



## The Archives of Fudgemore

A History of Truth Seekers

Volume 1 Issue 2: Iffetayo and the Bucket and the Snake

by Bao Luo

Published by School of Unusual Arts

61 Adelaide Street, Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada

[Schoolofunusualarts.com](http://Schoolofunusualarts.com)

ISSN 2816-2781 (Online Version)

ISSN 2816-2773 (Print)

First Edition

Copyright © 2021 Bao Luo

All rights reserved.

For permissions contact: [info@schoolofunusualarts.com](mailto:info@schoolofunusualarts.com)

Artwork concepts: Bao Luo

Artwork design by @upillustrations

[Tell me more Stories](#)



## Iffetayo the Bucket and the Snake

One day on her way to the well to draw some water, Iffetayo saw a snake. “I hate snakes! She screamed, and straightway took her bucket and threw it at the snake with all her might. On hitting the ground, the bucket, receiving the punishment which was meant for the snake, was never afterward to forget the event owing to the fact that a small leak appeared, just at the place where a face was carved in its side.

Now you should know that this bucket was given to her on her fifth birthday by her grandfather. And this was kind of a tradition in the village. “Treat this bucket like your first baby” grandfather would say “for your life and its life are one and the same”. On one side of the bucket were carved all kinds of trees and bugs and things, and on the other side a face and two hands holding a baby. The face and hands were meant to be those of her grandfather And that baby was most certainly Iffetayo.

According to her age, it was her turn to draw water, Iffetayo made the trip to the well and back in the hot sun every day. And every time she came home, though she spilled none, her bucket was never as full as it was wont to be.





One day her curious mind turned to the question as to why? Why did her bucket never hold as much as she thought it should?

Just before the sun went down, in order to inspect the bucket carefully, and with the water still in the bucket, Iffetayo hung the bucket from a rope and turned it slowly around. Memories of her grandfather tread their way softly into her heart as the familiar images of plants and bugs were seen. When she came to the image of her grandfather holding her in his hands she stood still holding the bucket steady with her outstretched hands. Falling into a such as state as when the past, present and future come together in one moment, she became motionless. Standing thus like a statue, the sun behind her went slowly down. And what arrested her wandering heart and mind and brought her to her true self was the fact that the image of her grandfather's face was crying, as it were, real tears. She knew also that this was not a miracle, it was her grandfather's lesson. He had to have made the bucket in that way, so that she should need to take good care of it, and that she should be reminded when she failed to do so. This was his lesson, given to her now, and yet from a long time ago.

So as the sun went down and her face became hidden in the twilight, a deep and private emotion rose from such depths as are rarely encountered.





In this state of communion with the past, present and future, sharing tears with the image of her long dead grandfather, she asked him “how did you know that I would be forgetful and careless?” then to herself she asked “Why did I throw the bucket at the snake?” for she knew that the snake was harmless and contained neither fangs nor poison. These simple, yet essential questions arose in her with a transformative force which comes only a few times in peoples lives. And as she could not answer these simple questions, she undertook, from that day forward to reflect seriously on her actions.

The next day she placed a small egg in her bucket and set off toward the well, holding the bucket carefully so that the egg should not break. She stopped at the place where she had seen the snake. The snake was there once again , coiled near a rock warming itself in the early morning sun.

Quietly approaching the snake, she took the egg out of the bucket and lay it near the snake and waited. It was not long before the snakes tongue began to flick in and out of its mouth which, if you know something about snakes, is how they smell their food. Soon the snake awoke and seeing the egg, opened its mouth and swallowed it whole.





Iffetayo then quietly approached the snake, and the snake being drowsy with a full meal did not resist her picking it up and putting it in her front apron pocket. Then she drew water and mended her way home.

When she got home, she took the snake and placed it at the edge of the garden where the rocks were piled and where she knew the snake could find a home. And every day from that day onward, at the end of a long day or a short day, she would go to the garden, and every so often would bring an egg and place it by the rock pile. And in this way, she made friends with the snake, and was often seen at sunset in apparent conversation with this once fearful enemy.

Many evenings passed in contemplation in this way and gradually her understanding waxed strong until she became a beacon of light for those around her. And from what did this beacon of light arise? It arose from the simple questions: how did my grandfather know? And Why did I throw the bucket at the snake? To the first question she began to realize that her grandfather had the kind of wisdom that every old person should acquire. That is, the wisdom to realize that we all at times behave in ways which are reactive and which we shall live to regret. To the second question “why did I throw the bucket at the snake”?





The answer slithered into her heart in the form of a recognition of the human essence. That is, that in every person there exists two independent and interdependent parts. The one is reactive and says things like “I hate snakes”. And it says these kinds of things owing to the experiences it has had in the past which conditions its present reactions. The other is non reactive and is born of appreciation and love of the living world. It says things like “how beautiful and mysterious thou art” and “greater than all imagination is all that is made manifest”. These two aspects of the human essence she now saw clearly in herself and she finally understood. “I threw the bucket out of reaction born of past and limited experience. I should not manifest thus. I should manifest according to not only this, my automatic nature, but I should include also that sense of appreciation and love which I am also heir to. In this way I would have recognized that my now dear friend the snake was no real threat to me, and I could have simply said “hello brother” and been on my way. I regret my manifestation and vow to never again manifest from so automatic and reactive a nature as I did then. Ifetayo at an early age began to live the threefold life which distinguishes truth seekers throughout the world. And to herself she described this threefold living thus: “I hate snakes” is one, I love all creation” is two. And three She described thus: “I bear witness to love and hate and no action shall be taken without my awareness of both of my inherent natures”.

## The End



Next Story

In the next issue of the Archives of Fudgemore we read the story of Ana and the Mother Tongues.

A strange occurrence following the death of their dear friend Ana causes questions to surface about language and the meaning of life

Tell me more Stories

## Special Edition

These stories are based on  
The Philosophy of Meaning®

These stories present to readers images of heroic individuals of all ages, races, and times who provide us with an example of living a meaningful life.

They also point out that meaning transcends all cultural and racial barriers, and has the potential to heal not only an individual heart, but the heart of societies of humanity as a whole. The question of what meaning is and what it derives from will be fed by these stories.

Iffetayo and the Bucket and the Snake is the second part of the storey about Grandfather's Bucket. In an encounter with a snake, Iffetayo inadvertently discovers the message her grandfather left for her. She thereby discovers something about the threefold meaning of life. .