

Living in a Beehive

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Does anyone of you know where honey is made other than Bees' nests?

I have the answer because I had the chance to meet bees in person. I talked and worked with them. I have been their close friend. I liked their world. Is it not crazy to live in a beehive?

You may ask me how I found these extraordinary bees? That was not difficult for me. I found them thanks to their buzz. I adored their anthem. I learned it by heart and started buzzing, too.

It all began in late 2017 when I first came across an online application form, calling for voluntary openings in an organization. I opened the link and read the content. They were asking a lot of questions! I skimmed it for the last time and, then, filled in it. The application form came at the right time. I was a fresh graduate who was still recovering from the stress of exams and the fatigue of the daily struggle in the crowded public transportation and university restaurant. I spent three years, surrounded by papers and pens. My only refuge was the few hours that I stole from my busy day to read some pages in my best book, listen to my favorite music, or have long talks with friends.

During the three years, as a student at university, I learned a lot about British and American literature and civilization. I read novels by George Orwell and Nathaniel Hawthorne. I

wrote essays on the first- and second-generation poets. I struggled to read the language of Shakespeare. I read about the United States' Declaration of Independence and I repeated again and again with a strong voice: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." My teacher told us that Americans dream big and that The British Empire is "the empire on which the sun never sets." Is not that amazing! I learned that I have to let my tongue dance inside my mouth, moving right and left, up and down, and back and forth to make sounds. I came to realize how complex my name is not only when trying to explain its meaning to the curious people who were driven by the strangeness of the word, which is a long story that we may dwell into another time, but also because the poor tongues lose balance each time trying to pronounce the very first sound of my name that does not exist in the English phonetic system.

Three years were enough to give me a thorough idea about English history, literature, and language. I learned to write and read in English but, unfortunately, I forget to live. Life was passing by and I was simply busy. Papers and pens were quite selfish; they refused to share me with anything else. They released me after

1095 days; all alone in a melting pot of people. I was exhausted, carefully taking my steps. I was thirsty for life and eager to live every moment with love and passion. I was waiting to pave the way for the hidden talents inside me to explode. My positive energy was sadly wasted. Thornton Wilder asked: "Do any human beings ever realize life, while they live it? - every, every minute?" The answer was NOT me!

In my way to find my true self and save it from the shackles that weakened it, I met the extraordinary bees. They were full of life, passionate, energetic, and shining. They were together strong and happy, moving here and there visiting flowers and collecting their nectar. They did that in a recurrent manner without complaining. I was amazed by their huge effort. They were simply a team. I followed them with a lot of attention and curiosity. I thought they should be well-paid. This is not an easy task. To my surprise, I discovered, later on, that they were volunteers. They gave much of their time and effort to offer free services to their community. They were not ordered or obliged

to do so. Their contribution stems from a free will! Lovely minds and souls! I loved them and found my lost self in them.

I joined the team, yes! They reviewed my application and they welcomed me to the family. Young and free they were. Excited and happy I was. It has been two years since becoming a buzzing bee. I learned lessons that were not taught in schools. In our nest, I came to understand that we have much more in common than what we expected. We share the same goals and we have the same mission and vision. I lost myself in the breeze and I flew between flowers collecting nectar to make honey. I gave unconditionally and I was rewarded in return. I am not my old self anymore. Winston S. Churchill said: "We make a living by what we get. We make a life by what we give." I can definitely relate.

I am happier, wiser, and richer thanks to my new life in the bee nest. Whenever they ask me about what we do as buzzing bees in our beehive, I answer with a big smile: "We make honey!"