



*For Joni and Cora
Love from Zeyde Mick
– M.R.*

*For my mum
and her big journey
– D.E.*

The Big Journey

Michael Rosen

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The wind was blowing through the grass.
Little Bear sniffed, then sniffed again.
It felt like things were changing.

“Little Bear,” said Big Bear,
“we have to go on a big journey.”

“A big journey?” said Little Bear.
“Yes. A big, BIG journey.”



“Why?” said Little Bear.

“Because we have to. There’s not enough food for us here, Little Bear. We have to find a place where there’s more to eat.”



“I don’t want to,”
said Little Bear.
“I love it here.”

“We must,” said Big Bear.



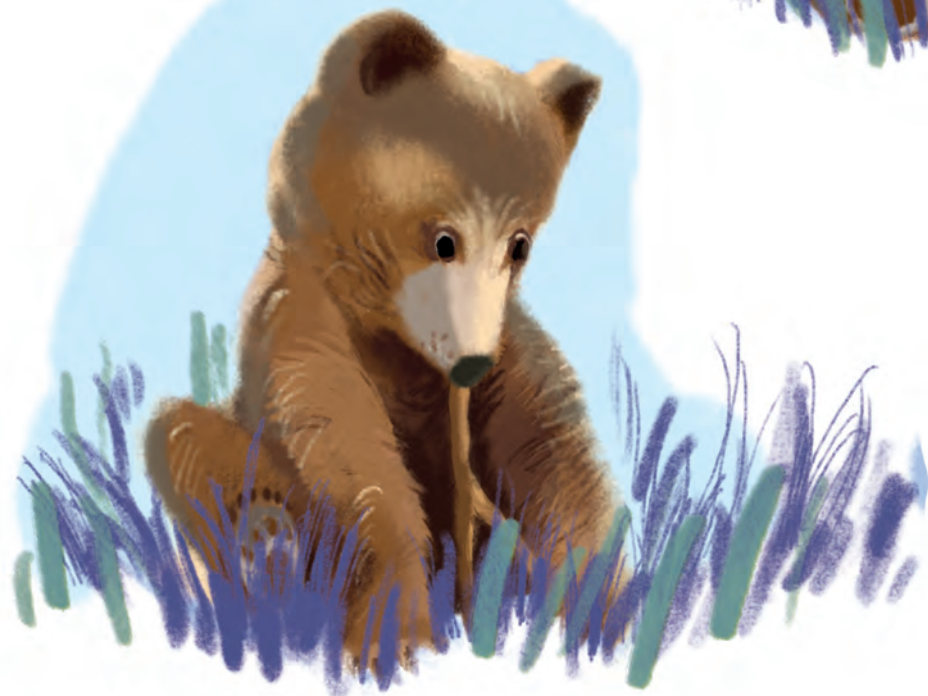
Little Bear sat and thought.
A big journey?
A big, big, big journey?



How will I remember
this Old Place?



Where to?



What if we don't come back?



I know, Little Bear thought, I'll go and ask Old Owl.



“Well,” said Old Owl, “why don’t you see if you can find something that lasts for a long, long time?”

“Old Owl, Old Owl,
we’re going on a **Big Journey**. We’re not going to stay.
How will I remember the **Old Place**, when I’m far, far away?”

So Little Bear went into the meadow
and pulled the mountain flower
he loved the best.

It smelled of the mountains,

it smelled of the air,

it smelled of the rivers.



Little Bear thought, *This mountain flower will last and last.
Even when it becomes old and dry, it will still be the flower
from the Old Place.*




Then Little Bear went off to see Old Badger.



“Old Badger, Old Badger,
we’re going on a Big Journey,
over mountains where it’s snowing.
What if I get tired on the way –
how will I keep going?”

“Well,” said Old Badger, “how about thinking
of something that makes you feel **happy**?”



So Little Bear thought of the song
that Big Bear used to sing to him
when he was just a Baby Bear.

*All along, all along, where the green grass grows,
in summer it's hot, in winter it snows,
where the grass grows, where the grass grows.*

The song made Little Bear feel happy.
Finally, he went off to see Old Bear.

“Old Bear, Old Bear,
we’re going on a **Big Journey**,
but there’s something I don’t know.
What if I get lost – which way should I go?”

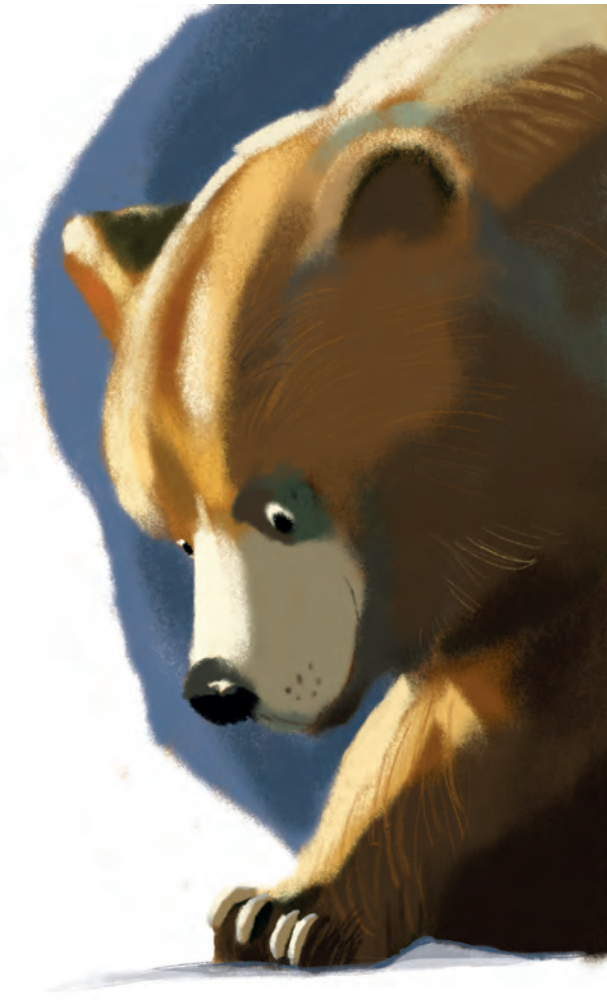


“Well,” said Old Bear, “footprints will
always show you the way to follow.”

Then Little Bear looked at Old Bear.
“Are you coming with us on
the Big Journey?” he asked.



“No, Little Bear. I’m too tired.
But tell me – do you think
you will come back one day?”



“I will,” said Little Bear.
“Wait for me, Old Bear.”
“I will,” said Old Bear.



“I’m ready,” said Big Bear. “Are you ready, Little Bear?”

“Yes,” said Little Bear. “Now, let’s go.”

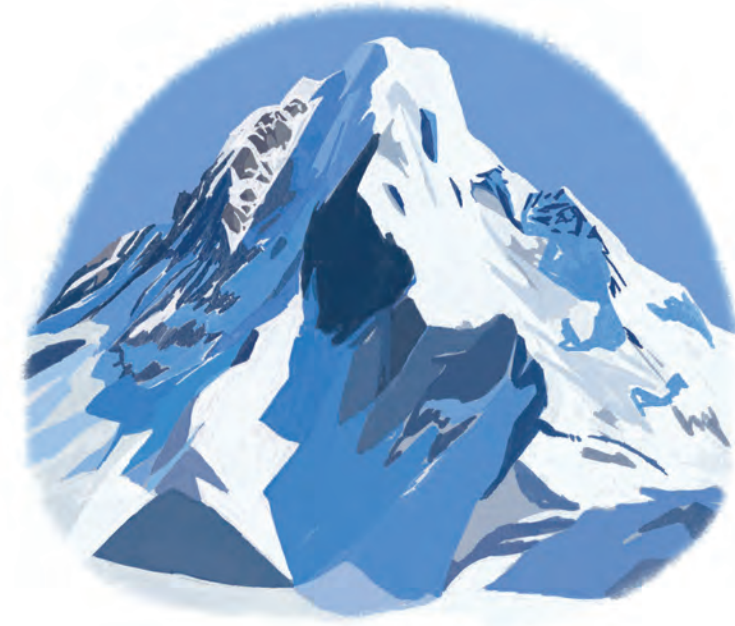
They walked and walked, until they left the Old Place behind.





At first, Little Bear was very sad.

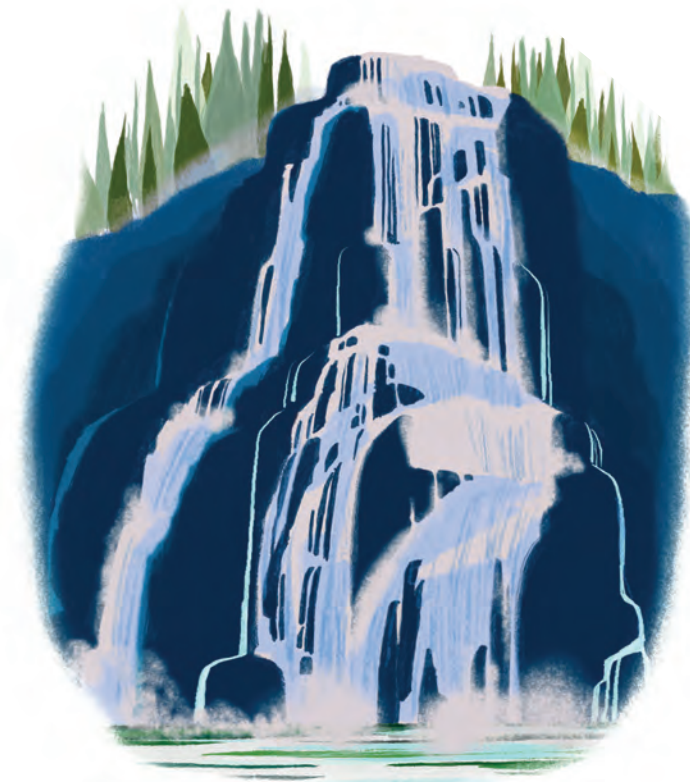
But then he remembered
the flower.



It smelled of the mountains,



it smelled of the air,



it smelled of the rivers.

And he knew that he was bringing
part of the Old Place with him.

On they walked, through wind and rain and snow . . .
until Little Bear felt like he couldn't go on any more.
But then he remembered his song.

So Little Bear sang,

*“All along, all along, where the green grass grows,
in summer it's hot, in winter it snows,*

where the grass grows, where the grass grows.”

And he kept going.





On they walked, shivering and wet and cold . . .
until Big Bear said, “We’re lost, Little Bear.”

But then Little Bear remembered what Old Bear had said.
“Look,” said Little Bear, “footprints in the snow.”



So they followed the footprints,
on and on and on.



It was a Big Journey,
through forests,



through the snow,



over mountains . . .



until, at last,
they arrived . . .



... at the New Place.

And here was food, and cool water, and new friends.

“I like the New Place,” said Little Bear.

He remembered Old Bear back in the Old Place.

Then he felt the sun shining on his face ...

... and off he went to play with his new friends.

