

小蜜蜂的跑腿清单

我是一只小蜜蜂，今天替春天跑腿儿。 / 任务单钉在蜂房门口：先去看迎春花，再喊桃花起床，最后给校门口的苹果树捎个信儿。 / 妈妈往我小书包里塞了两块花粉饼， / 又叮嘱我：见了花要有礼貌，不许冒失。

迎春花起得最早，校墙边排着一溜儿小黄花儿。 / 她探出小脑袋问我：冬天过去了没有？ / 我摆摆翅膀说：过去了过去了，春天已经走到镇口啦！ / 她高兴得花瓣直抖，塞给我一口甜露水，算是跑腿的工钱。 / 我咕咚喝掉，翅膀乐得嗡嗡响。

桃花还害羞呢，粉红的脸蛋躲在枝条后头。 / 我嗡嗡两声喊：快出来换衣裳，春天点名啦！ / 她们红着脸，一朵一朵打开，打开成一片粉红的云，盖住了半个山坡。 / 她们每人塞给我一张小卡片，托我转交给隔壁山坡的蜜蜂姐妹。

最后一件事最要紧，是替校门口那棵苹果树办的。 / 它去年冬天才栽下，枝头一朵花也没有，急得直掉叶子。 / 我落在枝尖上悄悄说：迎春花开了，桃花也开了，很快就轮到你。 / 苹果树的芽苞听了，好像鼓了一点点，在风里朝我点头，像跟整个春天拉了勾。

回家的路上要飞过操场，孩子们正在上体育课。 / 他们仰起脸冲我喊：小蜜蜂，小蜜蜂，去哪儿呀？ / 我绕着他们飞了一圈，大声说：去给春天送信儿！ / 一个小女孩踮起脚，朝我挥了挥手， / 手心亮晶晶的，像捧着一小片阳光。

回到家，我的任务单上沾满了花香。 / 妈妈问：都送到了吗？ / 我挺起小胸脯说：都送到了，一个没落下！ / 那天夜里我做了个梦， / 梦见校门口的苹果树挂满了红苹果， / 孩子们仰着头笑，我藏在最大的那个苹果里，也偷偷地笑。

The Little Bee Errand List

I am a little bee, and today I run errands for spring. / The task list is pinned to the door of the hive: first go see the winter jasmine, then call the peach blossoms out of bed, and last carry a message to the apple tree by the school gate. / Mama stuffed two pollen cakes into my little backpack, / and reminded me: be polite when you meet flowers, no rough manners.

The winter jasmine wakes the earliest, a row of little yellow flowers along the school wall. / She pokes out her little head and asks me: has winter gone away? / I flap my wings and say: it has gone, it has gone, spring has already walked to the town gate! / She is so glad her petals shake, and presses a mouthful of sweet dew into my hands, counting it as the pay for the errand. / I gulp it down, and my wings hum with joy.

The peach blossoms are still shy, their pink faces hiding behind the branches. / I buzz twice and shout: come out and change your clothes, spring is calling the roll! / Blushing, they open one by one, opening into a pink cloud that covers half the

hillside. / Each one presses a small card into my wing, asking me to pass it to the bee sisters on the next hill.

The last errand matters most, and it is for the apple tree by the school gate. / It was planted just last winter, with not a single flower on its branches, so worried it kept dropping leaves. / I land on the tip of a branch and whisper: the winter jasmine has opened, the peach blossoms have opened too, and soon it will be your turn. / The buds of the apple tree seem to swell a little when they hear this, nodding at me in the wind, as if making a promise with the whole of spring.

On the way home I fly over the playground, where the children are having PE class. / They lift their faces and shout at me: little bee, little bee, where are you going? / I circle around them once and answer loudly: to carry messages for spring! / A little girl rises on her toes and waves at me, / her palm shining bright, as if holding a small piece of sunshine.

When I get home, my task list is covered with the scent of flowers. / Mama asks: did you deliver everything? / I puff out my little chest and say: every one delivered, not a single one missed! / That night I had a dream, / dreaming the apple tree by the school gate hung full of red apples, / the children looked up and laughed, and I hid inside the biggest apple, laughing quietly too.