

“Because I’m **cute**.



I’m very **intelligent**.



I’m extremely **agile**.



I just need to be someone’s **pet**.”



The boy had never met a bee before. But he *was* looking for a pet.



“You know,” said the boy,
“pet shows require an awful
lot of hard work.”
“I’m in if you are,” said Billie.





Finally the big day arrived.
The festival had begun!

Festival of Talents

“Billie,” said the boy,
“one last thing. Tuck in your wings
and – whatever you do – don’t buzz.”

“Why?” asked Billie.

“Some people,” said the boy,
“are just funny about bees.”



Finally the big day arrived.
The festival had begun!

Festival of Talents

“Billie,” said the boy,
“one last thing. Tuck in your wings
and – whatever you do – don’t buzz.”

“Why?” asked Billie.

“Some people,” said the boy,
“are just funny about bees.”



Finally the big day arrived.
The festival had begun!

Festival of Talents

“Billie,” said the boy,
“one last thing. Tuck in your wings
and – whatever you do – don’t buzz.”

“Why?” asked Billie.

“Some people,” said the boy,
“are just funny about bees.”



Finally the big day arrived.
The festival had begun!

Festival of Talents

“Billie,” said the boy,
“one last thing. Tuck in your wings
and – whatever you do – don’t buzz.”

“Why?” asked Billie.

“Some people,” said the boy,
“are just funny about bees.”