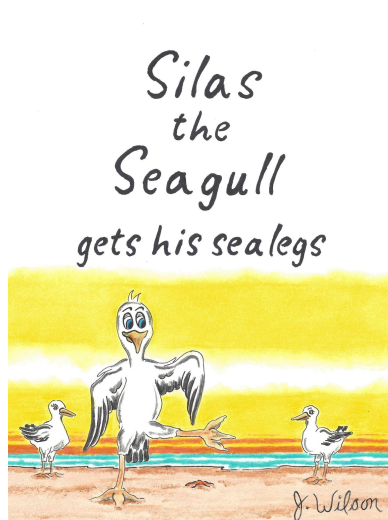
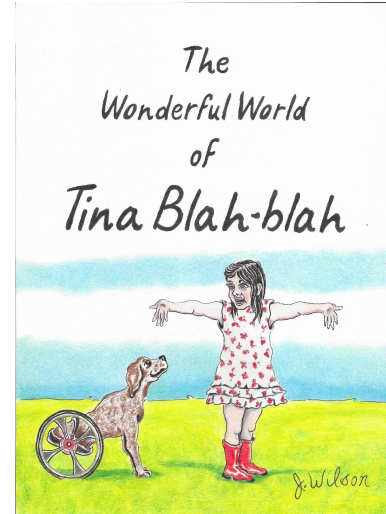
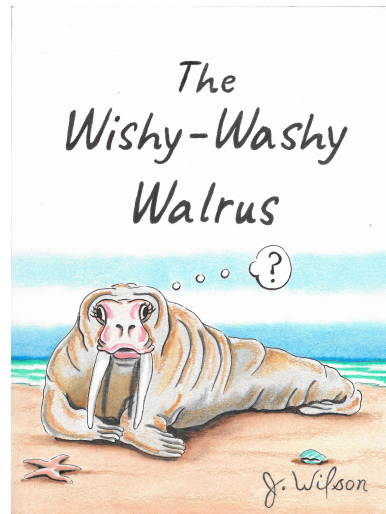
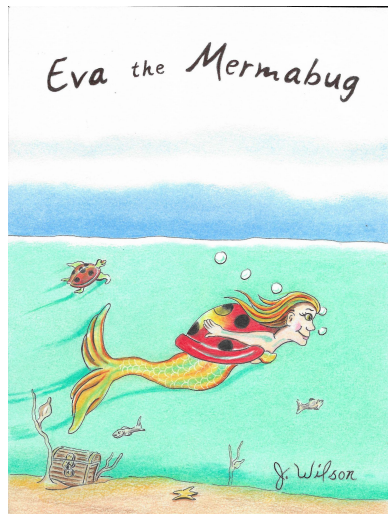
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