

RROOARRR!!

Louise staggered back, afraid.

Afraid yet... angry.

Angry to be *made* afraid.

Angry about Charlie.

Angry about here, now,
and before.



ROO O A A R R R!!!



The bear sank down to the ground. Louise crept back to the boat.



Before going away, she looked again.
This bear.
A familiar feeling. A familiar sadness.