



A Smiling Bee and a Special Key

“Oh, no! It’s after 5. We fell asleep. We’re in *big* trouble,” Chandra cried. She jumped up and grabbed her backpack. “The garden gate locked at 5 o’clock. What are we going to do?”

Cora rubbed her eyes. “Don’t worry. Someone will help us.”

In a flash, a small, golden bee landed right on top of Campbell’s head. Campbell froze, and Chandra began to tiptoe toward her to swat the bee away. But just as Chandra reached out her hand, the bee buzzed straight toward Chandra’s head.

Now Campbell started to reach over to swat the bee away, when—*bzzz . . . zzzz*. The bee flew up and over to Cora. It buzzed right in front of her face. Then it turned and flew over to a big red maple tree. Then the bee turned *again*, and flew back to Cora.

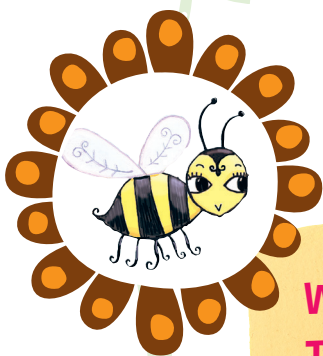
The girls watched as the bee buzzed back and forth from Cora to the tree, as if doing a little dance.

Cora looked at her friends. "I know this sounds *loco*. You know, really *crazy*. But I think that bee is trying to tell us something. Let's see what's under that tree."

The girls walked to the tree, *and* the bee buzzed right alongside them. *Bzzzz . . . zzzzz*. Suddenly, the bee swooped and touched Chandra's hand. Then it swooped again, touching the ground under the tree.

"Maybe we should dig under this tree," Chandra said. She grabbed a small broken branch and began to dig right where the bee landed. Cora and Campbell grabbed fallen branches and joined her. Suddenly, the girls heard a *clink*. Chandra's branch hit something hard. Digging faster and faster, the girls uncovered a small tin box. The box was covered with rust. It looked like it had been in the dirt a long, long time.

"This could be a secret treasure," Campbell said with glee.



What Did That Bee Say?

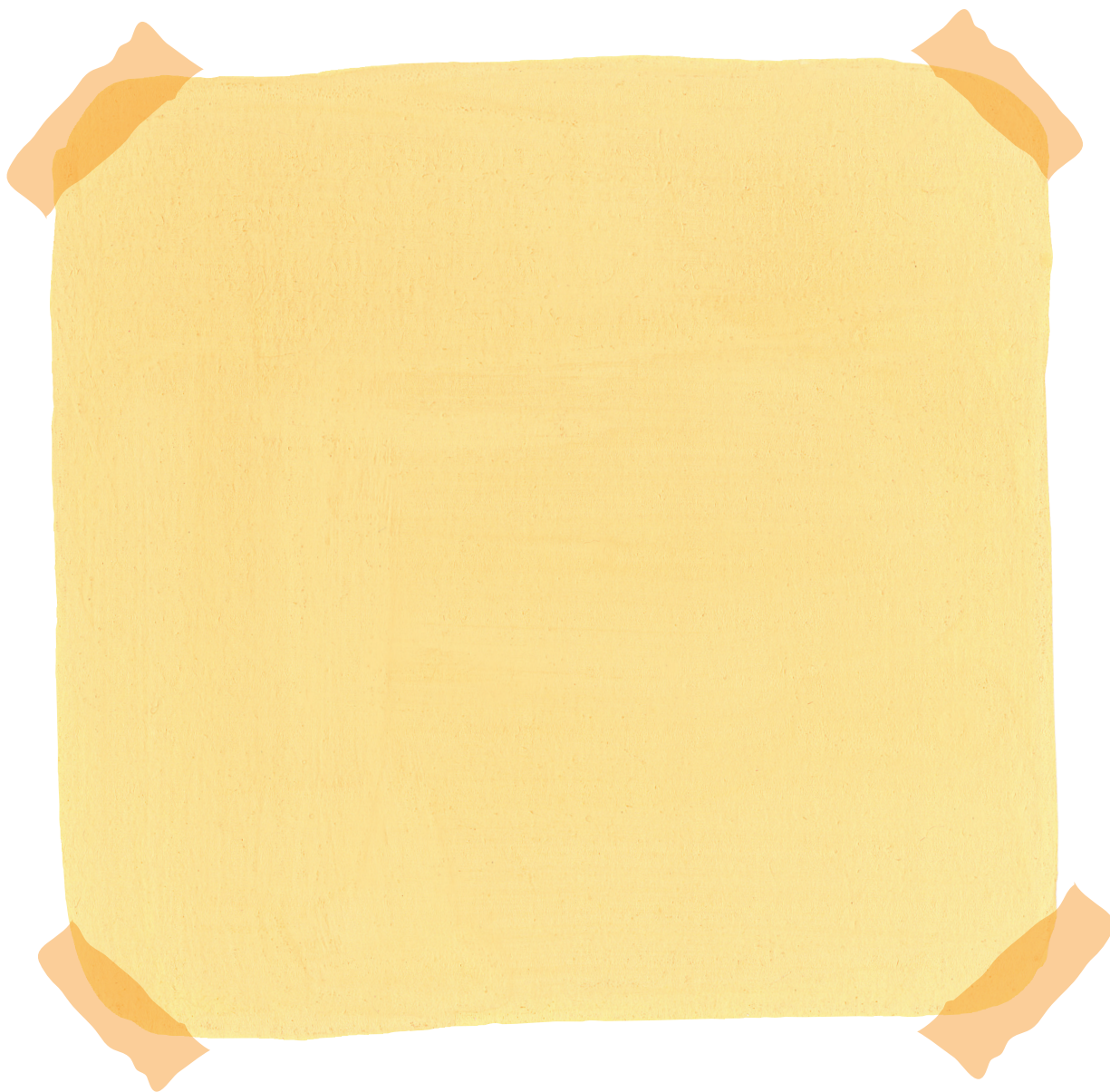
Honeybees talk to each other. They just don't use words. To tell each other where food is, they dance in the air.





Draw It!

If you were digging in a garden, what would you like to find?



The girls plopped down under the tree. They turned the box over and over. Each time they turned the box, they heard a small sound. It seemed that whatever was inside was light or soft. Working together, the girls opened the rusted latch. The hinges gave a loud creak and threw off bits of rusty paint. Chandra turned the box upside down. Out fell a tightly folded piece of paper. The paper was yellow, instead of white.

"This looks very old," Chandra said. She unfolded the paper and out fell a tiny green key.

"A key! I knew it. A key to a secret treasure," Campbell shouted.

"What does the note say? Who is it from?" Cora and Campbell shouted together.



"It says, '*This is a message from Daisy Gordon Low,*' " Chandra read excitedly. "It says she put this note here with the first Girl Scouts in 1912. They were from Savannah, Georgia. That means this box is really old—older than our parents. And older than my grandma!"

"And from Georgia, where I'm from," said Campbell. "But I've never been to Savannah."

Campbell grabbed the note from Chandra and began to read aloud, "'*You are sitting in a special place.*'" Campbell looked up at her friends.

"Special? This old garden?" said Cora.



"That's what it says!" Campbell began to read again.

*This garden is a wonderful place.
My Girl Scouts enjoyed this garden for
a whole year. Now that you have found our
message, the garden is yours to enjoy.
But it is also a big responsibility.
It needs a lot of care.*

*In this note is the key to the garden gate.
It is just a small key. You will have many
more important keys as you grow older.
But as long as you hold on to this little
key and keep it safe, the garden gate will
always open for you. And I promise you
that the more you visit the garden, the
more you will get in return.*

The girls looked at the little green key and the small tin box. "This seems like an important message," said Cora. "We better think about it and read it again before we tell anyone else about it."

Then Cora jumped up. “¡Vámonos! Let’s go,” she shouted. “We have to get home.”

Chandra carefully placed the note back in the tin box and put the box in her backpack. She handed the key to Cora.

Then the girls raced to the garden gate. Just as Cora was about to put the key in the gate’s rusty old lock, the gate swung open. Just like that. Suddenly, the girls heard a buzz in the air. *Bzzzz . . . zzzzz*. Cora, Campbell, and Chandra looked up and saw the little golden bee fly by. “This might sound crazy,” Campbell said slowly, “but I think that bee just smiled at us.”

