



The Story of the Queen Bee and the Children's Corner

Gabriel Eberasim &
Louise Eberasim

© 2010 by Gabriel Eberasim & Louise Eberasim.
All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a newspaper, magazine or journal.
Printed in the United States of America

ISBN 978-1-4483-7106-4
PUBLISHED BY PROLETAIRAMERICA, LLC
www.proletoiramerica.com
Baltimore

Printed in the United States of America

The Story of the Queen Bee and Children's Corner

Gabriel Gherasim & Louise Gherasim



PublishAmerica
Baltimore



The Queen Bee's Story

Gabriel Gherasim

Once upon a time, there lived a princess called Rodica in the castle of King Stefan the Great, her father. She was a pretty princess, with dark brown eyes and long silky cinnamon brown hair. She had no brothers or sisters and had lost her mother when she was born. She loved to play in the garden of the castle and with the swans in the nearby lake.

The King was very much loved by all the people in his kingdom. He was generous and wise and ruled with a gentle hand. One day the princess went by the lake to visit the swans. It was a sunny afternoon. The trees and the grass looked fresh and green and the flowers were in full bloom. As she approached the lake, she suddenly saw a baby bee fall into the lake. It was slowly drowning.

The good princess ran at once to the water's edge. She wanted to help the bee out of the water. She felt so sorry to see the little creature fighting for its life. But she was also afraid to touch her fearing she would get stung.

Finally, she found a solution. She picked up a little piece of wood and put it close to the bee so it could climb onto it. Sure enough, the bee grasped the wood and slowly started climbing out of the water. As soon as it was safe on the top, the princess placed the wood on dry land. She watched the bee, which after a few minutes in the sun was all dry, and started to flap its little wings happily.

As the princess was about to leave to look for the swans, she heard a tiny voice calling to her: "Princess, Princess, I would like to talk with you." The princess looked around. The voice was coming from the ground, and much to her surprise, she realized it was the little bee who was speaking.

"Is it you, tiny bee, who is calling to me?" she asked.
"Yes, it's I, Princess," the bee said. "My name is Luminitza, and I am a princess too. You saved my life. How can I repay you?"

The princess smiled and then said, "You don't need to give me anything. You were a creature in need and I only wanted to help."

"But," the little bee princess continued, "I can give you sweet honey, and I can bring you rose petals!"

The princess replied, "I have honey at the palace, and I like to look and smell the flowers in the garden, where they live. If you bring me their petals or if I cut them, in a few days they'll die. But there is one thing you can do. Order your bees not to sting me. It hurts so bad to be stung!"

The princess bee buzzed and smiled and then said, "Your will shall be done! But you should know that we usually sting those who steal our honey or threaten our children or don't let us be when we fly by to explore their houses. We are curious creatures, and that's why we fly so close to people and animals. But we are not evil. Also, once we sting somebody it has to be for a very good reason. For each sting means death to the bee that stings.

"So you see, we only sting to defend ourselves, or when we are scared. But we do use our stings for a good cause. Did people, who have suffered for years from a disease called rheumatism, sometimes get relief from the venom in our stings. So you see, we don't just attack people for no reason at all. However," the bee continued, "I want to help you. So if



you ever need my help and that of my followers, just say: 'Princess, Princess of the bees, come and help me in my needs' three times and you shall be helped. In the meantime, thank you for saving my life!"

"You are welcome!" the princess said, and she went to play with the swans by the lake-side.

Many years went by. The princess was growing into a beautiful young woman. She went less often to the lake to see her beloved swans. In the meantime, her father "Stefan the Great" had remarried, hoping to give his little girl a mother. The young princess had never known a mother's love. So the King wanted her to have a mother as she was growing up.

But things had not turned out, as King Stefan had planned. The new queen did not like the little princess and was jealous of her. Eventually, matters became so bad that the queen wanted the princess to leave. Then she would have no competition for power or influence with the King.

Things became so unbearable for the princess that she was forced to stay locked up in her room long hours at a time. No more was she able to visit the lake and talk to the lovely swans, or wander through the flowery meadows and watch the bees play among the wild flowers. In this way, the queen hoped to break the will of the young princess and force her to run away from home. But the princess loved her father too much to cause him such pain. Nor did she ever tell him about the harsh treatment of the queen.

One day, however, she escaped the confines of her bedroom and quickly took off for her favorite haunts, even though she knew she would get in trouble with the queen. But she also knew the only parent who truly cared for her never objected to her going there.



As she was walking towards the lake through the castle's garden, she heard the voices of the queen and of a man she did not recognize. They were speaking about her.

She heard the queen's words: "... And make sure tonight at midnight you send your men into the princess' room. Kill her and then take care of the King. I'll be away from the palace, so nobody can say I had anything to do with this. Tomorrow, this castle will be mine, and this kingdom will be ruled as it should be."

Then the queen laughed as she departed hurriedly and silently through the thick growth and high bushes.

The princess was very scared. She ran to tell her father about the plot.

The King listened but fancied his child was imagining things. He accused his daughter of being jealous and ungrateful to the queen.

"Papa, I tell you it's true. I heard them myself."

The King put his hand on his daughter's forehead. "Yes, you seem to be a little overwrought, my child." He signaled for a servant and asked him to accompany the child to her room. "Sleep quietly, my dear, for an hour or two, and you will feel better." With that, the King dismissed her.

The princess cried for most of the day. She was ashamed of having been accused of jealousy and above all, she was scared for what was about to happen to her father and herself. Suddenly, she remembered the bee princess. She wiped the tears from her pretty eyes, and with a voice trembling with emotion, cried, "Princess, princess of the bees, come and help me in my needs!" This she did three times as she had been told.



Almost instantly, she saw a bee crawling on her arm and heard a familiar voice. "What is the problem, dear Princess?" Rodica told her story. Luminitza the bee answered, "I am now grown and am the queen of all the bees. My bees and I will help you." Then she flew away.



That night, the King went to bed as usual, but he was still upset thinking his daughter had made up such a terrible story about the queen. As soon as the King fell into a deep sleep, the castle was invaded by thousands and thousands of bees who went to the King's room and quietly laid a layer of honey and wax all over the bedroom floor. At the same time, many other thousands of bees entered the princess' room and did the same thing.

Little princess Rodica, too nervous to sleep, saw all the work the bees were doing but did not understand. By midnight, the bees' job was done and they gathered in a great big ball in a corner of the room.

Slowly, two men with daggers moved into her room. As they tried to advance, they got caught in the thick goo that covered the floor. They slipped and fell instantly and thousands of bees swarmed all over them clinging tenaciously to their bodies as they delivered their venomous stings.



The men shouted but couldn't move because the honey and wax layer on the floor stuck fast to their high-laced boots. They were still shouting and crying out in pain when the castle guards seized them and put them into prison. The little princess

jumped from her bed straight into the hallway and then ran to her father's room. When she got there, she found the king was alarmed but safe. His would-be assassins had also been taken prisoners by the guards.

The king knew then that his daughter had not lied. He took her in his arms. After sending a group of soldiers to arrest the wicked queen, he again turned to his daughter and said, "You were right about the queen; I'm sorry I didn't believe you. Thank you for saving my life."

"Don't thank me," she answered. "Thank the heroic bees who have given their lives for us! Indeed, all the bees that had stung those evil men were slowly dying. One by one, buzzing and fluttering their tiny wings they eventually sank to the floor. She then told her father the story of how she had befriended the Queen bee and how she in turn promised to repay her.

The king wept, for he was sorry all those bees had to die in order to save him and his daughter. If he had only listened to his daughter warning him about the wicked queen, none of this would have happened.

He told the princess that he, too, would like to speak with the queen bee, Rodica called as she had been told, and the queen bee appeared on Rodica's arm.

Then the king said, "Dear Queen bee, your bees have died, so many of them, to save me and my daughter. How can we ever repay you?"

The queen bee replied, "When your daughter saved me, she did it out of the goodness of her heart. So did we! But if you really want to help us, proclaim to all the people of this land that whenever possible they smell the sweet scented flowers and enjoy the wonders of nature, instead of trampling upon the delicate blossoms, or cutting them so that they die in their homes. That instead they allow them to live. This way, we will both enjoy them. The bees will be able to get the nectar out of them and make honey, and we will both benefit. Also, when people see us bees, don't pursue us or be



afraid of us. We just want to fly around and go our way. And when you take our honey, please leave some for us too."

The king smiled and gently said, "So be it!"

The wicked queen and her accomplices were sent away to prison forever. The new laws were enacted and the whole kingdom dutifully obliged.

Many years later the king died. The princess Rodica, now a grown woman, became queen, in the great Queensdom of Romania.

And, as far as I know, to this very day, the bees and people of that land live in harmony and peace, learning from each other as they did in bygone days.



Children's Corner:

Oat Meal - "Mush"-

Mama says, it's good for me
Twill warm up my inside,
And keep away the nasty bugs
That fight so hard to hide
In all those strange and funny places,
In ears and nose, on dirty faces.

But, oh! I wish that God forgot
To think of "Mush" for breakfast,
With all the others things he made,
He could really have neglected
This one disgusting yucky food,
That mamas say is so darn good.



Things I Hate

I hate new clothes;
They're stiff and scratchy.
I hate, "Isn't he cute!"
And, "Hey kids, here comes patchy."
I hate spinach.
Pepper makes me sneeze.
But most of all,
I hate liver and parmesan cheese.

Not My Day

I got a splinter in my thumb.
It hurt so bad,
I had to cry.
A 'rock' flew up when I played ball.
Wouldn't you know, it hit my eye.

I bumped my toe.
I skinned my knee.
I bit my tongue.
Got stung by a bee.
It wasn't my day!
Don't you agree?

Pets

I wanted a horse,
I got a dog.
I wanted a kitty.
I got a frog.
I wanted a goldfish.
Wouldn't you know?
I got a gerbil.
Minus one too.

Looking for a friend

My name is Tim,
And I am five.
I haven't a friend.
I've tried so hard.
To talk to Joe.
He only wants to lend
His bike to Ann,
The girl next door
Who plays with Jimmy Rowe.

Joe never says
Hello, to me,
And when I try to go
Across the wall
To join the fun,
He walks away and tells
The kids, I'm not to play
In any games,
'Cause I'm too small to run.

But I can run
And jump, this high!
Better than Joe or Jim.
I wonder why
Joe says mean things?
I'm never mean to him.

One day I hope
He'll be my friend.
I hope he'll talk to me
And let me play
With him and Ann
And Jimmy Lowe.
...Those three.

I hope that time
Will come real soon
'Cause now I'm sad inside.
I watch the kids
When they're at play
And think, I'd like to be
Across the wall
In Annie's yard.
Not hiding in a tree.

Lonely Time

It snowed all night,
And now the sun
Has brought the children out.
But Mama said
That I must stay
All day inside the house.

My throat is sore.
I have a cold.
I can't join in the fun.
I must lie down
And drink my soup
And read when that is done.

But, as I looked
Out at the snow,
I saw a pretty sight.
A baby flake
Came floating down
So small and soft and white
He landed on
My window pane
And sparkled in the night.

Then, as I watched
Him lying here,
I saw him shed a tear.
"You look so sad,"
I whispered then,
His voice I couldn't hear.

Another tear
Came rolling down
The little flake grew thin
And, on his face
I saw a frown
I was afraid for him.

But while I looked
His mama came
Opening her arms wide.
She held him tight
And wiped his tears
No need now, to hide.

And, all at once
More snowflakes came
To visit with their friend.
They laughed and talked
And had such fun...
It was a happy end!

Then on the wind
They flew away
To the land of snow.
And I was left
Alone again.
With no place to go.

My Goldfish

You won't believe
My goldfish tale.
But, it really happened
All the same.

I got a goldfish
When I was five.
I'm sad to say
It's no longer alive.

We tried so hard,
My sister and I,
Not to let
My goldfish die.

We changed the water
In his tank,
Gave him some food,
But still he sank,
Right to the bottom
And lay on his side.
"I think he's croaked,"
"Oh no!" I cried.

"We've got to save him!"
Then I knew...
The Pond! The duck pond!
That would do.

So to the pond
We took my pet.
The ducks hadn't eaten
Breakfast yet!

We snatched the goldfish
From their beaks
"Oh look, it's blood,"
I yelled, "he leaks!"

Then back we ran
To the house once more,
"Oh Mom, Oh Dad,
My fish is...sore."

But, mom by now
Had had enough.
"To the toilet, Jim."
"Oh no! don't flush!"

The last thing I saw
Was a flick of his tail.
"Thank goodness," said Mom
"It wasn't a whale!"

Gabriel wants to thank his father, Teodor, Christian for teaching him to love bees. From Teodor's grandfather who taught young Teodor bee-keeping, to Teodor's son who wrote *The Story of the Queen Bee*, the family tradition of loving and appreciating the bees' endless work continues. This fairy-tale was written for all the children who are afraid of bees. After they read it, they'll not be afraid of bees anymore.

Louise wants to thank her parents and her large family for being the source of inspiration in writing the *Children's Corner* poems. She wrote these poems for children in order to bring them captivating reading materials and motivate them to read in a fun way.



Gabriel Ghertasiu was born and spent his childhood in Romania. He spent his adolescence in Italy. He is a prolific journalist and writer. He also works as a geriatric-care manager. He now lives in New York.

Louise Ghertasiu was born and raised in Ireland. She taught English and history in the California and the Oregon Public Schools. She now writes historical, novelistic, fantasies. She now lives in Oregon.

To contact the authors and for orders, visit csandlgabriel@earthlink.net



www.PubInAmerica.com

