

# Bee

Originally written in Chinese during the second week of my first year of junior high school.

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I couldn't help but look into the distance.

There was a group of yellow-spotted flying objects. I watched them fly towards the blooming flowers, like a falling leaf, gently landing in the blossoms. So, I quietly walked over to see what was going on. It turned out that on these beautiful flowers were a group of bees, playfully interacting with the blooms.

It was a scene of vibrant flowers. In this season of approaching autumn winds and falling leaves, rainbow-like flowers were still in bloom. There was no one else here, just me and this group of lovely bees. The bees were clustered together, one after another, eagerly flying towards one blooming flower after another, so lively and bustling!

"I'm collecting honey!" they seemed to laugh.

"I'm collecting honey!" they buzzed.

Each bee was covered in nectar. The colors were pinkish and yellowish, and under the sun, they sparkled, reflecting light into my eyes. Look! That group of bees was energetically circling the flowers, even the butterfly sisters came to join in, creating a beautiful honey-collecting scene.

Suddenly, a bee flew towards me. The "buzzing" sound came from far away and grew closer, making me feel a sense of fear. I remembered the two times I had been stung by bees in the past. Back then, out of bravado and curiosity, I had used a bamboo pole to destroy the nest that the bees had built with their sweat, and so... Now, looking back, I feel it was all my own fault, and my strongest feeling is self-reproach. Thinking of this, I was no longer afraid, because I believe that bees are forgiving creatures and would give someone a chance to make amends.

I stood still, gazing. The bee flew closer to me, circled my head once, and still made me feel a little apprehensive. However, the bee was like a merciful God, like a long-awaited drop of rain landing on my shoulder. Instantly, a surge of warmth filled my heart, and I felt immense joy. It was as if the wounds in the hearts of those bees I had made homeless in the past were healed at this moment. At that moment, I wanted to touch the bee's tiny body, but the bee flew away, taking with it the melancholy that had been weighing on my heart, the melancholy about failing an exam. I was immersed in this beautiful moment, and everything else was temporarily non-existent. There was only spiritual peace and the joy of life.

Bees are great; they work silently every moment, quietly contributing to people. Therefore, we love bees and praise their hard work. Artists have painted many honey-collecting scenes, poets have written many poems praising bees, and even children who have just learned to speak sing, "Our life is sweeter than honey..."

But bees never ask for anything in return, as long as people treat them kindly. Yes, as long as we treat bees kindly, no, as long as we treat all living things kindly, treat everything in the world kindly, we will usher in a

new and beautiful world, embrace all that is good, and live happily. The glory of life will continue, and the river of life will be endless.

The sky darkened without me realizing it, and it was time for me to return to the teaching building for evening self-study. The bees also flew towards the dense forest, which was their home.

Walking, walking, I couldn't help but look back into the distance. With the help of the last rays of the sunset, I saw the bees lingering in the forest...