



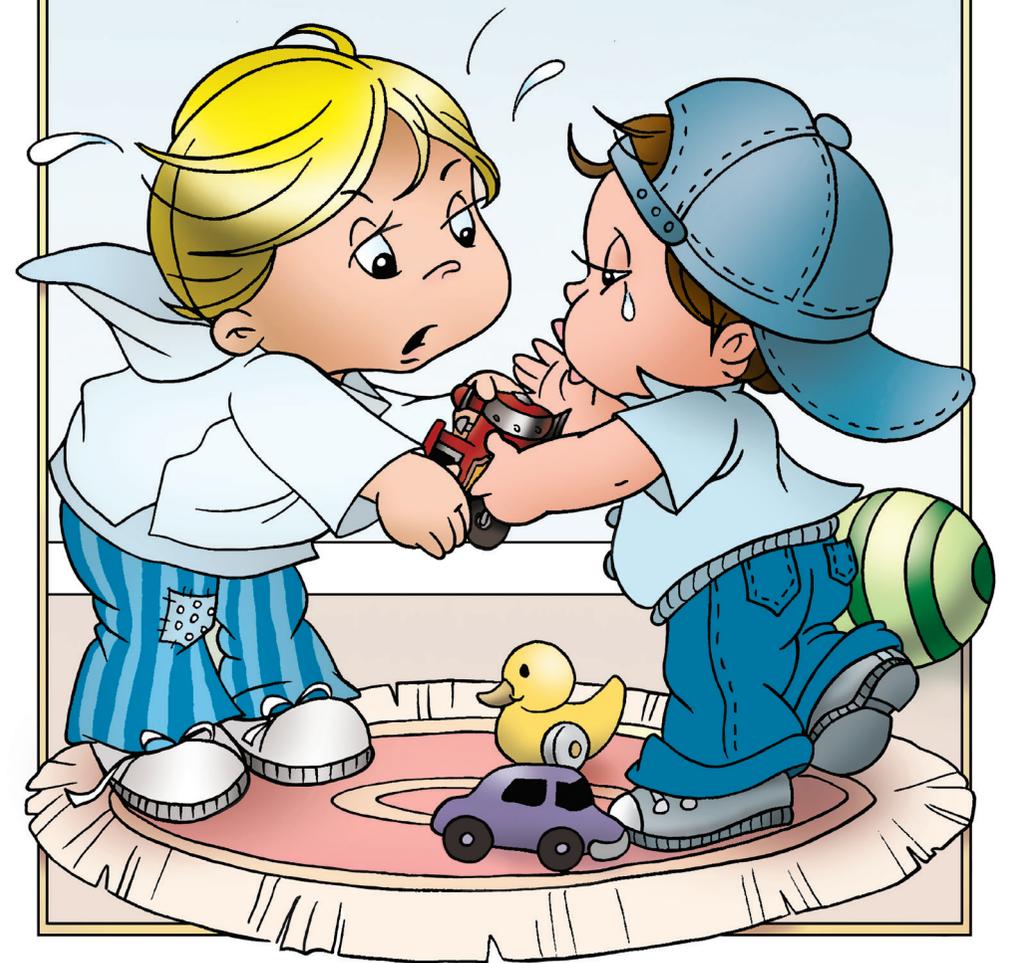
Insects
Galore:
Bitter,
Better Bee

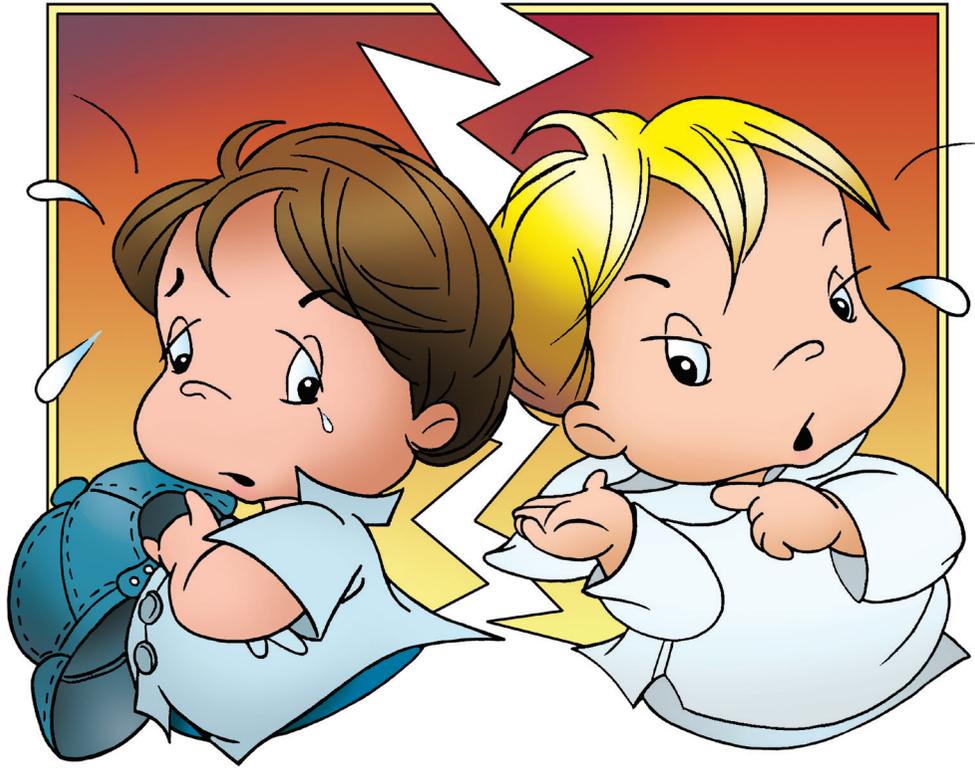


"That's mine! You can't have it!" Tristan shouted angrily, as he pulled a toy engine away from his cousin, Troy. "That's my special engine, and I want to play with it!"

"But I was playing with it first," Troy said, his eyes brimming with tears. "It's not nice to grab."

"It's my favorite toy!" said Tristan. "And I don't want you to play with it."





"Those are not very kind words, Tristan." It was Grandpa Jake. He had heard the two boys shouting and had come to find out what the argument was about.

"Troy keeps taking all my favorite toys and playing with them," Tristan said.

"But he wasn't playing with them," Troy said tearfully. "He just doesn't want me to play with them."

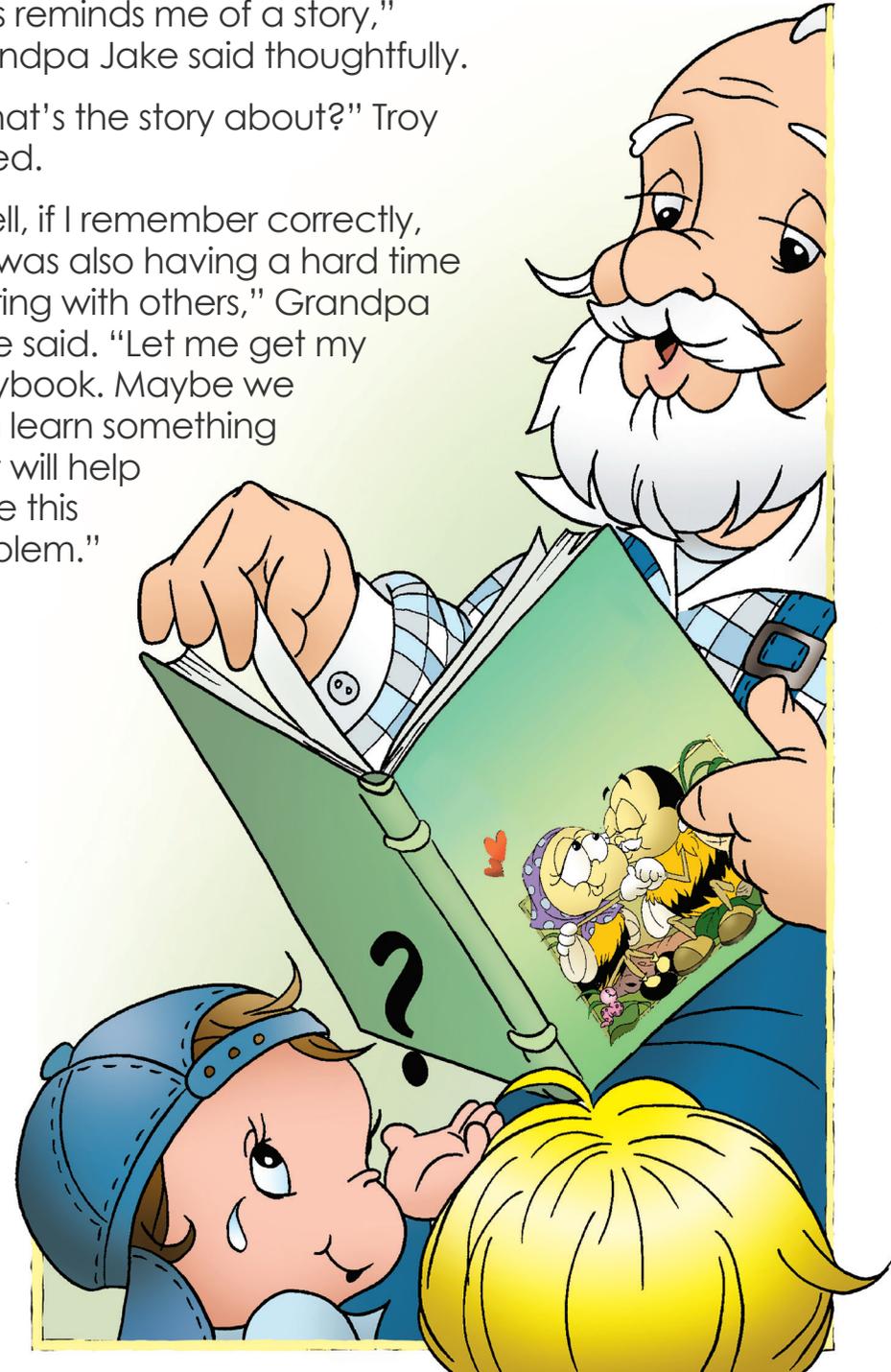
"Is that so, Tristan?" Grandpa Jake asked. "Why wouldn't you want Troy to play with your toys?"

"Because..." Tristan answered, pausing momentarily, "I might want to play with them, and if he's playing with them, then I can't."

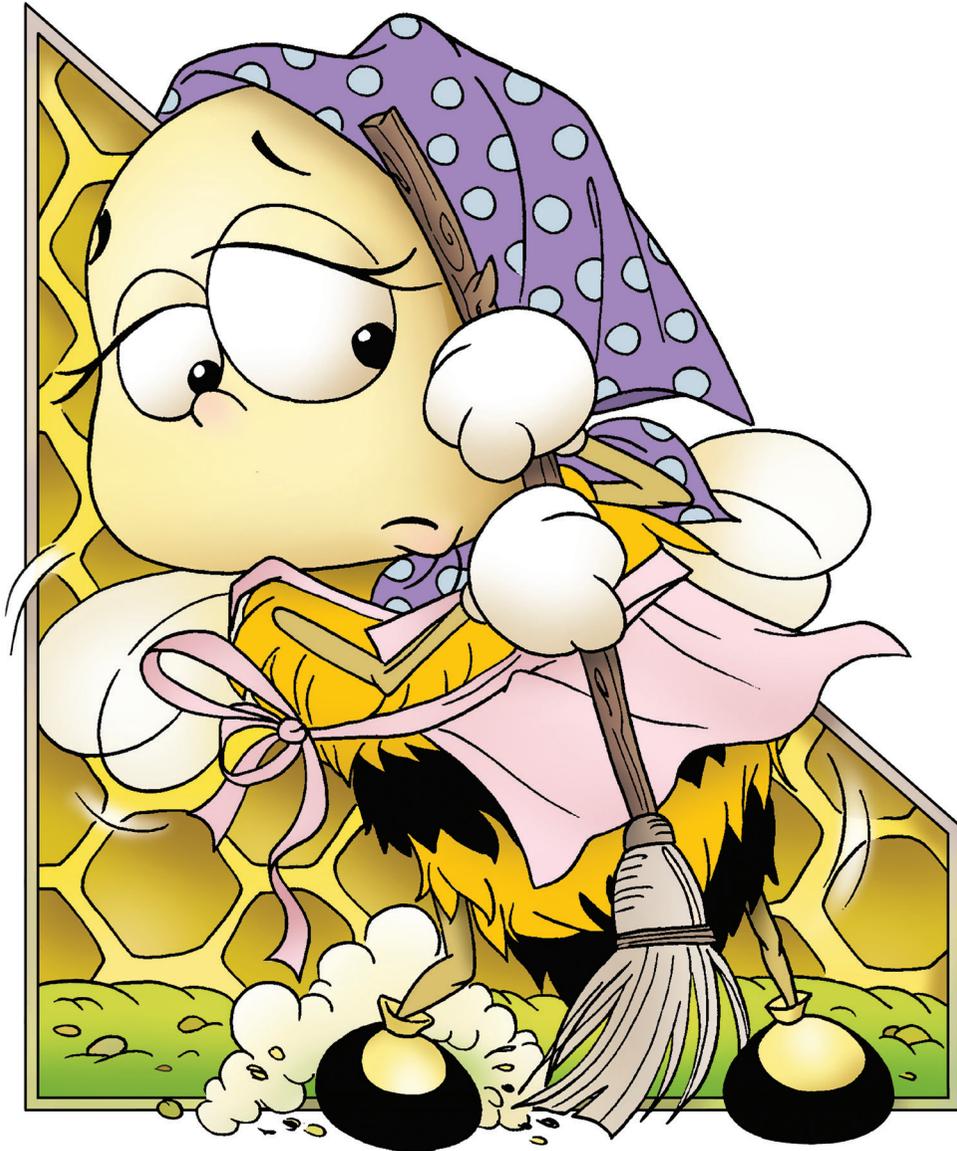
"This reminds me of a story," Grandpa Jake said thoughtfully.

"What's the story about?" Troy asked.

"Well, if I remember correctly, Bits was also having a hard time sharing with others," Grandpa Jake said. "Let me get my storybook. Maybe we can learn something that will help solve this problem."



It was not a good day for Bits. She wore a constant frown as she busied herself around the hive. All morning Bits had felt sad and angry. As she flew out of the hive to collect some more nectar, she heard someone calling her.



“Bits! Wait up!” It was Pepper, one of her friends from a nearby hive.

Bits slowed down momentarily. She felt grumpy and wasn’t sure that she wanted Pepper’s company right now.

Panting a little as he caught up to her, Pepper smiled. “Phew, you’re sure flying around fast today, Bits. Helps an old bee like me keep in shape,” Pepper said with a chuckle.



Bits gave a slight smile. "I really must hurry along," she said. "I have to collect more nectar."

She was anxious to be on her way again and didn't feel like talking with anyone.

"Mind if I buzz along with you?" Pepper asked.

"I guess so, if you'd like," Bits answered, as she hurried on.



They flew to the next patch of flowers, full of juicy nectar that Bits would take back to the hive.

Pepper chattered constantly, but Bits didn't offer much to the conversation. "It's such a beautiful day!" Pepper exclaimed. Bits only shrugged.

"I enjoy the summer so much!" Pepper went on. Once again, Bits didn't say anything.

Finally, Pepper sat up and looked at Bits, who was furiously collecting nectar.

"What's bothering you, Bits?"

“Nothing,” she replied.

“Well, you haven’t said more than a few words to me today. You seem angry.” Pepper paused. “You’re not angry at me, are you?”



Bits finally stopped. “Oh no, not at all,” she said, suddenly feeling very bad for the way she’d been ignoring Pepper. “I’m sorry, Pepper. You haven’t done anything to make me angry with you. I’ve just been having a bit of a gloomy day.”

“I can understand that. Gloomy days are never fun,” Pepper sympathized. “Did something happen?”



“You could say that,” Bits said. “A few days ago, after we had just finished making a new batch of delicious honey, then the farmer came by and took well over half of the honey we had made.”

We had all spent days and days going out and collecting nectar to make the honey, and then he just came and took it! That wasn’t the first time that has happened either—he comes and takes our honey quite often.

"I didn't mind so much before," she continued. "It's not that he takes all of it, and there's always enough left for us, but it just makes me angry at times because I have to work so hard for it."

"Hmmm, I can understand how that could be frustrating," Pepper said softly. "I once felt the same way back at my hive."

"You did?" Bits asked in surprise. "Does it still bother you?"

"No, because I found out something very interesting," he answered. "Do you know why the farmer takes the honey, Bits?"

"Uh-uh!" she said, shaking her head.



"Well, the farmer uses the honey too, just like we do. The farmer finds honey so delicious that he takes some so that he can eat it with his pancakes or on bread or to make sweets."



"Really?" Bits asked.

"Yes, he really thinks it's yummy. So does his little girl," Pepper added with a smile.

Bits thought for a moment. "I guess it's not so bad that he takes our honey. I never knew that it was because he liked it so much."

"Giving to others, even of something that we like or have worked hard to make, makes God happy," Pepper explained. "Because no matter what we give, we always get more in return. God likes us to share with others, just like He shares the wonderful world He created with us."

"Thank you for explaining that to me, Pepper," Bits said, as she hugged him. "I'm sorry that I was so grumpy this morning. What you told me has helped me to not get bitter about the farmer taking the honey. I feel much better now."

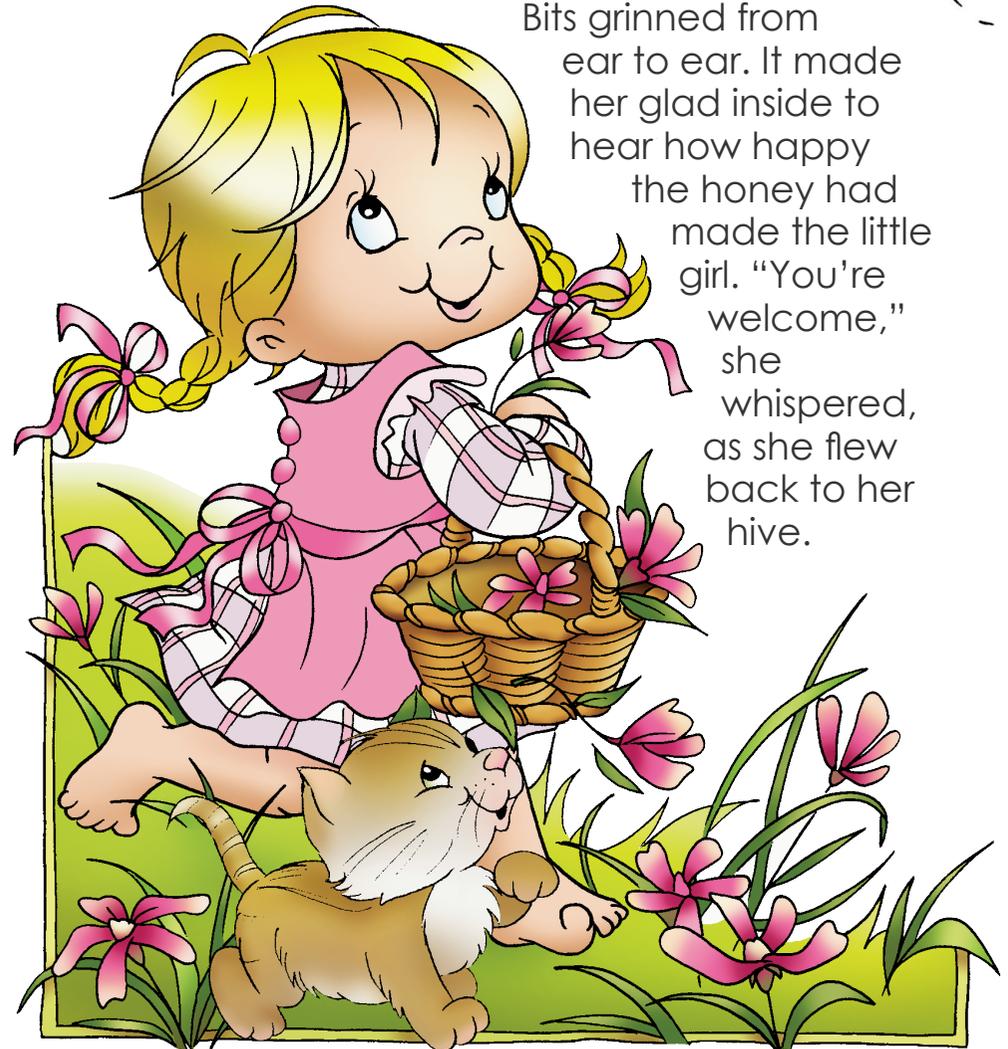
"I'm glad I could help cheer you up!" Pepper said, returning her hug.



Later that day as Bits was collecting more nectar, she saw the farmer's little girl playing in the garden. The little girl heard Bits buzzing by, and she smiled. "Oh, thank You, God, for bees!" she exclaimed. "Honey is so yummy. Thank You for teaching them how to make it. And thank You that they share it with us."



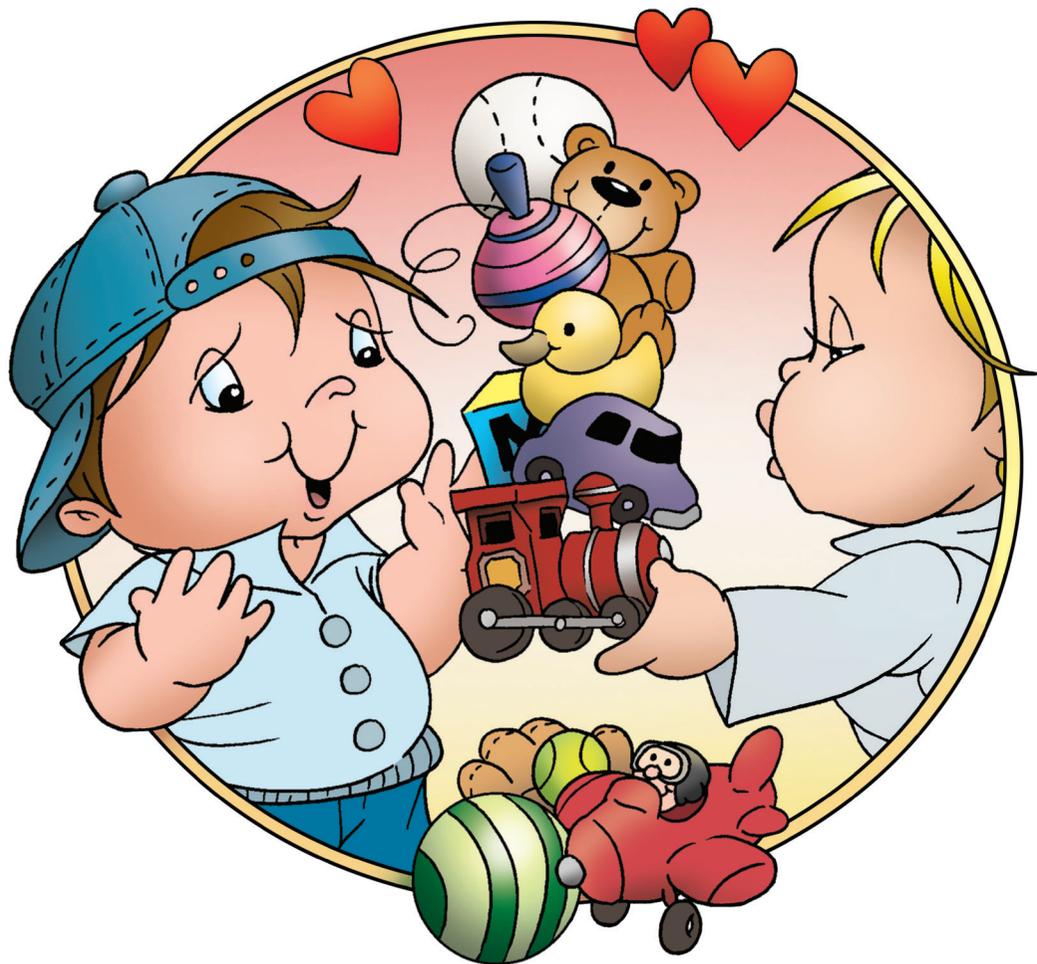
Bits grinned from ear to ear. It made her glad inside to hear how happy the honey had made the little girl. "You're welcome," she whispered, as she flew back to her hive.



"I want to share my toys with you, Troy!" Tristan said.
"Just like Bits was happy to give the honey she had worked hard to make to the farmer and his family."

"Thank you," Troy said. "I'll be sure to take good care of them."

Grandpa Jake smiled as he left the room while the two boys went on happily playing together.



Moral:
Giving to others makes you happy, because as you give to others, God is able to give to you.