

Bears slowly changing the way people think

[Literature](#), [Russian Literature](#)



As a young child and even today, one of my passions has always been my love for bears. Bears to me were more than mere stuffed animals, but something comforting when I felt disappointed or upset. Staring into the warm, understanding eyes of the tiny furry creatures seemed to make anything that I was thinking disappear. I had become dependent on having them everywhere I went. Whether it was a trip around the world or just laying in my bed, I had to have a bear with me. At only six years old, I decided not to receive gifts for my birthdays, but rather request money to donate to bears that had spent their whole lives living in a cage. I would set up a small table, perching it right outside on the small terrasse, with the shaking of the trees as my music. On the table, a small box lay on the corner reading, " Donations."

One afternoon, I had come back from school and found my mom perching at the door eyes watering. Everyone knew how much I loved bears. I came sprinting in head first, heading to the couch to drop off my bag. I turned around to face my mom again, hearing her breathing deeply, as she told me what's happened. My mouth dropped, I clenched my hands tight to stop myself from crying. My eyes were staring into my mom's, she opened her arms wide, but it's those last 5 words that had hit me.

" Closing down a bear sanctuary." I felt like a part of my heart had shattered. A tear dropped down my face in disbelief. My lips quivered already. Hate couldn't even describe the emotion I felt for people who treated animals this way. I was like a lion ready to do whatever I could to catch my prey. The next morning, I brought the heart-shattering news to my classmates, as expected, every single one of them was hit by the same words. " Closing down a bear

sanctuary." I knew I had to do something. I had not been a do-er in my life before; I'd hear it, feel sad about it, but not take the next step to do anything about it. Although, for everything that bears had done for me, this was my time to save them for once. I, a second grader, had led the class and decided the best approach was to write handwritten letters, that came from our hearts and have them sent to the government so they could see what the bears meant to us. Our notes had pictures, portraying bears lying down on the floor in pain, blind or diseased. Our notes also had words, words that we had learned especially for them. My note, included my emotions, and lined paper filled with my very own drawings.

Looking back at it now, I'm really surprised that a couple notes from 2nd graders had changed their minds. However, as the days slowly started passing by, I started to doubt what we had done. Of course, the Government wouldn't care about some second graders, who was I kidding. Was a thought that kept popping up over and over again. Things weren't the same, I thought I had failed the bears. Every day, I didn't come home sprinting to the couch anymore, but rather slowly walk, slumping as I sat down. Face held in my hands. I felt ashamed, my face would flush white, at the thought of anyone mentioning it. Two seemingly endless weeks later though, they had finally received the letters and contacted my mom. Saying they were going to keep it open and wanted to send people to our house to film us, to film me. At that moment, so many emotions were filling my body when my mom had showed me. I started to jump up and down. My chest puffed up, I couldn't believe I had done it. All of these emotions jumped around in my brain, filling me with a sense of accomplishment that I had been successful

in something extremely unpredictable and out of my power to decide. The next morning, the only thing you could see on my face was a huge smile and eyes still in disbelief.

I finally learned how to be a do-er and all I had to do was start with the bears. I wouldn't take initiative as I do in my life, projects or just important things I believe in. If it wasn't for this moment right here, when I saved the things I loved most. Felt the expressions, that I had never felt before. I don't know what I would be today.