



Are You Making Honey For Your Hive?



Lessons in Getting Results

Through Learning

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Once, in a land of fields and flowers, there lived two hives of bees. One hive was full of honey bees, and the other was full of bumble bees. Both were enlisted with the same task; pollination.

Everyone Loves Honey

While scattered everywhere, and of no shortage, the bees worked constantly to collect as much pollen as possible for their only job was to bring pollen from flower to flower, ensuring the growth and production of honey.

One bee in particular, named Buzz, found this job exceptionally enjoyable. He found absolute delight in spending



his days out in the sunlight, taking in the warmth and beauty of his surroundings. He'd quietly hum a tune as he worked, feeling as light as a feather.

The sunflower, specifically, was his favorite. He loved its bright yellow petals and the way it was always reaching up toward the sun. With his help, the sunflowers in the honey bee territory were flourishing. They'd grown to be 7 feet tall with their petals as yellow as ever.

Transferring Lots of Pollen Leads to Sweet Rewards

Buzz had helped his sunflowers so much that they, in return, gave him enormous amounts of honey to give back to his hive.



He was congratulated by his hive-mates and rewarded with extra honey for his hard work. He became a star within his community and was honored with the position of chief pollinator.

One day, while attending to his duties out in the field, he reached the borderline between the honey bee territory and the bumble bee territory. Buzz began to notice that the flowers on the other side of the fence were wilting and losing their color.

He searched the flowers for any bees, hoping to find one working on the problem, but he found none. He lingered at the fence for a few minutes, waiting for any signs of bumble bees. He felt an urge to



visit the bumble bee hive to warn them of their dying flowers, but he knew that the bumble bees would eventually figure out what they needed to do. So, he reluctantly flew away from the fence and returned to his hive for the evening.

Having Honey Makes It Hard To See Opportunities to Make More

Meanwhile, in the bumble bee hive, Buster sat in his room. His hive was quiet, consisting of his friends and family remaining in their own beds. They'd spent the whole day and many of the days before like this.



In fact, Buster couldn't even remember the last time he'd gone outside or even seen anyone else leave the hive for that matter. They knew of the flowers outside, but also knew that the flowers would live for years. They felt confident in their lack of upkeep, and knew that they would live for ages without even having to replace their stock of honey.

Buster and his friends laughed at the honey bees. Buster would stand at his window, watching their whole hive flutter around the flowers. They'd fly from one to the other, doing some sort of...action, and then they'd move on to the next one.



Buster and his friends found it strange that the honey bees did this every day, for unknown reasons.

It seemed like too much work to Buster and his friends. Why would anyone want to spend all day out in the hot sun? He'd much rather stay inside where it was cool and he could sleep all day.

Buzz lingered at the fence every day. He couldn't understand why no one was fixing the flowers! By now, the flowers were completely dead. The wilted sunflowers on the ground almost made him cry. He couldn't stand to see such neglected, ugly sunflowers.

And still, there were no bumble bees anywhere to be seen! After telling his friends of the situation, they told him there was nothing that could be done. But he refused to believe that all hope was lost.



He waited at the fence every day, afraid to fly over it. He felt he had no place telling the bumble bees how to fix their lives, but at the same time, he couldn't stand to see dead flowers--especially sunflowers.

As much as it hurt him to idly stand by, he found himself flying away from that dead patch of sunflowers. But he'd still return every day.

Buster smiled, enjoying his time sleeping and eating honey. He knew that he was happy and that he had no responsibilities. As he reached the bottom of his honey jar, he placed it on the floor. Searching for another, he soon realized that he'd finished the stock in his room. Pushing himself off of the ground, he moved to the honey room to grab another jar.

As he opened the door, he found a few other bees in the same predicament. They were all searching, horribly confused at why, suddenly, all of their honey was gone.

"Did you guys run out of honey, too?" Buster asked.



When they all nodded, he rushed back to his room.

"Mom!" He shouted. "The honey's all gone!"

He watched as his mom shuddered awake and turned towards him, a frown on her face.

"Buster, the honey isn't gone. Don't joke around about things like that,." she scolded.

"No, mom! It's gone!" He exclaimed in return.

Buster's mom got up, flying over towards the door.

"You and I both know that isn't true, Son. And when I found out that you've been lying, you'll be punished from playing with your friends for a week!," she insisted.

Buster began to complain, but then realized that a bigger problem was arising. Once she saw that he was telling the truth, she would figure out what to do.

He watched as his mother traveled to the honey room, finding a growing crown of bumble bees frantically searching for one full jar. When she realized that there was need to panic, she began to join the rest of the hive.



“All of the honey’s gone!” One bee shouted.

“What should we do? We can’t live without honey!” Another exclaimed.

Buster began to feel the effects of the mass panic. His breath quickened and he realized that he needed to get away from his family and friends. For once in his life, Buster moved towards the main door.

The breeze abruptly hit him as he made his way outside. The sun shone brightly, making him squint as he flew. When Buster had room to breathe, he began to think about their dire situation.



How could they have let it get to this point? His hive was all out of honey, and now all out of hope. Without honey, all of his friends would die! With just the

thought of being all alone, Buster began to cry.

He slowly flew around the bumble bee's field, sobbing softly. How were they ever going to get more honey? They'd never learned how, and now they were out of luck.

As he passed over a clump of dead sunflowers, he heard a soft buzzing from nearby. As he moved closer to the dividing fence between the bumble bees and honey bees, he noticed a small honey bee flying from flower to flower.

The flowers on his side of the fence were completely healthy. The colors shone so vividly that they took Buster's breath away. He watched silently as the honey bee moved to one sunflower, dipping down into the center of it. When the honey bee came out of the flower, Buster noticed that his legs were covered in a yellow powder.

Buster watched, confused, as the honey bee then moved to the next sunflower and did the exactly same thing.

Suddenly, the honey bee looked up. When seeing Buster, its eyes widened.

When Pollen Is Transferred. It Makes Hives and Flowers Strong



“Are you a bumble bee?” The honey bee asked.

“Yes, I am. Are you a honey bee?” Buster asked.

“Finally!” The honey bee shouted. “I’ve been waiting for you! My name is Buzz.”

“I’m Buster. Why were you waiting for me?”

“Because your flowers are all dead! You need to pollinate them.” Buzz suggested.

“What’s ‘pollinate’?” Buster asked.

“Are you kidding?” Buzz responded; shocked. “Pollination is how you keep your flowers alive and get honey!”

“Get honey? My hive and I need honey.” Buster said excitedly.

“If you pollinate your flowers, they’ll give you all the honey you want!” Buzz exclaimed.

“Can you teach me how to pollinate? My hive and I ran out of honey and no one knows what to do.”



“Why, of course I can!” Buzz replied. “I’ll teach you, and then you can go and teach all of your friends. You’ll have tons of honey in no time, I

promise.”

“Ugh, it’s so hot! Why can’t we go back inside?” Buster complained.

“Buster, you have to learn how to do this!” Buzz insisted. “You have to bring honey back to your hive!”

“But it’s so hot outside!” Buster exclaimed. “And the flowers are still dead!”

“It takes time. You have to be patient.” Buzz smiled.

They’d been flying around for hours: Buzz teaching Buster every step of pollination. Buster quickly learned that it wasn’t easy and that it would take hard work. Buzz could tell that Buster had never performed any similar activity in his lifetime and that he was very uncomfortable being outside and working.

“It’ll take some time to get used to, but it will all be worth it in the end.” Buzz promised him.

“Whatever you say, Buzz.” Buster groaned.

**If Every Bee Transfers A Little Pollen Each Day,
There’ll Be Lots of Honey In The Hive**

By the end of the day, Buzz had helped Buster collect his first jar of honey. It had taken longer than usual, and had kept Buzz from doing his own work, but Buster was elated.



“This is amazing! How did you even find out how to do this?” Buster asked.

“I was taught by my parents. It’s been a lifestyle for us as honey bees for as long as I can remember, and it’s kept us alive and strong.” Buzz smiled.

“I don’t know if the rest of my hive will like working out in the sun, though.” Buster said skeptically.

“You should at least go try! You need to show them that this will ensure their survival for the rest of their lives! It may take a little work, but the good things always do. If every single one of your friends pollinates a little each day, your hive will be full of honey in no time at all!” Buzz said.

“You’re right, Buzz. Thank you for teaching me how to pollinate.” Buster smiled.

“You’re welcome. Soon enough, your sunflowers will look exactly like mine!”



“I really hope so.” Buster sighed. “I just have to convince everyone else to work for it....”

Buster flew back to the entrance of the hive - his first jar of honey in hand. He knocked on the door loudly, eagerly waiting to tell the rest of his hive of his discovery.

His mother opened the door, looking sad and depressed.

“No one knows what to do about the honey,” she sulked.

“Mom, look!” Buster shouted.

He gestured to the full jar in his arms.

“Is that what I think it is?” His mother asked. “A full jar of honey?”

“Yes, it is! And I collected it all by myself!” Buster said proudly.

“How?” His mother asked.

“Let me in and I’ll tell everyone!” Buster exclaimed.

His mother fully opened the door , ushering him inside.

“Everyone, come see!” Buster shouted. “I have a surprise!”

Making Excuses Not To Pollinate Kills the Hive

He waited patiently for the rest of his hive to make their way into the main room where he was waiting with a huge smile on his face. His friends started to mutter as they noticed the honey in his hands.

“Where do you get that?” They asked.

“I collected it!” Buster exclaimed.

“Collected it? From where?”



“From the flowers outside!”
Buster replied.

“Flowers?” They laughed. “Is that what the honey bees are always doing?”

Buster nodded. “A honey bee showed me how to get this honey!”

His friends began to laugh gleefully.

“You didn’t tell us you were friends with honey bees, Buster! You actually went out into the hot sun and worked like them?” They asked in disbelief.

“Well, yes....but it was worth it! Look!” He shouted, pointing to the honey again. “I can teach all of you how I did it and then we’ll have honey forever!”



“If you think that we are going to go work outside when we could be in here, you are very wrong.” Buster’s friends replied.

“Please, just believe me.” Buster begged. “I can help us. I promise. It’s a process called pollination, and it’s not really that hard.”

“But....it’s *work*.” His friends spat.

“But it gives us honey!” Buster insisted again. “Just give it a chance.”

His friends looked at one another, shrugging sadly.

“All right, I guess.” They sighed. “But we better get more honey fast!”

Pollen Is Worthless Until It Gets Used

“Buster, can we go back inside yet?” His friends asked, sweating in the hot sun.

“No, you can’t!” Buster insisted, flying from flower to flower, searching for the perfect one to use to demonstrate the process

When he’d finally found one, he asked the hive to gather around.



“Ok, see this?” He asked, pointing to the small bit of pollen inside the center of the flower.

He watched as his friends nodded.

“This is pollen. The reason all the flowers are dead is because they are running out of pollen. What we have to do is spread the pollen from flower to flower and keep

them alive.” Buster instructed.

“How is that going to give us honey?” One bee shouted.

“Well, once all of the flowers are healthy again, they’ll give us honey in return.” Buster said in excitement.

It’s Hard to Make Honey by Yourself

“That seems like a lot of work.” His friends said skeptically. “Look at all of these flowers!”

“But if we work together, we can get enough honey for all of us! And quickly, too!” Buster said reassuring, trying to convince his hive.

Spreading Pollen Is Easier Than You Think

“But won’t we just run out again?” The hive asked.

“Not if we keep working and pollinating the flowers!” Buster replied. “It’ll take constant work, and we’ll have to assign teams and organize shifts, but we can do it!” He smiled, confident in his friends.

“Are you sure?” They asked.

“Yes.” He grinned. “Now come help me.”

The first bumble bee broke from the group, joining Buster at the flower. Buster showed the bee how to pick up pollen with its legs, and carry it to the next flower. Soon enough, each bee was lining up to take their turn.

All Hives Need a Leader to Teach Others How to Make Honey

“Hey, ummm....Buster?” His friend asked.

“Yeah?”

“Thanks for your help. We couldn’t have figured this out without you.” Buster’s friend smiled.



Buster felt his heart swell with pride, knowing that that not only had he made a new friend in Buzz, but he’d done something good that would help the hive carry on forever.

Buzz watched from the window of his honey bee hive. A smile graced his face as he noticed a hive of bumble bees working in the field. He watched joyfully as they made their way to each flower. He recognized Buster at the front, and watched as Buster demonstrated how to pollinate the flowers.

He confidently knew that, with a little work, their hive would be filled with honey in no time. All they needed was to change their ways.



THE END