

Once upon a time, there were many little seeds sat on a hard rock. It was very dark, there was no air and it hadn't rained for a very, very long time. The seeds were sad; they wanted to be beautiful flowers and trees, but they couldn't grow without the sun, the rain, the soil or air. They just had to wait and hope that soon they would be able to grow.

One day, there was a little breath of air and then another. Before not too long there was a steady stream of fresh air blowing gently over the seeds. They took a huge breath and quivered in the breeze.

Could the seeds start to grow yet? No! Because there was no soil to keep them safe, no water to drink nor light to help them grow.

A few days later, the ground started to shake and rumble. Soil began to fall onto the seeds from the cliff above, covering them like a snugly blanket and making them feel warm and safe. The seeds were happy – but could they start to grow yet? No! Why? Because there was no water to drink nor light to help them grow.

Another day passed. The seeds were still patiently waiting to grow. A drop of rain fell from the sky, followed by another, then another....

Pretty soon it was raining hard. The seeds were thirsty, they drank up the water and as they drank, they began to swell up, getting bigger and bigger and rounder and rounder.

Could the seeds grow yet? No! Because it was still dark and there was no light to help them grow.

After a while, the rain stopped falling, the clouds parted and the sun appeared bringing light and warmth. At last, the seeds could begin to grow. First little roots appeared, then tiny curled shoots. The shoots slowly uncurled and grew tall and straight, reaching up to the sky. The flowers burst from their buds and raised their faces to the warm sun. Their nectaries were full to the brim with nectar and their anthers jam-packed with pollen. Their feet were anchored in the soil and their leaves quivered and swayed in the wind. A meadow of beautiful flowers had grown.

The sun shone brightly, there was a gentle breeze and a bumblebee gently buzzed from flower to flower looking for sweet, sugary nectar to drink and rich, fattening pollen to eat or collect in her pollen baskets for the baby bumblebee larvae back at the nest. As she flew from flower to flower, some of the pollen she'd collected on her hairy body brushed off on a new flower so it became pollinated. The petals withered, the flower died back and new seeds were made that fell onto the ground ready to grow the following year.