



# Gabee's Magic

HONORABLE MENTION

by Gabrielle Warmerdam

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Illustrated by: Sheldon High School

“Ahhhhhhh! It’s a bee!” Zinnia said, running away.

“What’s so scary about bees?” her friend Anna asked.

“They sting you!” Zinnia insisted.

“They only sting you if they think you are trying to hurt them or their hive!” Anna replied.

“What’s a hive?” Zinnia asked?”

“A beehive is what a colony of bees calls home.”

“Oh so what’s a colony?”

“A colony is a family unit consisting of a Queen, workers – and for part of the year – drones.”

“Oh, I get it!” Zinnia said, “A hive is where a colony lives.”

“Correct, give the girl a prize!”

“Ha-ha, very funny Anna, but I still do not like bees!”

“But why? They’re so nice and sweet.”  
Ring! Ring! They heard the school bell ring,

“YES, we get to go home,” Zinnia said, relieved.

“See you tomorrow, Anna said.

On the way home, “Follow me, follow me!” a little voice said. Zinnia looked around but did not see anything.

“I must be imagining things,” she said to herself. Then, she heard it again! “Follow me, follow me!”

When she looked ahead, she thought, “That’s strange the road is blocked. Guess I have to take the long way home. Hmmm, that road is blocked too. Then she heard it again,

“Follow me, follow me!”

She followed the advice until she came to a field of zinnias. “What a coincidence,” she said.

When she turned to walk away, there was a blinding light; when she could see again, she found herself standing in the middle of a field.

“What’s going on here? What’s that buzzing? Ah! It’s a giant bee! Please don’t sting me!” Zinnia was ready to run, but she couldn’t move. When she looked down, her feet were no longer there. She had become a Zinnia! “WHAT’S HAPPENING?” Zinnia yelled. “HELP!”

“Can I ‘bee’ of assistance?” a little voice said from behind. Zinnia turned and saw the giant bee.

“AUGH! WHO ARE YOU!?” she asked, freaking out.

“I am Gabee, your BEEautiful fairy godmother. I’m going to help you learn more about bees. First, I want to show you how bees pollinate. We pollinate by going into a flower to get the nectar and pollen, and when we go into the flower, we collect pollen with our furry legs, then we go to a different flower and drop off some of our pollen and collect more, and we just keep doing that,” Gabee said.

“Oh, then you carry the pollen to a different flower. So, bees do have a purpose other than stinging people?” Zinnia asked.

“Yes, we only sting people if we think that they are going to hurt us. We don’t like to sting people because once we do, we die,” Gabee said.

“I will try not to scare a bee and make it feel like it has to sting me to protect itself,” Zinnia replied. “What do bees do with the nectar and the pollen?”

“We take it to our hive. Would you like to see the hive?” Gabee asked.

“Really? But how?” Zinnia asked.

“Well, like I said, I am your BEEautiful fairy godmother,” Gabee said as she flew over Zinnia and sprinkled magic pollen on her, and Zinnia transformed into a bee herself.

“Wow, I’m a bee!” Zinnia said, amazed.



“Did you know that the worker bees are all girls?” Gabee asked as she showed Zinnia around the hive.

“Wow, that’s girl power!” Zinnia said, and Gabee laughed.

“And you might say this is gross, but bees have a honey stomach, so you could say we spit up the honey. The honey we make is mostly nectar. Did you know that the queen is the only one that lays eggs?”

“That’s awesome,” Zinnia replied.

“So, are you still scared of bees?” Gabee asked.

Zinnia smiled, “I still don’t want them to sting me, but I want to start helping them. I have learned a lot about bees, and now I know that bees are not bad. I actually kind of like them now.”

“Are you ready to go home now?” Gabee asked.

“Hmm,” Zinnia said. “I like it here, but yes, I’m ready to go home now.”

She suddenly saw a blinding light and found herself back on the road home.

“That’s strange the roads are not blocked anymore. I must have Bee-n imagining things.”

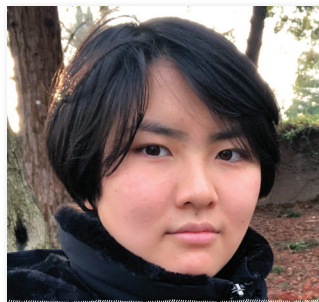
At school the next day, “Awwwwwww! It’s a bee,” Zinnia said, as a bee gently landed on her.

“I thought you didn’t like bees?” Anna asked.

“Well, may-bee I’ve had a change of heart.”



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