

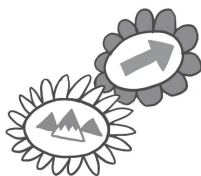


*To our bee-utiful readers,  
Bee kind to each other and to nature.  
And most importantly . . . Bee Yourself.*

*– Mo O'Hara*

*Dedicated to Miri and our new adventures.*

*– Aya Kakeda*



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# Honey's Hive

**BEE A  
LEADER**



**Mo O'Hara**

ILLUSTRATED BY

*Aya Kakeda*



ANDERSEN PRESS



# Chapter 1

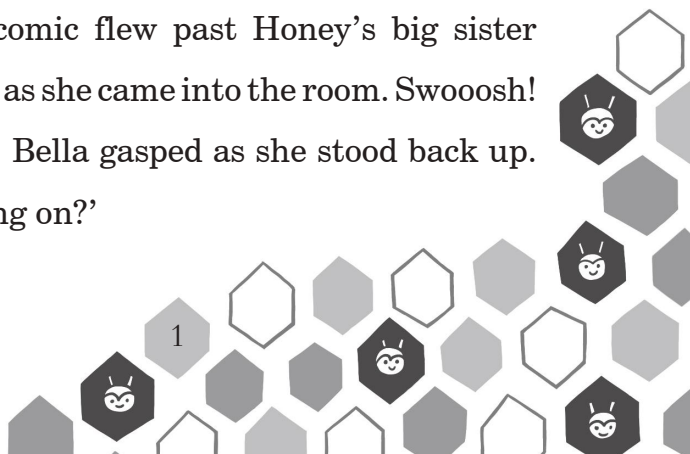
Honey buzzed around her room in a tizz. Her wonky antennae flicked back and forth as she swung her head from left to right and up and down, scanning the honeycomb cell.

‘Ooooh, where are they?’ she mumbled to herself.

Honey was making a mess. A massive mess. The kind of mess that would send cleaner bees into overdrive. All six arms and legs were flinging things around and about.

A bee comic flew past Honey’s big sister Bella’s head as she came into the room. Swooosh!

‘Whoa,’ Bella gasped as she stood back up. ‘What’s going on?’



‘Mmm I mman’t mmmind mmy mmmetal mmmadges,’ came Honey’s muffled answer. Her head was still stuck under the cover of her bed as she carried on searching.

‘And again, so I can understand you,’ Bella said as Honey popped out from under the cover.

‘Oh, sorry. I can’t find my Petal Badges. I want to show them to Fred before the camping trip.’

‘Your badges from when you went on Bee Camp?’ Bella asked.





‘Yeah. I’m sure I put them somewhere really important.’ Honey scratched the bit of head between her antennae and thought.



‘Did you check your memory chest?’ Bella asked. She raised an eyebrow, crossed her arms and waited for a reply.

OK, bees don’t actually have eyebrows so this isn’t totally accurate, but she gave Honey a look that basically said, ‘I know you haven’t done this but I’m going to ask you anyway.’ It’s like if at home you are asked, ‘Have you looked for your lost homework in your backpack?’ You know the look and you definitely need to raise an eyebrow to make it work.

Go on. Try it. I’ll wait . . . See? Right, back to Honey and Bella.

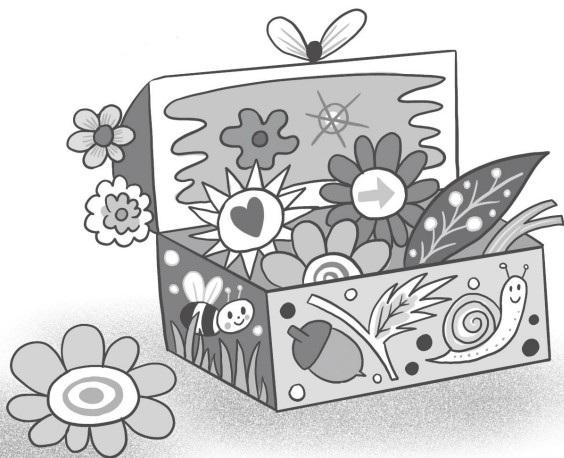
‘I would look in my memory chest,’ Honey said and then paused and looked down at the floor. ‘But I can’t find my memory chest.’

‘Try under the bed,’ Bella said. ‘That’s where it was the last time you lost it.’

Honey dived under the bed and pulled out a small box. On the top were the words: *This is a box of extremely important and special things that I must not ever, ever, ever lose.*

And then written under that was: *Always put in an extra super safe place.*

‘Phew,’ Honey said to herself as she opened it.



Inside was a treasure trove of stuff from when Honey was a little bee. Maps she had drawn, shiny pebbles she had collected, and of course her much-loved Petal Badges.

Honey scooped up the badges and flitted out of the room. ‘I’ll clean up when I’m back,’ she shouted to Bella.

‘Mmmm hmmm.’ Bella rolled her eyes. ‘You’re always buzzing off somewhere.’

‘Sorry! Hex, Beanie and Fred are waiting for me,’ Honey said. ‘Bye.’

Honey flew down the corridors of the hive and out the front entrance with a smile on her face and a snap in her sting. She was off to meet her friends.





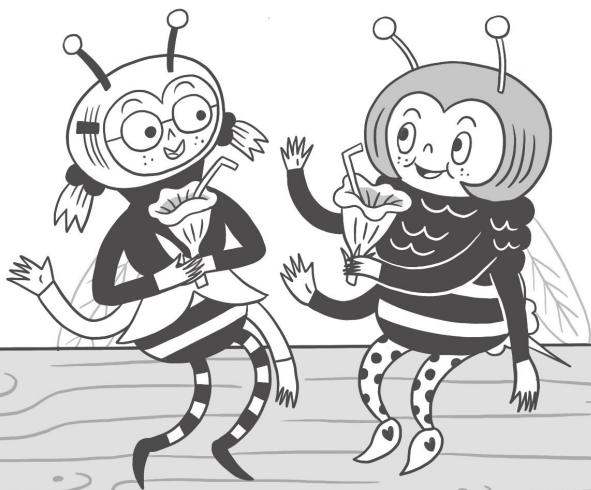
Honey fluttered outside and landed on the front deck of the hive. It was a chilly early morning at the end of summer. One of those mornings that make you realise autumn has nearly arrived. The sun flecked through the tree branches and the wind blew her little antennae so they bounced in the breeze. As she looked around the garden on the roof of the tall building where they lived, she could see all the little insects getting started with their day.

‘Good morning, Mr Worm,’ she shouted over to a nearby flowerpot. Mr Worm grunted, mumbled something about ‘Dirt today isn’t what it used to be’ and dug back into the ground.

‘How’s it fluttering, Bob?’ She waved to a butterfly circling overhead.

Bob cheerfully waved back and flew off towards some daisies. Honey smiled and flicked through the small stack of Petal Badges she was carrying.

She spotted Hex and Beanie resting on a bench in the garden. She zoomed over and slapped her Petal Badges on the ground below them. ‘Check these out!’ she said.

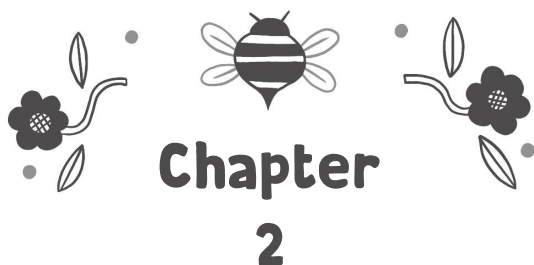


‘Oh, you found yours too. They’re such a blast from the past,’ Hex said. She took out her badges and put them next to Honey’s.

‘I know,’ Beanie said, picking up a badge and looking at the leaf embroidery on it. ‘We had so much fun doing our Petal Badges in Bee Camp.’

‘What’s Bee Camp?’ a voice said from above the bee friends.





## Chapter 2

Fred, flat fly (because he lived in a flat, not a house) and friend of Honey and the gang, was buzzing overhead. ‘What are you guys looking at?’

‘Come and see, Fred,’ Honey said. ‘We’re getting ready for a special camping trip. Miss Ivy has asked us to help out this year and it got us thinking about our old Bee Camp adventures.’

‘We were just talking about our Petal Badges,’ Beanie added.

Fred landed by the group. He picked up one of the badges and read what it said. ‘Bee Building Badge?’

‘That’s one of mine,’ smiled Hex. ‘We had to build shelters, remember?’ she said to Honey and Beanie.

‘I remember mine kept falling down.’ Beanie laughed. ‘I did the Bee Larvae Care Badge. Oh, and the Bee Baking Badge too.’

‘I did the navigating badge and the survival one,’ said Honey.

‘So you did all this stuff at Bee Camp, and they only gave you Petal Badges in return?’ Fred said. ‘Did you get any food as a reward for building a shelter or navigating a way home? I mean, that sounds like hungry work to me. There had to be a sweet snack at the end, right?’

The bees giggled. ‘Nope. No cake, just a Petal Badge,’ Honey said.

‘But I think badges are better,’ Beanie said. ‘I mean, once you eat your cake it’s gone but the Petal Badge is for ever.’

‘True.’ Fred nodded. ‘I guess I’m more of a cupcakes today versus badges tomorrow kind of fly.’ He thought for a second. ‘Actually, I think if



there were Fly Campers, which there aren't, we would come up with edible badges.'

'So you guys don't have anything like Bee Camp to help you learn life skills?' Honey asked.

'We just learn by watching each other and then generally NOT doing what your cousin fly did that got them in trouble,' Fred said.

'I learned NOT to try to get

the last drop of fizzy

drink from a paper

straw by watching

Cousin Pete get

sucked into a

human's mouth and

spat out again.'



'Oh dear,' Beanie said.

'And I learned NOT to eat the chewing gum off someone's shoe by watching Cousin Clem get squished into bubblegum between the

treads on a trainer.' He paused. 'We had to eat him free once the person sat down.'

'You had to eat him???' Hex asked alarmed.

'No. We had to eat all the bubblegum around him to free him,' Fred explained. 'There were a lot of volunteers. It was cherry flavour.'

'Well, we did have warm nectar around the camp light, remember?' Beanie said. 'I guess that counts as a sweet treat.'



‘It sure does,’  
Honey agreed.

‘I flew by a  
human campsite  
one time and they  
had marshmallows  
that they toasted on



sticks in the fire.’ Fred fell back into a happy  
memory of sugary marshmallow. ‘You had to be  
careful not to get stuck though. Marshmallow is  
spiderweb-sticky if you get too close.’

‘That sounds too sticky for me,’ Hex said.

‘Too sticky for any bee,’ a voice said  
from above.

Miss Ivy, the headteacher of Bee School  
hovered over the friends.

‘Ahhhhhhhhhh!’ Fred yelled, looking  
up startled. ‘What did we do?’

‘Nothing.’ Miss Ivy smiled. ‘Yet.’



Hex looked up at the sun. ‘Oh no! We’re late to meet the little Bee Campers!’

‘I suspected you might be a bit overexcited about this little mission.’ Miss Ivy landed on the ground.

‘Sorry, Miss Ivy, we got distracted showing Fred our Petal Badges,’ Honey said.

Miss Ivy looked down at the Petal Badges on the ground. ‘Ah, you still have them.’

‘Of course,’ Beanie said, smiling.

‘Well, that is good. You can show them to the new Bee Campers. Maybe the badges will

inspire them.’ Miss Ivy tutted. ‘We have quite an interesting group this year.’

‘I’m sure you said the same about our group of Bee Campers too, Miss Ivy,’ Honey joked.

‘The hive is growing so fast. There’s a large number of young bees this year. I’m glad you could all help out by taking a group camping,’ Miss Ivy said.

‘Wait, we’re taking a group of Bee Campers?’ Fred asked.

‘Well, I hadn’t thought you would want to join too, Fred, but I’ll take that as you volunteering to help. Splendid.’ Miss Ivy smiled and fluttered up and headed towards the hive. ‘Come along, all of you. And please bring your badges with you. We don’t want to misplace them now, do we?’ she added.

Obviously, she was looking away from the friends when she said that last bit because she was flying and

a safe bee flyer always looks in the direction they are flying. Of course, Miss Ivy is an absolutely safe bee flyer. Still, even though Miss Ivy was definitely not looking AT Honey when she said, 'We don't want to misplace them now, do we?' Beanie, Hex and Fred all definitely knew that she was talking TO Honey.

Honey had already taken off into the air (keen to start a new mission) and had completely forgotten about her badges.

'Honey!' shouted her three friends, pointing towards Honey's badges still lying on the ground.

'Ooops! Got 'em.' Honey swooped down and scooped them up into her pollen pockets. 'Off on our next adventure we go!' she said.