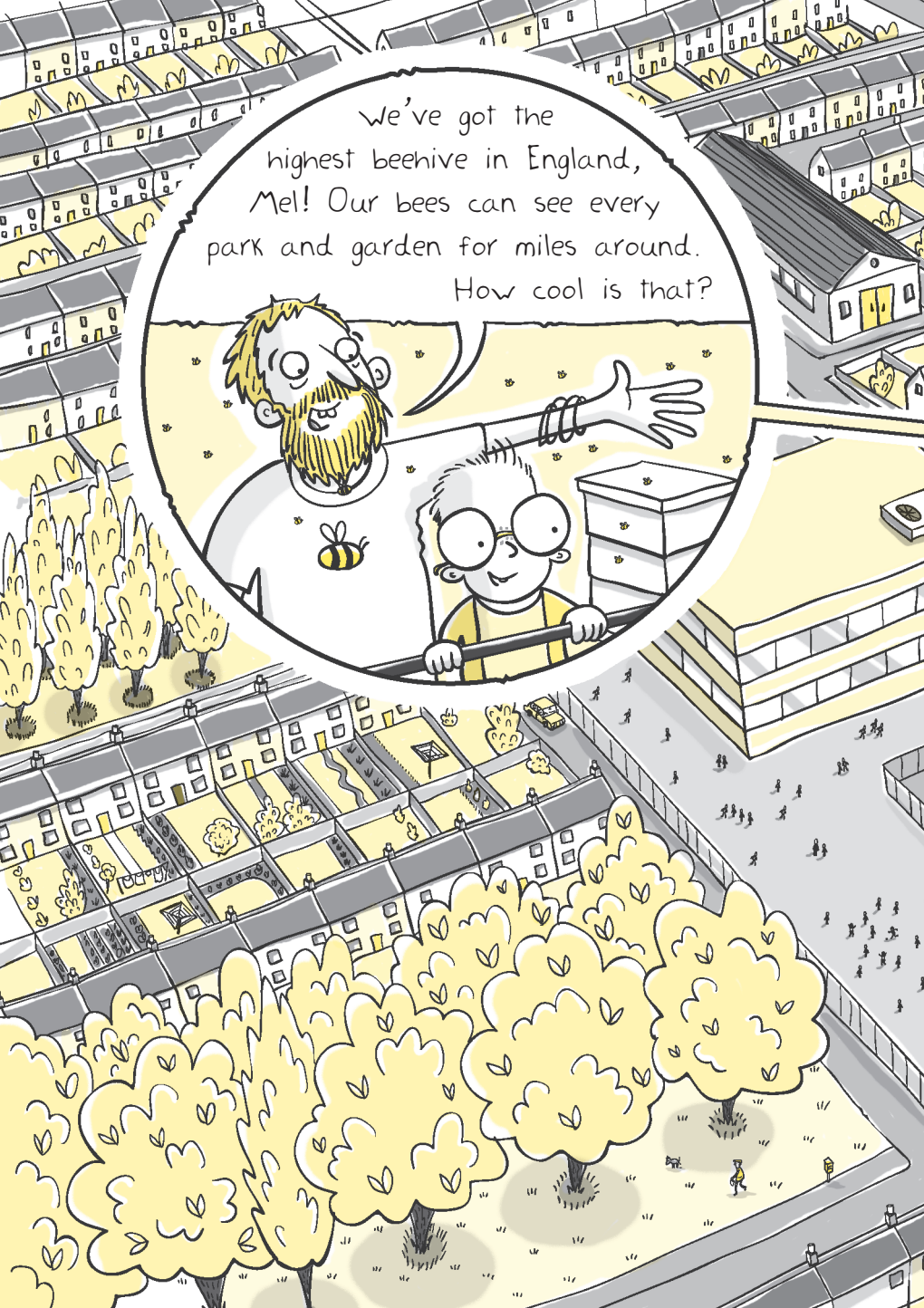

We've got the highest beehive in England, Mel! Our bees can see every park and garden for miles around. How cool is that?



Our bees love their high hive and are always busy buzzing around the town gardens collecting pollen and nectar and bringing it back to the roof. When Dan was here he'd wait until I got back from school and we'd check on the bees together. He'd chat and joke with Mr Johnson, who grows flowers and vegetables in pots. Mr Johnson is interested in bees and keeps an eye on things when I'm not there.



The bee-keeping went well when Dan and I first started but then, disaster – our bees were attacked. It was like a battle scene. Bee wings, legs and heads were scattered all around. Dan said the attackers had eaten some of our baby bees and honey too.

'Who did this?' I asked.

'Probably wasps,' Dan said. 'A deadly killer. Honeybees have lots of enemies including microscopic mites and death's head hawkmoths.'



I'm eating supermarket honey on my toast this morning but that's going to change. Dan left the hive and the bee equipment and today is the day when I take charge. If my bees are happy and healthy I'll be eating Meadow Tower honey in a few weeks.

Mum squeezes my shoulder.

'Eat your toast and go to school!'

I keep my head down when I walk to school.

'Don't draw attention to yourself and people won't bother you,' Mum says.

The kids at school don't get it. I've tried to explain that bee-keeping is cool but nobody's interested. Maybe they'll listen next week when it's my turn to read my project at assembly. It's called BEES ARE BRILLIANT and I'm going to have a practice in the library at lunchtime. Mrs Gashkori, the librarian, is going to listen and offer advice. Mrs Gashkori says the whole school will be bee-crazy after my talk.

I'm walking up the school steps.

'Melvin Meadly! Here, please.'



It's Mrs Whelks, my teacher.

'Ben Flemming is ill,' she says.

'Yes, Miss?' I reply.

