



When I was six I dreamed a bear broke a jar of honey over my head

...and then I woke and it really happened. I thought it had really happened. But the honey in the dream was like honey in a cartoon: sunny and thick, easily licked off a comb or a paw. Real honey was different, and this is what pooled in my twin bed. It was warmer, thinner, stickier, strange in its unprocessed sweetness.

The honey puddled over my eyes, which made blinking them open hard. I reached my hands up in the darkness and found my hair wet with it, my cheeks tacky. I licked my lips and found it wasn't sweet after all, but it was familiar. I didn't recognize it, but knew I'd tasted it before. My sister was asleep on the other side of the room. I rolled out of bed and patted her awake. I wanted to ask where the jar went.

I still have the scar.

It's a silver line that snakes along the curve of one eyebrow. I wasn't even hurt; head wounds just bleed a lot. I probably should have gotten stitches, but my dad didn't trust doctors. He wrapped me up in some gauze and tape from the first aid kit, and in a few days I was fine.

When I tell people, they usually think something must have happened. They imagine my parents standing over me with clenched fists, the sharp angles of my mother's wedding ring catching the light from the street lamp. Or they imagine my sister folding a pocketknife under her pillow and pretending to sleep. The cat sinking her fangs into me. Some sicko sliding out the window with a hammer in his hand.

I don't think so, though. I think I just split open. Like my head was an overripe fruit, tearing under some internal pressure. Bodies are weird like that, aren't they—bizarre and fragile in ways we don't expect. Why shouldn't people sometimes burst open?

Only children trust their foundations—their homes, their parents, their melony skulls. Adults know bedrock erodes. Crevasses yawn open in lives all the time. But even all grown up, it's hard to believe a landslide isn't a story.

Sometimes I'll spoon honey into my tea and recall those invisible plate tectonics. The tea is always sweet on my tongue.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Molly Olguin is a writer and teacher living in Seattle. Her short fiction has appeared in a variety of magazines, including *The Normal School*, *River Styx*, *Redivider*, *Fugue*, and *Quarterly West*.

She has an MFA in fiction from Ohio State University, an impossibly tiny and soft cat named Saavik, and she is the co-creator of "The Pasithea Powder," an ongoing scripted audio drama.

Olguin's work can be found at mollyolguin.com and "The Pasithea Powder" can be found at pasitheapowder.com.

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Jess Lovdahl is an artist and photographer currently based in Minnesota. Using whatever she has on hand, she creates her own army of long-necked, sad-faced people who are stuck in a world where proportions don't matter.

Follow her on Instagram @jesslovdahl to see more of her work.

"honey from the rock"

Molly Olguin,

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