

A Bunny and The Bee

Dedicated to my beautiful, amazing, kind, and sweet Gatita Bee.

You have given me the purpose and ability to venture and see the flowers without fear.

You make my heart so full. You give me life. I love you, Gatita.

I.

The Thud

A Bunny lived in a small, modest wooden cabin. The cabin from the outside was ordinary, resembling many others in the area. The Bunny had his own room in the cabin. But his room did not have a lot in it. He kept things plain and simple. He thought that he liked it that way. He was not sure what to keep in his space so he never did add much to it. He always second guessed anything new or felt it was too much anyways. So he stuck with what he had.

The Bunny lived with his parents. They gave him the freedom to do whatever he wanted as long as he was safe. He could go out and see all the plants and parts of the forest as he pleased. They did not mind if he ventured and was out by himself, even at night (but not too dark, they always said). But he never did.

The Bunny always wanted to forage through the forest and find flowers and other mysterious treats. But he never did. He never could. He was always too afraid to go out. He feared taking anything back with him to his cabin. What would his parents say? Where would it go? What would he do? He was even afraid to go out to the flowers too. He always loved gazing at them through the window in the living room of the cabin. He had a perfect sight of a beautiful field of flowers that was a short walk away. He never could find the courage to go all the way to the field though.

The Bunny loved when it just finished raining and right after the rain passed, when the sun would creep out and all the plants were in their glory. He wanted to go over their way and get some fresh air in the presence of the sun. Yet he got too nervous. He got scared with loud noises. He was afraid of the dark. He was young and too timid. The path from his house to the flower field was short but dangerous to him. But he loved the flowers, even if he saw them from afar. He got so in his head that he got scared at just the thought of going out, even when everything was okay.

When the sun was shining a beautiful harmony between hot and cool, the flowers especially drew the Bunny's attention. He loved gazing over and squinting into the distance, trying to get a look at their beauty. They were always just a little bit too far away yet he never felt like he could get closer.

One day, the sun was shining right after a gentle rain. It was warm but not too hot. It was cool but not too cool. It was wet but not too wet. He went right to the window and gazed over to the flowers. Wow, he thought. They look so amazing. The myriad of colors was such a sight to behold. He felt how he always felt on beautiful days like these. Happy but extremely sad. He wanted to leave his cabin and enjoy the fresh air but got nervous like always.

He started going over to the door but stopped. He could not do it. Something was holding him back. The Bunny always held himself back. He walked back over to the window.

Bang!

Thud!

THUD!

He got so scared when the loud thud made his whole body shake. He covered his eyes and wished that nothing bad would happen. He wished everything would get better and he would not always be so scared. He was so timid and scared by loud noises. Even the thought of a loud noise would put him into a state of panic.

When he finally mustered the courage to open his eyes, it was different than usual. It was like everything in the world vanished. His mind was quiet. For a moment, all of his worries and fears were quelled. At that moment, which felt like the best moment of his life, he laid eyes on the most beautiful Bee outside his window

greeting the flowers with beauty and joy. Her wings were golden yellow. Her eyes were a beautiful deep honey brown. *Woah*. He did not know something could be that beautiful.

He felt something that he had never felt before. The Bunny felt afraid but not in a way that typically felt bad. *I am going to do it*, he thought to himself. He felt a sense of purpose and determination that was never there. The Bunny was going to open his door and make his way over to the flowers and if he was lucky the Bee would still be there. The most beautiful, cute, and adorable Bee he had ever seen. He had to do it. He could not let this Bee fly away without trying first. He must see a beauty like that up close and in person.

He talked himself into opening the door and when he finally did he could not believe what he was doing. He started hopping over to the flower field, right where the Bee was. It was not going to take more than a few minutes but he was always scared with all the branches and loud noises. He was hopping excitedly.

Thud! BANG!

His heart dropped. He stopped and curled up into a ball right where he was, almost halfway between his cabin and where he last saw the Bee. He couldn't do it. He had to go back. He was scared and felt like he was crazy to try to go out to the field. He was going to go back to the cabin and avoid being reckless. He felt like he could never get over his fears. He stayed curled up and started to whimper softly. *I'll never see the Bee again*, he thought. *She's going to be gone. She was so beautiful and I'll never get to see her again.*

II.

The Greeting

While the Bunny was curled up, trying to protect itself the Bee saw him and wondered if he might need some cheering up. She was with the flowers when all of a sudden there was a *thud!* followed by a *bang!* and before she knew it her eyes were stuck on a cute white Bunny with small black dots. She was in awe, even if she did not know it yet. She wondered what was going on with the Bunny and was curious. She had seen many bunnies before but something about this one seemed different to her.

The Bee lived with many others but always desired to go out and see the world. She loved the flowers and loved the forest. She loved flying and seeing as much as she could, trying to not be held back by anything. That is, until she had to go back home to her part in the forest to her parents and would sneak out the next day.

The Bee lived in a large, beautiful hive. The hive was unique and everybody put in all their effort to make it thrive. The Bee lived with her parents who wanted to protect her and did not want her wandering off. If they knew she was in a flower field, far away from her hive, she didn't even know what they would have said or done. But that did not matter right now. She was in a world where she could be free, if only for a little while and wanted to relish every moment of it.

The Bee wanted to greet the Bunny. So she said bye to the yellow tulip she was visiting and flew her way over to the Bunny. She was not nervous. She felt excited to hopefully meet a new friend. She was always looking for more friends.

She flew for a few minutes, when she finally made it right before where he was curled up. Now the nerves started kicking in. *Do I say hi? Do I leave a note since he might be sleeping? What is he going to think if I just say something?* She started to

question herself. No, *I wanted to get a new friend and I do not always have these opportunities*, she thought. Now was her chance.

“Pst. Uhm. Pst. Hey, I was wondering if you want to be friends, you seem cool!” the Bee said in the direction of the Bunny.

Uh, me? Is that to me? What is going on? The Bunny thought, with his head still curled up in his lap. Whoever that is must be talking to somebody else.

“Hey, are you ok?” the Bee said a little louder and more direct.

I think that’s to me. I better say something and go back to my cabin, I am so scared and I do not want to talk to anybody right now, he thought.

“Yea” the Bunny said quietly, slowly emerging from his position, starting to look up. He was ready to hop back to his cabin, when he realized. It was her. It was the most beautiful Bee he was trying to build the courage to get closer to. *How did she find me*, he thought. *Am I dreaming? This cannot be real.*

She looked even more beautiful close up. She looked like a goddess. She looked as if there were a goddess of all goddesses, and she was it. She looked like the most beautiful and perfect thing to ever live.

He looked scared and timid. He looked fearful of everything. He looked cute, though. He had a way about himself that was adorable. He looked like he might be soft and cuddly,

“Good, I am glad. I saw you from across the field and wanted to say hi, you look so cool!” the Bee said.

She... thinks I am cool? Wow. The Bunny never heard anybody tell him that before. Nobody had ever come across a field of flowers to say hi and check if he was okay. *This is unreal, she is so beautiful,* he thought.

While the Bunny was thinking to himself there was a long silence until the Bee asked, "I was wondering if you would want to meet me out in the flowers sometime?" She did not know what came over her. He barely said a word to her yet she wanted to spend more time with him. She felt something that her exploration and journeying had never given her before. She felt a tingle in her wings that crept down into her heart.

"Well..." the Bunny quietly murmured. He thought about it and was thinking of all the ways he could say no since he always got himself so scared to go out to the flowers. He would not be able to see her. He would get scared. *Stop! If this is not fate, I do not know what is,* he thought. He interrupted his own thoughts. He looked to her sweet eyes, unaware he had this ability and spoke.

"Yes, I would enjoy that," he finally said, loud enough that she could hear his voice in its entirety. He knew this Bee was too beautiful to say no to. He knew he wanted to explore the flowers with her. He knew he wanted to see everything with her. He knew this was the one for him. A beautiful Bee who was sweeter than everything in the world.

His voice is so soft, she thought. *It sounds like a symphony.* She never thought about anybody's voice as a symphony before. In fact, she never even considered if people's voices were nice or not and here she was marveling over this Bunny. She had to play it cool. He seemed a little uninterested and she did not want to overwhelm him with her raw emotions.

“I will see you here tomorrow, then” she said with a beautiful, divine, and wonderful smile. And she flew off.

He will wait until tomorrow. She will wait, too.

III.

Thinking

She flew away buzzing, so ever beautiful. In a matter of moments, she was gone from the Bunny’s eyes. She did not go back to the field of flowers, but took a right, where it was difficult for the Bunny to see. He could not see her any longer, she had flown too far away. He felt sad that she was out of his sight. He could not believe she was so close to him.

But then what just happened hit him. *She wants to see me tomorrow!?* *That beautiful Bee wants to see me?* He was in shock. He couldn’t believe it.

The Bunny started to get really nervous. How was he going to muster the courage to go see her? How was he going to face the loud noises and the scariness surrounding him? He started to doubt himself, like usual. He always came up with all the reasons he could not do something instead of focusing on what he could do. Something was starting to shift, though. The Bunny found himself ignoring the side of him that was doubtful and was surprised at his next thoughts.

She is worth it, he thought. *I can do it*, he thought.

He will wait until tomorrow and then go to the field and see that beautiful Bee. He will do it. The Bee gave him a sense of purpose and determination that never showed its presence before.

So that's what he wanted to do. He was going to wait...

...and wait...

...and wait...

...and wait some more...

Until there was no more waiting to be done and tomorrow came. Maybe he'd even wait right where he was, all through the night, and until the afternoon that way he did not have to venture back to his cabin. He quickly gave that idea up. He would make it back to his cabin and hop back tomorrow.

If only it was that easy. How could he do that if he could not even leave his cabin? How could he wait if he did not even know what to do? He always wanted to go outside but he did not know how to face his fears. Yet he just did it. He wanted to be brave but something told him no. He always found excuses and for once wanted to be brave. But he had to wait.

What if tomorrow never comes, he thought to himself. He was scared and did not know what to do. He had curled himself out of his ball to get a glimpse at the Bee but started naturally shrinking back into his ball. That was safe. That was comfortable. He hid himself within his fur, so nobody could see him. He was safe in his fur. But he knew that he was not safe when he was hiding. Not truly, anyways.

The Bunny knew, deep down, that always hiding was not good and that this feeling that the Bee brought out of him was something that he had to chase. How could he be safe if he is too scared to go out and greet the flowers? How could he be safe when he was hiding from himself? He knew that he needed to get strength and courage. He felt like the Bee gave him that. He felt like this Bee was starting to change his life even if they just met for a moment. Her beauty transfixed him. Her

eyes seduced his attention. Her smile made him feel a tingle that he had never ever experienced before.

He needed to get up out of his ball. He needed to get back to his cabin before it got too dark. He felt stuck. No. He was going to do it. No, *stay*. He did not know what to do. He always felt like he could not do what he wanted. He felt scared and did not know how to act on what he wished.

Shwomp! Thud!

A loud thud scared the Bunny. His ears perked all the way up. His legs jumped out from under him and he found himself running to his cabin without even knowing what was going on until he was in and he closed the door behind him. Phew, he was back. It only took him getting scared for his life to act on what he needed to. How silly could he be that he was going to wait in the dark because he could not go outside.

When he got back inside, the Bunny was exhausted from being timid and scared and climbed right into his bed. He could not fall asleep, though. He lay awake dreaming. He replayed the moment he first got a glimpse of the Bee. He thought about how soft her voice was. He dreamed of her wings, her eyes, her sweetness. He was fascinated by her beauty. He was awake in bed, dreaming of the Bee.

The Bee made her way back to the hive, too. She was buzzing right along when she realized in the rush to see the Bunny, she did not say good night to all the flowers and sweet dreams to the plants. She was always happy to see the flowers but something about the day entranced her. She was thinking about what had happened. She was confused but happy. She felt tingling again.

She was so focused on everything but her flying that she barely realized that she bumped into a tree. *Ahhh! What is that tree doing there? I was trying to get back to my hive... Where did it come from?* The Bee was okay. Her first thought was about the Bunny. *What would he think if he saw me flying like that? Would he ask if I was okay?* The Bee could not get the Bunny out of her mind.

An onlooking squirrel suggested that she should pay better attention while flying, otherwise she might get herself in trouble. The Bee thanked the squirrel and kept going on her way back to the hive. Usually she would have been annoyed but somebody about the day had her mood shifted.

Why was I so distracted? The Bee thought to herself and she knew the answer immediately. The Bunny. The shy, serious, and also very cute bunny. He perplexed her. She usually could figure most things about everybody out. But not him. She just couldn't read him. He seemed so serious. He seemed disinterested, especially in her, the Bee thought. *I don't think he is going to meet me tomorrow*, she thought. *I think he was just being polite by saying yes.* But she really wanted to see him. She tried to focus on something else. But her mind wandered back onto the moment she first laid eyes on him. She couldn't do anything but think about him.

When she finally made it back to the hive her folks asked her how her day was and all she could think to say was "It was jolly." *Huh? I don't even say things like that*, the Bee thought. She couldn't think straight. She headed right to her room in the hive and climbed right into her bed. She couldn't fall asleep, though. She laid awake thinking of the Bunny.

IV.

The Next Day

She tried to stop thinking about him, but every time she did, his image rushed back right into her mind. He's so cute. He looks so sweet. He looks like he could fit me right in a perfect spot between his head and shoulder since he is a bit bigger than me. The Bee couldn't stop these thoughts. She knew it could never be. A Bee and a Bunny? Her parents would never let that happen. Yet she did not want that thought to consume her. She tossed and turned and did not know how to fall asleep.

She finally settled on going to sleep by replaying the moment of when she saw him for the first time, by her own choice. She thought of how she turned around after the loud thud and saw this beautiful, cute Bunny curled up, looking so cozy. She smiled. She felt a tingly sensation crawl down her wings and all over her body. She felt safe. She was cozy, almost as if she was cuddled in the Bunny's fur. She was falling asleep, thinking of the Bunny.

She didn't realize it, but her next thought was once she woke up in the morning. She had finally fallen asleep but never set her alarm. She rushed to check the time and realized she overslept! She usually woke up on Saturdays at 8 am to start all of the food preparation for the family shop.

Her parents started their own Buzzball tournament years ago, and they sell spicy honey sticks with sauces and jams. The Bee's mom used to make everything but taught the Bee how to make things and now expects her to do everything on the weekends. She has created a routine where she tries to complete everything early in the morning so she can go out later and enjoy the flowers and sun.

Her parents always wanted her back before it was dark and feared for her safety. They did not always even know that she was going to the gardens. Most times, the

Bee told them she was going to get more supplies, and that it takes a while. That always gives her the freedom to be where she wants and talk with the flowers and enjoy their presence.

She looked over at the clock and saw it said 11 am. *How was that even possible!?* she thought. She had no time. She usually had three extra hours, which she used to explore and see the flowers. She started to freak out and rushed to put on a jacket and get a move on making the honey sticks. It took almost the whole morning and now she might not even have any time to do anything else. She was busy and panicked. She could barely think. But finally she calmed herself and got to work.

The Bunny did everything he could to ease his mind and convince himself to fall asleep in his cabin, but he could not. He laid obsessed thinking about the Bee and how beautiful she flew and how beautiful she is. All he could do was lay awake thinking of her beauty and charm. He forced himself to finally go to sleep by wetting his head and convincing himself that he would see the Bee and make sure that he went outside tomorrow and saw her beauty.

His alarm was going off, and when the bunny woke up the first thing he was thinking about was the Bee and how he was going to be brave and see her today. He was so scared but also excited to try and venture out. Now he had a cause for going out. He had somebody to see. He had felt inspired for the first time in his life to go out and be brave and venture.

He had no idea what time to go out and try to find the Bee and see her once again. He thought maybe later in the day would be a good idea. So he had to wait. But he felt like he couldn't. All he could do was think about going outside and glancing at the most beautiful Bee. She made him full of energy. She made him excited.

All the thinking and waiting made the Bunny hungry so he decided to make his favorite meal with a little extra so he could offer some to the Bee. He made carrots with a pesto sauce and chicken with green sauce. His favorite. He hoped she would like it when he eventually brought it to her. The Bunny was a chaotic chef and used many pots and pans and made a complete mess. The kitchen after he cooked looked like a tornado hit it. But the food was incredible, at least he thought it was. He was excited to be able to share it with her.

The Bunny was so caught up in cooking that he barely noticed the time was 2:00 pm. *Oh no!* the Bunny thought. *What if I am late to meet the Bee..* He had to eat quickly and shower and get his fur ready with oil so he looked just right. But wait, maybe she'll think he is trying too hard. So he settled on a quick shower and no oil just getting his fur soft with lotion. He hoped she would touch him and he could feel her wings. He did not know he would ever have a thought like that. But he knew he wanted to see her so badly with everything in his body. He never felt sure of anything. But this he did. He could not believe how much he craved the Bee.

He ate his food and thought it was good. He always liked critiquing his food and coming up with ways to make it better. It had to be the best for when the Bee tried it. He added a bit more salt and little extra spice to the green sauce. He added extra oil to the pesto. And he added a little salt to the chicken. After trying it again it was perfect. He hoped she would love it. He packed a little sandwich bag and wrote "For..." on it. He realized at that moment, I never got the Bee's name. I just know her as beautiful but I don't know what her name is, he thought. He settled with "For Beautiful Bee."

He was going to ask her name first thing when he saw her. Maybe she'd smile at him. That sweet smile that put him in a trance. The smile that he was thinking about as he laid in bed. He was so excited to see her. He barely even realized that he was almost ready to leave his cabin and venture out. Then it hit him. He was anxious. He

was scared. He couldn't leave. No, he had to stay in the cabin where it was safe and warm and comfortable. He put the sandwich bag down and took a second. He shouldn't venture out; he might get scared or lose something.

Enough! the Bunny thought. *I am going out and I am going to see the Bee.* He took a deep breath in, opened the door, and checked the clock one last time where it read 4:00 pm. Hopefully he was not late. He took one step and then another. He was outside!

He was hopping along when he realized he forgot the bag. *Oh no*, he thought. *I messed up already.* But he tried to take it easy and go back inside and get the sandwich bag. While he was going out the door for the second time he heard a loud thud.

Bang!

He jumped and was so scared. The bag went flying. Luckily onto the chair and everything was okay inside but he was really nervous now. He started curling up into a ball but remembered what the bee looked like. He remembered her sweet calm voice asking, "Hey, are you okay?" Yes, *I am okay*, he thought. I can do it. He wondered if he would hear her ask that again. It made him feel safe and assured.

He opened the door again and stepped outside. He went slowly but as surely as he could. He was doing it. He was facing his fears. All for the bee. All to see her. He was smiling and finally going outside feeling free and ready.

The Bee was so busy doing food prep she hardly realized the time or anything else going on. She was most of the way done when she heard a faintly loud ***Bang!*** She jumped a little but mostly she lost her balance and as she regained it she saw the time, which she hadn't checked in hours. *OH NO! she thought.* It was 3:35 pm and

she hadn't finished yet. Usually she was on her way to get ready to go to the garden. And then it hit her.

The Bunny! She was so busy with preparing food for her parents' Buzzball tournament that she forgot about her plans to meet the Bunny. His image rushed to her mind. She started to tingle. *What will I do?* she thought. What could she do? She had to finish the food. Her mom would not let her leave without finishing it. She could try lying and saying she needed to go to the store to pick up the last ingredient. But no, her mom would know since they already went to the store to get all the honey and spicy peppers they needed to make it spicy and sweet.

She did not know what to do. She wanted to go out. No, in fact, she desperately needed to go out and see him again and tell him that she has a honey stick for him to try and that she would love to spend more time with him. But she needed to finish the food preparation for tomorrow and was stuck at home in the hive until she finished. She thought if she could speed it up she might have enough time to sneak out and come back before it was too late so nobody would notice.

So she kept working. She went into ultra focus mode. She tried as hard as possible to finish as quickly as possible.

And the Bunny kept going slowly closer to the fields. Wondering where they would meet and what they would talk about. He was nervous, yet excited.

She was panicking and not sure if she could even make it.

He was grinning. She was sweating.

He had a sandwich bag of food for her. She had honey sticks for him.

He was excited to meet the bee. All she wanted was to see the bunny.

V.

The Touch

He had never made it this far before. The Bunny could not believe that he was going all the way to the flowers and doing it without curling up or going back to his cabin. He had never done this before. He truly felt a sense of inspiration and purpose. He felt motivated and excited.

He made it right before the flowers and awkwardly stood there for a few seconds before immediately questioning what he should do, where he should stand, what he should say. If there was something that could go wrong, the Bunny thought of every single one of those scenarios. He played all the ways that there could be a thud or a loud noise or a scary creature or anything else could happen and got scared and frightened. He was really anxious, now. He did not know what to do. He looked around and did not see the Bee. It was empty. Today was much colder than yesterday. The sun was starting to go down. The Bunny began to feel sad. He was nervous. He started to walk around just before the flower field, anxious to get there first.

The Bee finally looked up, sweat beading down her face, and saw the time. Oh no, she thought. It read 4:45. She was usually already at the garden by now and greeted the flowers. What was she going to do? How could she go? She had to, though. She needed to see that Bunny again. *How would he look? What would he say?* She was nervous that she was not even going to be able to see him.

She quickly went to the bathroom and cleaned off the sweat and tried to find her nicest wing tip covers and earrings. She wondered if he would notice them. She

wondered if he would be there at all. She was so nervous that her parents would see her leaving and say something. She hoped that everything would be okay. She hoped she would lock eyes with the Bunny and feel his fur. *How magical it must be*, she thought.

She finished getting ready and knew she would have to fly as fast and diligently as possible. She hoped her parents were already on their way to the tournament and she would not be stopped by them. She slowly crept to the main room in the hive. She heard something. *Oh no, I am not going to be able to see the Bunny*, she thought and felt her heart sink. She saw who it was and sighed with relief. It was just her siblings wrestling over the remote to watch TV. She knew that her folks had left and that meant she would fly as fast as she could.

She almost forgot the honey sticks for the Bunny. She quickly rushed to the counter and took a few, when her sister asked, "Why are you taking that and where are you going?" The Bee replied with, "You two stop fighting. I will be back soon. If mom or dad ask anything, I was checking for more supplies since I used them all." She hurried and was out the door.

She flew as fast as she could. *Hurry*, she thought to herself. *The Bunny!*

He walked around and did not know what to do. *Did she forget? Maybe she was messing with me? She probably is making fun of me with her friends right now.* The Bunny was terrified. He could not bear the thought of her not showing up. He ventured all this way, for the first time ever, so he could get a glimpse at her once again. He wanted to ask her what her favorite things to do are. He wanted to know what she was interested in. He wanted to feel her sweet skin. He was so anxious. He was practically holding his breath.

She was so close. She could see the flower field. She managed to fly without hitting anything this time, making sure she was focused. She started to get nervous. The sun was setting. It was getting dark and cold out. She started to shiver as she flew. She never liked it when it was too cold. It made her chilly and she always felt bad for the flowers, who deserved to be warmer. She wondered what the Bunny's fur would feel like. She wondered how it would feel to snuggle up with the Bunny and for him to protect and keep her warm.

She finally made it to the flower field. She hurriedly said hi to her flower friends and asked, "Have you seen a shy Bunny?" They replied that they had not and she felt her heart sink. *He did not come. I came all this way and he is not here.* She felt like she might cry. She was so sad.

All of a sudden, there was a loud *thud!* followed by an even louder *shwomp!*

Ahhh, the Bunny thought. He curled up into a ball. He was so scared. He came all this way and she was not even there. The sounds terrified him. He would wait and then go back to his cabin where it was safe and warm. He would try to forget any of this ever happened.

Then, the most magical thing happened.

The Bunny's head popped up slowly, almost as if something told him to, and the Bee was told to turn to that very same direction. They locked eyes.

The world stopped. The flowers vanished. The cold stopped being cold. The noises stopped being loud. Time stopped.

The Bunny's heart was beating out of his chest. The Bee's heart was beating faster than ever before.

He came, she thought.

She's here, he thought.

They both smiled at each other. The Bunny melted when she saw the Bee's smile. The Bee felt her whole entire body tingle when she saw that cute Bunny's smile.

The Bunny hopped as fast as he could to the Bee. She flew as fast as she could to the Bunny. They barely knew each other yet they felt like they were drawn to each other. It was like they were destined for each other.

The Bee, with the sweetest voice, said "Hi!!! I was not sure if you would be here. I am so glad that you are." The Bunny smiled even harder when she said that. *She wanted to see me!*

The Bunny replied, "I... am so happy that I got to see you again. I ... thought ... you might not have remembered." He was nervous. He was stuttering. He felt so incredibly happy, though. He got to see this beautiful Bee so close. He just wanted to reach out and touch her.

She did not know he was waiting. She felt so happy that she got to see him. She could not believe he was here. She could not believe he was so close. She just wanted to reach out and feel his fur.

All of a sudden, he felt awkward. And so did she. They were waiting and hurrying and finally saw each other and did not know what to do.

THUD!

The Bunny was scared and jumped. As he jumped, the Bee saw the Bunny's fear and went to try to comfort him. As they jumped and moved, the Bunny's fur touched the Bee's wing. At that moment, they locked eyes and the world stopped again.

She felt beautiful tingles all over her wing. She never felt that safe before. His skin is so soft. His fur is so gentle. *Oh my*, she thought. *This feels like home.*

He felt her sweet wings. He never felt anything like it before. He felt all of his anxiousness leave him. *She is the best thing to ever happen to me*, he thought. *What if she was upset that he touched her?*

"I... uh... I am... sorry... I got scared" the Bunny tried to explain to the Bee.

"Don't be scared, it's ok. The loud noises are okay. I am here if you need anything. Your fur is so soft, by the way. It felt so nice" the Bee replied back.

She noticed? She was not upset? This was the most magical moment in the Bunny's life. The Bee comforted him and made him feel the safest he has ever been before.

The Bunny looked so cute and made the Bee feel so incredibly happy and excited. She wanted to come see the flowers every day with him. She wanted to get to know everything about him. She wanted to talk through the night with him. She wanted to curl up with the Bunny.

"Thank you. Your ... wings... are so cool." he replied to the Bee. *That was a silly thing to say*, he thought. She smiled at him. He smiled back. It was like words did not need to be said to communicate how they were feeling.

"Thank you! Hey, what is your name by the way?" she asked him.

“It is Conejito. What is your name?” he replied.

“That’s such a beautiful name. My name is Gatita.” she replied back.

“Wow. It’s nice to meet you Gatita” the Bunny said with a huge smile.

What a beautiful name, they both thought at the same time.

They smiled so fully and completely at each other. Life never felt more perfect.