

Bee Strike

A Story for All Ages by Aaron McEmrys

There once was a President whose favorite thing in the whole world was a peanut butter, banana and honey sandwich. He started eating them when he was a little boy, but his parents also used to make him eat other things as well, like broccoli, for example. But once he became President, he said to his mother, his father and all of his advisors, “No. I will not eat broccoli. I am the President of the United States of America, and I will eat whatever I please – and I wish to eat PBBH sandwiches!

The President’s chef had a nervous breakdown less than a month later because he started to go crazy from making nothing but peanut butter, banana and honey sandwiches all day long. But the President would not be denied – so he had a whole bunch of engineers from NASA design a special robot whose only job was to make PBBH sandwiches just the way the President liked them.

Soon peanut butter, banana and honey sandwiches were a national craze. Everybody wanted to be like the President, and that meant eating what the president ate. It started with all the members of Congress, who first demanded that only PBBH sandwiches would be served in the cafeteria and then changed the name of the sandwich from peanut butter, banana and honey (which they all felt took too long to say) to “Freedom Food”, which they thought had a patriotic ring to it.

So not everybody was eating Freedom Food all day long because if you didn’t, people might think you were against America. So everywhere

one looked there were supermodels like Tyra Banks, sports stars like LeBron James and Tiger Woods and fictional pop stars like Hannah Montana on TV grinning at the cameras with their faces full of peanut butter, their fingers always sticky and smeared with honey.

And once the President, the politicians and the celebrities started doing it – then EVERYBODY in America started doing it – and all the peanut farmers in Georgia started buying Rolls Royce's.

But there was one really big problem. The bees couldn't keep up – they just couldn't make enough honey for everybody in America to eat peanut butter, banana and honey sandwiches every day. They complained, but the President just demanded they work a little harder: so they worked in shifts around the clock, and even closed all the schools so the little-kid bees could go to work in the honey factories. They abolished weekends, so there were no more Saturday morning cartoons or bumblebee soccer leagues. They were even forced to kick the bees that were too old or sick to work out of the hive to make room for more honey storage.

No matter what they tried, and no matter what strict new rules the President laid down, the bees simply couldn't make enough honey for all those sandwiches!

But one day something very interesting happened. A worker bee that lived in a hive right here in Southern California decided that enough was enough. His name was Cesar, and he was one of the most respected bees around. Cesar called a meeting of the hive and hovering up in the

air where all the bees could see him, said, “This is no good, my friends! We cannot go on like this – we are living like animals, but we are not animals – we are bees, and we deserve some respect around here! We deserve to send our children to school, to go to the doctor when we get sick and to have some free time every day so we can relax and be with our families – and it’s time for everyone to stop taking us for granted and to start treating us with the respect and dignity we deserve!”

All the bees buzzed very loudly, which is how bees cheer, and they hoisted Cesar the Bee onto their little bee shoulders and started to put his plan into action.

The first thing they did was stop making honey. Every bee in the hive simply flew off the assembly line at the same time. Other bees flew out to all the other hives, and soon all those hives had stopped work as well. Right about this time, the President received a strange postcard in the mail. On one side was a list of all the bee’s demands – healthcare, education, better working conditions, vacation time and so on – and on the other side was a picture of a peanut butter, banana and honey sandwich with a big red ‘X’ through it! The bees were officially on strike!

The President was furious, and he sent soldiers to take over all the hives and force the bees to make honey, but the bees had lookouts stationed all around and saw the soldiers coming. So by the time the soldiers surrounded the hives, all the bees were gone. Some people say that the bee’s good friends the hummingbirds had showed them the secret way

to the fabled Hummingbird Hideout, a sanctuary that no human could ever find.

The American people tried to go on living (and eating) just like always, but it was getting harder and harder to find any honey in any grocery store anywhere, and everyone agreed that a peanut butter, banana and honey sandwich with no honey was just not so good – and everyone was very upset and famous celebrities were photographed throwing tantrums at expensive restaurants because there was no honey on the menu.

The President, being so rich and powerful, did have honey for a while, long after all the rest of America was going without. But after a while even the giant White House honey pot was empty and the President was worried – but he was not ready to give in to the bees demands just yet.

But one night the President came home after a really bad day – the President of Russia had made fun of his new suit, the Premier of Uzbekistan refused to let him use their country as a giant landfill and the King of Sardinia called him a creep! It was a terrible day, and whenever the President had a terrible day the only things that made him feel better was big triple dose of Freedom Food, a peanut butter, banana and honey sandwich! But alas there was no honey.

The President raged! He bellowed! He threatened! He even held his breath until his face turned purple, but still there was no honey. Finally he broke down and wept at his desk, blowing his nose sadly in the curtains of the Oval Office.

“Fine! I give up! Get that Cesar Bee on the phone right away. Tell him they’ve won – they can have their stupid weekends, they can have their dratted healthcare and their precious schools – they can even take some seasons off every year – let them have whatever they need – but get me a peanut butter, banana and honey sandwich RIGHT NOW!!!”

And so it was that just a few hours later flashbulbs flashed, taking the now famous photograph of the President of the United States carefully shaking forelegs with Cesar the Bee, who smiled at the cameras and said, “This is a small step for one bee, but an giant step for all Bee-kind!”

And that, my friends, is why bees only work during certain seasons, pollinating certain plants at certain times. It is also why peanut butter, banana and honey sandwiches are not as popular as they once were, now being served only on the most special of occasions! That is the agreement, and woe to anyone who tries to break it.

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