







*THE*  
PANDA'S  
CHILD

JACKIE MORRIS & CATHY FISHER

[ STORY ]

[ ARTWORK ]





To Sophie Wren and  
all her beautiful family  
and for Archie Truswell





chapter 1





She had only closed  
her eyes for a moment,  
lulled into sleep  
by the warm sun,



but when she woke  
her child was gone.





The villagers had all walked  
out into the forest together.  
She had fallen behind the others.  
Tired, she had laid the child down  
on a soft bed of leaves and  
rested beside him.

Only a few days old,  
such a beautiful boy.

The villagers searched,  
for three long days.

They all knew there was no hope.  
They told her he had been taken  
by wolves, wild dogs, leopards,  
or the spirits of the forest.

When they gave up and  
went back to their daily  
chores, she continued  
the search alone,  
wandering the forest,  
singing soft lullabies,  
hope fading with every hour,  
sorrow settling on her soul.

And then she heard,  
maybe a stir of the  
wind in the leaves?

The call of a bird?

Every mother knows  
the cry of her own child.









Again, soft on the wind.

Again.



Through a thicket  
of flowers, a cave.

In the cave, warm,  
alive, her child.

Seven days he  
had been gone,  
seven *long* days.

She gathered him  
into her arms and  
fed him with milk  
that flowed at his  
cry, and wept with  
a strong, fierce joy.

From the back  
of the cave,  
in the dark,  
she heard a sound.

Two bright eyes sparkled.

A she-bear  
ambled out,  
brushed gently  
past her,  
then into  
the forest.







