

I can count

It's a nice and warm summer day. The sun is shining and in the grass there are lots of flowers. Little Bee is on an outing with her Mum Mrs Bee. They have left their beehive and they are flying to the lovely coloured flowers in the grass.

"Look here, Little Bee," says Mummy Bee, "here are many flowers. Let's count them: one – two – three – four – five."



Little Bee looks at the flowers and counts again: "One – two – three – four - ... em ... I don't know the next number." "No problem," says Mummy Bee, "let's count again: one – two – three – four – five." "Yes," shouts Little Bee, "I can do it now. It's one – two – three – four – five." And she counts even faster: "One – two – three – four – five. That's great, Mummy, I can count the flowers." - "Super," answers Mrs Bee.

The next morning Little Bee and her mother fly out to the flowers again. "Count these flowers," says Mrs Bee, "shall I help you?" "No," says Little Bee, "I can do it by myself. One – two – three – four – five - ... But – there are more flowers. Mummy, what are the next numbers?"

And Mrs Bee tells her: "Six – seven – eight – nine – ten." Little Bee whispers the numbers: "six – seven – eight – nine – ten." She is very happy. "Now I can count up to ten," she says. "One – two – three – four – five - six – seven – eight – nine – ten."