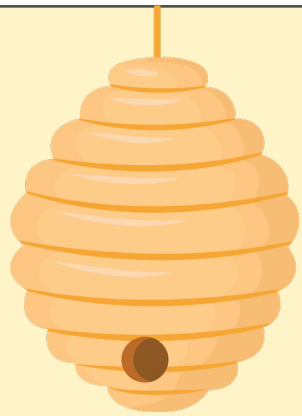




# GUARDIANS OF LIFE'S DIADEMS: THE HONEYBEE'S SYMPHONY

BY

RATUL SHAH



In meadows kissed by golden rays,  
Where honeybees begin their days,  
They dance amidst the vibrant blooms,  
A symphony of nature's tunes.

With grace, they sip sweet nectar's kiss,  
Collecting pollen, nature's bliss,  
From flower to flower, they traverse,  
A vital role, they selflessly rehearse.

They carry life upon their wings,  
Pollinating plants, Earth's  
offerings, Fruits, and seeds they  
help create,  
An ecosystem's delicate fate.



Oh, tiny heroes, strong and small,  
You ensure life's continued sprawl,  
Without your tireless, buzzing  
flight,  
The world would lose its vibrant light.

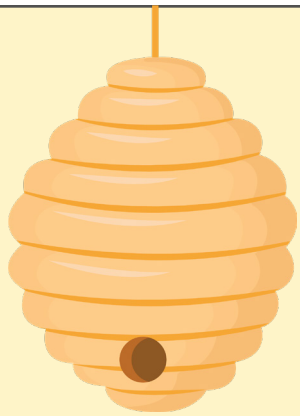
But heed the call, our urgent plea,  
Preserve their habitats, let them  
be, For in their fragile wings,  
we find,  
A harmony that's intertwined.



So let us plant the wildflower seeds,  
Create havens for their buzzing needs,  
For honeybees, our earth's true  
gems, They're guardians of life's  
diadems.

**WINNING  
POEM**





I AM  
BY  
SARA MALONEY

I am the highest of our complex social structure.

I only mate once

I have 5 eyes & see ultraviolet light.

I live up to 5 years.

I lay up to half a million eggs in my lifetime.

I am the only insect that produces food you can eat.

I help the medicinal & industrial industry.

I create a business-enabling environment.

I AM THE QUEEN BEE





## I LOVE YOU, HONEY BEES

BY

BRIDGET FRANCIS (AGE 5)

I love your honey.  
Please give me more honey.  
I hope you find more flowers  
so you can make me more honey.  
Everyone likes it.  
Please don't sting us, that's the deal.

Love, Bridget.

## HONEY DELIGHTFUL

ACROSTIC POEM BY

CHARLOTTE FRANCIS (AGE 9)

**H**oney is tasty to eat!  
**O**n a tree is where the honey might be.  
**N**o, it does not grow.  
**E**at it with a sandwich,  
**Y**ou will like it!  
**B**e kind to honey bees if you want it.  
**E**xciting to eat,  
**E**specially for a treat!



## EATING HONEY

BY

CHARLOTTE FRANCIS (AGE 9)

Honey bees make honey for us to eat.  
We have to be nice to get more honey to eat.  
Honey bees don't usually sting.  
If they sting, they die.  
So leave honey bees alone!

## HONEY BEES

HAIKU POEM BY

CHARLOTTE FRANCIS (AGE 9)

Honey bees don't hurt.  
They give us honey to eat.  
The bees are so nice.

## FLOWERS GROW

BY

CHARLOTTE FRANCIS (AGE 9)

Honey bees are nice!  
When a car comes by  
They want to fly.  
When flowers grow  
They want to show.  
Their job!  
Love, Charlotte

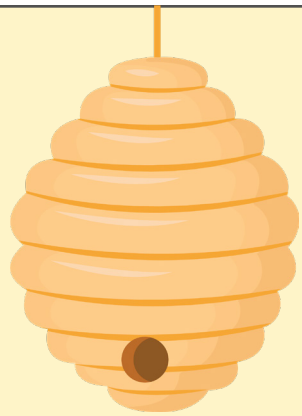


**WATCH THE BEE**  
BY  
MATTHEW CUGINI



Watch the bee.  
As it frolics in the tree  
Listen to its buzz.  
I want its honey.  
Oh, that's funny.  
A friendly bee, I see.  
Stay away from the hive.  
And watch it thrive.





### THE BEE'S HOME

BY

SARAH HERNANDEZ CORREDOR

it's a bright sunny day of May ,  
where the trees and the leaves are all fine today.

Everything is calm,  
And the weather is warm, so we can hear.

The people near.  
This is what we call,  
In the season of fall,  
The bees' home.  
Yes, this is what we call,  
In the season of fall,  
The bees' home.



### BEEHIVE

BY

SARAH HERNANDEZ CORREDOR

In the middle of the night,  
Where we could only see a light,  
There was a bee.  
Maybe two or three  
Sitting in a tree.  
Producing more honey ,  
Then human-made money ,  
As a brave knight ,  
In their cozy beehive.  
Taking pollen, flower to flower  
Like humans baking with flour.  
They made more honey,  
Which I thought was funny.  
In their cozy beehive  
The food was a total hit.



### REMEMBER THE HONEY IN THE MARKET

BY

SARAH HERNANDEZ CORREDOR

Whether it was in Walmart or in Target?  
Did you wonder ,  
Or even ponder,  
About the topic of who produced it,  
The food that was a total hit?  
well, the answer is bees.  
Yes ,the ones in trees!  
Or maybe even the ones in the leaves!  
They suck the nectar from the flowers.  
And transport it to their beehive.  
Did you know they had such powers?  
With that they deposit it  
And let it ferment.

So it's like that that they made  
the food that was a total hit!



## A HIVE OF BEES

BY

MITCH WILBRINK

A hive of bees worked tirelessly to make honey.  
They gathered nectar and pollen to make it yummy.



Flying from flower to flower  
Pollination is their superpower.

But one day the schoolchildren came.  
They picked all the flowers for a game.  
The children did not care about the bees.  
They just wanted to have fun in the trees.

The bees cried when their flowers were gone.  
Without them, they could not go on

The children's bouquets began to wilt.  
Without their flowers, they felt deep guilt.  
The children realized the consequences and sorrow.  
They had hurt more than the bees, they harmed tomorrow.



They replanted the flowers for the bees.  
And apologized with heartfelt tears and pleas.

The bees forgave the children for their deeds.  
And invited them to join their honey-making needs.  
They pollinated, played, and made honey.  
Restoring the beauty of nature is so sunny!





**THE HONEY BEE**  
BY  
NANCY BENETEAU



Vital to our food supply  
Let these black and yellow pests fly.

They need to stay around.  
Or else no pollinators will be found.

Buzzing, swirling, working hard  
Visiting the flowers through the yard  
Collecting nectar so sweet  
Careful they aren't under your feet.

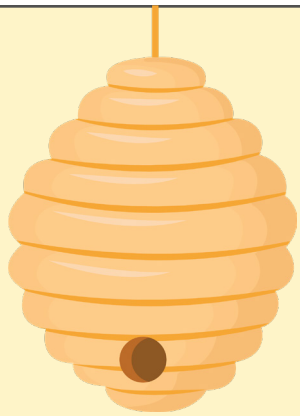


If you see a hive buzzing with life  
Please leave alone don't cause it strife.  
For the job of a working honey bee  
Is to make the sweetest honey.

To pest control, they are a nuisance.  
But please sit back and watch them dance.  
Let them feed the plants that feed us.  
Bees need us and we need them, avoid all the fuss!







## THREE CHEERS TO THE HONEY BEE

BY  
JORDAN IVES

It's a big wide world.  
Bound by the tiniest strings.  
With the yellow buzz humming  
Of hard-working wings.

It's the ladies of spring,  
Of flower, of sun.  
The black and the gold  
The comb and the hum.



And what would we do,  
If not for their labor?  
No flowers for you, myself, or our neighbors.

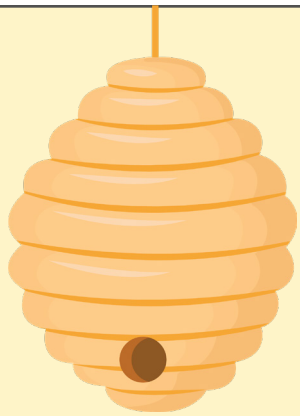
They weave through the stems,  
As if knitting a thread.  
Connecting a line to each pollen head.

We'd lose quite a lot if not for their toil.  
For the plants would have trouble leaving the soil.



So, give a cheer to their kingdoms.  
Maybe give three.  
For the oh-so-important and great,  
Honey bee.





**IT'S A BEE!**  
BY  
CRISTINA TURPIN

I see a bee!

What bee do you see?

A bee that will help both you and me!

I see a bee!

What bee do you see?

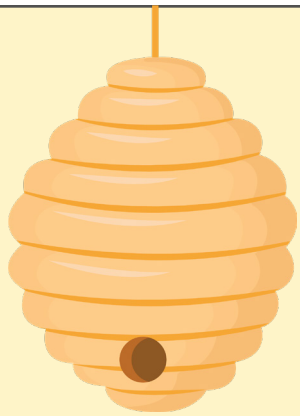
A bee that will help the growth of plants flowers and trees!

I see a bee!

What bee do you see?

All the bees that make the ecosystem thrive for other animals like you and me!





THE BEES ARE GONE  
BY  
GRACE VAN EERD



Imagine a world where all the gardens are empty.  
The fruits and veggies are gone.  
The flowers all look dreary.  
You can't hear a single bird song.  
All the trees are shrinking, slowly disappearing.  
Natural habitats departing along with them.  
I've never imagined a world so dark and eerie.  
Without a single tree, leaf, petal, or stem  
There isn't even any coffee.  
To turn this world around



There isn't any honey for your tea.  
Nothing here is defined as profound.  
So what does a world like this really mean?  
It means, there are no bees left to be seen.





**THE BUZZ**  
BY  
LORIE DAVIES

So, what's the buzz of all of this?

They say to protect me with kindness and care...  
But I'm forgotten at times when I have fruit to bear.



Light in weight but carry a large load...  
Reside with thousands, forage a traveled road.

Production of honey is not only my goal...  
There are mouths to feed from flowers to bowls.

You are what you eat, as we all fill our belly...  
Unless you're the queen and eat royal jelly.



We invented the hexagon that's known for its shape...  
And surprisingly it holds a tremendous amount of weight.

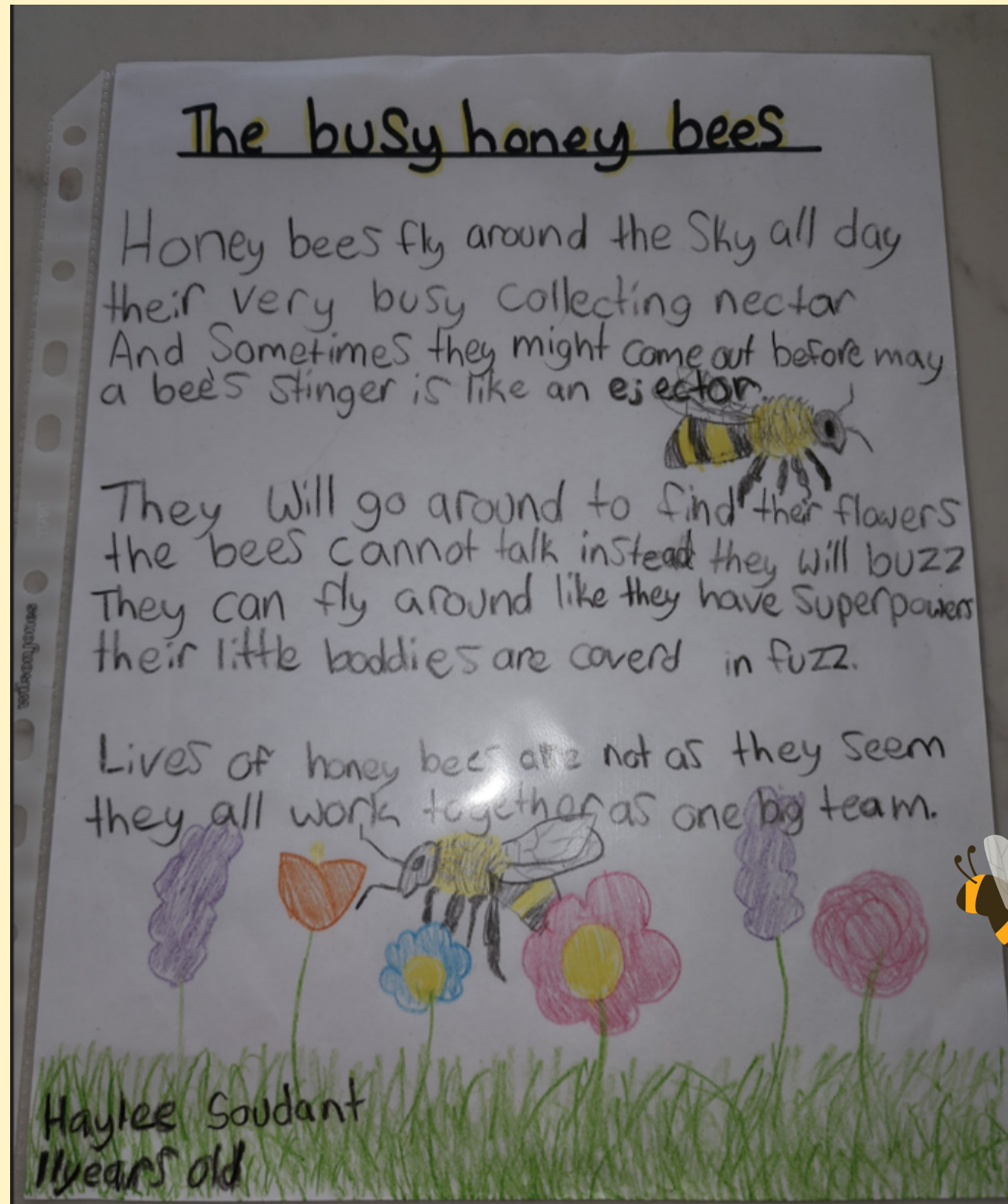
You can call me a fan, a blanket, or heater...  
Perhaps even a thief, does that make me a cheater?

So, what's the buzz of all of this?  
I sure hope you know the answer...  
This is my job, I'm not just a dancer!





**THE BUSY HONEY BEES**  
BY  
HAYLEE SOUDANT (11 YEARS OLD)



Haylee Soudant  
11 years old



**THE BEE'S KNEES**  
BY  
VERONICA GONCALVES

Small and fuzzy, black, and yellow  
As friendly as can 'bee'  
My family is very big.  
We're called a Colony.

We work all day and very hard.  
Especially when it's sunny.  
We fly to and from our hive all day.  
To make delicious honey



Our role is so important.  
That pollen that we spread.  
Helps a lot of crops to grow.  
Helps humankind stay fed.

If you see us out and about  
Please don't be afraid.  
We're here to help the world go 'round.  
We're here to pollinate!





**HONEY BEE HAIKU**

BY

CHRIS ROBERTSON

Essential bumble

Bees that help our world survive

We eat their vomit





## GUARDIANS OF THE HIVE

BY  
PEDRO ROJAS

Amidst blooming meadows, a vibrant scene,  
Honey bees buzz, their purpose keen.  
They pollinate flowers, a vital role,  
Sustaining life, from pole to pole.  
But sometimes pests disrupt their harmony,  
Abell Pest Control aids responsibly.  
With eco-friendly methods, they intervene,  
Preserving bees, all hail the queen.  
Using pesticides with utmost care,  
Protecting hives, ensuring bees' fare.  
With a witty approach, they'll surely strive,  
To keep the balance, where all bees thrive.





## LOST AT BEE

BY  
KAT HICKS

There are trillions of bees in the world. But this one had a particularly weird day.

BEEP. BEEP.

"Oh no, my alarm... I'm late for work!" Bezzie jumped out of her comb and flew as fast as she could to the hive entrance.

Bezzie is a honeybee, but more specifically a worker bee, which means she leaves the hive to find pollen and nectar. Some worker bees help build and maintain the hive. Bezzie enjoys her job most of the time.

"Did you hear, three more bees went missing last night?" Bezzie heard another worker talking.

"No one knows where they go, and they never come back." This made Bezzie anxious because her best friend had gone missing a few days before. The hive has been struggling with so many bees missing, there aren't enough bees to maintain it and their pollen collection has been much slower without them.

Bezzie spent her day gathering and spreading pollen. It was a safe sunny day. She tried to keep her mind off the disappearing bees. The next day, while Bezzie was out, a raindrop suddenly hit her! It had started raining. Bees and water do not mix, so she fell from the sky and couldn't fly with wet wings. While she was drying off, she heard something. As she turned around, she saw a big raccoon! She jumped and tried to run away but she was caught.

"This is the end for me, I know it," Bezzie said. Right when the raccoon was about to eat her...

ZOOM! Something flew in and grabbed her. She opened her eyes, and it was her missing friend.

"Beesly!" Bezzie hugged her tightly, "I can't believe you're alive! Where have you been?"

"I'll show you, just come with me." Beesly took Bezzie's hand, and they flew away. They eventually came up to a tree where they saw a hive.

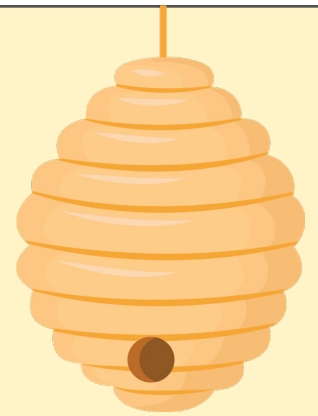
"This is my new home," Beesly said. "And it can be yours too." They went inside. The hive was so lively and colourful, filled with bees of all shapes and sizes. "This is a place where workers and drones can live together in peace. We still do our jobs, of course, to keep the hive alive. Bees are dying off; we need all the help we can get. So will you stay here with me, Bezzie?"

Maybe this is where all the missing bees went...

Bezzie was so relieved to have her best friend back, she agreed to stay. This hive was on a farm with a lovely couple who really cares about the bees and does their best to help them thrive.

Honeybees only live for a few weeks, so we should do our best to care for them and not harm them. After all, humans wouldn't last four years without honeybees... according to Einstein. We need bees like Bezzie to keep spreading pollen so our crops and plants grow, otherwise, what would we eat?

The End.

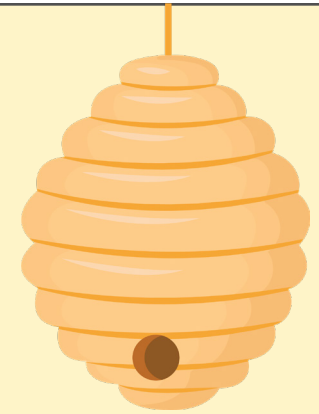


**WINNING  
STORY**



# THE BUZZING SPECIES: THE HONEY BEE'S EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY

BY  
RILEY PANCHOO



In today's world, many among us recognize that Earth is unfortunately headed towards an irreversible point. For Jack, the five-year-old boy, after a long day of learning about environmental issues caused by humankind's destructive ways, yearned for escape. That day, on his way back from school, one could call it fate when a shimmering light resembling a portal appeared before him. Seeing as he was curious and had been longing for peace, he stepped forward without a second thought. In the blink of an eye, his impulsive act caused him to be pulled forward, defying the laws of gravity before being subject to a loud thump that caused some temporary ringing in his ears as he landed head-first on a field of grass. As he lifted his head and found balance as he stood up, he was amazed to find that he had been transported to a realm untouched by human activity. As his eyes wandered around, he was met with tall trees that moved along with the cool breeze. Taking a few steps, he took a moment to notice how the insects flew and maneuvered around the large fields that were home to various species of flowers whose aroma quickly reached him. He was amazed to have been met with a world that resembled Earth before it was ruined by humankind. As the ringing began to fade, Jack started to hear the birds singing, and soon enough, the honey bees' buzzing and surprisingly, talking. "Welcome to Planet Shinka! It's incredible to think that I'm witnessing the arrival of the first human to set foot in this extraordinary world," uttered the honey bee closest to his ear in a soft voice, almost resembling a whisper. "Talking honey bees?! This is mind-blowing! To be completely truthful, I didn't willingly come here, but fate has its own mysterious ways of leading us to unexpected places," replied Jack. "I'm Jack, by the way." "Well Jack, since you've ended up here, how about we embark on a journey as I guide you through our world?" "Absolutely! Lead the way," answered Jack enthusiastically. As the honey bee made its way through the fields, flying gracefully between the fields of wheat and the green leaves, Jack tried his best to keep up with its pace. "Welcome to our planet's magnificent main garden. Here, we have a variety of diverse plants and animals that coexist in perfect harmony. Each of us plays a vital role in maintaining the health of our ecosystem," the bee proudly exclaimed. He paused before speaking again. "Look over there," the bee pointed with excitement, & those majestic bee hives hanging down the trees." "This is crazy! What's your role in this garden?" "We, honey bees, have a crucial part to play in the pollination process of numerous types of blooming plants, such as fruit trees, vegetables, and wildflowers. Our main responsibility is to collect nectar from flowers while also transferring pollen from the male reproductive part of the flower, known as the stamen, to the female counterpart, called the stigma. This process allows plants to produce a variety of seeds and fruits, which is crucial for the successful reproduction of countless plant species. Moreover, on the most popular planet, Earth, we are significant contributors to agricultural food production.

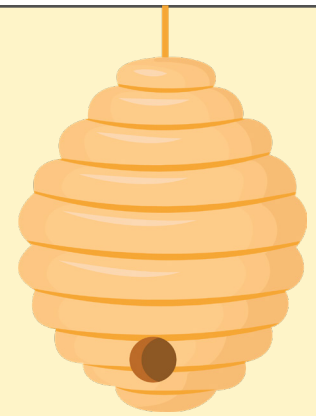


# THE BUZZING SPECIES: THE HONEY BEE'S EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY

BY

RILEY PANCHOO

cont'd



We pollinate a wide range of crops, such as almonds, apples, blueberries, cucumbers, and melons. Without us, these crops might not produce fruit at all. Our work truly helps sustain global food supplies and supports the livelihoods of farmers. Additionally, we also serve as important indicators of environmental health. Our sensitivity to changes in habitat, pesticide exposure, and climate conditions makes us valuable bioindicators. Additionally, honey production itself may not directly impact the ecosystem, but it does have cultural and economic significance, on Earth contributing to local traditions, culinary arts, and various industries. Without us, the ecosystem would simply fall apart as we are keystone species!" Suddenly, in the midst of the honey bee's discourse on its significant role, Jack became aware of a growing shadow approaching him and the bee. Contemplating whether he should interrupt the bee or not, he ultimately chose to prioritize safety over anything else, "I hate to interrupt you, but the shadow approaching us does not seem friendly, and to be completely honest seems out of place for such a quiet planet." "Oh my! This certainly wasn't expected so soon," exclaimed the bee. "Our planet has been awaiting an evil force that was bound to appear at one point or another." In response to the shadow, the honey bee swiftly accelerated to join its nestmates located in the garden. Hundreds of other bees emerged from the hive to encircle the growing shadow. As a collective effort, the bees began releasing pollen onto the shadow, causing it to gradually diminish in size until it finally reached the ground. Years ago, the bees had devised a grand plan with the intention of turning the evil force into a source of positive impact. "This evil force is under the soil, and when it rains, it will grow to become another flower for pollination," said the bee. "I'm so grateful for you. You've taught me so much in such a short amount of time, and I know what I have to do now," exclaimed Jack. "When you get back to Earth, sprinkle these wildflower seeds everywhere. I've come to learn that a company called Abell Pest Control works hard to save the bees. We're so thankful. Your knowledge can be of great help to bring Earth back to life." In an instant, a portal appeared before Jack. With one last look, he took a step and found himself at home. Filled with new determination, he tightly gripped a handful of wildflower seeds in one hand and held Abell's number in the other, ready to take action to save the bees and work towards securing a brighter future for everyone.



# HARMONY IN WILDWOOD VALLEY: THE INVALUABLE CONTRIBUTION OF HONEY BEES

BY  
RUTUL SHAH



In the rolling meadows of Wildwood Valley, a bustling community of honeybees thrived, diligently going about their important work. Led by their wise and experienced queen, Apis, the bees understood the invaluable contribution they made to the delicate balance of the ecosystem.

Each day, the bees emerged from their intricately constructed hive, their fuzzy bodies glistening in the morning sunlight. They embarked on a mission to collect nectar and pollen from the vibrant wildflowers that adorned the valley. As they gracefully danced from bloom to bloom, the bees unknowingly performed a vital role in the ecosystem.

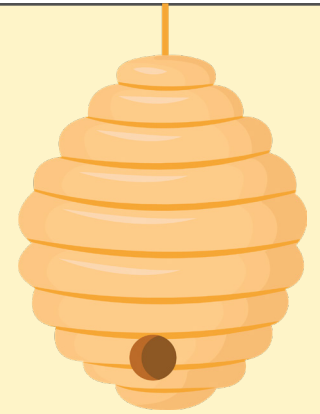
The bees diligently gathered nectar, a sweet liquid that would later be transformed into golden honey. But as they brushed against the vibrant stamens of the flowers, they also collected pollen on their fuzzy bodies. Unbeknownst to the bees, this pollen acted as a vital link between plants, facilitating their reproduction.

The bees' tireless efforts as pollinators had far-reaching consequences. As they traveled from flower to flower, pollen grains clung to their bodies, inadvertently transferring from one bloom to another. This simple act of pollination enabled the plants to produce fruits, seeds, and new life. It was a symbiotic relationship between the bees and the plants, each relying on the other for survival.

In the heart of the valley, a young girl named Lily spent her days exploring the wonders of nature. She marveled at the beauty of the flowers, mesmerized by the bees' graceful dance. Lily understood the vital role the bees played, and she dedicated her time to learning about their incredible contributions to the ecosystem.

One day, as Lily ventured deeper into the meadow, she noticed something amiss. The wildflowers seemed dull and droopy, lacking the vibrant colors that once adorned the valley. Alarmed, she approached the hive of the honeybees. She discovered a worried buzz amongst the colony.

Apis, the queen bee, explained their predicament. Pesticides sprayed on nearby farmlands were wreaking havoc on the bees' health and well-being. The once-abundant wildflowers were disappearing, leaving the bees hungry and weak. Without sufficient food sources, the bees population was dwindling, and the delicate balance of the ecosystem was at risk.



# HARMONY IN WILDWOOD VALLEY: THE INVALUABLE CONTRIBUTION OF HONEY BEES

BY  
RUTUL SHAH  
cont'd

Determined to help her tiny friends, Lily sprang into action. She tirelessly researched organic and sustainable farming practices, spreading awareness about the importance of protecting pollinators. She rallied the community, organizing workshops on creating bee-friendly gardens and avoiding harmful pesticides.

Lily's efforts inspired the people of Wildwood Valley. They embraced the idea of creating safe havens for bees, planting wildflower gardens in their backyards, and promoting organic farming methods. The community became an oasis for the bees, offering them a sanctuary where they could thrive.

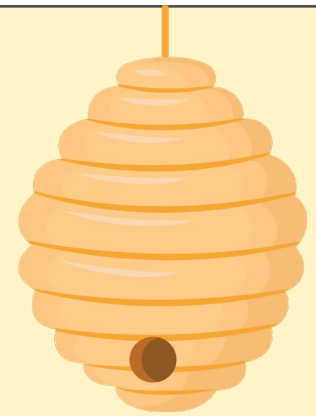
Over time, the meadows of Wildwood Valley transformed once more. Vibrant wildflowers flourished, painting the landscape in a breathtaking array of colors. The bees, now strengthened by an abundance of nectar and pollen, returned to their vital role as pollinators.

As the valley flourished, so did the plants and animals that depended on the bees. Fruits grew plump, ensuring sustenance for creatures big and small. Seeds dispersed and took root, allowing new generations of plants to flourish. The ecosystem rejoiced in the return of its unsung heroes—the honeybees.

Years passed, and the memory of the crisis faded. But the lessons learned in Wildwood Valley remained etched in the hearts of the community. They continued to nurture their bee-friendly habitats, recognizing the invaluable contribution the honeybees made to their lives and the world around them.

Lily, now a grown woman, often reminisced about her childhood and the profound impact her actions had made. She marveled at the resilience of the honeybees and the power of a united community dedicated to preserving the delicate balance of nature.

And so, in Wildwood Valley, the dance of the honeybees continued—a testament to the unwavering connection between these remarkable creatures and the harmony of the ecosystem they called home.



## A MIDSUMMERS NIGHTS SWARM

BY  
BRANDON POIRIER



“It’s just about time”, the old man laughed with an evil grin. The warm summer sun was beginning to set. The sky was turning a beautiful shade of orange, yellow, and purple. A cool breeze blew across the porch the old man was sitting on. He sat there in his dirty, torn overalls and ratty old boots. His face was greasy, bumpy, and pitch red, with a big bulbous nose with long hairs sticking out of it.

He sat there staring at a bee’s nest hanging from a branch in a nearby tree. It was no bigger than a football. The old man hated insects – and animals – in truth he hated just about everything - especially bees. He wasn’t allergic to them, but he couldn’t stand the sound of the buzzing or the way they swarmed into his flower garden to get to the pollen. He found them unappealing and annoying.

Every year the honeybees would build a new nest right on that very same branch. And every year he would blast it with bug spray, knock it down and drench it with the hose until was nothing but a pile of mush. He often spent several hours in the garden blasting honeybees passing by to get to the flowers. He would grin as he watched them try to fly away, only to fall to the ground – dead.

This year was no different. Like every year they built their nest in the same place as always. However, this year the old man was not having such an easy time in getting rid of them. They flew too fast for him to spray. Every time he tried to get close to the nest to blast it with bug spray, he would be met with a swarm of angry bees. Almost as if they were waiting for him. Like they knew what he was going to do.

“I know just what to do!”, he said to himself. “I’ll wait until the sun goes down, and the bees turn in for the night. Then I’ll take care of all of them at once.”

He sat up from the porch with a can of bug spray in hand. It had a long nozzle on it so he could get deep inside the nest. He slowly crept up to the seemingly dormant nest. Quickly he stuck the nozzle in and pushed down on the trigger. Psssssss – the sound of spray filling the nest. Soon it was so soaked with spray it fell to the ground like a soggy paper towel.

