



Buzzel and the Magic Dust

By Preeti Bajpayee



Deep in a sunny garden, where everything was molded and bright, lived a friendly little bee named Buzzel. Buzzel was a wonderful, fuzzy-headed fellow, but he had a secret worry. He worried his job was too small.



"I just fly," he buzzed to his older sister, who was zipping off. "I go from a flower to the hive, and then back again. I bring home nectar, but what else do I really do?"



His first solo flight took him to the tallest, brightest bloom he had ever seen: a giant sunflower named Petunia, whose face was made of a thousand tiny, intricate clay seeds.



"Welcome, little one,"
whispered Petunia, her voice
like the gentle rattle of dried
clay leaves. "You look worried.
Have you lost your way?"
Buzzel landed on her big,
warm head.



"I know I collect nectar, but I feel like I'm just a little helper," Buzzel sighed. "Am I useful?" Petunia just chuckled, a deep, earthy rumble. "Look at your legs, dear Buzzel. Do you see the yellow dust?"



"That's magic dust!" Petunia told him. "You carry it from me to the next flower, and then to the next! It's how we make our seeds, and seeds become more flowers, and more food!"



She showed him a pumpkin vine where a bee like him had already visited. "Soon, this tiny flower will grow into a giant, round pumpkin! That's your doing, Buzzel!"



Petunia pointed to a nearby apple tree, its clay branches laden with tiny, green, molded apples. "Every fruit, every crunchy carrot, and every beautiful blossom in this whole garden starts with a bee's friendly visit."



Buzzel finally understood. He wasn't just bringing home supper; he was painting the world with color and filling it with food! He was a tiny, fuzzy hero!

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Buzzel flew back to the hive, feeling lighter than air and buzzing a happy tune. From that day on, whenever he zipped from flower to flower, he knew he was doing the most important job on Earth. And he never, ever worried again.