



*the*  
HONEY BEE

*edition*  
*one*

# Table of Contents

Twisted Fruit; Alex Barnett	2
Familiar Glow; Sylvia Ewart	4
Death's Birds	5
The Yellow House; Ainsley King	7
Rosemary	11
Dogworld; Josie Frazier	12
Lorraine Motel; Jose Lopez Bernal	16
Great Blue Heron; Rose Martin	17
Chaos; Alina Diaz	18
Goldilocks Book Review	20
Goldilocks Movie Review; Ayden Duchovnay	23
Sweet Playlist	27
Note from Your Editors; Josie Frazier & Ayden Duchovnay	28

# Contributors

**Ayden Duchovnay**

**Co-Editor**

**Josie Frazier**

**Co-Editor**

**Jeremy Scheuer**

**Faculty Advisor**

**Curtis Hisayasu**

**Faculty Advisor**

**Arden Rusu**

**Head Artist**





# Twisted Fruit

Alex Barnett

twisted fruit grows from ordinary trees

Sprouting

at awkward

ward angles

disturbing the ordered

spirals

and

twists

the manicured leaves

off-color, bruised,

and sliced,

our

ripped off

and thrown under

turning

spokes

inside thick rubber wedges

under rumbling metal beasts

spewing

*smoke and hellfire*

an ordinary assembly line monster

except for

the white flower painted on its face

and the twisted fruit crushed beneath its  
feet

You turns dollars into almond blossoms

delicate, flowers

crushed

in your grip

discarded

for their fruit

you cannot eat a flower

Familiar Glow  
Sylvia Ewart

She felt the cold of the winter breeze draw around her in an icy gust, and she hugged her jacket closer to her body, shivering. The moon rose above the city; a subtle, familiar glow. She let out another sad sigh in an attempt to release the less than ideal events of the day into the frigid night air. Unsuccessful, she allowed her tired head to fall into her clasped hands. The dampness of the snow-soaked bench had begun to seep into her corduroys, but she didn't adjust her position. The girl breathed in deeply as she stared at the snowy sidewalk below her. She had come home from a friend's house that night only to hear from her teary dad that her grandfather, his father, had died in the hospital. The pain had yet to set in. All she felt was a dull emptiness deep within her chest, and a lack of purpose. She stared up again at the moon, letting its beautiful glow wash over her tired body in a mildly comforting embrace. The stars were gone, however, washed out by the city's light pollution. The comfort of nature seems to be the most evasive in times of dire need, thought the girl hopelessly as she shut her eyes and tilted back against the cold wet wood.

## Death's Birds

One winter night wading through a neighborhood  
slick with tears and dying buds of February's false spring,  
I asked Death who trudged beside me,  
what he was doing in the windows.

He was catching birds, he said.

In the midst of cold,  
where sadness teams like mosquitos to light,  
and voices build a starving army,  
I held my breath in my hands while he held  
my heart.

We did not care to watch the people in the  
golden light  
passing grace around the table,  
falling with featherless wings to a relentless  
god.  
Why witness when we could be dancing?

On streets made quiet by endless shade,  
we broke our downs with glee.  
And yet, I could not catch his hand in mine,  
could not meet his gaze, his twirling gait,  
nor see a bird falling there,

before he was leaving.

Could I not have let her go, the cold?  
Could my friends not look from behind the  
pane?

In the witty end, a mocking, irony, and the  
punch line...

in a letter from Death himself:

"She could not stop for me,  
but darling,  
my fingers slipped."

The Yellow House  
Ainsley King  
*Inspired by Yellow Wallpaper by Charlotte  
Perkins Gilman*

My head is wrapped in yellow wallpaper.

Peeling golds, falling canaries, shriveling  
lemons, and crumbling ambers.

A stifling hand of chartreuse on my mind.

Tornados of neon's swirl in the sunshine of  
my brain.

Pools of ochre rest and ripple in the dark  
corners, rotting the wood.

Along with Her.

My body is enveloped by petals climbing up  
my brick edges and strong skeleton.

The trunk and roots of my legs stretch into  
a mass of nature they call an estate.

A villa. A summer house. Never a home.

Coming and going. Fleeting souls. But not  
Her.

Stationary. The impurity of my walls spread with every step within my paper.

As the warm winds come, my body welcomes a new presence.

Praying for no contact with Her, yet my doors are opened.

The honey of my head drips onto her hands and seeps into her open crevasses.

Creep, creep. Tip toeing through the sidelines of the new life, She shakes and stirs.

The scratching of a pen can only be heard in the silence of solitude.

The girl oozes loneliness from her eyes, surrounded by the nectar tones of her body.

The honey sticks in her hair, ears, mind, and even her nose until she cannot live without the perfume of my thoughts.

The aroma encages the girls mind like the ring on her finger.

A ring that signifies the turning of a key in the lock of her own personal prison.

A ring that tethers her to another life like a dog on the leash of its owner.

The sour citrus smell leads the girl to her copy and paste with in the custard paper.

When my rooms are empty and filled with moonlight, her eyes caress my skin.

Days get warmer, my colors get brighter until she almost has to shield her face from her obsession.

Almost as if the warmth slow cooks her brain, she melts into her mirror image until I cannot see a difference.

The melt is slow into my honeycomb. Sticky.

Everywhere she's goes, a tacky feeling is left.

The busy bees within the girl's brain create a constant buzz that gets stifled whenever he comes along.

As if he has a smoker and clouds her body with a certain type of societal poison.



The clouds drift from her toes to her thighs, then her lungs, shoulders, throat, and finally seeps into her conscious.

I watch as she stares at her clone in the walls, fingers itching to tear and rip.

I wonder how her fingers don't drip the mixture of honey and blood onto my skin as she destroys what she was so fixated with.

My neon glow dims and simmer down with each strip cutting my skin.

Now there is only one of her. All copies gone. Only the girl now and her knees tapping the floor.

Fingers circling the room with no end in sight and no obstacle recognized.

Now the yellow wallpaper is gone and my head is clear.

Clear. Empty. Plain. Alone.

# Rosemary

books [redacted] in [redacted]  
[redacted] cheap [redacted] cabinets. I [redacted] breathe  
in [redacted] the [redacted] atmosphere [redacted]  
[redacted] I [redacted]  
[redacted] wanted [redacted]  
[redacted] a [redacted] photograph [redacted]  
[redacted] hidden [redacted]  
[redacted] for [redacted] book [redacted]  
[redacted] when [redacted]  
[redacted] the [redacted]  
[redacted] happiness [redacted]  
was [redacted] harder [redacted] to  
return [redacted] to [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] bookmarked with [redacted] rosemary [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] my [redacted] favorite. [redacted]  
[redacted] pages. [redacted]  
[redacted] fresh, as if [redacted] plucked from [redacted]  
[redacted] yesterday. [redacted]  
[redacted] My [redacted]  
books [redacted] tell me [redacted]  
[redacted] look [redacted] up [redacted]

Dogworld  
Josie Frazier

When I was ten years old my mother showed me a video of a little kid being attacked by a dog. I was sitting on the edge of my bed, watching the tiny phone screen in her hands. The gnashing teeth of the dog made me flinch and she wrapped her arms around me, like she was protecting me from something. It was almost like she knew what she was doing. In her embrace, I felt her pretending. But then again, maybe I was just pretending to be a child. For months after that, every night I would hide in my bed and play the video over and over again, watching the bite of the dog, the scream of the child. It was terrifying until suddenly it became comforting. The dog became like an old friend I visited every night, and the child someone I couldn't quite understand yet.

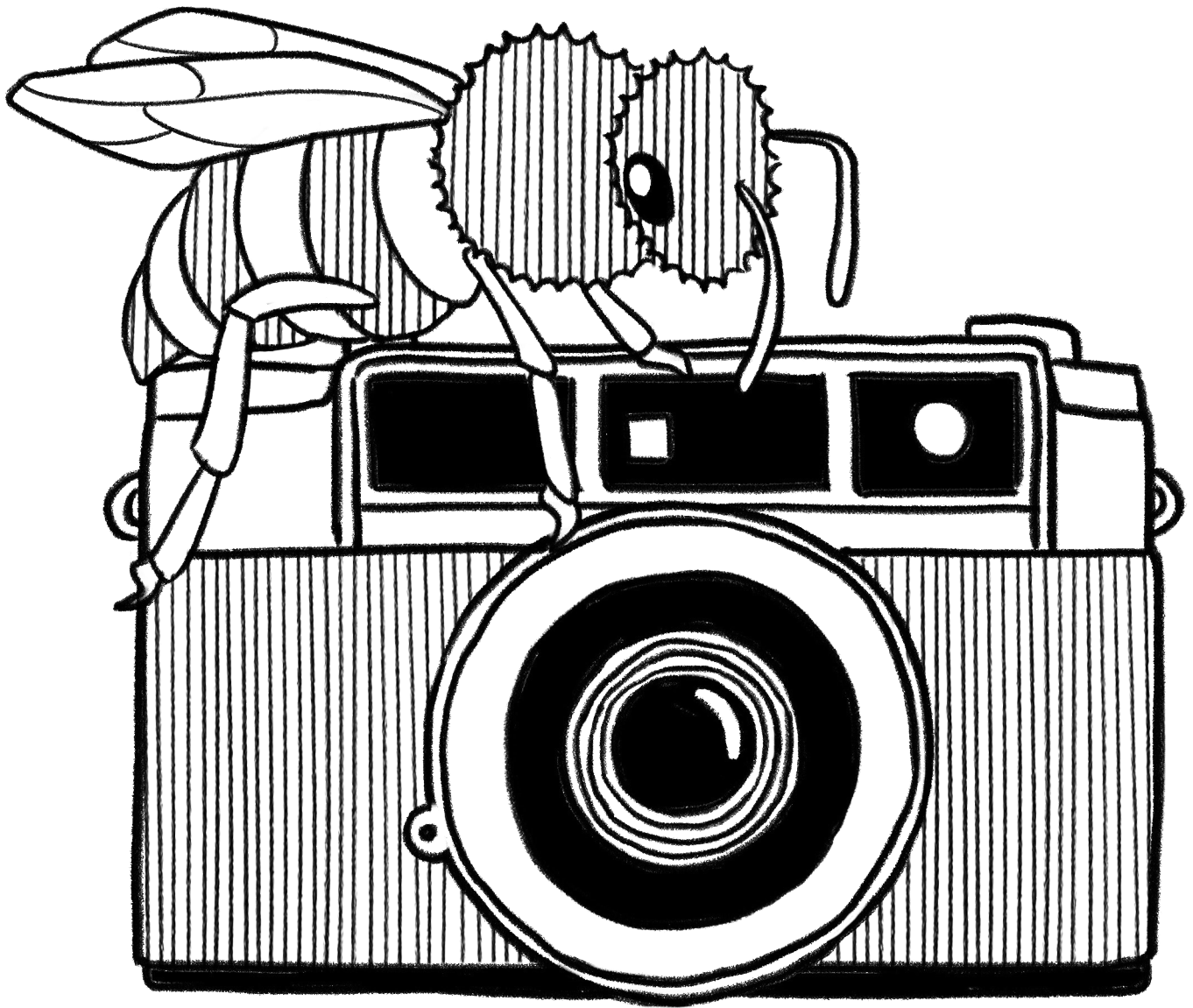
The day I graduated high school I went for a walk. I had grown out of the video like I had grown out of sparkly pink dresses and telling my mother all my secrets. A dog, big but yappy, approached me. There was something about this dog that felt so familiar. Nostalgic, but uncomfortable. My fear was suddenly renewed. I felt my heart beating frantically against my ribcage, telling me to *run run run*.

It was as if I were a newborn, looking into the eyes of a strange beast for the first time. It was as if the dog was a known murderer, torturer, now my own personal tormenter. It was haunting; it was a ghost from my past. When I came home that day I found my mother in the kitchen, staring blankly at some magazine she must have bought in a grocery store check-out line. I asked her what the point of it all was. I didn't exactly know what I was referring to when I said *it all*, maybe life, maybe graduation, maybe dogs. She said it was a personal decision, and for her it was motherhood. And how could I believe her? I told her I didn't, and she stared at me with her big blue eyes. I recognized it as the look of a victim. She went to bed early, and I sat alone staring at the yellow cake with chocolate frosting she had bought me that said *Congratulations* on it in pink frosting letters. The next day I screamed at her for going to bed early, and she told me I couldn't be mad at her for wanting to rest. I waited until she turned around and then threw a spoon at the back of her head. My mother called it being emotive, my therapist called it being abusive. I preferred not to call it anything at all.

And then I had the dream. I woke up in front of a mirror, gold framed and Victorian looking. I found a chocolate lab with a tired, serious face staring back at me.



I tried to scream but I couldn't. My head was a dog, my body a woman. I could wiggle my human toes, feel my human heart rattling in its cage, even hear it with my big dog ears. My mother appeared behind me, her skin pale and ghostly. She looked at me like she didn't even know me. Like a stranger, like a dog. When I woke up in the morning I went into my mother's room with tears in my eyes and snuggled into her bed. She didn't even ask me why I was crying, just wrapped me in her arms and pet my head. I tried to convince myself there wasn't a spoon shaped indent in the back of her head, and that two nights earlier we had eaten cake together on the back porch. I asked my mother if she remembered that video she showed me eight years earlier, about the dog attack. Then I asked her if she thought I was the child or the dog.



Lorraine Motel  
Jose Lopez Bernal





**Great Blue Heron**  
**Rose Martin**



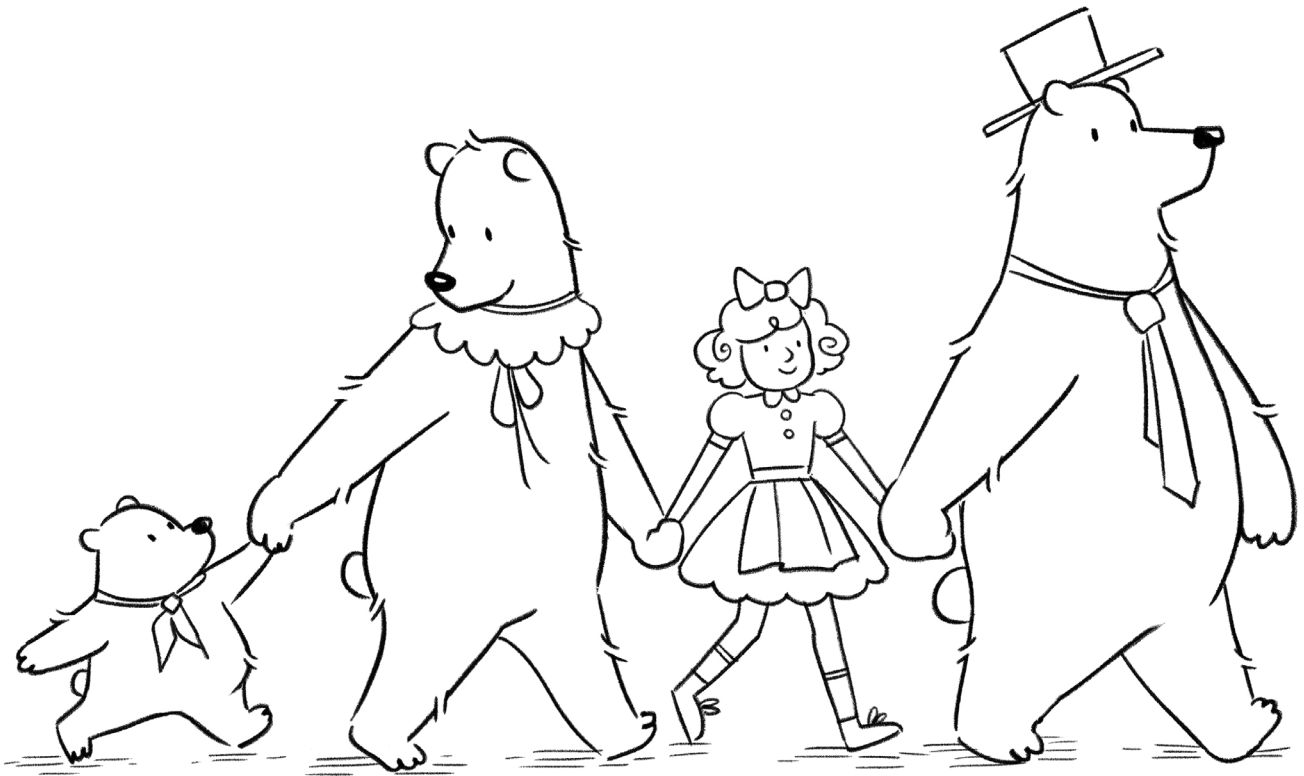


**Chaos**  
**Alina Diaz**





# Goldilocks Reviews



## Goldilocks Book Review

### Too hot: We Were Liars by E. Lockhart

A haunting, thrilling, mystery, We Were Liars by E. Lockhart was a true page turner. It follows the lives of a distinguished family, the Sinclair's, telling a story of family, love, money, power, loss, and tragedy told from the perspective of the eldest Sinclair grandchild, and heir to the fortune, Candace Sinclair. Reviews raved about this novel's representation of tragedy through the eyes of someone who lived through it, and yet, I found that perspective was lost within the plot. The setup of this story was great, and I believe it had the potential to send an important message, but the execution of that message just didn't follow through. This story represents issues like racism and struggles with mental health, to name a few, from a very privileged perspective, therefore failing to capture the true nature of these themes. Any other message the author was trying to convey was lost in the greater message of the book: kindness solves everything. "Be a little kinder". That's the message the reader is left with at the end of the book, which is an oversimplification of complex themes.

## Too cold: I Must Betray You by Ruta Sepetys

A book that tells the story of Romania under Communist leadership, *I Must Betray You* by Ruta Sepetys was truly impactful to read. Set in 1989, this historical fiction novel is told from the perspective of a young boy, depicting his experience of struggles with trust, loyalty, and betrayal, through his eyes. You see throughout this story how he resisted the oppression he experienced by the hand of this regime, and how distrust tore his family apart. Themes of freedom and reconciliation are explored throughout this book and uncover the effects distrust has on people. Reviews praise this book for its perspective and representation of the period. It speaks to the feelings and experiences of the citizens, those oppressed by this regime, and individual voices. In my opinion, this book is underrated and should get more attention, as it is incredibly well researched, well written, and the perspective is unique and interesting.

## Just right: The Hating Game by Sally Thorne

The perfect blend of wit, humor, and a well-thought-out plotline, *The Hating Game* by Sally Thorne is a favorite of mine. It's a fun read and will leave you feeling warm and fuzzy. This book is the perfect balance of conflict and romance and keeps the reader on their toes. Rom-com lovers, this book is for you.

## Goldilocks Movie Review

### Ayden Duchovnay

#### Too Hot: Enola Holmes

A murderous assassin pursuing a dashing marquess through bustling 19th century London. An enigmatic mother vanished into thin air from her countryside mansion.

Two baffling mysteries to be solved by Sherlock Holmes? Think again.

Enola Holmes opens with a shot of a disheveled girl riding a bike through the English countryside. With her hair flowing in the wind, her mud-covered shoes pumping her bike pedals viciously, she promptly breaks the fourth wall, turns to the camera, and tells us her story.

An incredibly refreshing film, Enola Holmes is a hero for the ages. With a fast comedic pace, sparkling banter, and a tale that keeps the audience on its toes - chock full of twists, turns, and ridiculous revelations, we wonder why there's even a Sherlock Holmes at all. Set against chummy Sherlock and his medieval male mates, Enola proves her brilliance and striking wit time and time again, all while leading a feminist tale about suffragism and women's rights.

On the morning of her 16th birthday, Enola (Millie Bobby Brown, who also co-produced the film) woke up utterly alone, her mother gone without a trace. Enola's elder brothers Mycroft (Sam Claflin) and Sherlock (Henry Cavill) arrive at the family home to search for her but seem more concerned about Enola's lack of "proper" education. Instead of embroidery and etiquette (blech!), Enola learned cryptology, hand to hand combat, and science from her eccentric mother – yet her brothers are not amused.

Irked, Enola heads for London to find her mum. On the way, Enola meets "useless" Lord Tewkesbury (Louis Partridge) and plunges into a world of violent intrigue. The year is 1884 and a proposed parliamentary reform bill would bring radical change. The city is a powder keg with suffragists on the brink of violence – they are tired of waiting.

Assasins and murderers lurk on every corner, and with ample reward money for the capture of Tewkesbury, Enola only briefly escapes being shot, stabbed, blown up, and drowned by her keen observation skills and self-defense. Enola Holmes is not just a typical Sherlock mystery with a confounding puzzle to solve – Enola literally has the fate of her country (and future) in her hands.

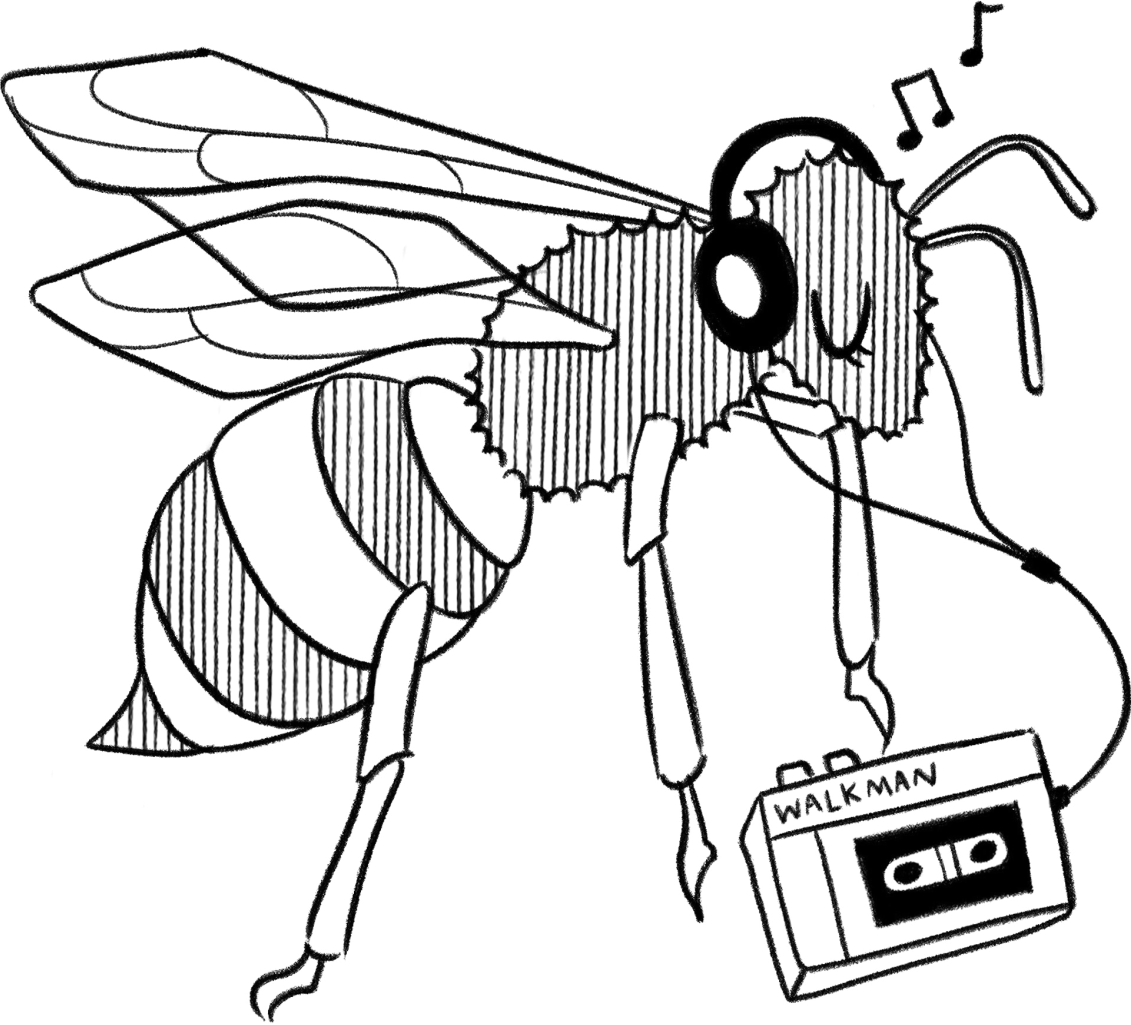
Enola Holmes exemplifies female genius at its best. In contrast to the self-centered, destructive geniuses of past Sherlock characters – think Robert Downey Jr. and Benedict Cumberbatch – Millie Bobby Brown's Enola remains optimistic, generous, and empathetic. Sherlock Holmes shows off incessantly with a penchant for dramatic flair. Enola, by contrast, navigates through London, using expected female norms and misogyny to her advantage. She plays harmless and dull-witted, disguises herself as a proper Victorian lady, and makes herself invisible. Many female detective films – like Veronica Mars or Jessica Jones – embody their heroes with stereotypically male characteristics. They are fearless tomboys or apathetic agents – but not Enola. Despite her change of costume, Enola maintains her identity and personality as an odd, flawed, and resilient young woman. Her corset, a symbol of femininity in the Victorian era, even serves as a defensive weapon at one point; striking a subtle commentary on stereotypical femininity and weakness. Enola stays true to herself – displaying the sharp intellect and composure of a Holmes detective.

Enola Holmes transports you into a world of blatant honesty, awkward interactions, endless mysteries, constant crime, and egregious (practically geriatric) grandmas. The movie is not just an enthralling mystery, but a powerful



tale of feminism and historical drama wrapped into one. Move over Arthur Conan Doyle – the world is ready for a brand new Holmes detective, a daring heroine by the name of Enola.

Sweet Playlist: <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/6DpIOFYhAAR1rbIw4Tenhf?si=cGgeFYQUQ-NO1e358A3ONMg>



## Note From Your Editors

Hello readers! Thank you so much for reading the first edition of The Honey Bee. To our writers and artists, thank you for contributing your work; our magazine wouldn't be possible without you. We want The Honey Bee to be a place for anyone and everyone who wants to express themselves. To create a space like that we need feedback from the people who interact with our magazine. If you have sections you want to add, complements, or criticism, send them our way! We would love to hear your thoughts.

Thank you so much to everyone who made this magazine possible.

Until next time,

Josie and Ayden

*the*

HONEY BEE

