



Outside Adventures

Hello young readers!

Welcome to the third of our 'lark leaflets' for children. The winner of our poetry competition is Bethany Hartness, age 7 years from Ledbury Primary School who wrote a fantastic poem about swallows. A prize is on its way to you Bethany.

Swallows

Little swallows sitting on the telephone wire
 All free with their long pointy tails.
 Suddenly swoop!
 Dive
 There goes one,
 Can you see its' red chin and how agile he is?
 I like swallows.

We must look after our bees!

Some facts about bees :

- They live in colonies
- Each colony has a queen, worker and drone bees
- Workers and queen are both female but only the queen reproduces
- Worker bees clean the hive, collect pollen and nectar and look after offspring
- Drones mate with the queen
- Bees store their venom in a sac attached to their stinger
- Some species, eg the honeybee, will die if they sting
- Bees see all colours except for red
- Pollen is a food source for bees
- Some pollen is dropped in flight and this creates cross pollination which is vital for plants
- Common species include honeybee, bumblebee, and carpenter bee
- There are about 20,000 different species of bees in the world but sadly some of these are in decline, notably in this country, the bumblebee. This is due to the lack of wildflower meadows. Bumble bees are running out of places to find nectar and pollen!



How you can help !!!

During the Summer, try to plant these bee friendly flowers in your garden :
 Buddleia, lavender, marjoram and sunflower.

Find the hidden words

Welcome to this Summer word search game. As you look for the hidden words, remember that they can run vertically, diagonally or horizontally as well as forwards or backwards. There are 10 to find altogether. Good luck!

H	V	B	R	X	S	T	C	N	N
O	C	W	E	V	I	H	O	E	E
N	Q	E	K	A	U	N	L	E	C
E	N	O	R	D	E	L	O	U	T
Y	C	C	O	M	O	P	N	Q	A
L	K	J	W	P	A	Y	Y	I	R
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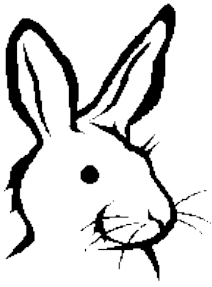
- | | |
|----------|-----------|
| HONEY | BUMBLEBEE |
| NECTAR | COLONY |
| LAVENDER | DRONE |
| POLLEN | WORKER |
| QUEEN | HIVE |

Competition!

Please send in your photos of any bees feeding from your flowers or a photo of the flowers you have planted to attract bees into your garden. Prizes for the best! Send entries to Dawn Harwood, Education Officer, 1, The Old Forge, Woolhope, Hereford, HR1 4AX

Lonely Bertie by Dawn Harwood

Bertie was lonely and sad. He rested on a blade of grass when he heard the familiar bleatings and snuffles of two creatures he knew.



"What's up Bertie?" Hop, the rabbit, came bounding over to him. "You seem really sad?"

Bertie looked up slowly.

"I am, Hop, forgive me; it is very selfish I know. I am trying to make new friends but everyone just shoos me away..."

Bertie began to sniffle.

"Please don't be sad on such a beautiful day," Woolly the lamb said. "Tell us all about it. You will feel much better then."

Bertie thought for a moment.

"Well, it all started very early this morning. As the mist was hanging over the morning dew and the sun was just high enough in the sky to glisten onto the grass, I noticed the Flower Fairy Ring. The fairies were playing musical petals and they were having so much fun I thought I would like to join in; but as soon as I landed on a petal there was a huge commotion. All the fairies started screaming and flew back into their fairy house at the bottom of the Oak tree."

"Mmm, you must seem really big and frightening to a tiny fairy. Maybe that was the reason," said Woolly.

"But I wasn't going to hurt them, I only wanted to join in."

"What happened then?" asked Hop.

"Next, I noticed some people playing a very exciting game of tennis. They were very good and they were playing with what looked like a huge ball of pollen. I decided it would be fun to see if I could chase this pollen ball and keep up with it."

"That sounds like fun," commented Woolly.

"Well yes, until one of the players got annoyed with me and swatted me out of the way with their racquet. I was a bit dazed for a while and needed to rest on the fence."

"Oh dear," sympathised Hop. "Did you go anywhere else?"

"Yes," Bertie paused, "after I had had a rest I went for a bit of a buzz around and I noticed a family having a picnic. They had lots

of wonderful food out on their picnic rug. The colours and the smell were making me feel very hungry but I only flew down to have a closer look."

Woolly and Hop glanced at each other. Somehow they guessed what was coming.

"The family didn't want me there. The two children screamed, the Mum flung her arms around like a wild thing and the Dad, well, he rolled up his newspaper and almost flattened me as I sat on a cupcake!" Bertie began to sob again.

"Oh please don't cry Bertie," Hop very carefully nuzzled close to his friend. "I think you are just misunderstood. It's not that people don't like you, they are afraid you might sting them."

"I don't want to hurt them but it's very difficult when they are swatting me out of the way. Sometimes I worry I won't get out of the way quick enough."

Woolly and Hop thought for a while, and then, as if reading each other's mind (for they were such good friends), the two pals turned and looked back towards the barn they both shared.

"Come with us," they urged Bertie, and off they hopped, skipped and flew.

"How about staying here with us?" said Woolly, as they stopped by a beautiful patch of wild Summer flowers.

"We can be your closest friends and keep you company; look, you have all these amazing flowers to collect your nectar!"

"Oh thank you," beamed Bertie, his eyes as wide as saucers as he stared at all the wonderful plants, "that is so kind of you," and the three creatures spent all afternoon lazing in the sun, chatting and laughing as all friends should.

