Nothing To Say

In a world full of people who had plenty to say, Irwin had nothing. His friends had lots of opinions, Irwin zero. His friends thought it odd that he had no opinion he wanted anyone else to hear. He kept his opinions to himself. What was wrong with that?

Plenty–in these days of broadcast.

Irwin was expected to open up, to share his opinions. The internet fed on opinions, encouraged them. Some influencers, simply by posting their opinions, had hundreds of thousands of regular followers. There were opinions on opinions, conspiracies about opinions. Discretion? Being humble? Old fashioned.

Irwin did not expression his opinions because opinions started arguments. He saw it at family dinners where an Uncle discussed politics, at work where colleagues disagreed on what to do. Anger always rose and he truly disliked anger. So, no one knew where Irwin stood on anything and he did not mind if people saw him as aloof, his one stance being on a podium.

At work he was very good but careful about suggesting changes or new projects. It cost him promotions but he could care less (a phrase he never understood because the point was he could not care less, not that he was carless.) Not speaking his opinions was most difficult raising his young children. He had to guide them–that meant opinions, which he disguised as history, as facts. That worked, though dinner conversations remained largely limited to weather and plumbing.

Eventually, Irwin started a blog about the value of not expressing opinions. It grew very popular, with almost a million followers in six months, with many readers posting about why he was posting opinions about not posting opinions.

It grew too much for the humble Irwin, who fled with his family to Hawaii, where they shared a cave with Truth and Irwin signed autographs (no opinions needed.)

(C) Victor Schwartzman 2025. All rights reserved. http://www.VictorSchwartzman.ca