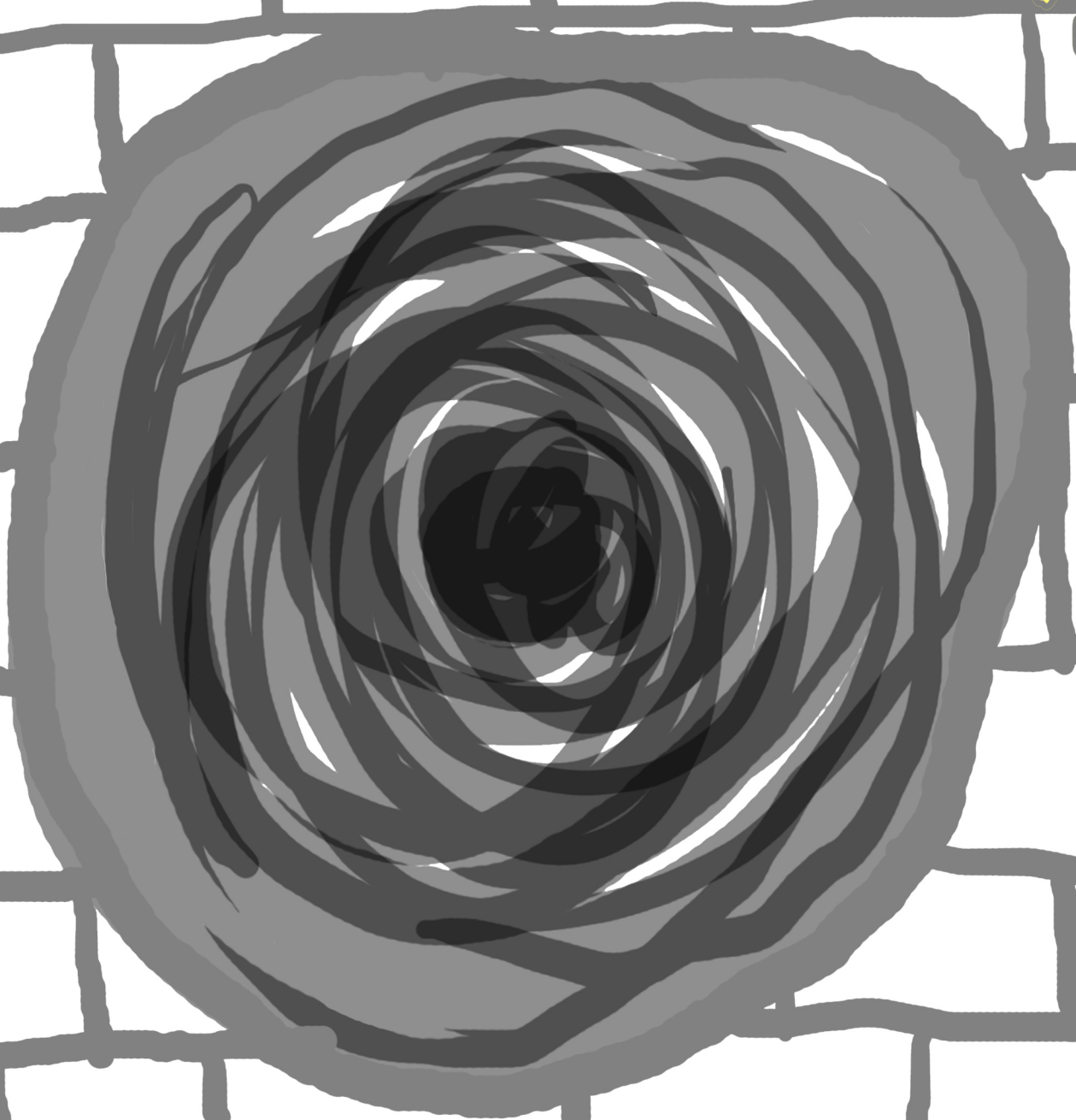


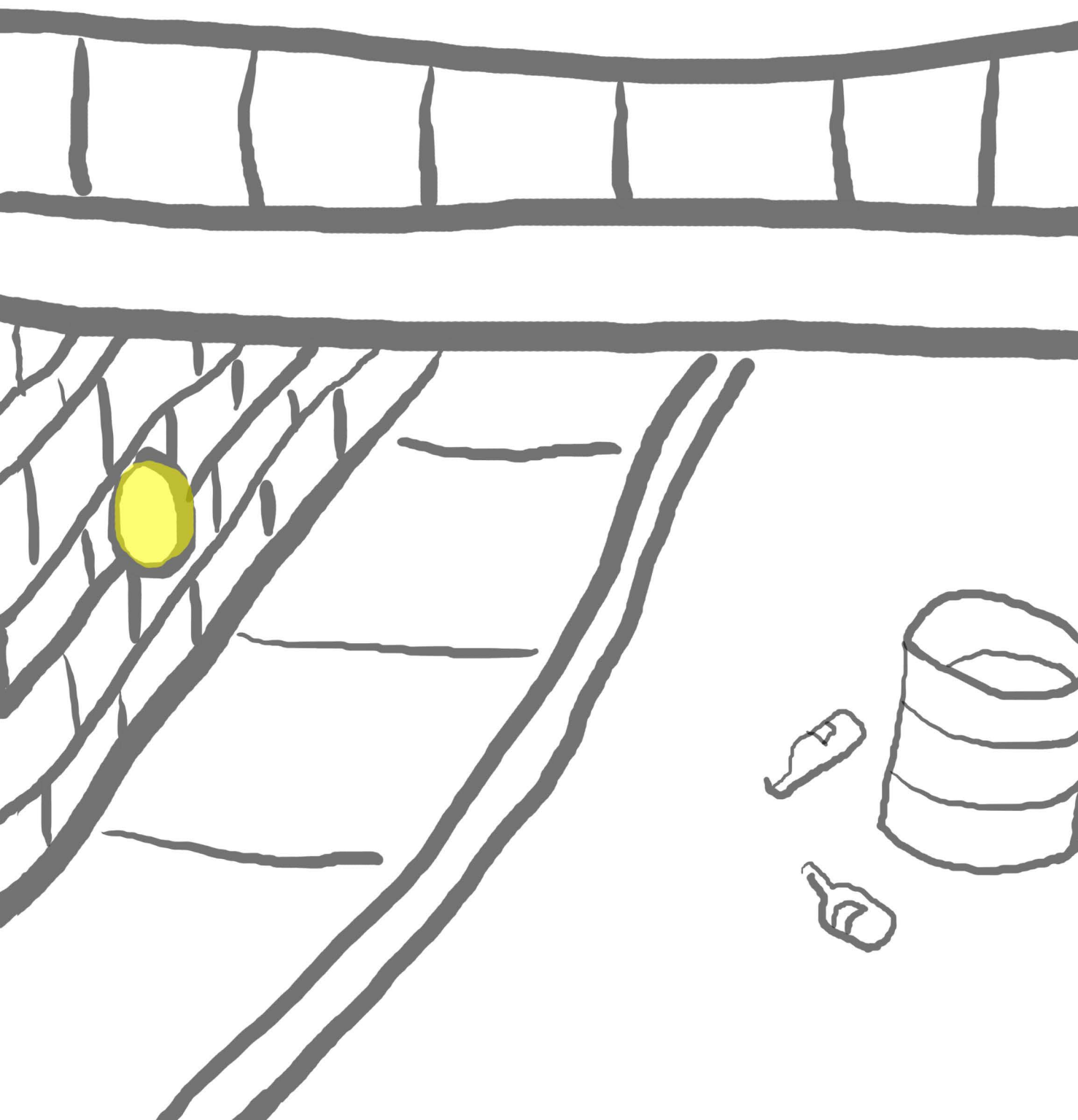
I found a hole.



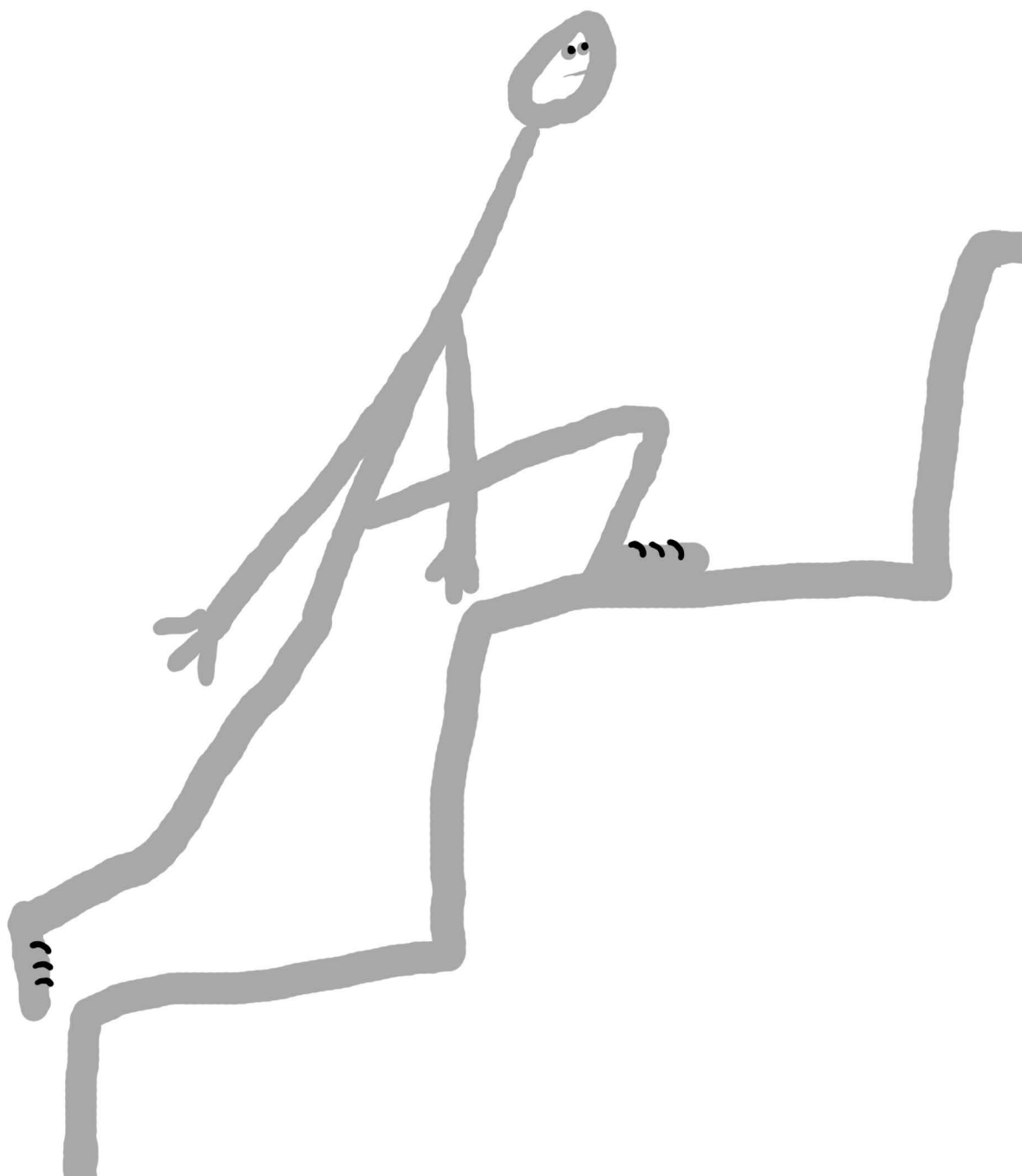
by Dustin Travis Jenkins

In loving memory
of the notion
that we **have** to do
what we're supposed to do.

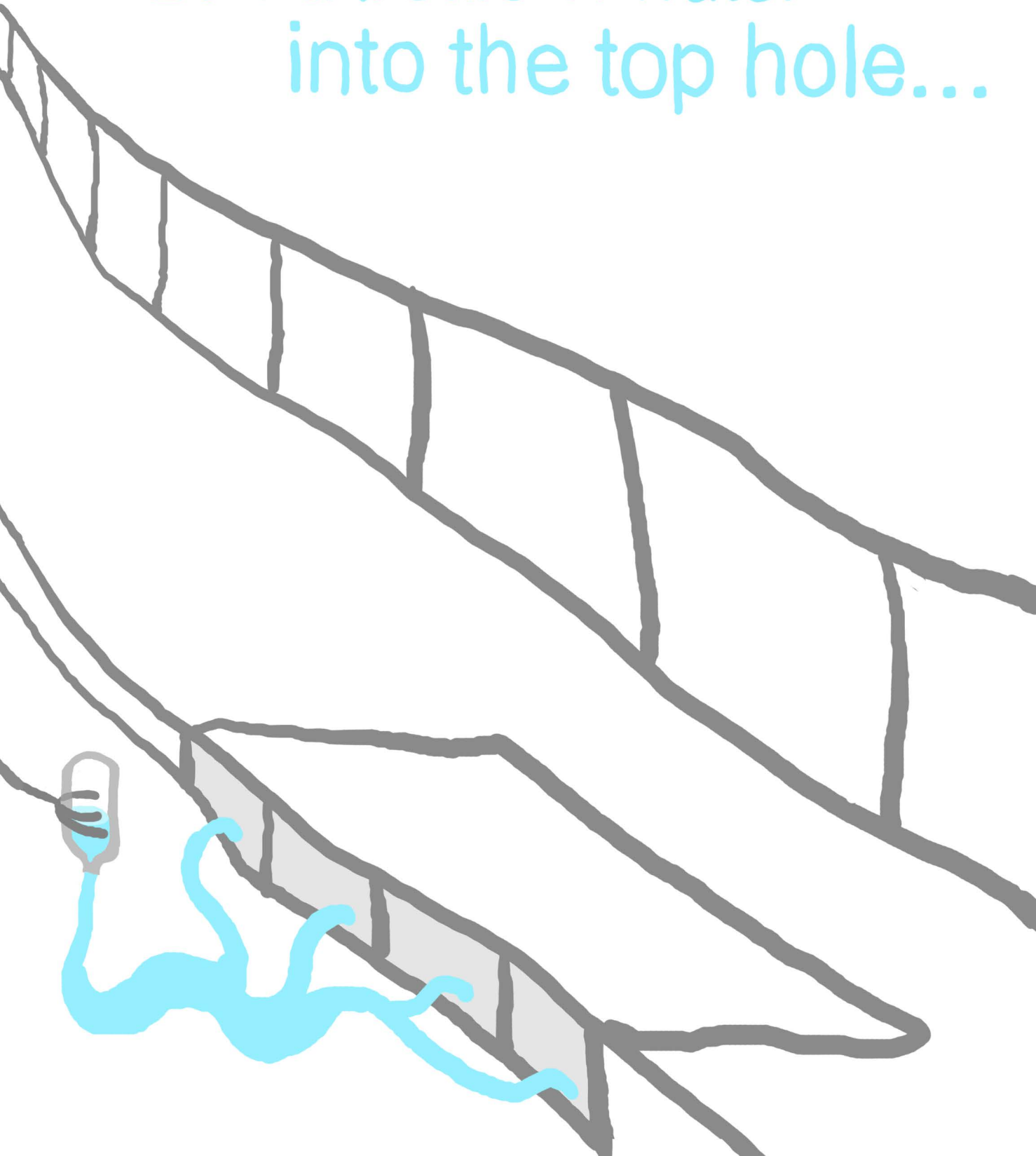
I found a hole under the bridge.



I walked up to the top of the bridge to find out where it started.



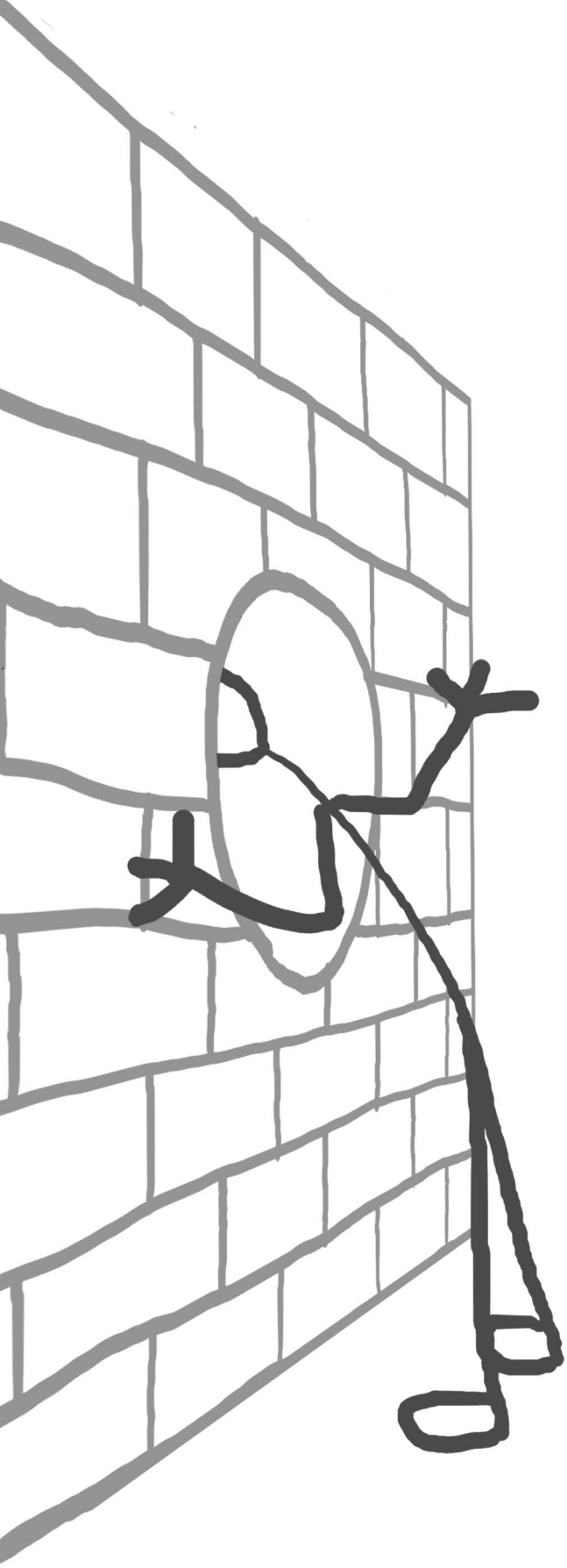
But, when I poured my
20 oz. bottle of water
into the top hole...



...nothing dripped out the bottom one.



I wasn't sure what this hole was for, since it obviously wasn't much good for drainage.



So I yelled into it.

**WHAT IS IT YOU DO,
EXACTLY!?!**

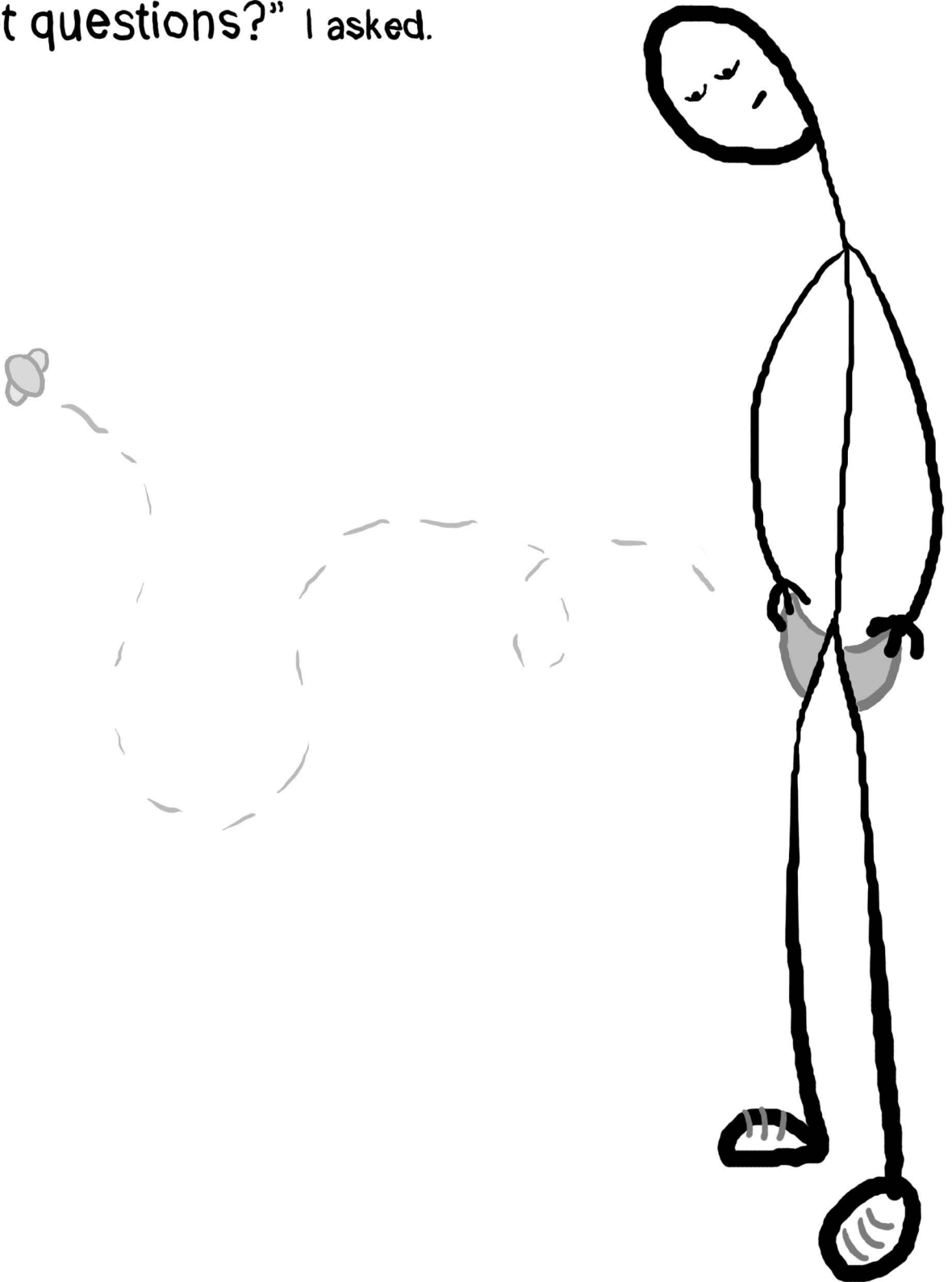
And it yelled back.

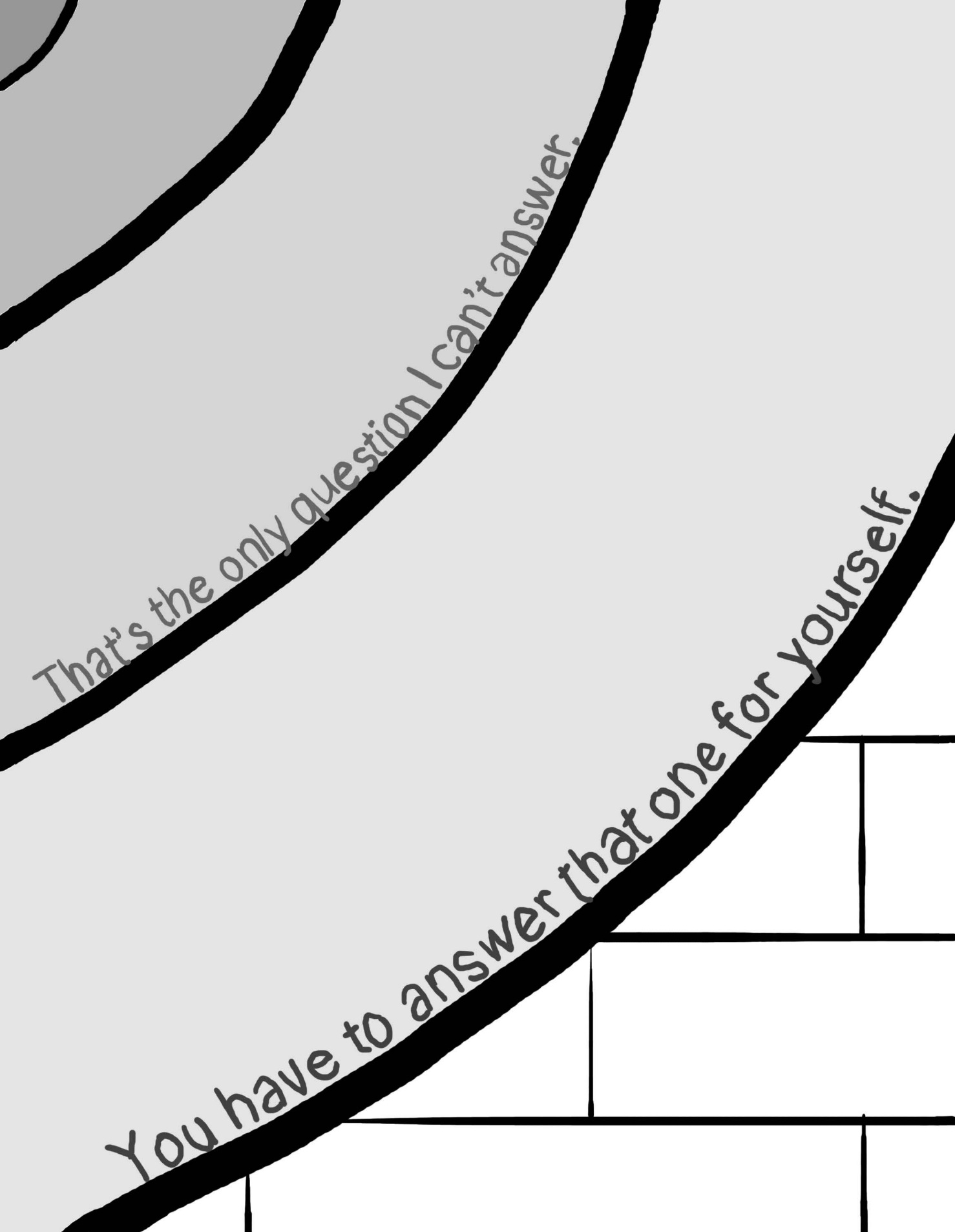


**I'M HERE
TO ANSWER**

YOUR QUESTIONS!

“What questions?” I asked.






That's the only question I can't answer.

You have to answer that one for yourself.

“Okay. How about this one,” I said.





You're supposed to be a lawctonaut.
You're supposed to
put criminals in jail,
cure cancer,
and explore the depths
of outer space.

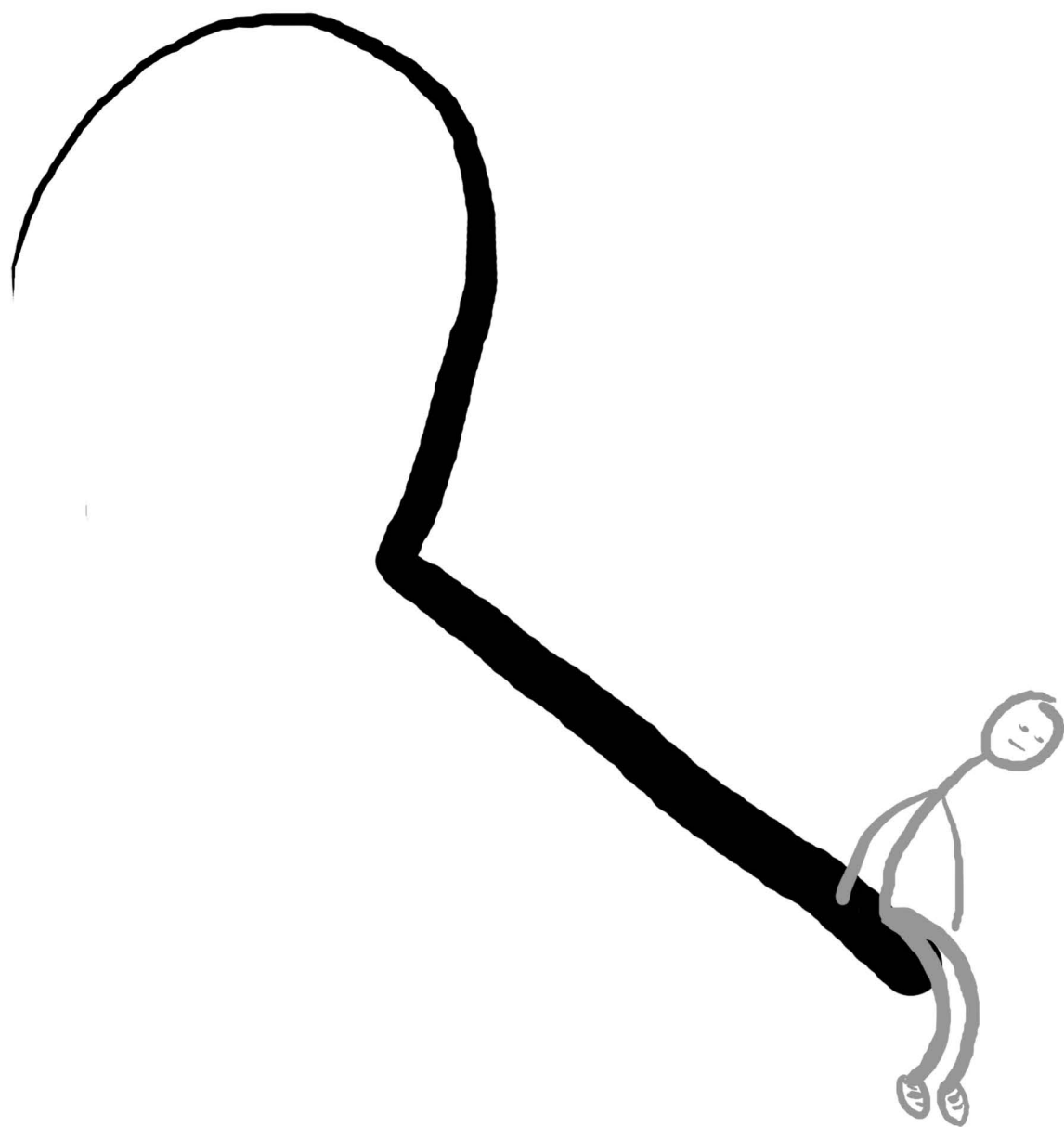
Okay... What if I don't want to do this?



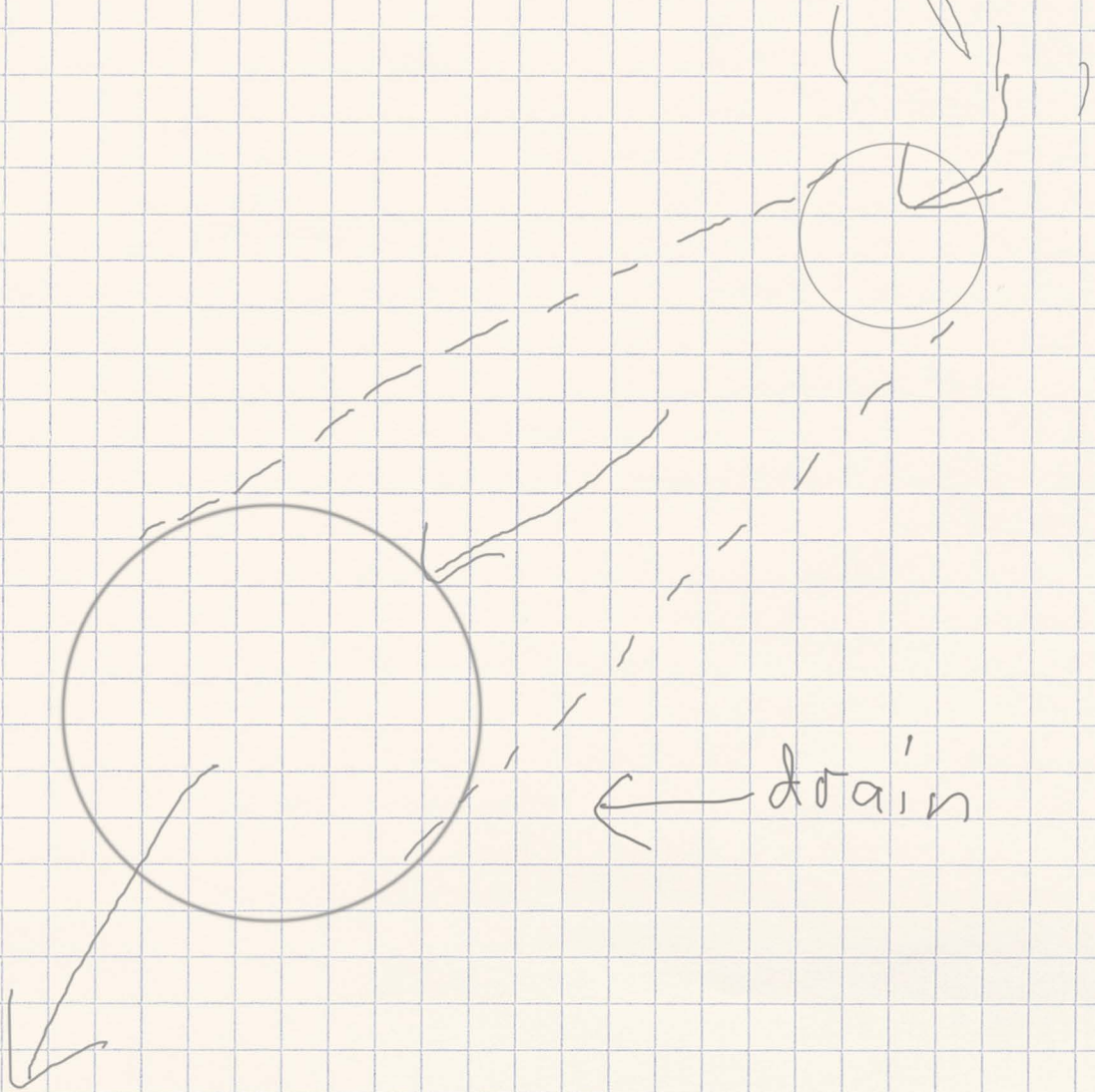
A hand-drawn circle with a thick black outline, centered on a white background. Inside the circle, the text "Then don't," is written on the top line and "it said." is written on the bottom line, both in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

**"Then don't,"
it said.**

But how am I supposed to not be the thing I'm supposed to be

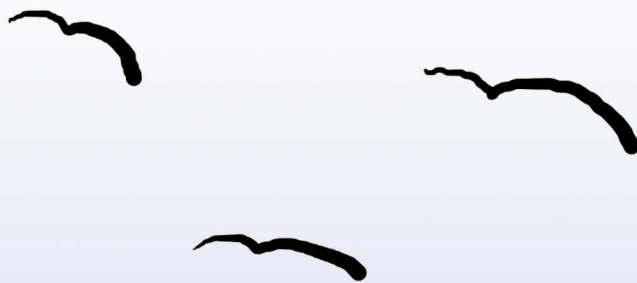


Storm →



"It's easy," it said.

"I was supposed to be a storm drain."



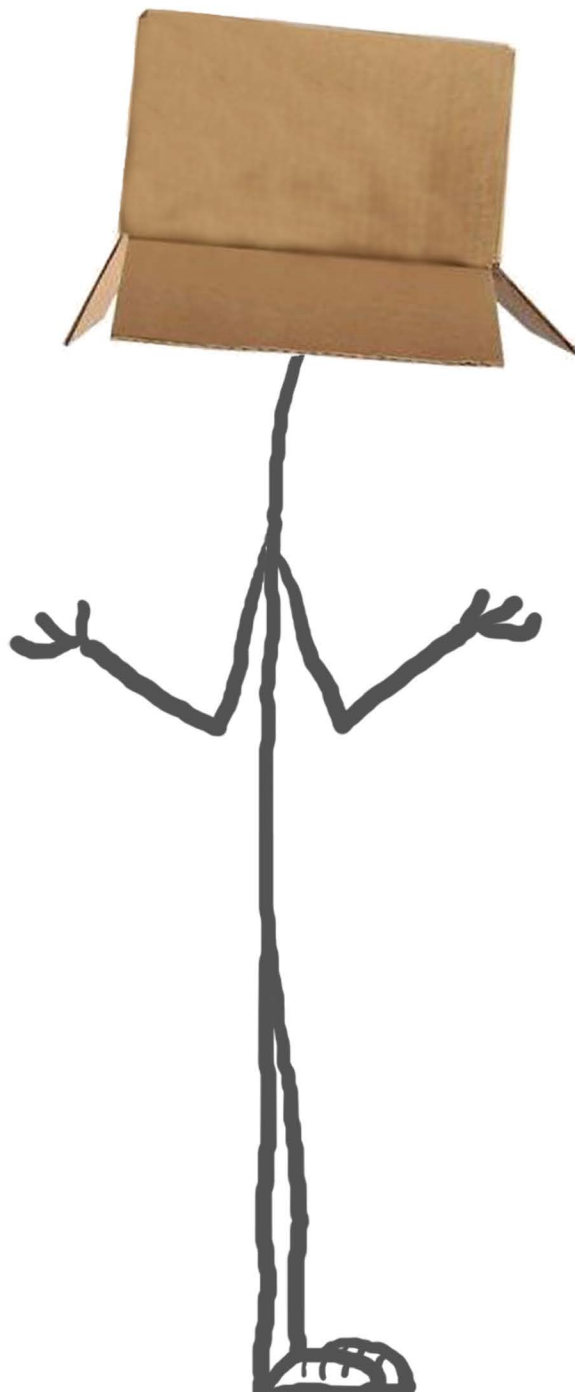
But it never stormed,
so there was never anything for me to drain.




Since I couldn't be a storm drain, I decided to be a wise hole that answers the questions of curious passers-by, instead.



What if I decide to be nothing at all?





"It's not at all possible to be nothing," it said.

"What do you mean, hole?"
I asked.

Precisely. I'm a hole.
I'm a big, long tube of nothing.



But even I'm still something.

Okay. But I still don't know what to do with my life.

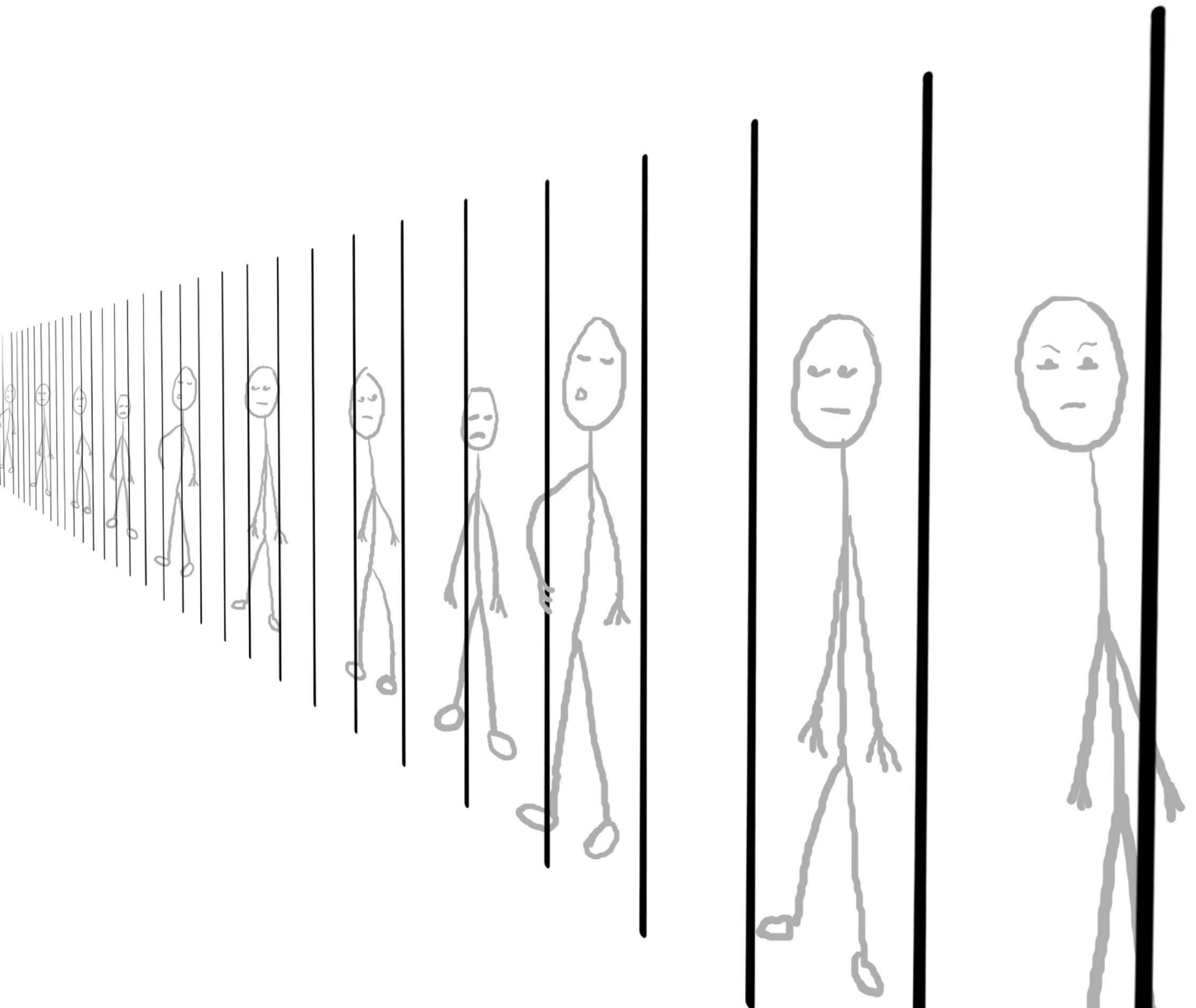
I know I don't want to be a lawctornaut.

But what if I become one anyway?

And what if I'm really good at it?



And what if I put all the criminals away...



...and cure cancer...



...and fly to the end of the universe and back?





Then it spit exactly 20 oz. of water right into my face.

ACK! WHY DID YOU DO THAT!!?!!



“Just because you’re capable of something,” it said,

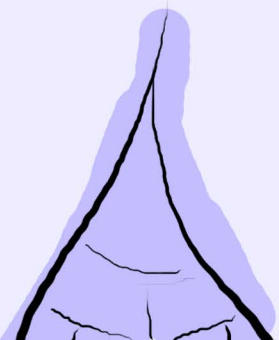
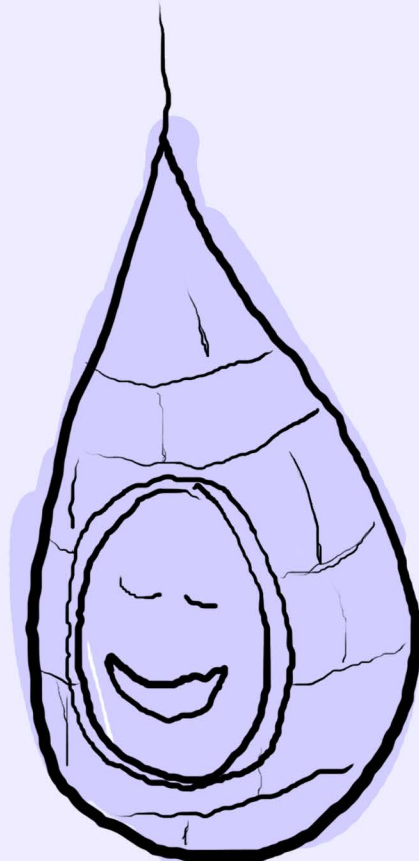
“doesn’t necessarily mean you should do it.”

We both laughed.



I suppose it laughed because

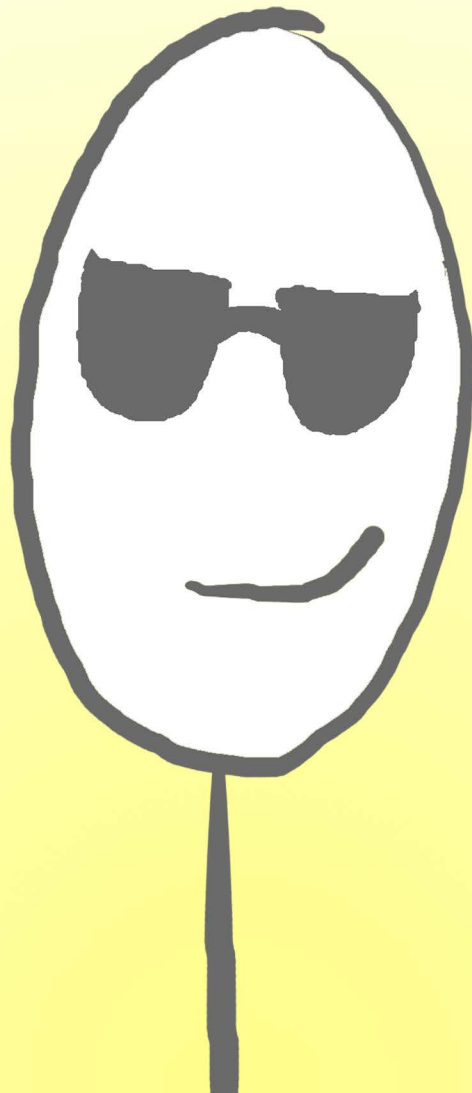
I look silly with 20 oz. of water on me.



And I suppose I laughed because I had just decided
I would only do what I wanted to do
for the rest of my life.



And at the very, very least,
it would be something.





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