

Bottomless Pit.

In my travels, I occasionally encountered holes in the earth marked Bottomless Pit. I dropped a rock into the hole to find out, but mentioning it antagonized the locals who believed spirits lived there and that dropping a rock would somehow raise those spirits' substantial ire. By the way, I never did hear the rock hit the bottom.

I cannot prove that the rock I dropped didn't hurt a spirit or spirits, and no one can prove that it did. My innocence is believing this is my earth, too, and because of that, I get to be curious.

I have learned many lessons about keeping quiet even though I teemed with experiences I wanted to share.

One day, it dawned on me to tell the story of a guy who dropped a rock into a hole marked with a sign that read Bottomless Pit so he could hear if it hit bottom. He mentioned what he did to some locals, and they castigated him for disturbing the spirits living in the hole. They told him how lucky he was that they didn't take their vengeful anger out on him.

The funny part of telling that story the way I did is that I was never criticized or demeaned because the word I was not used in the story. That's all I left out.

Once I learned to tell my stories impersonally, I could share my experiences without fear.

Written by Peter Skeels © 8-22-2024