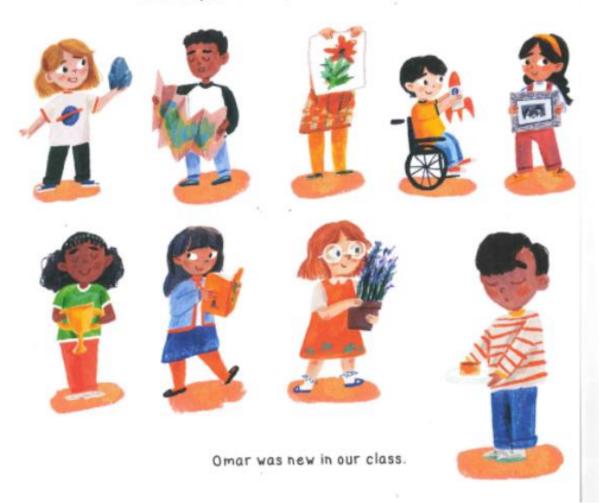


It all started when Omar brought a small slice of his mum's special honey cake for show and tell.





'My grandpa used to keep bees,' he said, quietly.

'He had apricot trees and jasmine bushes in his sunny garden, a long way away.'

It gave Mr Ellory-Jones a fun idea. (He always has lots of fun ideas.)









Then we stuck them up and down the corridor outside our classroom. 'It's a bee corridor now!' laughed Mr Ellory-Jones.



We pretended to be like little bees, buzzing from flower to flower. I smiled at Omar. 'My grandad keeps bees, too,' I whispered.





At playtime I sat by the bins in the corner of the playground, watching the lorries on the road and the noisy building site. Everything was grey.

It gave ME (my name's Maisie by the way) an idea!



"We should make a REAL bee corridor!" I said. "All the way from our school to the park next to my grandad's garden. He's got a beehive!"



Mr Ellory-Jones agreed it was a great idea.

The next day we chose some wildflower seeds (the kinds that bees love)

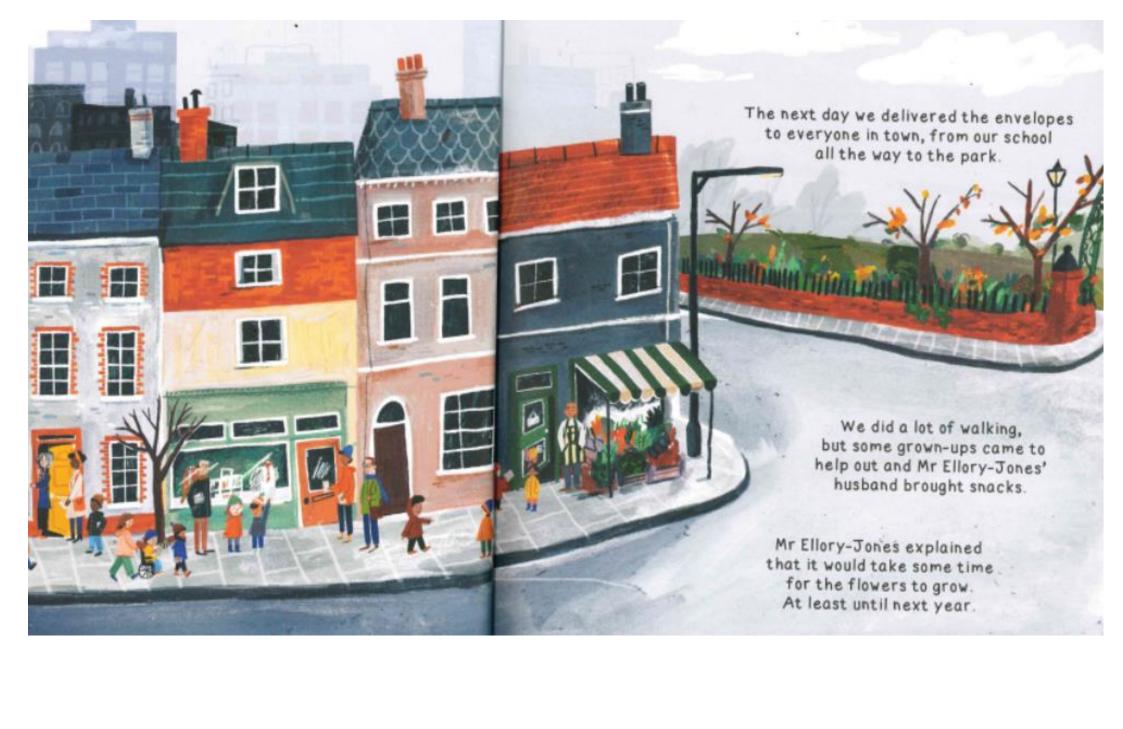
Sylvie helped Mr Ellory-Jones to fill out the order.





We shook them into envelopes and wrote out the instructions: 'Please plant these seeds in a pot and put them on your windowsill. Water them when the soil is getting dry. Thank you from Class One.'







Then in the spring, the magic started.



Every day, when me and Omar walked home together, we saw more and more green spikes in tubs on the windowsills.

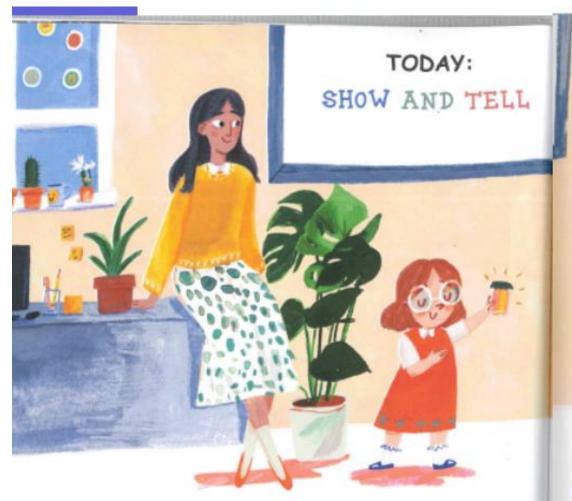
Soon the spikes sprouted some leaves.

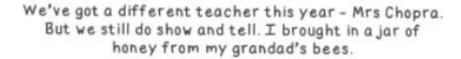




Most days we went to the park and then helped Grandad in his garden. All his flowers seemed to fizz while the bees buzzed in and out of them. 'I just can't believe how many bees there are this year,' said Grandad.











'This jar happened because we made a bee corridor and the bees made the honey,' I said. 'And it's for Omar to say thank you for being my friend.'

Omar smiled the biggest smile I've ever seen.

And the next day ...



