

The Bear and the Bee

Everybody knows that bears love honey. One day Mr Bear looks in his cupboard and he can't find any honey.

"Oh no! No honey!" he says. So he goes into the forest to find some.

He sees a beehive in a tree. He smells the honey. "Mmmmm! Honey!" He sticks his paw into the beehive and....ZZZZZZZZZ! A bee flies out.

"Hey, bear! Go away!" says the bee. "This is not your honey!"

Mr Bear is annoyed.

"I am bigger than you," he says. "And I am stronger than you too. I can do what I want! Now... buzz off!"

Mr Bear sticks his paw into the beehive again and....ZZZZZZZZZ! ZING! OWIE! The bee stings him right on his nose!

"My nose! My nose! Oooh... I'm so angry!" growls Mr Bear.

He finds a big stick. He tries to hit the bee. He swings and he swings, but the bee is too fast! Mr Bear gets angrier and angrier.

"GARRRRRGHGHGH! I WILL SQUASH YOU! COME HERE!"

The bee flies back into the beehive.

"AH HAH! Now you're trapped!" yells Mr Bear.

He swings his stick at the beehive. Smash! Smash! Smash! He smashes it to pieces!

Then he hears a strange sound. It gets louder and louder...

ZZZZ! ZZZZ! ZZZ! Zzzz! ZZZZZZZZZZ! Zzzz! ZZZZ!

Thousands of bees fly out of the smashed beehive.

They fly around Mr Bear's head...

ZZZZZZZZZZ... ZING! They sting him on his ear.

ZING ZING! They sting him on his elbow.

They chase Mr Bear through the forest. They sting him on his arms, his legs, his hands and especially on his nose.

ZING! ZING! ZING!

Mr Bear runs all the way home and slams the door shut. BAM!

Then he hears a voice behind him.

It's Mrs. Bear.

"You did it again, didn't you?" she says. "You lost your temper."

"Yes," he says as he cries and counts his bee stings.

"Here's the bee-sting medicine," says Mrs. Bear. "Also, we have honey in the cupboard. It's behind the flour."

