

The Great White Bear and the Baby Mammoth

The great white bear sat with his wife in their palace made of snow and ice. They looked over the plains of ice around them and the Earth beyond, and they were happy.

"We created the fish," the great white bear said, "and they are good. They swim in the oceans, the rivers, the lakes, and the streams."

"Darling," said his wife, "I think our greatest creation is the eagle. It perches high above surveying the land and rivers."

"I'm afraid you are right," the great white bear said sadly. "I had hoped humans would be our crowning achievement, but they disappoint me with their killing and their wars."

"Dear," said his wife as she rubbed the fur on his great back, even those of us who live in the polar palace make mistakes."

The great white bear was comforted, and sat back, and ate from a plate of salmon.

The two looked down at their creation and took pleasure in watching a baby woolly mammoth. It was trudging peacefully through the fields eating grass. It had strayed from its mother but was not far away from her.

Suddenly, a pack of humans ran screaming on to the grassy plain. With spears they struck the baby mammoth until it fell and bled to death.

The great bear in his ice palace stood on his hind legs exasperated. "Why are they doing this? They have enough to eat," he exclaimed.

The great bear scratched and stamped and jumped at the way humans were destroying creation. As the bear scratched a fine mist of dandruff fell from his body and covered the earth.

The humans were amazed by the white particles, but they were not deterred. They killed all the mammoths and went on to kill many more of the great bear's creations.

As the years passed, each time humans caused an animal species to breathe its last breath or plant species to die out, the great bear stomped, stamped, and scratched in grief, and a fine mist fell on the earth.

Now species are dying by the thousands. The arctic is melting. Where the palace used to look over plains of ice, it now floats on an iceberg. The palace itself has melted down to its last room, and the great white bear and his wife sit hot and exhausted on the floor, their thrones melted into puddles. The great white bear's wife tries to comfort him, but it is no use.

The great white bear rarely has energy, but when he does, he stamps and scratches in frustration and the ways of humans. Today, we still see the fine mist of dandruff that we call snow.