

## Wasps

I trusted the wasp with my secret. I thought her too small to be a threat. She buzzed with delight and promised not to tell.

But she lied and by lunchtime she had passed it on to so many of her kind they formed a swarm, flitting through my branches, crawling through my leaves, a striped army humming my secret to each other.

She next came to me with a threat. She would spread my secret far and wide, tell the bees, tell the animals, tell even the wind unless I allowed her to make her nest among my branches.

But I could not do that. My fruit would go unpicked. The children would not climb me on long summer days. I would be lonely.

So I called to my friends to aid me and the sky filled with their green wings, a hundred woodpeckers invited to the feast.

The wasps gone, the birds flown, the lesson learnt, I hugged my secret close. Mine alone. You want to know what it is? Ah, I am no fool to be twice stung instead of only once.