



**Ned Must
See That Bee!**



This is Ned. He has a home, a yard, and trees with sweet food. And this is The Book. The Book thinks it can tell Ned all things, and it tells Ned so all day long.

Just then, a bee buzzes by. Ned drops his food and blinks.

'A bee!' he yells. 'A **true** bee! I must see where that bee lives!'

Ned runs after the bee. It zips by tall trees and bright flowers. Ned rushes up and down, in and out, quick as can be. The bee does not slow down. Not one bit. But Ned does not give up. He **pursues** that bee. 'Wait!' calls Ned. 'I am nice! I am very nice!'





The bee lives in a nest high up in a tree. Ned stands on the hillside and peeks up. A sweet smell comes down to him. 'Honey,' says Ned. His grin grows big. 'I bet that is the best thing in all the land. I must get some. That is my **new quest!**' A beast stands by the tree. The beast gives Ned a look that says: get in line, kid.

But Ned can not wait.
He grabs his axe and
grins a bad, bad grin.

'Stand back, beast! The
honey is mine!' he yells,
and he lifts the axe up
high. 'A **few** bee stings
will not harm me!'

(That is not **true**. Bee
stings harm a lot.)





'Stop, Ned!' yells The Book, rushing in fast. Ned stops. He holds a hive chunk up high. 'What? I have some!' 'Ned, no!' says The Book. 'Do not chop a beehive! The bees will wake up and sting and sting and sting! Put. That. Down. Here is a **clue**: there is a good way to do this.'

Back at home, The Book sits open on the grass, and Ned makes a little flame by it. 'Ned, here is a **new** plan,' says The Book. 'Smoke makes bees sleepy. Set a flame under the nest, wait for the bees to doze off, and then take the honey. No chopping. No stinging.' Ned gives a slow nod. 'So... no axe?' 'No axe, Ned.'





Ned takes the flame to the bee tree and sets it right under the hive. Smoke curls up in the branches. Soon just a **few** bees still hum, slow and sleepy. Ned gets out his snipping tool. No axe this time. 'Now,' says Ned in a hush, creeping in soft and slow. 'The bees are sleepy.'

Ned snips into the hive. Big
hive chunks slip out, dripping
honey. They smell like
sunshine and all good things.

'Wow,' says Ned. 'Wow, wow,
wow.' He wants to **chew** a
chunk right there.

'Quick!' hisses The Book.

'Grab the chunks and run
before the bees wake up!'
Ned scoops up each chunk
and runs.





Back inside, Ned goes to his bench. He sets wood and hive bits in place, making a **new** thing. 'What is that?' asks The Book. 'A **new** beehive!' says Ned, grinning. 'My own hive! No more creeping in the trees. No more beasts with mad looks. Just me and my bees, making honey for ever!' The Book blinks. 'Ned... that may be the first good plan yet.'

Outside, Ned plants bright flowers and sets the **new** hive on the grass. He steps back. 'Not bad,' he says. 'Not bad at all.' 'Ned, the hive needs bees,' says The Book. 'The flowers will bring them. Bees can not say no to a good yard.' 'That is a job for me,' says Ned. 'I am so good with bees.' The Book says not a thing, but its look says a lot.





Ned spots a **few** bees buzzing by, hunting for a home. He lifts up a bright rose and puts on his best grin. 'Come with me,' he says, soft and sweet. 'I have flowers. I have a hive. I have all a bee could want.' And the bees can not say no! They come to the rose in a buzzing bunch, and they go with Ned all the way home in a long buzzing line. 'See?' calls Ned. 'It is **true!** I am so good with bees!'

The **new** hive hums, and honey drips out. Ned is so proud he could burst. But there is one small thing. The bees like Ned. They like Ned so, so much. They buzz by his chin. They creep up his arms and into spots where bees should not go. 'Get off! Get off!' **squeals** Ned. 'I am not a flower!' The Book stands back, safe. 'Ned!' it calls. '**Guess** what! Next time, get a net!' Ned can not stop to chat. He runs and runs.





Ned Must See That Bee!

Ned has never seen a bee before, and now one is zooming right past him! He just has to know where it lives, so he chases it through the trees and up a hillside, right to a nest dripping with something sweet and golden. Getting the honey turns out to be trickier than he thinks, but will Ned find a way? Written for Jolly Phonics classrooms (Step 3, Unit 8: /ue/ mixed), this book practises words like 'true', 'few', 'clue', 'pursues', 'quest'.

Phonics Focus: <mixed>

chew, clue, few, guess, new, pursues, quest, squeals, true

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