

**Imagine me a Polar Bear...** living on the ice,  
Maybe I'd meet Santa. Wouldn't that be nice?  
My fur is warm and thick, so I don't get cold,  
My fat is called blubber, that's what I've been told.

Near the North Pole, we have the northern lights.  
They sure come in handy for those super-long nights.  
There is a big problem with living on the snow;  
When it melts and it's gone, there's no place to go.

If you want to help, start by planting a tree,  
To help save the snow, plant two or even three.  
A bear in the snow is as fun as can be.  
And a chance to meet Santa  
—who wants to be me?

