

You run as fast as you can, hoping that once the mother sees her baby is safe, she will not pursue you.

You dart into a cavern. It's darker and hotter than the pleasant spot where you found the fledgling. Is it the same passageway you came through?

Still running, you look back over your shoulder to see if the mother bird is following. At that moment you find yourself falling, or rather rising, toward the earth's surface—drawn up into what must be the same shaft that forms the Bottomless Crevasse!

Soon you stop rising and start falling. Then you rise a shorter distance, stop, and begin to fall again. You feel like a yo-yo, bouncing up and down, up and down, until you finally come to rest at the center of gravity, the point where you will neither rise nor fall. Like a cork thrown in the ocean, you seem doomed to drift forever.

The End