

Too Revealing: Robin Moorhouse

How did I get here and where am I? The people in the group were excited and chatty, a mixed bunch, although some hanging back shyly or nervously. I sidled up to a skinny figure near me. "What are you looking forward to?" I asked quietly, hoping to learn something.

"Not looking forward to any of it. I'm not good at revealing myself," he whispered. "I don't want to be picked out and questioned first."
"Curiouser and curiouser". Reveal myself! Not my skeletal self.

That night and all the following we sat in a circle, dimly lit by the fire. A long polished bone was handed to whoever was chosen to speak. The personal stories ranged from the macabre to dangerous.

Each day we moved on, an uncomfortable trek, to where? Each night histories were revealed reluctantly.
Hopefully we would arrive before I had the bone.
Finally, a settlement in sight. What next? What did we deserve? Where did I take a wrong turn?

It wasn't quite the travel experience I thought it would be.