

Obituary Writing

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It is with deep sorrow and a profound sense of loss that we announce the passing of one of nature's most essential forces: the pollinators, approximately 100-140 million years old. With a delicate yet mighty role, these humble creatures (bees, butterflies, bats, hummingbirds, and more) were the unseen architects of life's intricate web. Their silent labour sustained ecosystems, nursed biodiversity, and fed the world, until the world failed to return the favour. Today, we mourn not just their disappearance, but the unravelling of the vital balance they once upheld.

The pollinators were artists, sculpting the world with each gentle landing and kiss upon a petal. They painted meadows in colour, fed nations from the shadows, and sparked the birth of fruit and flowers. Thanks to their devotion, they turned silence into song. They danced from blossom to blossom, conducting the ancient symphony of growth and renewal. For all those years, they wove invisible threads that held humanity together.

But even the most devoted hearts can be broken. We poisoned their nectar. We stole their fields. We clouded their skies, and drowned their songs in engines and noise. They carried life in their wings until we clipped them. We asked for too much and gave too little. They whispered their distress in shorter migrations and dwindling numbers, but we turned away. So the gentle keepers of the earth fell, not in rage, but in sorrow.

Then, suddenly, they were gone. One spring, the flowers opened, but no wings came to greet them. Gardens stood in vain, hives eerily still, their entrances empty, stories unfinished. What had once been a gentle hum, became a hollow quiet, like a breath held for too long. There was no grand farewell, no final warning, just an absence that felt like a shadow.

We remember the pollinators, not just for their work, but for the wonder they brought to our lives. As children, we chased butterflies through sunlit fields, and counted how long a ladybug stayed on our fingertips. We watched bees hover over dandelions, then proceed to scamper off not understanding that they meant no harm. They were part of our stories, our summers, our sense of magic. In losing them we lose a piece of that innocence.

If there is any redemption left for us, let's spring into action. Do not let their memory wilt. Plant what they adored, guard what they cherished. Reject the poisons that silenced them, and tell their story. Let your gardens speak their language. Although they are gone their message remains: Without connection, there is no life. Without care, there is no future.

Goodbye dear pollinators. You were earth's most nurturing asset, and your absence leaves a space that nothing else can fill. The earth feels emptier, and the air quieter. So with heavy hearts and tear-filled eyes, we will carry your legacy forward, remembering the beauty you created and the lessons you left behind.