

Honeybee

by Melissa Ann Chadburn

One summer, in a day plump with moisture she went in search for him. The treacherous journey took her through thickly padded bushes, distracted by the unbearable scent of a rose... she stopped. There he stood, his skin exposed. Forgetting her inhibitions, she dove for him. He thrust her toward imminent death. Her sting remained. He was allergic.

THE END

