

the
LAST BEE



**On a small farm,
there lived a small bee.**



**The Last Bee
All Rights Reserved
©2026 Driscoll's**

**She was new,
but she was smart.**



**And quick.
And very, very busy.**

**Every morning,
she flew from
flower to flower.**



Turning blossoms into berries.



And berries into sweetness.



The bee was proud.



And happy.

**But then the air grew colder.
And the flowers grew fewer.**



**One by one,
the bees flew away.**



Until she was the only bee left.



**She tried to work harder.
But one bee was not enough.**



**She rested on a fence post.
Sad and tired.**



**Then she heard it. A faint buzz.
Somewhere in the distance.**



**She flew toward it.
The buzz grew louder.
And louder.**



**She stopped.
And stared.**

**Bees. Hundreds of bees.
Clustered together to keep warm.**

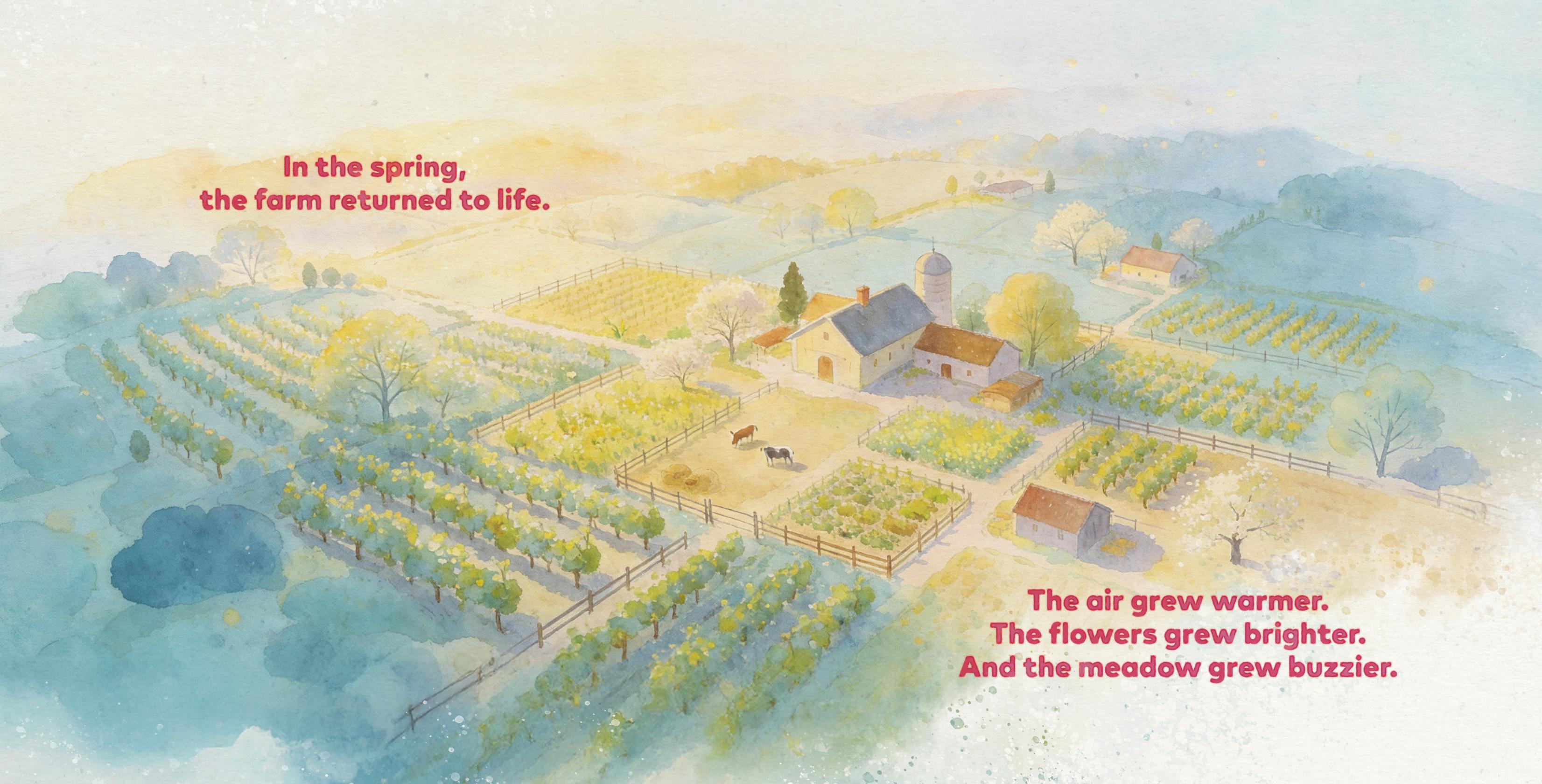




**She joined the hive.
She smiled.**



She slept.



**In the spring,
the farm returned to life.**

**The air grew warmer.
The flowers grew brighter.
And the meadow grew buzzy.**

The bee stretched her wings and flew again.

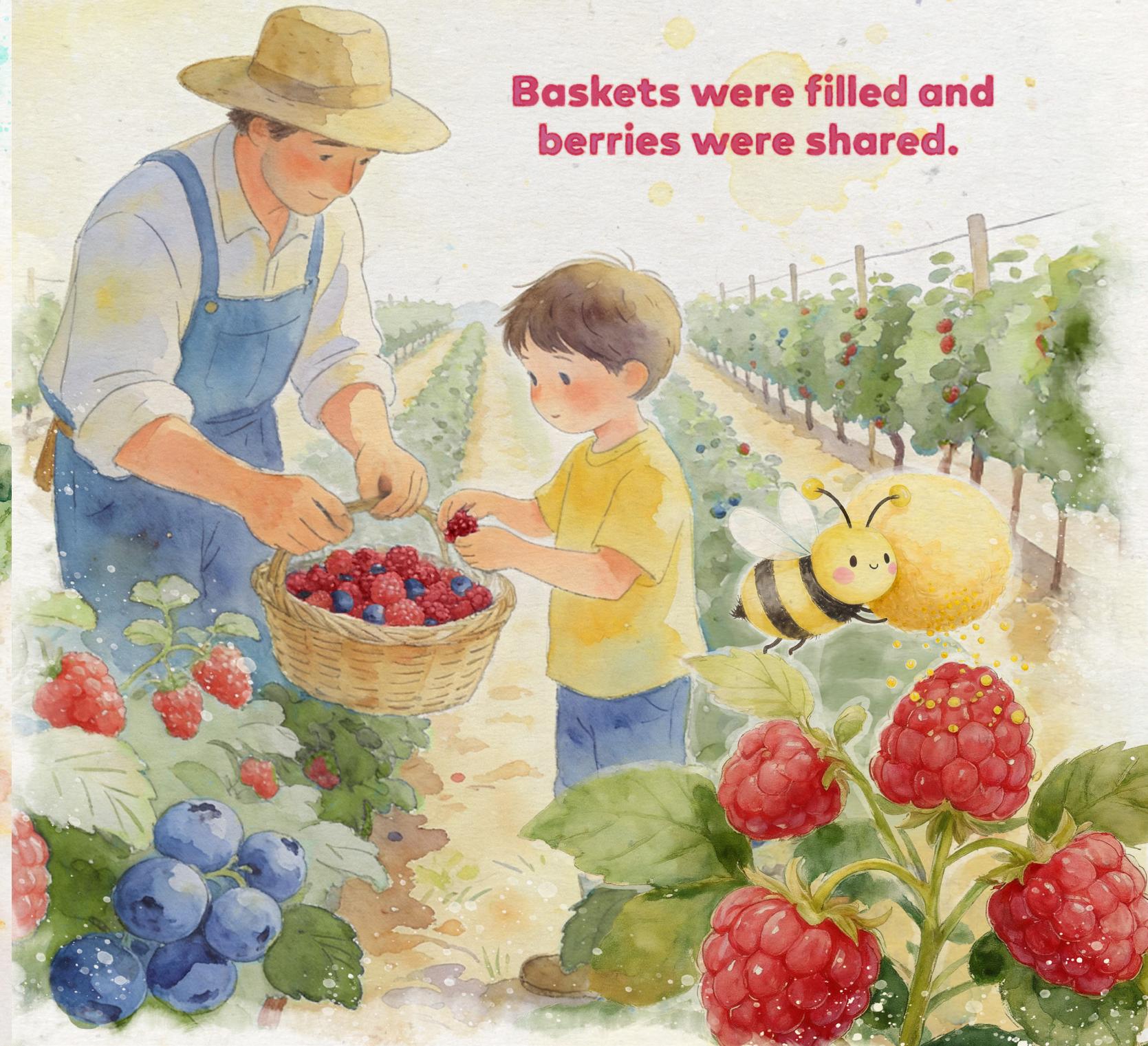


Soon, others joined.

**Drawn by the color.
The smell. The joy.**



**Baskets were filled and
berries were shared.**





And happy.

The bee was proud.



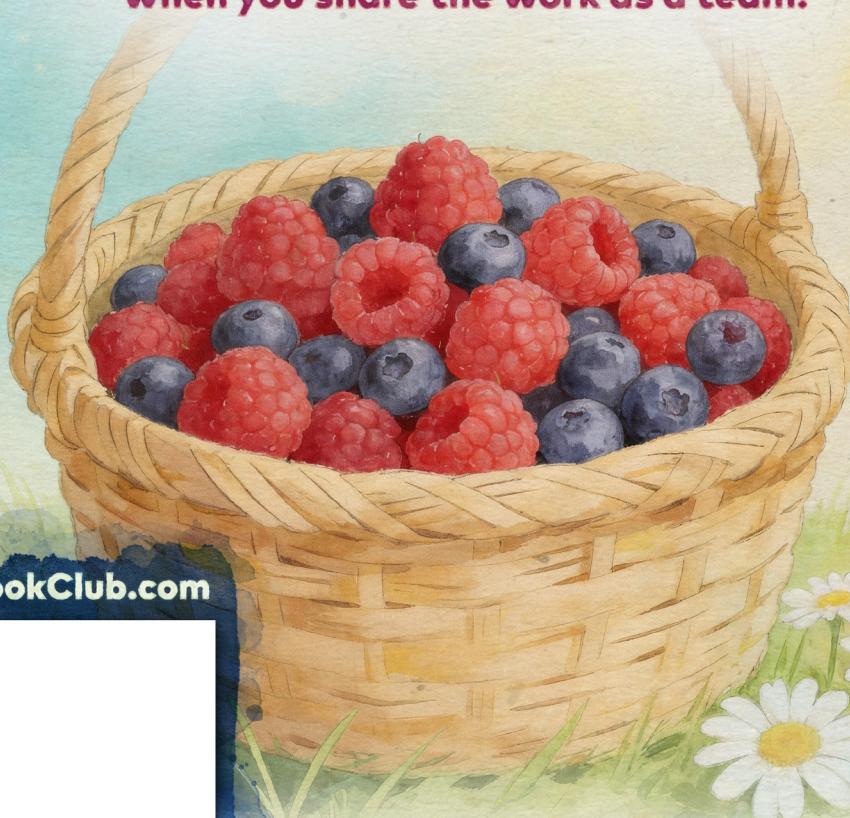
Turning blossoms into berries.



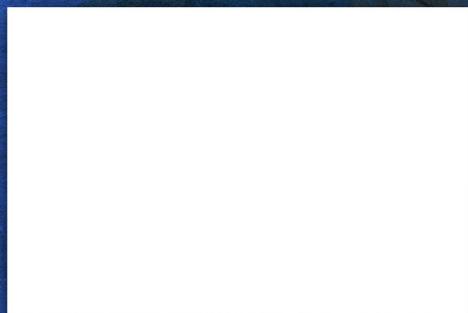
And berries into sweetness.

the LAST BEE

**Berries need bees to grow.
But one bee can't do all the work.
Discover how real sweetness comes
when you share the work as a team.**



BerryPatchBookClub.com



Driscoll's
Only the Finest Berries™

Reading
Is Fundamental.