This book belongs to

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For Sungah, Luah and my dear parents – S.L.

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The Bumblebee Garden

Dawn Casey and Stella Lim

Floris Books

It was the very beginning of spring. Ben and Grandpa were busy in the garden.

"Look, Grandpa!" Ben pointed. A fat fuzzy bumblebee.

ziggety-zag, ziggety-zag



buzzz-ump

The bee peeked into a little hole in the earth.

"Ah," said Grandpa. "A queen bee, looking for somewhere to nest."

The wind blew. Snowdrops shivered. "Isn't she cold?" asked Ben.

Grandpa smiled. "Her thick coat keeps her warm."

Ben buttoned up his warm coat. "Me too!"

Outside, rain was falling.

pitter-patter,
splash-splish



Inside, Ben was playing, softening beeswax in his hands. He squeezed it and shaped it. He rolled it into a good long worm.

"Grandpa," said Ben, "where do bumblebees go when it rains?"

"Well, by now the queen will have found a little hole in the ground. She'll be warm and dry inside her nest today."

"Just like us!" said Ben.

"Just like us," said Grandpa. "She keeps her food in a little wax pot, so that even on rainy days, when it's too wet to fly, she has plenty to eat."

Ben coiled his wax round and round. "There," he said, "I've made a pot too."



One day, Grandpa and Ben had a picnic in the garden, with Ben's baby sister, Hana Mae.

Ben watched the queen bee fly out of her nest under the hedge. She flew over to the daisies and back again. "What's she doing, Grandpa?"

"Well," said Grandpa, "inside her nest, the queen laid her eggs. Out of each egg came a little larva – small and plump and wiggly."

"Like Hana Mae!" said Ben.

Grandpa laughed. "Yes, a little like Hana Mae. The queen is collecting pollen from the flowers, to feed her larvae..."

Ben nodded. He passed Hana Mae the dish, full of good things to eat.

num, num, nummm







"Sometime soon," said Grandpa, "when the larvae have grown big and strong, each one will do something very special."

"What, Grandpa?"

"Each little larva will spin itself a silk cocoon."

Ben found a blanket. He took one end and gave the other end to Hana Mae. She held on tight. "Now spin!" said Ben.

wheee...

Hana Mae spun round and round. The blanket wound around her until, *plump*, she sat down, laughing.

"Look Grandpa," said Ben, "Hana Mae is a cocoon!"

