



Meg's Dark Den



Meg was a little white bear cub who lived in the far north. In the summer, the sun there never sets. It shines all day and all night. Meg was very tired, and she wanted just one thing: a long, restful sleep. "Time for bed," said Mom.



Meg lay down on the spotless white snow and shut her eyes. But the endless sunlight was too bright. She rolled to the left. She rolled to the right. She was restless, and sleep would not come. "I will hide my eyes," Meg said.



She put her paws over her face, but the light still got in between her toes. Then she pulled her blanket over her head. The blanket was thin, and the sun shone right through it. It was useless! Meg kicked the blanket off and sat up with a groan.



"Maybe a long swim will make me sleepy," she thought. Meg was fearless in the water, so she jumped off the ice with a big splash. She swam far out and back again. She dove deep and chased a harmless little silver fish.



But the cold water did not make her sleepy at all. It made her playful! Now she wanted to slide and splash and race. Meg climbed back onto the ice and shook her wet fur. Getting to sleep felt hopeless. Then she looked around and saw a big snowy hill.



Meg felt hopeful again. "It is always dark inside a den," she said. "I will dig one!" Meg began to dig. Snow flew out behind her in a white cloud. She was careful to make the walls thick and strong, so the den would be safe.



She dug and dug until the bright sun was only a tiny dot behind her. Inside, the den was dark, quiet, and snug. Meg curled up into a ball and gave a big yawn. No light could reach her eyes now.



She felt so thankful for her cozy den. Soon she fell into a wonderful, restful sleep. Later, Mom peeked in and smiled. "What a helpful snowy hill," she whispered. When Meg woke up at last, she felt cheerful and ready to play in the sun again.