



The Bear Who Grew a Pillow

One morning, Little Bear found a single fluffy feather lying outside his den. He sniffed it. *Puff!* It tickled his nose.

"This must be a seed," he decided. "If I plant it, maybe it will grow into something soft."

So he dug a tiny hole beside the porch, tucked the feather inside, and watered it with a teacup of river water.

Every day, Little Bear checked his garden. The hedgehog rolled by and asked,

"What are you waiting for?"

"My pillow tree," Bear said proudly.

Owl laughed from her branch.

"Feathers don't grow, little one. You'll see."



But Little Bear didn't listen. He sang to his feather, shaded it from the sun, and even whispered goodnight before bed.

Then, one evening, something curious happened. A small tuft of fluff popped up from the soil.

"See!" cried Bear. "It's sprouting!"

Except... when he leaned closer, the tuft sneezed.

"Achoo!" Out crawled a baby dandelion, shaking its tiny head.

Little Bear giggled. "Not a pillow tree... but close enough."

The next day, the meadow was full of white, round dandelions, their seeds floating like clouds. Bear picked a whole bunch, tied them in a bundle, and tucked it under his head. It wasn't a pillow tree. But it was the softest, dreamiest pillow he'd ever had.

And that night, he slept so well, the moon itself looked down and thought,

Perhaps feathers can grow — if you believe in them enough.

