

THE HIVE UNDER THE CRIMSON DECREE



In the great golden Hive, a hush fell one morning when the Crimson Decree arrived on a puff of scarlet wind. No trumpets sounded, only a low, trembling silence that made every bee stop mid-wingbeat.



The Towered Watchers once wrote every hum, tale, and turning of the Hive. Their gentle quills etched memories into parchment of festivals, friendships, even losses. But when the Crimson Decree deemed them to be enemies of the Hive, the Watchers were stripped of ink and voice alike. Scrolls spilled across the floor like forgotten petals, and with their silence, the Hive's stories scattered into shadowed corners.



The hive's community caretakers, once revered stewards of each comb and cradle, now find themselves cast out of the halls they nurtured. Stripped of their roles and branded villains by the Crimson Decree, they watch in silence as shadowy figures glide through corridors they once tended with unwavering devotion. No one can explain the reason for their dismissal, and no promise can soothe the sting of betrayal; only the hollow echo of the Hive's broken vows remains. Uprooted and shunned, these former caretakers wander the fractured comb, clutching a fading ember of purpose as they search for a new place to belong.



At the comb's edge, the newborn drones trembled. Before their wings could stretch or their hums join the hive's rhythm, the Crimson Decree demanded its toll: a measure of pollen, a proof of worth. Those without were turned away, left to wander the shadows beyond the golden walls.

But even those born within the Hive weren't safe. Some were plucked from their cradles, names erased, sent far from the warmth they knew to places unnamed, for reasons unspoken. Only the Decree's agents, cloaked in crimson and shadow, held the power to decide who belonged and who did not.



Then came the hollow-footed march into the nectar vaults. Agents of the Crimson Decree moved like shadows, prying open golden jars that once shimmered for all. The richest, sweetest honey, gathered by countless wings, meant to nourish the sick, the old, and the weary was funneled away, comb by comb. No cradle was spared, no corner untouched.

They took the honey from trembling patients, from elders who once taught the dance, from young workers too tired to speak. And as they poured it into silent lakes behind sealed doors, a hunger rippled through the Hive.

In the fields beyond the comb, even old friends turned away. The Fireflies, once joyful messengers of the night, flickered low and passed by without a word. Ladybugs huddled beneath curling leaves, whispering warnings: anyone aiding the Hive might simply vanish. To speak against the Crimson Decree was to invite exile... or something worse.

Once a place of song, swirling stories, and spiraling unity, the Hive now echoed only with silence. Freedom had fled, and in its place came fear: sharp, quiet, and carefully molded into every wax corridor.



In a quiet corner, far from the gaze of crimson-cloaked agents, a few worker bees began to weave. Golden strands of wax and honey, no thicker than a wing's breath, curled into a secret spiral. It shimmered gently, an echo of what the Hive once was: a place where every swirl of comb sang with harmony and dance. A place where the Hive belonged to everyone.

High above the comb, the Star-Watchers gazed through the Hive's ancient skylight, searching the night for the Honeyburst constellation. Its scattered shimmer reminded them that truth is never handed down. It must be observed, felt, and known across time. While the Crimson Decree carved its laws into scrolls, the stars whispered something older, something more enduring.

They did not speak loudly, these Watchers. They hummed. A soft, steady song that said: even the longest night breaks. Even lost wings can find their way. And when the Hive forgets itself, the stars will guide the memory home.



Beneath the spiral's dim shimmer, late one forgotten night, a quiet cluster of bees gathered, not in celebration, but in resistance. They shared scraps of pollen like secrets, each mote a vow to remember what the Hive once stood for. Their hums were hushed, their wings still, but the rhythm remained, etched in memory and muscle. The Crimson Decree had robbed them of their roles, their songs, their places among the comb... but it could not touch their identity.

Not yet time to fly. Not yet time to rise. For now, they survive. For now, they hold each other close beneath the tapestry, waiting for the wind to shift. And when it does, the Hive will hear their hum again.

And so, though the Crimson Decree still hung like a shadow, a spark of hope shimmered in each brave heart. The hive's true strength would come when that single hum grew into a mighty chorus once more.



This story is not over. Though Crimson Decree may carry the weight of law, its iron hand has crushed so many that resistance now pulses through the hive like a secret current. Yet this resistance carries nothing but hope. What will happen next? We long to believe the Golden Spiral will restore justice and equity, that its fragile glow can outshine every tyranny. But time and again, the forces behind the Decree return to prey on those who forget their own song.

Will you stand up against that shadow?
Will you remember the hum that once bound
us all?



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These pages document a period I find deeply troubling. The unfolding events represent a stark departure from the norms that have long defined our nation. It speaks of an unprecedented assertion of power, a government that seems intent on rewriting the fundamental rules of its operation, often bypassing established procedures. This isn't just abstract paranoia; it's the observation of actions that suggest a trajectory towards unchecked authority, away from the traditional checks and balances.

There's a growing sense that the nation's laws themselves are being treated as mutable concepts rather than immutable principles. Decisions are being made through decree, not through the careful deliberation of representative bodies. This has created a palpable unease, a feeling that the very foundation of our governance is eroding. It evokes images of a powerful executive acting unilaterally, potentially altering the landscape in ways previously unimaginable, and the speed with which this transformation is occurring is particularly alarming.

I wanted to explore these anxieties without direct reference to any particular movement or ideology. By focusing on the actions and the emotions they stir, fear, confusion, a sense of loss, I aimed to capture the feeling that something fundamental and disturbing is happening. The allegorical style wasn't just a stylistic choice; it was necessary to convey the gravity without the risk of direct confrontation or misinterpretation.

This book serves as a warning, a reflection on the potential consequences of concentrating power without sufficient safeguards. It lingers because it touches on the unsettling reality that even in times of perceived strength, the misuse of that power can sow the seeds of its own undoing. It asks the reader, especially those who champion the current leadership, to consider the long-term implications and the possibility that their chosen path leads towards unforeseen crises.