

The last Bee

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The police came, their sirens wailing. As soon as they arrived the silence was deafening. The officers stood around the boy, serious at first, then annoyed.

"He's dead."

"But officer ..."

"For God's sake, it's just a bee."

"But officer ..."

"But what?! We have better things to do."

"That's the last bee in the world," said the boy, putting his cell back into his pocket.

"The world!" exclaimed the officer, pretending to be surprised. "The whole wide world."

The boy nodded.

"Well, he's dead, son."

"It's a she. The queen."

"She's dead, then. What difference does it make?"

"Lots," said the boy, picking the bee up from the road by a glassy wing and cradling her in his hand.

The officers shifted their weight from side to side. They wanted to go.

The boy walked off, still cradling the last bee in the world.

"Kids," said one, and the rest chuckled.

"The last bee! How impossible is that!" quipped another, and they all laughed.

A cloud covered the sun and suddenly it seemed dark. The boy looked so small and somehow it wasn't funny anymore.