

Barnabee Saves the Day!



Best Selling Illustrated Book
by Christina Wright



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In a tall, old tree, hidden high in a sunny meadow, lived a bustling city of bees called Honeycomb Hive.

Every day was a busy buzz of activity. Thousands of bees flew in and out, their wings a blur, following the same flight path to the same familiar flowers.

They gathered sweet, golden nectar and brought it back to fill their honeycombs. The hive was a picture of perfect order, with every bee doing exactly what they were supposed to do.



But one little bee, named Barnabee, was a bit different. He was not bad, just curious. While the other bees flew in neat, straight lines, Barnabee liked to loop-de-loop and swirl.



"Barnabee, slow down!"

Queen Beatrice, the Queen of the hive, would buzz kindly as Barnabee sped past her.

"Stay with the group! We need every drop of nectar." But Barnabee could not help it. His wings longed for new adventures.



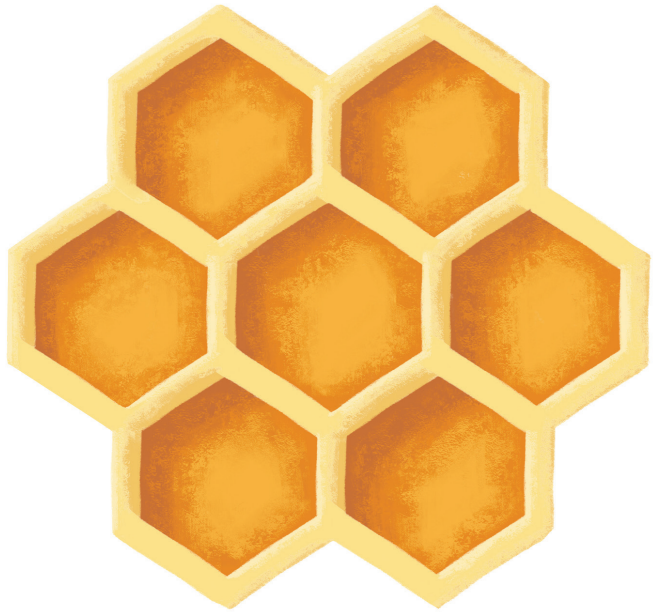
One sunny morning, a hush fell over Honeycomb Hive. The storage cells, usually overflowing with golden honey, were looking a bit empty.

The worker bees were tired; their pollen baskets were only half full, even after a hard day's work.

"Oh dear..." sighed Queen Beatrice. "The Clover Patch is not giving us much pollen anymore."

A worried hum filled the hive. What would they do? They would not make it through winter without honey!





"What if we are just looking in the wrong places?" Barnabee thought. He flew up to Queen Beatrice. "Your Majesty," he buzzed, a little nervously, "What if I fly a bit further? Past the Big Oak Tree? Maybe there are new flowers there!"

Queen Beatrice looked at him "Barnabee," she said slowly, "no bee from this hive has ever flown past the Big Oak Tree. It is too far, too dangerous."



"But, Your Majesty," Barnabee insisted, "We are running out of honey! What if it's our only chance?" The other bees whispered: "He always wants to do things differently." "Why can't he just do what he is told?"

Queen Beatrice thought hard. Finally, she nodded. "Go, Barnabee. Be careful. And if you find anything, buzz back as fast as your wings can carry you."

Barnabee's heart soared!

He zoomed out of the hive, flying higher than ever before.

He flew past the sad and droopy Clover Patch.

He flew past the empty Dandelion Meadow.

He flew past the enormous, ancient Big Oak Tree.

Suddenly, the wind felt different, cooler and wilder.

Barnabee felt a little scared, but mostly, he felt excited. He looked down and gasped!



Below him, stretching as far as his little bee eyes could see, was a rainbow of flowers!

Purple ones, pink ones, bright yellow ones more flowers than he had ever seen in his whole life!

The air smelled sweet and rich with the scent of nectar. It was a Secret Garden!

Barnabee did not waste any time. He dove into a violet tulip, then a soft bluebell, gathering as much nectar as his nectar baskets could carry.



He flew back to Honeycomb Hive, his wings aching but his heart singing.

"I found it! I found it!" he buzzed excitedly,

"A new field of flowers! A Secret Garden, full of nectar!"

The other bees looked at him, amazed. They couldn't believe it!

Queen Beatrice smiled, her antennae wiggling with delight.

"Barnabee, you are a brave and clever bee! You thought differently. You dared to go somewhere new, and you saved our hive!"

That day, Barnabee was named a hero and the Honeycomb Hive learned a valuable lesson: Sometimes, it is okay to be a little bit different and go your own way, because sometimes, being a little bit 'rogue' can lead to the most wonderful discoveries!



And Barnabee? He still liked to explore, but now, some of the other bees joined him, exploring the world beyond the known, and finding new adventures.



Barnabee Saves the Day!

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