

“He can come across a bit dark and mysterious,” said an old, gritty thing.

“A bit batty too, but he still needs to meet new people,” said the optimistic one. The two time-worn friends enjoy hanging around together.

“He can’t exactly put himself out there.” The trio are all stone set in their ways. They move slowly, they’re bodies having known so many years.

“He had a soft centre once. He’s been broken before.” Mostly it had just been the weathering of time, but sometimes others had been unkind too.

“Well now he’s got a big hole, no-one can fill. Not even us.” The friends both paused, wanting to grow their reach.

“You know as well as I do, we’re both trying, I’d reach from the heavens to the dark depths, if I could.” They noticed the gap between them. “We need help, need others to come.”

“What about the skeletons in the basement? Skeleton’s scare people.” Many keys to the past lay in the darkness beyond the two friend’s sight.

“They could bring people too!” gasped the bright one.

“But do we want those sorts of people?” huffed the rough one.

“Maybe we need to advertise he has sustainable air-conditioning. It’s a great way to escape the summer heat.” The fresh air surrounded the buddies.

“I suppose free-loaders are better than skeleton hunters.” A chilly drop runs down the gritty one’s body.

“How would he feel about the adventurous spirits? Those wanting to travel to another world without hoping on a rocket?”

“Oh, I think he’d like those. He’s always supported us. I wish we could get others to support him.”

“*Where the sun doesn’t shine* is usually a bad thing, but I like it down here.”

“I hope people will be brave and visit our cave. He’s been so lonely.”

The two stalactites pondered their lonely cave a little longer, before the optimistic one asks,

“If a stalactite falls and no-one hears it, did it make a sound?”