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Good Night, Little Sunná

p 2

Sunná is a little bumblebee,
who is round and woolly,
brave and kind.
And tonight she really
doesn't want to go to sleep.

p 4

Sunná wants to fly
back and forth,
here and there,
up and down,
in windows and corners,
to the north and the south.

p 6

Sunná is like an aeroplane
with a full tank.

Swooshhhh!

She wants to travel and see things.
Fly away from her home,
fly wherever she wants.

p 8

But Daddy says:
“Bedtime.”

Mummy says:

“Your bed is ready.”

Granddad shakes his head.

Granny just laughs.

Sunná is not listening.

She can fly so fast.

p 10

Swooshhhh

they hear when Sunná takes off.

Nyooooooooon

they hear when she is on her way down.

Nyeeeeeeeen

when she flies up again.

p 12

Sunná zips out of the beehive,

and heads straight towards the dandelion.

That’s her favourite.

She drinks the sweet nectar

that she sucks out of the flower.

p 14

Sunná flies from flower to flower.

She sucks nectar

from the bluebell,

the clover,

and the buttercup.

p 16

Suddenly Sunná realises
that she is lost.

The beehive is gone.

She can't see Mummy and Daddy,
or Granny and Granddad.

p 18

This is a new place,
with new plants and new insects.

"Can you help me
find my way home?"

Sunná asks a fly.

But it's just a child
who can't help her.

p 20

"Can you help me
find my way home?"

Sunná asks a ladybird.

The ladybird isn't from here
and can't help her.

p 22

Sunná begins to buzz
as bumblebees do.

She makes a lot of noise:

Hurrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

And even louder:

Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!

The little fly and the ladybird

help with the buzzing.

p 24

Then Mummy and Daddy come.
They find Sunná
who was calling for help.
Sunná thanks the fly and the ladybird
for their hurrrrrr
and their bzzzzzzz.

p 26

At home Sunná has
some good, warm nectar.
It's so nice
to be home again,
in the cosy, safe
beehive.

p 28

She doesn't want to fly and explore.
Now she is tired
and wants to rest.
She lands on her own bee-bed.
Mummy covers her with a blanket.
She gives Sunná a cuddle
and says softly,
"Good night, little Sunná."

p 30

But Sunná doesn't hear her.
She is already dreaming,
and is flying here and there,
up and down.

Swooshhhh!