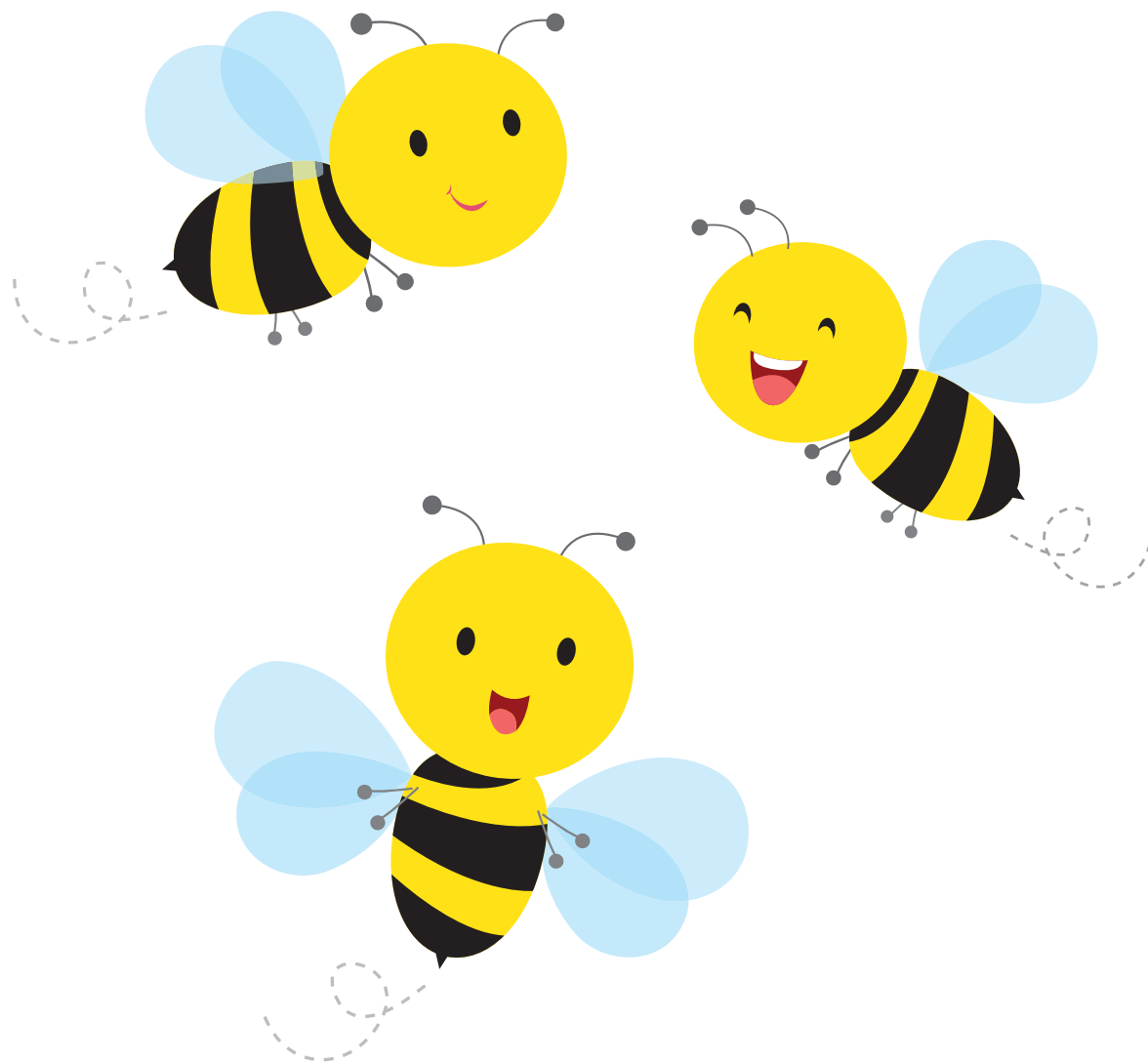


*“Very Short Stories”*

*by Paolo Silingardi*

# The buzzing of the bees



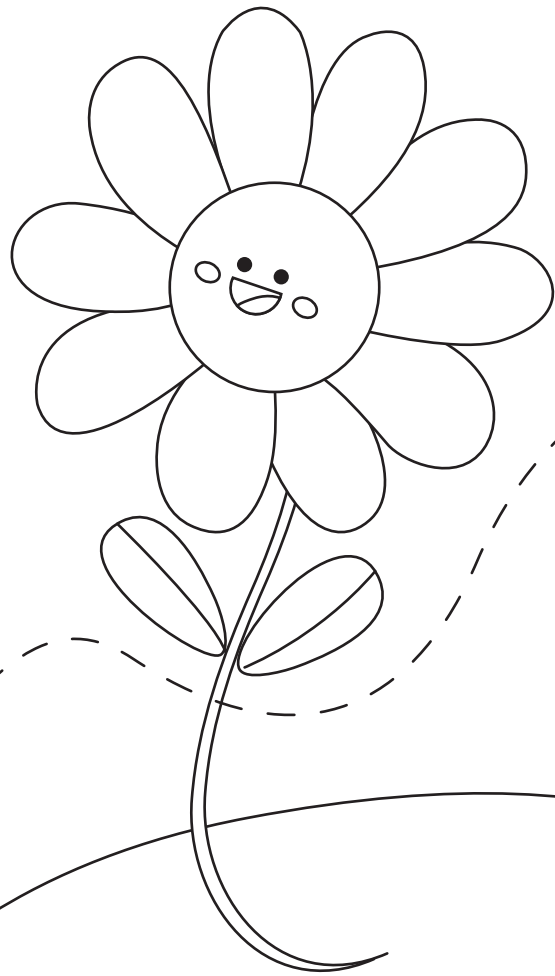
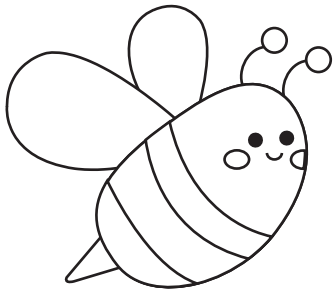
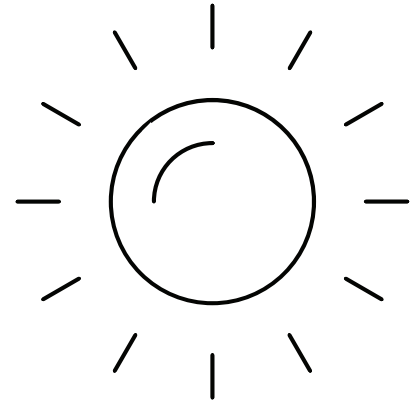
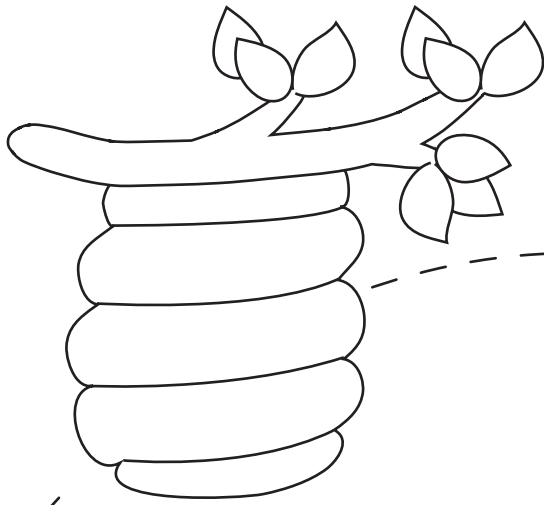
Everything began on a normal day, a day that was apparently just like all the others. The only difference was that **you couldn't hear the bees buzzing**. There were no more bees. None. They'd all disappeared. Some people thought they were dead. Others thought they'd been stolen. It didn't take long to solve the mystery. **They'd gone on strike!**

All of them together, queen bees, worker bees, warriors, maids and drones. None of them did anything. They stayed locked up in their hive, with pickets at the entrance. Not a problem, you might say, just give up eating honey. But first the scientists, then the farmers and then the food manufacturers began to explain that there was a problem and it was very serious. **No bees meant no pollination**, leaving the flowers to fend for themselves. And no sign whatsoever of fruit. It took a moment for the world to realise that, **without bees, there would be no food.**

The trade union leaders were called to meet with government representatives. Negotiations were quick and a decision was reached immediately. **Poisonous pesticides were banned and only organic farming methods were authorised.** In next to no time the air was filled with the collective buzzing of thousands and thousands of swarms. The flowers were happy and the fruit ripened on the bushes and trees.

Ever since then, someone has always had the job of listening to the bees buzz, ready to sound the alarm if the noise starts to die down.

# Colour me



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