FLORA MEETS A BEE

a play for grades K-3

by Morag Shepherd







FLORA MEETS A BEE by Morag Shepherd received its world premiere October 1, 2019-May 29, 2020 as Plan-B Theatre Company's Sixth Annual Free Elementary School Tour, funded in part by an ArtWorks grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Directed by Jerry Rapier, stage managed by Sam Allen & Sharah Meservy and designed by Arika Schockmel. Featuring the primary cast of Ariana Broumas Farber as Flora and Brenda Hattingh as Bee and the secondary cast of Darby Mest as Bee and Isabella Reeder as Flora.

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CHARACTERS
FLORA, a Latina foster child of 8
BEE, a Bee

TIME Now

SETTING

The yard of FLORA's new foster family

(FLORA enters with a blue sucker.)

FLORA: No puedo creer que suerte la mia, encontré una paleta. Una paleta azul. Mi color favorito. (I can't believe my luck. I cannot believe out of everything I could find, I found a sucker. A blue one. My favorite color.) Quizas, no la encontré. Quizas, yo tomé la paleta del tarro de dulces. No me importa. Yo soy una buena niña. Ellos no lo saben, pero yo me he portado bien. Yo hice todo lo que tenía que hacer. Tendí mi cama. Creo que sí, Creo que tendí mi cama. Bueno. Yo me porté bien. Y azul es el mejor sabor. (Okay, so, maybe I didn't find it. Maybe I took it from the candy jar. Whatever. I was good. They don't know it, but I was so good today - I did all the things I was supposed to do. I made my bed. I think. I think I made my bed. Oh, well. I was good. And blue is the best flavor.)

(BEE enters, and rummages about the yard, looking for something. FLORA watches BEE.)

FLORA: Oh. My. Goodness. Gee Whiz.

(BEE tries to hide. FLORA follows her.)

FLORA: Are you a bee?

BEE: Um!

(FLORA starts to cry.)

BEE: What are you doing?

FLORA: I'm sorry, you're just so adorable.

BEE: Okay, well - don't do that. That's ... annoying.

FLORA: I want to buzz like a bee. EVERYONE BUZZ WITH ME.

(Everyone buzzes with FLORA.)

BEE: How can you even see me?

FLORA: Easily. I'm good at seeing.

(FLORA cries again.)

BEE: Stop that.

FLORA: You're a grumpy bee, that's so cute.

(BEE looks around and behind herself.)

BEE: How many fingers am I holding up?

FLORA: Four.

BEE: Yep. You're right - dang.

FLORA: I'm really good at counting.

BEE: Counting is tricky.

FLORA: One, two, three, four. Easy.

BEE: Can you hear everything I'm saying?

FLORA: Are you a doctor?

BEE: Do I look like a doctor?

FLORA: Yes.

BEE: I'm not.

FLORA: Do you want to see my tongue? Yo encontre esta paleta azul! Y la chupe hasta que se acabo. (It's blue. I found a sucker! And I sucked on it till it was gone.)

BEE: Your teeth will fall out.

FLORA: Are you a dentist?

BEE: Do you have a cold?

FLORA: I have allergies.

(SHE sneezes. BEE gasps, kind of grumpily.)

BEE: I will not bless you.

FLORA: There's another one coming.

(SHE sneezes again.)

FLORA: Oh, dear. I think I'm allergic to you.

BEE: Maybe you should leave.

FLORA: You're funny.

BEE: I'm a bee. An important one, and I don't have time to stand around chatting to some kind of a... whatever, that's allergic to pollen.

FLORA: I'm not a whatever.

BEE: Who are you?

FLORA: Are you grumpy cause you're sleepy?

BEE: I'm busy.

FLORA: Have you lost something?

BEE: No! What made you think that?

FLORA: I saw you looking for something.

BEE: No you didn't.

FLORA: I did.

BEE: You didn't.

FLORA: I did.

BEE: You did not.

FLORA: I didn't.

BEE: You did.

FLORA: Ha!

BEE: Were you spying on me?

FLORA: I could be a spy, do you wanna see me be one?

BEE: You look suspicious. I'm suspicious of you!

FLORA: Are you a bee detective?

BEE: No.

FLORA: You looked like you were searching pretty hard.

BEE: It was nothing. You will see nothing in three, two, one.

(Nothing happens.)

FLORA: Yay, are you doing magic? I love magic!

BEE: Your mind is erased.

(Nothing happens.)

FLORA: It's not erased. Boo. That's a shame.

BEE: It never works when people are looking.

FLORA: Do you want me to turn around?

BEE: Yes.

(SHE turns around.)

BEE: You will remember nothing, in one, two, three.

(Nothing happens. FLORA holds up four fingers.)

FLORA: Four.

BEE: Rats!

FLORA: Can I help?

BEE: With what?

FLORA: With whatever you were doing?

BEE: I was doing nothing.

FLORA: Can I watch?

BEE: No. That is a terrible idea. Cover your eyes.

FLORA: Fun.

(SHE puts HER hands over HER eyes. BEE starts to leave.)

FLORA: I can hear you leaving.

BEE: Plug your ears.

FLORA: Are you trying to escape, you crazy little bee.

BEE: Look, it's too risky.

FLORA: That's tricky. Do you know any tricks?

BEE: No.

FLORA: Make honey appear.

(Quickly.)

BEE: I was not looking for nectar to make honey, in case that's what you were thinking!

FLORA: Honey is my favorite food.

BEE: Mine too.

FLORA: We're twins.

BEE: We're not!

FLORA: Do a spell so I won't lose everything.

BEE: You're not a kid are you?

FLORA: No! What made you think that? Psh. I'm an adult. With a job, that I go to, in my car. That I own, and bought with the money I make from my job.

BEE: What's your job?

FLORA: I make bunny.

BEE: No - I make bunny. Honey. I make honey.

FLORA: That's cool. You're cool. I'm cool. All the world is cool.

BEE: You sound like a kid!

FLORA: I'm an old lady and I drink tea, with other lady-folk, and we chat about books. And they call that, a book tub. Bub. Rub. Flub.

BEE: It's a club.

FLORA: I know!

BEE: I have an appointment I need to get to.

FLORA: For your eyes. Cause you're a bee that needs adorable glasses?

BEE: You should stop guessing, cause you're awful at it.

FLORA: You're not gonna get away from me. I'll stick to you like glue.

BEE: You're a nightmare!

FLORA: Look at your hands. There's something all over them.

BEE: It's pollen. It attaches to me, and then sticks to other plants so they can make fruit, vegetables, and stuff.

FLORA: Ah, so you're an important Bee?

BEE: All I know, is that I have work to get done... and I don't have time for all this chitter, and chatter.

FLORA: Mi madre used to call that: Yo no tengo tiempo para ser chismosa. (I don't have time to be a busy body.)

BEE: She's right.

FLORA: You speak Spanish?

BEE: I speak all languages.

FLORA: That's smart. Did you have to go to bee university, and wear a backpack with books and snacks in it? Do you have tiny books that fit into your tiny bee hands?

BEE: I just came that way.

FLORA: Like Santa?

BEE: I'm nothing like Santa. I don't like kids and I don't have time for chats.

FLORA: I have plenty of time to chat! All the time, actually. I have nothing else to do.

BEE: Be gone. Get outta here.

FLORA: Aw, you grump bee. You're just exhausted from being important.

BEE: I am not exhausted.

FLORA: Your little cute face is so squishy and sleepy.

BEE: You're exhausting.

FLORA: See, you're all worn out.

BEE: You're wearing me down.

FLORA: You look all tired, so tired, it's making everything sleeping and cozy.

BEE: You are making me so tired.

FLORA: Here. Sit here. Relax. Belax. Chillax.

BEE: I can't.

FLORA: Do it.

BEE: Need to...

(FLORA starts to sing in Spanish.)

FLORA: Duerme pequeño un poco más, el viento sopla, y te arrullará.

BEE: ...work.

(FLORA sings some more.)

FLORA: Si algo te pasa, Mami estará, Siempre contigo, Cuidando estará.

BEE: What are you singing? Are you singing straight honey? It sounds like sleep honey is going straight into my ears.

FLORA: Sleeeeeep.

BEE: Give me the honey.

FLORA: Close those sleepy sleepy honey eyes.

(BEE falls asleep. FLORA sees a honey stick popping out of BEE's pocket. FLORA tears open the honey stick, eats it, and gets it all over her fingers. BEE wakes up with a jolt, and hurries about.)

BEE: I had a dream that mermaids were singing to me.

FLORA: I am your mermaid.

BEE: If you're a mermaid, I'm an elephant.

FLORA: That's hysterical.

BEE: It's not hysterical. I have things to do.

FLORA: You need to breathe.

(BEE starts to do her things.)

FLORA: What are you doing?

BEE: Stop interrupting.

FLORA: I'll try, but I'm chattery. They call me a chatterbox.

BEE: Stop.

FLORA: I can't.

BEE: Try.

FLORA: I have a lot to tell you.

(They stare at each other. BEE is testing her not to talk.)

FLORA: You have pollen on your face.

BEE: Do I?

FLORA: Yes, right there... I'll get it.

BEE: No. Stop it. You're distracting me. I'm busy.

FLORA: You're distracting me, I'm so so so busy. I'm a bee and I'm busy - look. Look how busy I am, I'm the queen of France.

BEE: You're making fun of me.

FLORA: Look, I'm a very important bee. Everyone buzz with me.

(EVERYONE buzzes.)

BEE: You're all very loud.

FLORA: You're ignoring me, and people ignore me all the time, because they're busy and stuff, and you're, just. Like. Them!

BEE: I'm nothing like them. How dare you. I'm a bee, and I keep this whole planet alive.

FLORA: Oh, yeah. Well, I'm a kid. I'm who you're doing it for.

BEE: I knew it. I knew you were a kid. You're a sticky, little, get your hands on everything, sticky, get everything sticky, kid.

FLORA: I am not sticky. Look.

(FLORA puts her hand on BEE's arm. They are stuck. They struggle to get unstuck. They get unstuck.)

BEE: Did you steal a honey stick and then get it all over your hands?

FLORA: You're sticky.

BEE: Of course I'm sticky - I make honey - I'm a bee. All you do is get it everywhere.

FLORA: Of course I get it everywhere. I'm eight years old.

BEE: I knew you were eight. I could tell by your face.

FLORA: I could tell you were a bee, because of how you look. And... because you have wings, and are so so so cute. Wouldn't it be darling if you had little bee boots?

BEE: No, it wouldn't.

FLORA: And a tiny bee hat?

BEE: You're a kid, and you're sticky.

FLORA: Everything tasty is sticky, and all the fun things are gluey and glittery.

BEE: I don't have time for sticky kids.

FLORA: You have to give me time, I'm standing right in front of you.

BEE: I have a lot to get done.

FLORA: Okay, well, let me ask you this: are you digging for buried treasure?

BEE: No.

FLORA: Are you burying treasure for a treasure map?

BEE: No.

FLORA: Are you stealing flowers?

BEE: I'm not a thief.

FLORA: So, you're not a pirate?

BEE: Or a doctor!

FLORA: Are you planting seeds?

BEE: Do you just say whatever comes into your mind?

FLORA: Yes. No. Yes. Soda pop. Bubble gum. Blue is my favorite color. And, I lose everyone.

BEE: I'm not going to tell you what it is, cause then you'll want it.

FLORA: I really want honey, is it that?

BEE: Have you ever chatted to a bee before?

FLORA: I was stung by a bee, on my knee, when I was three, and then /another time...

BEE: Where are your parents?

FLORA: I don't have parents. I mean, I do, but I just don't right now. Mi madre had to leave and go back to where she is from, so I have foster parents.

BEE: You don't have a queen?

FLORA: I borrow a family, and they raise me. Or they borrow me. I'm not sure.

BEE: Where is she?

FLORA: She's in Mexico.

BEE: Just go there.

FLORA: Can you?

BEE: Of course.

FLORA: Will you take a message to mi madre? Can you tell her, Te extraño tanto. (I miss you so much.)

BEE: You should just go, and tell her yourself.

FLORA: I don't have wings, or money to fly, or a car. I'm just a kid.

BEE: I would let you borrow mine. But, I don't do borrowing. Or lending.

FLORA: Have you seen her?

BEE: I don't even know your name.

FLORA: Florencia. But, everyone calls me Flora. You can call me Flora.

BEE: Your name is Flora?

FLORA: Hi.

BEE: My name is Bee.

FLORA: Your name is the thing that you are.

BEE: You have the best name out of any name. It's almost annoying.

FLORA: You really like it?

BEE: Your name is literally the thing that I try to find everyday.

FLORA: You try to find me?

BEE: Yes.

FLORA: I knew it.

BEE: Well, not you.

FLORA: It's meant to be. You're going to find mi madre and tell her where I am. And we're going to be stuck together for the rest of our lives.

BEE: Nope.

FLORA: Let it happen.

BEE: Back it up, sister.

FLORA: I am your sister.

BEE: I'm a bee.

FLORA: We're twins.

BEE: I'm an actual bee.

FLORA: We're best friends.

BEE: We're not.

FLORA: You're a bee that buzzes around. Buzz with me.

(EVERYONE buzzes.)

BEE: I have a million siblings and I don't have space for friends.

FLORA: Bee, oh bee, I wish I had a million siblings or just a hundred, or fifty, or even just one.

BEE: It's not as good as it sounds.

FLORA: I love sharing.

BEE: I hate it when sticky fingers touch my stuff.

FLORA: I don't really have stuff.

BEE: Well, when you do, you need to hide it, or bury it, so no one else will steal it.

FLORA: I wouldn't mind.

BEE: You're only saying that because you don't own anything.

FLORA: Tell me a joke.

BEE: If I tell you a joke, it no longer belongs to me, it would belong to you, and I'm afraid I just can't do that. If I did, I would own hardly anything at all.

FLORA: Tell me a joke that's not yours.

BEE: I own all of my jokes. I own them most of all.

FLORA: I see.

BEE: What?

FLORA: I see what you mean.

BEE: You didn't see any of my jokes did you?

FLORA: I don't think so.

BEE: Have a look about, and let me know. If ideas, or jokes, and stuff like that start coming out of myself, I won't know who I am.

(FLORA walks around BEE.)

FLORA: The only thing I see, is you.

BEE: That's okay. No one can take that, so I'm fine with people seeing me.

FLORA: Can I borrow a joke?

BEE: I don't do borrowing. When borrowing happens, no one knows who owns what, and things get very confusing. When I'm confused, I don't know where to look, and my eyes go like this.

FLORA: Your eyes are purple tulips.

BEE: They are?

FLORA: They look like hands that are covering their faces.

BEE: I can't see it.

(BEE gets angry.)

FLORA: Aww, your eyes are angry flowers.

BEE: I'm not angry.

FLORA: Mi madre dice que solo los reyes y las reinas pueden ver tulipanes morados y, como todos podemos verlos, todos somos realeza. (My mother said that purple tulips mean royalty and because we can see them, we are all royalty.)

BEE: My eyes are just black bee eyes. The most boring of all.

FLORA: Your eyes are full of flowers. They're beautiful.

BEE: You shouldn't use make-believe. It doesn't belong to you.

FLORA: I use and borrow things all the time. All these clothes were lent to me by other kids. I borrow twigs. Songs. Words. I even have this.

(SHE pulls out a penny from HER pocket.)

FLORA: Mi madre me lo dio antes de irse. Creo que me trae buena suerte. (My mother gave it to me before she left. I think it's lucky.)

BEE: Parece que podriá traer suerte. (It looks like it could be lucky.)

FLORA: I always keep it in my pocket, and when I get sad or something, I feel it there - and it makes me feel better.

BEE: I have this.

(BEE feels for the honey stick in her pocket, but it isn't there.)

BEE: My honey is gone.

FLORA: You have honey. I have money.

BEE: It must have fallen out of my pocket. I'm the unluckiest bee there ever was.

FLORA: I ate it!

BEE: That's why you're hands are so sticky, you little thief!

FLORA: I didn't mean to. I just saw it sticking out of your pocket, and I couldn't help it. The next thing I knew it was in my stomach and on my hands.

BEE: This is why I don't talk to anyone. Everyone is always trying to take my honey.

FLORA: Will you ever forgive me?

BEE: I'm busy, I have work to do.

FLORA: You're my best friend in the whole wide world.

BEE: You should get out more.

FLORA: Let's flip for it.

BEE: No, I'm not going to flip for it.

FLORA: Yes you will.

BEE: No.

(FLORA flips the coin in the air.)

FLORA: Heads or tails?

BEE: Heads.

FLORA: It's tails. I win.

BEE: You just tricked me into staying friends with you.

FLORA: You want to be friends with me. In three, two...

BEE: Are you using my magic on me?

FLORA: Your mind will be erased in one, two, three.

BEE: You will disappear in four, five...

FLORA: Six.

BEE: You're ruining my magic.

FLORA: Can we just agree that you're not very good at magic?

BEE: I will not negotiate with a child.

FLORA: Just admit that I'm your best friend!

BEE: You're not.

FLORA: And that you need my help to get the nectar.

BEE: I don't.

FLORA: And that you're never going to leave me, like everyone else does.

BEE: I'm leaving right now.

FLORA: No you're not.

(FLORA puts her hands on BEE. They are stuck together.)

BEE: Are you kidding me?

FLORA: I'm not sure I'm good at jokes. Shall I try?

BEE: No.

FLORA: There was an old lady, who swallowed a bee.

BEE: I hate it already.

FLORA: Be honest with yourself, you really like me.

BEE: You're a lot to take.

FLORA: Is that a good thing?

BEE: No!

FLORA: Seeing as though we're stuck together, what should we talk about?

BEE: I want to be angry - quietly.

FLORA: I'm sorry, but that's the most adorable thing I've ever heard, and I can't stay quiet about it. EVERYONE BE ANGRY.

BEE: NOW BE ANGRY QUIETLY.

FLORA: BE HAPPY LOUDLY.

BEE: BE HAPPY QUIETLY.

FLORA: Everyone did such a good job.

BEE: Are you a thief?

FLORA: People have definitely told me that, yes.

BEE: I knew it.

FLORA: I don't do it on purpose. I just see stuff that looks good, and then the next thing I know, it's in my hand.

BEE: Or in your mouth!

FLORA: I've stolen ice-cream, pie, candy - lots, and lots of candy. Suckers.

BEE: Suckers are candy.

FLORA: Bread. Sandwiches. Cake.

BEE: You have problems.

FLORA: If I see a can of soda, I can't even help myself. And I'm going to tell you a secret: soda is the greatest invention that ever ventioned.

BEE: You need help.

FLORA: It's like it's not even me that's doing it, it's the soda.

BEE: Try growing up.

FLORA: I'm trying, believe me, but my age is going very slow. I'm only eight, and I own hardly anything at all.

BEE: You owe me, kid.

FLORA: I can tell you a story.

BEE: I don't have time for a story. We'll be here till the morning. You owe me money.

FLORA: Te daría mi centavo, pero no es mio para dar. (I would give you my penny, but it's not really mine to give.)

BEE: What do you mean?

FLORA: It was mi madre's, and it was her mother's, and she got it because it fell from the sky right after she threw one into a wishing well. So, I could give it to you, but it might lose its luck, and then it would be worthless.

BEE: When you say it like that, it makes me think I don't own anything at all.

FLORA: Unless it's a rock, you probably don't.

BEE: Great - now I'm worried.

FLORA: The kids don't look worried.

BEE: I guess you're smart, for an eight year old.

FLORA: I don't think I thought of it though. I might have borrowed the idea, or something.

BEE: I need to get away from you.

(BEE tries to get off of FLORA. FLORA tries to hold on to BEE.)

FLORA: You can't leave.

BEE: You can't keep me here.

FLORA: You want to stay, you just don't know it.

BEE: I do know it.

FLORA: You're just grumpy because you're so tired.

BEE: I'm not falling for that again.

(FLORA starts to sing.)

FLORA: Duerme pequeno un poco más.

BEE: Stop it.

(FLORA continues to sing.)

FLORA: Sobre las nubes, Volando estás.

BEE: It's not fair. It sounds so so good. And you have such a good name. Nooooo.

FLORA: Tell me what you were doing, or I'll never stop.

BEE: I was collecting nectar from that kid right there.

FLORA: I knew it. Let me help you.

BEE: You'll steal it for yourself.

FLORA: I won't. I might. I'll try not to.

BEE: And I have to get it done. Today. Now.

FLORA: How do you carry it?

BEE: I collect it with my tongue. And store it in my honey stomach.

FLORA: You have a stomach just for honey?

BEE: Don't you?

FLORA: I don't think so.

BEE: That's weird.

FLORA: What does it taste like?

BEE: Like sugar. But, better.

FLORA: I want it.

BEE: You don't have the stomach.

FLORA: I want a honey stomach.

BEE: You're not a bee.

FLORA: I want to be a bee.

BEE: You're a kid, kid!

FLORA: And then what do you do?

BEE: When my stomach is full, I carry it back to the hive, and give it to the worker bees, who chew it for about half an hour. They pass it from bee to bee, until eventually it turns to honey. Then they store it in the honeycomb cells, and fan it with their wings to make it dry and more sticky.

FLORA: Like this?

(FLORA waves her hands.)

BEE: No. Like this.

(BEE flaps her hands.)

FLORA: Wow, you're so important. Everyone should help to keep you alive.

BEE: And everyone should help to keep you alive.

FLORA: You love me.

BEE: And, then, when it's ready, they seal it with a wax lid to keep it safe, so no one can take it or steal it. Or eat it!

FLORA: I wouldn't take it. I might. But, I wouldn't steal it.

BEE: A long time ago, before people lived on the Earth, Bees and flowers worked hard to make honey last a lifetime. But they used to just hold the nectar in their mouths, and it would fly out and get stuck on the night, and that's how the stars are there. They are hardened rocks of honey, that shine like yellow glass. So, now, we swallow it and keep it in another stomach.

FLORA: You're the luckiest, best bee I've ever met. I mean, I've never talked to another bee, so I wouldn't really know. But, I wouldn't want another one - you're the grumpiest, luckiest, sweetest little bee in the world.

BEE: I'm not.

FLORA: You are.

BEE: Look.

(BEE produces a whistle out of thin air. She hands it to FLORA.)

FLORA: How did you do that?

BEE: It's a joke!

FLORA: It's a joke?

BEE: It's funny, huh?

FLORA: I mean. I guess if you blow it for long enough - that could be funny!

BEE: Why would you blow it?

FLORA: It's a whistle. It's for getting people's attention. Or dogs. I don't think it would work for fish though.

BEE: That's silly.

FLORA: Look

(FLORA blows the whistle. BEE starts to laugh.)

BEE: My joke is funnier than I ever thought.

FLORA: It's not that funny.

BEE: It's the funniest joke that ever happened.

FLORA: I have a joke: EVERYONE SAY, "KNOCK KNOCK."

(EVERYONE says, "Knock knock.")

BEE: What?

FLORA: Say, "who's there."

BEE: Fine.

FLORA: KNOCK KNOCK.

BEE: Say, who's there.

FLORA: No, that's not right.

BEE: Who's, "No that's not right."

FLORA: Forget it.

BEE: You're terrible at telling jokes.

FLORA: No I'm not.

BEE: You are.

FLORA: I'm better than you.

BEE: You're not.

FLORA: I am.

BEE: You're not.

FLORA: I am.

BEE: You're not.

FLORA: I'm not.

BEE: You are.

FLORA: I'm not good at telling jokes.

BEE: You're the best joke teller I've ever heard in my life.

FLORA: I won.

BEE: You tricked me.

FLORA: One time I saw something shiny in a puddle. I put my hand in, and pulled out a piece of gold. And then, I put my hand back in, and guess what?

BEE: Nothing.

FLORA: I pulled out another piece of gold. And so I put my hand back in and pulled out another piece of gold. So, I put my hand in a fourth time, and guess what happened?

BEE: You found another piece of gold!

FLORA: No. I only found three bits, but I learned something important: de vez en cuando algo puede pasar *(anything can happen once)*. A kid and a bee can be the best of friends.

BEE: I wonder if honey will fall from the sky today?

FLORA: Anything can happen once.

FLORA: I won you over, didn't I? We're best friends forever, now. Right?

BEE: Maybe.

FLORA: Yay.

BEE: How long are you going to live here?

FLORA: I stay until they move me. Since I turned five, I've lived with lots of families. I've come and gone so many times that I talk to people like I've already met them. There's no use in waiting to say things, I think.

BEE: Yes, but you shouldn't talk to strangers.

FLORA: You're not a stranger.

BEE: I was

FLORA: Everyone is, at first.

BEE: That is confusing.

FLORA: Your eyes are full of snapdragons.

BEE: I can't see it.

FLORA: Las flores parecen una boca cuando una abeja aterriza en sus pétalos. (Snapdragons look like a mouth when a bee lands on the lip of its flower.)

BEE: How do you know that?

FLORA: Mi madre told me that you can find comfort and love in the eyes of a flower. They're full of love. And bees. Maybe she was sending me a clue?

BEE: I think you're a magic Flora.

FLORA: You really think so?

(SHE starts to tear up.)

BEE: Don't cry about it.

FLORA: You're crying.

BEE: I'm not.

FLORA: Just, don't ever leave, okay?

BEE: I have work.

FLORA: Visit me.

BEE: Okay.

FLORA: Because, we're friends.

BEE: We're best friends.

FLORA: Yay.

BEE: Don't be so happy.

FLORA: I'll be half-happy.

BEE: Okay. Half-happy can be alright.

END OF PLAY



Plan-B Theatre Company's Seventh Annual Free Elementary School Tour a world premiere by Morag Shepherd created specifically for grades K-3 running time 30 minutes planbtheatre.org/flora

Contact Sharah Meservy, Education Coordinator, at sharah@planbtheatre.org or 801.297.4200 to bring this FREE assembly to your school October 2019-Februay 2020 (booking preference given to Title I schools)

presented in Davis County by Davis Arts Council's Active Stages Program









The Free Elementary School Tour

In 2018, Plan-B Theatre Company's Free Elementary School Tour of ZOMBIE THOUGHTS helped 10,000 elementary students in grades 4-6 at 46 schools in 15 counties gain a greater understanding of anxiety. In 2017, navigating grief was at the heart of RIVER.SWAMP.CAVE.MOUNTAIN. (K-3). In 2016, body image was the focus of THE EDIBLE COMPLEX (4-6). In 2015 and 2014, differences were celebrated and affirmed through RUFF! (K-3) and DIFFERENT=AMAZING (4-6). And in 2013, we celebrated classical music through PETER AND THE WOLF (K-3).

This season's Free Elementary School Tour is a humorous and heartwarming tale of foster care, the importance of the hive and the power of friendship, created specifically for grades K-3. FLORA MEETS A BEE by Morag Shepherd is the story of eight-year-old Flora, who has lived in six foster homes since the age of five. One day Flora meets Bee and their budding friendship changes everything. Bee understands Flora no matter what language she speaks or how much she avoids sharing her true feelings. Flora sees the kindness just below the surface of Bee's rough, worker-bee exterior that most people may not take the time to see.

For the Teacher: Why FLORA MEETS A BEE?

More than 400,000 children are currently in the foster care system nationwide; 3,000 of those children are in Utah. Your students may never have met another child in foster care, or perhaps don't know they have! Being placed in foster care is an emotionally fraught and confusing experience. School can play an especially valuable role in the lives of these children by offering them structure, boundaries, and a place to belong. Children in foster care are often resilient problem solvers and have frequently been forced to assume more responsibility than their peers. Taking extra care when discussing family structure and dynamics in the classroom while also seeking out ways to bring these students' unique strengths and assets to our classrooms, will create a more inclusive and supportive school community for all students.

FLORA MEETS A BEE allows children in foster care to see themselves reflected on stage and challenges assumptions and stereotypes surrounding foster care, helping students develop empathy (rather than pity) for children like Flora.

BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE: Preparing Students to See FLORA MEETS A BEE

General Vocabulary Words in English: Flora speaks English in the play, which Bee easily understands. Nectar, pollen, allergic, suspicious, detective, risky, adorable, exhausted, squishy, cozy, hysterical, chatter (chatterbox), borrowing, lending, snapdragons.

General Vocabulary Words in Spanish: Flora also speaks Spanish in the play, which Bee easily understands.

Paleta (popsicle), azul (blue), madre (mother), te extrano tanto (I miss you so much), suerte (luck), centavos (cents).

Kindergarten Social Studies Standard 1: Similarities and differences in families.

Ask students, "What is a family?" Allow them to share their impressions.

Explain that sometimes families are together from the time they are born. Sometimes families can't stay together and a new family has to be created. Sometimes these new families last a long time and sometimes they last for a short time. Have students think about the ways these families might be different and the ways these families might be the same.

Read aloud a book such as "Who's in a Family?" by Robert Skutch.





Tell students that they are going to see a play that talks about a different kind of family - the kind of family that is created just like the family in the read-aloud.

First Grade Speaking and Listening Standard 5: Add drawings or other visual displays to descriptions when appropriate to clarify ideas, thoughts, and feelings.

Ask students, "What do you think of bees? What would happen if one flew in our window right now?" Students may comment that they are afraid of bees. Probe further, "Why do you think we are afraid of bees?" Discuss how people are afraid of bees often because they don't know a lot about them. Share some helpful facts about bees such as: drone bees store more honey than they need which allows us to enjoy honey too; bees make it possible for us to enjoy flowers, fruits, and vegetables.

"Now that we know that bees are important, what would you say to a bee if you could?" Have students write or illustrate a comic illustrating a conversation they might have with a bee if this were possible.

Tell students that they will be hearing a conversation between Flora and Bee in the play they are about to see. Children can compare their conversations with that of Flora and Bee.

Second Grade Science Standard 4, Objective 2: Identify basic needs of living things and their abilities to meet their needs.

Tell students the play they are going to see features a bee. Have students share what they know and want to know about bees. Read an informational book about bees or a webpage designed for kids, such as https://www.natgeokids.com/au/discover/animals/insects/honey-bees/. Have students communicate verbally and in writing how the physical characteristics of bees allow them to meet their basic needs.

Ask students "What do you know about foster care?" Tell students the play they are going to see also features a child in foster care.

Third Grade Human Development and Relationships Standard 3: Understand and respect self and others related to human development and relationships.

Foster care is a way for children who have been separated from their families to be safe and taken care of until they are able to be reunited with their families.

Discuss with students why children might end up in foster care: sometimes, parents are not able to care for their children and they need help from another family to do so; sometimes, children lose their parents and need to be raised by a family member or by another caring family; other times, children may not be able to stay with their families because of laws that determine who can legally live in the United States.

Discuss with students why a family might take in a child that needs a home. Why might this be important?

Read aloud a book such as "The Star: A Story to Help Young Children Understand Foster Care" by Cynthia Miller Lovell.

Tell students they are going to see a play where the main character, Flora, is living with a foster family temporarily until she can be reunited with her mother.





AFTER THE PERFORMANCE: Discussing FLORA MEETS A BEE

General Comprehension Questions (adaptable for any grade level - to be discussed or written about):

- Why does Bee take such a liking to Flora's name?
- Why do you think Flora has such a difficult time with things that don't belong to her?
- Why do you think Bee is so grumpy?
- How do Flora and Bee become such good friends? Does their friendship remind you of a friendship in your life?

General Discussion Questions (Adaptable for any grade level - to be discussed or written about):

- What is the difference between foster care and adoption?
- How are families alike? How are they different?
- Why is it important to talk about foster care?

Kindergarten Foundational Reading Standard 2a: Recognize and produce rhyming words.

Flora and Bee are very good at rhyming. Invite students to rhyme using some nonsense words like Bee does (relax, belax, chillax). Invite students to rhyme using real words like Flora does (knee, bee, three).

Kindergarten Writing Standard 1: Use a combination of drawing, dictating, and writing to compose opinion pieces.

| Flora and Bee talk a lot about the fact that their favorite food is honey. Ask students, "What is your favorite food?" Allow |
|--|
| sharing. Then provide a sentence frame for students to write their own sentence about their favorite food, with a picture. |
| "My favorite food is" Allow students to stretch out the words associated with their favorite foods and approximate |
| the sounds they hear. Take time to share stories. |
| |

Flora sees a lot of things in the eyes of Bee. Have students use books as references to draw a picture of a bee with big eyes. Their bees can look like a cartoon if they would like. They can fill in something they think they might see in the eyes of a bee and then label their pictures with, "I can see _____ in the eyes of Bee."

First Grade Writing Standard 3: Write narratives to recount two or more appropriately sequenced events, include some details regarding what happened, use temporal words to signal event order, and provide some sense of closure.

Have students write a one-page play about an interaction with a bee. What would they say? What would the bee say?

First Grade Literature Standard 9: Compare and contrast the adventures and experiences of characters in stories.

Invite students to compare and contrast the things Flora experiences in the play with their own experiences and with the experiences of characters in other stories they have read.

Second Grade Social Studies Standard 1, Objective 2b: Describe contributions of cultural groups to our state and nation.

Flora is from Mexico. Spanish is her first language. Spanish is spoken all over the world, all over the United States, and all over Utah. Many schools have Spanish-immersion programs. The population of the United States is 1/4 Latinx. The population of Utah is 1/7 Latinx. Discuss with students the contributions of Latinx immigrants to the United States and Utah (culture, foods, names of places, et cetera).





To ensure the conversation doesn't depend on or perpetuate stereotypes about Latinx immigrants, consider using materials from https://www.scholastic.com/teachers/collections/teaching-content/bring-hispanic-heritage-month-life-collection-resources/ or reading aloud a book like "I Love Saturdays y Domingos" by Alma Flor Ada or "Dreamers" by Yuyi Morales.

Second Grade Writing Standard 1: Write opinion pieces.

Have students write an opinion piece about the value of immigrants to the United States generally and Utah specifically.

Third Grade Informational Reading Standard 5: Use text features and search tools (e.g., key words, sidebars, hyperlinks) to locate information relevant to a given topic efficiently.

Have students research bees using a variety of books and online materials. Emphasize how students can use informational text features and online search tools to research a topic related to bees efficiently.

Third Grade Informational Reading Standard 3.3: Describe the relationship between a series of concepts in a text, using language that pertains to time, sequence, and cause/effect.

Have students investigate how a bee makes honey and summarize their learning in sequential order or using a cause-effect graphic organizer.

Third Grade Science Standard 2: Organisms depend on living and nonliving things within their environment.

Have students observe the interactions between living and non-living things in an actual flowerbed around the school. If a flowerbed is not available, perhaps they could watch a YouTube video on the topic. Discuss the interactions between living and non-living things in a flowerbed ecosystem.

Third Grade Writing Standard 1: Write opinion pieces on topics or texts, supporting a point of view with reasons.

Have students write an opinion piece on why it is important to protect bees.

Fun Honey Facts

- Honey is mostly sugar and a little bit of water (82% to 18%).
- Honey bees are the only insects that make food for humans (thanks bees!).
- Honey's flavor or taste is determined by where the hive is located, the flowers that are its source of nectar and pollen, and what is surrounding the hive. (If there are oranges nearby, this might change the taste and color of the honey!)
- Honey has been used throughout history to dress or cover wounds.
- If you don't like eating spinach, tell your parents that you'd like some honey instead. Honey does a good job of keeping you healthy in the same way that vegetables and fruits do it's a super food! Use honey instead of sugar!
- The next time you have a cold, tell you parents that you'd like some honey in warm water honey stops a cough better than cough drops or other medicines!

Websites About Foster Care

Talking to Kids About Foster Care: https://www.kidsmatterinc.org/get-help/for-families/talking-to-kids-about-foster-care/
Myths About Foster Care Adoption: https://davethomasfoundation.org/five-myths-about-foster-care-adoption/
Utah Foster Care: Learn more about foster care in Utah at https://www.utcourts.gov/courts/juv/#Welfare
Foster Focus, a monthly magazine dealing exclusively and entirely with foster care: https://www.fosterfocusmag.com
Foster Club, an organization providing foster kids with a peer support network and resources: https://www.fosterclub.com





Books About Foster Care

- "Maybe Days: A Book for Children in Foster Care" by Jennifer Wilgocki and Marcia Kahn
- "Little Miss Spider" by David Kirk
- "The Star: A Story to Help Young Children Understand Foster Care" by Cynthia Miller Lovell
- "Kids Need to be Safe: A Book for Children in Foster Care" by Julie Nelson
- "Hopper the Lonely Frog: An Adoption Story for Children" by Kimberly Lee
- "Murphy's Three Homes: A Story for Children in Foster Care" by Jan Levinson Gilman
- "All Kinds of Families" by Norma Simon
- "Families Change: A Book for Children Experiencing Termination of Parental Rights" by Julie Nelson and Mary Gallagher
- "Finding the Right Spot: When Kids Can't Live with Their Parents" by Janice Levy
- "Let's Talk About Living with a Grandparent" by Susan Kent
- "Mama Bear Baby Bear" by Linda Silvas
- "Robert Lives with His Grandparents" by Martha Whitmore Hickman
- "Who's in a Family?" by Robert Skutch
- "I Miss My Foster Parents" by Stefon Herbert
- "Zachary's New Home: A Story for Foster and Adopted Children" by Geraldine Molettiere Blomquist, Paul B. Blomquist and Margo Lemieux

Creating FLORA MEETS A BEE and this Study Guide

Throughout the process of creating FLORA MEETS A BEE, playwright Morag Shepherd consulted with playwright/designer/actor Iris Salazar and Plan-B Theatre Company's Board President/former Utah State Representative Rebecca Chavez-Houck to ensure cultural authenticity. She also consulted with Utah Foster Care's Retention Services Specialist Tina Porter and licensed foster parent Becky Anderson Pickle to ensure the play is clinically sound and age-appropriate. It is also valuable to note that playwright Morag Shepherd and actor Brenda Hattingh (who plays Bee) are immigrants from Scotland and South Africa, respectively; and that actor Ariana Broumas Farber is also a licensed foster parent and the daugther of an immigrant from El Salvador.

This study guide was created by educator Jim Martin (a former elementary school principal and kindergarten, first, fourth and fifth grade teacher, currently teaching sixth grade) with input from Tina Porter, Retention Services Specialist, Utah Foster Care as well as Sharah Meservy, Education Coordinator and stage manager of FLORA MEETS A BEE and Jerry Rapier, Artistic Director, Plan-B Theatre Company and director of FLORA MEETS A BEE.







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Statewide Facts:

Children in Foster Care

In Utah, there are more than 2,800 children in foster care at any given time and some 1,450 licensed foster/adoptive families.

Children in foster care often have special needs due to neglect, abuse or separation. Substance abuse is a contributing factor in two out of three foster care cases.

In Utah, most children are in foster care for about 12 months; some children may stay in foster care for much longer. The length of time a child is in foster care varies depending on their family's individual circumstances.

Two-thirds of children who enter foster care return to live with their birth parents or another relative. Foster families have the opportunity to mentor and support parents who are working to have their children returned to them.

Many children are adopted thru foster care. Last year (FY17), 603 children were adopted from foster care in Utah. Most are adopted by their foster parents.

Children in foster care are between the ages of 0-19. The greatest need is for families who are able and willing to care for children over age 8.

Most children enter foster care with brothers and sisters. Families are urgently needed for sibling groups of three or more. Children in foster care come from all racial and cultural backgrounds. There is a need for families of all races and cultures to come forward. Children do better when placed with families who can help them maintain their cultural and racial identities.

Latino and Hispanic children are over-represented in the foster care system in Utah:

- In Utah, they make up more than one in every five children in foster care (21%).
- Culturally-sensitive placements can help to ease the trauma experienced by children who are removed from their homes and placed in foster care.
- It helps when families who are fluent in both Spanish and English care for Latino/Hispanic children—but it is not required. All foster families must be legal US residents.

In Utah, foster parents may be married or single. They may own or rent their homes. It takes 24 hours of in-class training, additional online classes, and the ability to pass a criminal background check to become a foster parent. Utah Foster Care and Utah's Division of Child & Family Services provide ongoing training to foster and adoptive parents throughout the state.

Utah Foster Care is a private, non-profit organization contracted by the Division of Child & Family Services (DCFS) to find, educate, and support foster and adoptive families to care for the children in Utah's foster care system.



By Morag Shepherd • İllustrated by Brenda Hattingh











FLORA MEETS A BEE by Morag Shepherd received its world premiere as Plan-B Theatre's seventh annual Free Elementary School Tour, serving more than 14,000 K-3 students at 71 schools across the state of Utah between October 2019 and March 2020.

The Free Elementary School Tour of FLORA MEETS A BEE was cut short by two months due to COVID-19, so we decided to create this book just for you!



Ariana Broumas Farber & İsabella Reeder shared the role of Flora and Brenda Hattingh & Darby Mest shared the role of Bee.

The Tour was managed by Sharah Meservy.

The production was designed by Arika Schockmel, stage managed by Sam Allen and Darryl Stamp, and directed by Jerry Rapier.



Layout by Aaron Swenson
Logo and font by Andrew Livingston

(c) 2020 Plan-B Theatre, Brenda Hattingh & Morag Shepherd



She lowers it to her mouth and licks it, savoring the sweetness. "Quizas, no la encontré. Quizas, yo tomé la paleta del tarro de dulces." She thinks for a moment... "No me importa. Yo soy una buena niña. Ellos no lo saben, pero yo me he portado bien. Yo hice todo lo que tenía que hacer. Tendí mi cama. Creo que sí, creo que tendí mi cama. Bueno. Yo me porté bien. Y azul es el mejor sabor."

Just as Flora crunches down on the last bit of the sucker, something buzzes past her and hovers over a flower, then another flower, and then another! Flora steps into its path and comes face to face with the tiny thing.



The bee, alarmed at the sudden interruption, stops, hovering uncertainly mid-air. "Um..."

Flora squeals an ear-piercing squeal.

"What are you doing?" Bee scowls.

Flora can't contain herself. "You're just so cute!" She throws her arms out like wings and yells—a little too loudly—"I want to buzz like a bee!"

"How can you even see me?" Bee asks, a bit annoyed.

"I'm good at seeing!" Flora squeals again.

"Stop that!" yells Bee.

Flora smiles. "You're a grumpy Bee, that's so cute."

Bee is not amused. "Can you hear everything i'm saying?"

Flora thinks this is quite adorable, since the answer is obviously yes. "You're funny," she giggles.

"I'm a bee! An important one!" Bee declares. "And I don't have time to stand around chatting to some kind of... whatever that's allergic to pollen."

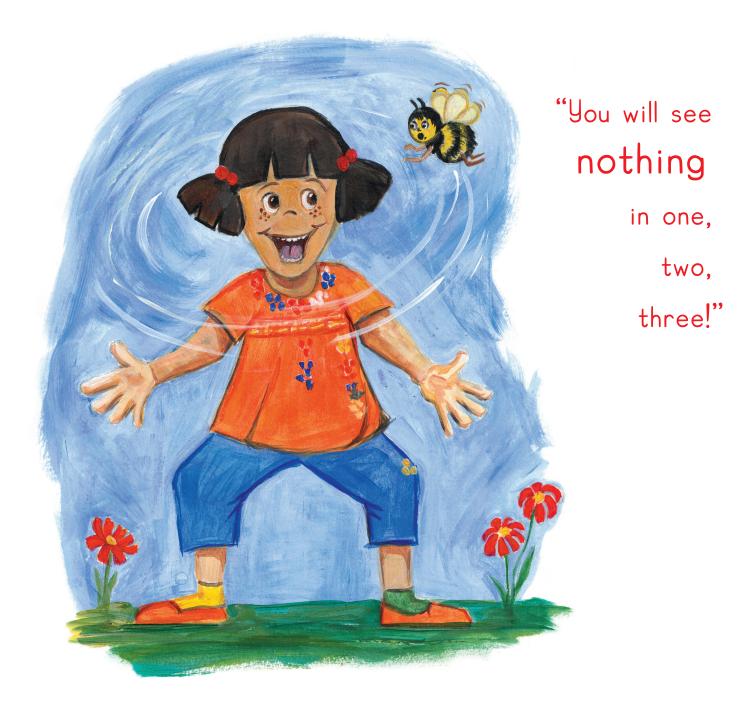
She buzzes away to the next flower, determined to stop to the conversation.

"I'm not a whatever," Flora pouts. "Have you lost something?"

Bee stops suddenly. "No! What made you think that?"

"I saw you looking for something!" Flora exclaims.

"It was nothing." Bee hesitates for a moment, then suddenly buzzes in circles around Flora, yelling,



"Are you doing magic? I love magic!" Flora exclaims excitedly.

Bee tries again. "You will remember nothing in one, two, three!"

"Four!" Flora adds happily.

"Rats!" Bee lands on a flower, utterly exhausted.

"Can I help?" Flora steps closer to Bee.

Bee sighs a heavy bee sigh. "Look, it's too risky."

"That's tricky," Flora concedes. "Do you know any tricks?"

"no!"

Flora throws her arms up dramatically. "Make honey appear!" she demands.

Quickly and urgently, Bee protests that she is absolutely NOT looking for nectar to make honey.

"Honey is my favorite food," Flora sighs.

"Mine too," Bee admits.

"We're twins!" Flora exclaims.

Suspiciously, Bee asks Flora if she is a kid. Straightening her back, Flora responds: "I'm an adult. With a job... that I go to... in my car... that I own... and bought with the money I make... from my job."

Bee rubs her head, unconvinced. "You sound like a kid."

"I'm an old lady and I drink tea, with the other lady-folk, and we chat about books," says Flora. "And they call that a book club."

Abruptly, Flora notices something fluffy and yellow attached to Bee's hands.

"İt's pollen," Bee says. "İt attaches to me, and then sticks to other plants so they can make fruit, vegetables, and stuff."

Flora tries to touch the pollen. Bee moves back. Flora giggles and bounces around her. Warding off Flora, Bee says, "I don't have time for all this chitter and chatter."

Flora nods. "Mi madre used to call that: 'Yo no tengo tiempo para ser chismosa."

Pushing imaginary glasses up her nose, Bee agrees. "I don't like kids, and I don't have time for chats."

Refusing this position, Flora believes that Bee is just a cute little grumpy bee, and is only exhausted from being important. "Your little cute face is so squishy and sleepy-you're all worn out," she says.

"You're making me so tired," yawns Bee. Swaying in the gentle breeze, Flora quietly and melodically begins to sing in Bee's ear.

"Duerme pequeño, Un poco más, El viento sopla, Y te arrullará." Bee exes out a protest, but Flora continues:



Dozily, Bee tries to conquer the sweet song, but eventually is out cold.

As Bee snores away, Flora notices something yellow poking out of Bee's back pocket, glinting in the sunlight.

Tip-toeing, careful not to wake Bee, Flora pulls out the long object. She finds, to her delight, that it is a beautiful honey stick.



Without thinking, Flora chews off the top, spits it onto the ground, and slurps out every last drip of honey.

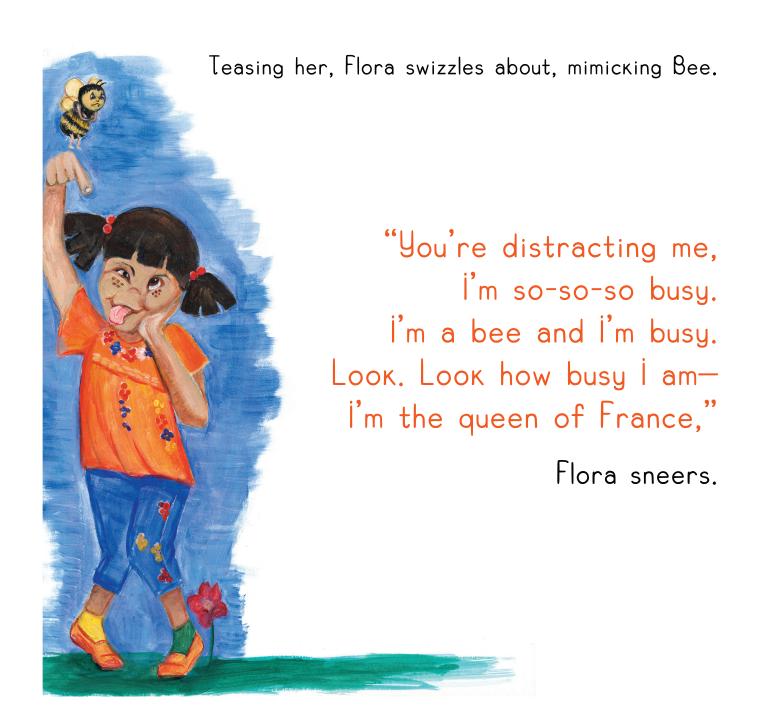
Suddenly Bee bolts up with a jolt, and Flora guiltily hides the casing of the honey stick in her pocket. Hurriedly, Bee buzzes and roams about the yard, worriedly searching for something.

"What are you doing?" Flora asks curiously.

"Stop interrupting," rebuffs Bee.

Resigned to her fate, Flora replies, "I'm chattery. They call me a chatterbox."

Flora and Bee face off, entering a staring match to see how long Flora can go without talking. Breaking first, Flora flicks some pollen off Bee's face. Bee wriggles out of her grasp, exasperated that Flora is distracting her.



Bee folds her arms together, unmoved by Flora's teasing.

"You're ignoring me, and people ignore me all the time," says Flora. "And you're just. Like. Them."

In a flash, Bee turns around. "I'm nothing like them. How dare you. I'm a bee and I keep this whole planet alive."



Bee's eyes open wide. Pointing her finger at Flora, she says, "I knew it. I knew you were a kid. You're a sticky, little, get-your-hands-on-everything, sticky, get-everything-sticky, kid."

Flora taps Bee's finger away. "I'm not sticky." But Flora's hands are sticky, and to Flora's surprise—and Bee's dismay—they get stuck.

Bee buzzes up and down, eventually breaking free of Flora's fingers. "Well, of course I'm sticky. I'm eight years old," Flora explains.

Bee scoffs. "I knew you were eight. I could tell by your face."

"I could tell you were a bee because of how you look," Flora replies. "And...because you have wings, and are so, so cute. Wouldn't it be darling if you had little bee boots and a tiny bee hat?"



Giving Flora the cold shoulder, Bee looks down her nose. "I don't have time for sticky kids."

"You have to give me time. I'm standing right in front of you," Flora insists.

Brushing the mud off her hands, Bee asks Flora where her parents are.

For the first time, Flora sits down.



"I don't have parents," Flora whispers. "I mean, I do, but I just don't right now. Mi madre had to leave and go back to where she is from, so I have foster parents."

Bee slows down her buzz and listens as Flora tells Bee that her mother is in Mexico, and that right now different families borrow and raise her.

Then Flora gets an excellent idea. She asks if Bee will go to Mexico and tell her mother, "Te extraño tanto."

Afraid of being distracted from her busy work, Bee tells Flora to just go herself. Flora replies that she doesn't have wings, or money to fly, or a car, because she's just a kid.

"I would let you borrow mine. But I don't do borrowing," explains Bee.

Not giving up hope, Flora leaps to her feet. "It's meant to be. You're going to find mi madre and tell her where I am. And we're going to be stuck together for the rest of our lives."

Shaking her head, Bee sees all of this as very bad news. "I have a million siblings and I don't have space for friends. And I hate it when sticky fingers touch my stuff."

"I don't really have stuff," admits Flora. (Secretly, Bee thinks that not having any stuff is probably a good idea, because then she wouldn't have to worry so much all the time.)

Flora starts to bounce from one foot to the other. Almost against her will, Bee mimics her. Flora smiles and tells Bee that her eyes are purple tulips.

Frustrated that she can't see her own eyes, Bee spins in circles.

"Mi madre dice que solo los reyes y las reinas pueden ver tulipanes morados y, como todos podemos verlos, todos somos realeza," says Flora. Bee frowns, knowing that her eyes are just boring old bee eyes, and tells Flora that she shouldn't use make-believe.

"I use and borrow things all the time," admits Flora. "All these clothes were lent to me by other kids. I borrow twigs. Songs. Words. I even have this."



"Mi madre me lo dio antes de irse. Creo que me trae buena suerte," says Flora.

Bee replies, "Parece que podría traer suerte." Excitedly, Bee reaches for the honey in her pocket, but as she does, she realizes it's GONE. Bee holds the sides of her head in grief.

Flora admits: "I ate it."

Falling to her knees, Bee exclaims, "this is why I don't talk to anyone. Everyone is always trying to take my honey."

Distraught, Flora paces back and forth in front of Bee. "Will you ever forgive me?" she pleads. Flora apologizes over and over again, so much so that Bee's head begins to spin.

Finally, Flora pulls out the penny from her pocket. "Let's flip for it." Heads-you can leave. Tails-you stay my friend."

Flora flips the coin high into the air, and they both watch as the coin falls in slow motion. Flora is lucky and the coin lands tails-up. Flora jumps up and down. "We will be best friends forever, and you're never going to leave me, like everyone else does."

Aggravated, Bee tries to fly away, but just as she does, Flora reaches out to take hold of her. Both of them lift off the ground but, weighed down by Flora, Bee has to land them on a tree branch.

"You're a lot to take," says Bee.

Questioning if this is a good or bad thing, Flora expresses to Bee that she didn't mean to take her honey, or trick her into being friends—it's just that she sees stuff and then it ends up in her mouth or hand. "I've taken ice-cream, pies, candy, suckers, bread, sandwiches, and cake," Flora explains. "Oh, and soda—soda most of all."

Bee tells Flora that she needs to grow up.

"I'm trying, believe me, but my age is going very slow," Flora admits. "I'm only eight, and I own hardly anything at all." Bee flies Flora back down to the ground, and tells Flora that she owes her the penny in her pocket.

Kicking the dirt around her feet, Flora declares, "te daría mi centavo, pero no es mio para dar."

Bee flies over the top of Flora and lands closer to her. Flora continues. "It was mi madre's, and it was her mother's, and she got it because it fell from the sky right after she threw one into a wishing well. So, I could give it to you, but it might lose its luck, and then it would be worthless."

Opening her eyes wide, Bee begins to realize that maybe Flora doesn't really own anything at all.



Worried that she's getting too close to Flora, Bee starts to fly up the trunk of the tree. Flora yells up to her. "You want to stay; you just don't know it. Or maybe you're just grumpy and so tired."

Flora begins to sing:

"Duerme pequeño un poco más. Sobre las nubes volando estás."

Bee complains that it's not fair because it sounds so good. Flora declares that she will not stop singing unless Bee tells her what she was looking for.

"Fine. I was collecting nectar," Bee admits.

Flora claps her hands and jumps up and down.

Eagerly, she asks how Bee carries it.

Zooming down from the tree, Bee enthusiastically tells Flora that she carries the nectar in her honey stomach.

"When my stomach is full,
I carry it back to the hive,
and give it to the worker bees,
who chew it for about half an hour.
And they pass it from bee to bee,
until eventually it turns to honey."

Flora urges Bee to continue. "Then they store it in the honeycomb cells, and fan it with their wings to make it dry and stickier. Flora and Bee flap around and dance, pretending that they are fanning honeycomb cells. They laugh, and Flora squeals in delight. "When it's ready, they seal it with a wax lid to keep it safe," Bee concludes.

"You're so important. Everyone should help to keep you alive," exclaims Flora.

"Everyone should help to keep YOU alive," responds Bee. They continue their dance of preparing the honey, clapping their hands together and fanning the air.

Bee asks how long Flora is going to be in this house. "I stay until they move me," Flora answers. "Since I turned five, I've lived with lots of families."

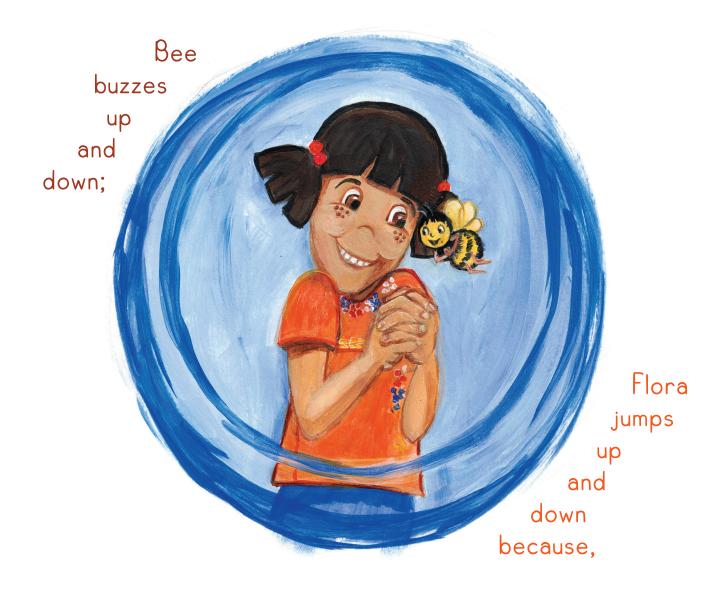
Bee thinks that is sad, but Flora tells Bee that her eyes are full of snapdragons.

[&]quot;Las flores parecen una boca cuando una abeja aterriza en sus pétalos," says Flora.

Bee urges Flora to continue.

"Mi madre told me that you can find comfort and love in the eyes of a flower. They're full of love. And Bees. Maybe she was sending me a clue?"

Flora and Bee hold each other's hands and tell each other that they are magic.



even in the toughest of times, Flora and Bee have each other.





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