

# Framed Egg #1

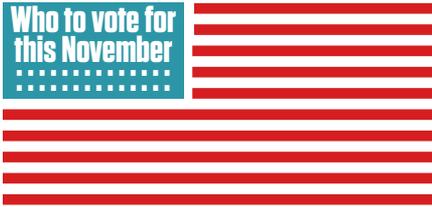
*Free pun  
with this  
issue!*



# I promise you this is sincere as I'll get.

*Hi everybody. I made you this little book/chapbook/magazine/zine/pamphlet and filled it with some comedy (or, at least, what I think of as comedy). I hope you like it.*

Who to vote for this November



*I feel stupid telling you this, but has it ever occurred to anybody to vote for themselves? I mean, think about it - you write in your name, maybe get your neighbor to do it too, and suddenly you've got some momentum rolling. Then you're only a few million more votes away from being a serious contender for President.*

The Framed Egg “political” “cartoon”



# Letters to the It's the pun! egg-ditor.

## Early Birds

As an avid reader of many magazines, I've always been irritated by the common trope of first issues that feature letters from readers. How can the publication have received these missives before most people are even made aware of its existence? I hope *Framed Egg #1* will avoid this common misstep.

*Joyce Fairborne*

## Scribus Interruptus

I'm a huge fan of your excellent periodical, which is why I've been disappointed to note the frequency with which your letters column simply cuts off those with whom you disagree-

*Some Jerk*

## Virgin Pen

Um, yes. Let's see. I've never really done this before. Letter writing, I mean. Should I be... sorry, I got distracted. Should I be typing out everything I'm thinking?

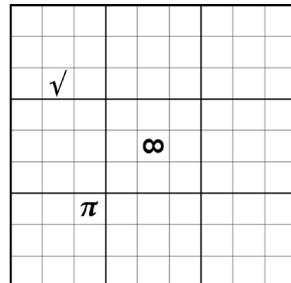
*Ted Damson*

## Dissenting Opinion

Am I the only one who feels like this fake letters column is a complete waste of time and space? Surely there's something funnier and more well-thought-out that could be here inste-

*Another Jerk*

## Puzzle Corner



# Song parody is easy!

(sing to the tune of the Beatles' "Yesterday")

Pokemon,  
Has so many things that could go wrong,  
Pit bull attacks writ large, and on,  
and on,  
But we all trust the Pokemon.

Pikachu,  
Just think about all that he could do,  
So easy for him to just murder you,  
So cute you can't believe it's true.

**Chorus!**  
Beedrill,  
Squirtle, Charizard, Gloom, and Geodude,  
I have,  
Some concerns but I've learned you think that's rude.

Jigglypuff,  
What will you do when she gets up the duff?  
Abort the kid if you are man enough,  
Or use protection, it's not tough.

**Chorus!**  
Abra,  
Bellsprout, Golem and Muk, and more besides.  
All are,  
Unique problems for sure, I just can't lie.

Pokemon,  
Sales of games, however,  
still so strong,  
This trend's already lasted so, so long,  
'Cause we all love the Pokemon.

Hitmonlee and  
Hitmonchan...

## Hey guys, it's the snake here.

I just wanted to drop you a line and ask why none of you jerks told me that I was *eating my own goddamn tail*. I mean, seriously? That was pretty embarrassing for me. I was completely oblivious – and I hardly think it's my fault, since my tail is super delicious – and everybody else was just standing around laughing at me.

It's not just the humiliation. It's that I wasted all that time trying to eat something and have *nothing to show for it*. I'm so hungry. You know how sometimes you feel like you're so starving you could eat your own arm? That's how hungry I am, except *I've already tried the equivalent of eating my own arm*.

Plus, now my tail's all covered in saliva. Gross.



## How to kiss.

You need to focus your tongue into a sharp point and then *stab*. The objective is to give someone a smooch *and* remove their adenoids.

## Women seeking men

**Attractive, tall, redhead**  
Would like to meet similarly tall gentleman for fun times and maybe more. I can't stress how important it is that you are tall. Preferably over 8'9", as I am 8'9". Please, no regular-size people wearing stilts. I've been hurt before.

**Older lady** looking for companion to while away the remaining days with. We will make a suicide pact and complete bucket lists. When we have achieved all we desire, we will feed each other cyanide and rose petals. BYO cyanide, as I don't know where to get any. It's really strictly controlled, for some reason.

**Young, handsome woman**  
WLTM man who will not comment on her large collection of riding crops. It's not a fetish, so please don't ask. Things will be extremely vanilla between us in the bedroom. I don't know how I can make that any clearer.

## Men seeking women

**Stout man** on the market for a woman to be with in an intimate manner. Would appreciate someone who can identify locally brewed ales, converse with eloquence on the news of the day, and play recreational sports with enthusiasm. Will settle for someone who is down to f\*\*k like a monkey.

**Barely legal** former boarding-school student seeks woman to play dorm mistress in completely platonic manner. Must be able to declare "lights out" with authority and perform random spot-checks for contraband. Any age. Again, platonic. I just miss the sense of routine. (Part of the routine was having sex. Platonically. So you should be up for that.)

**Trim, fit, muscle-boun-**  
Actually, what that first guy said sounds cool. Ditto.

## Men seeking men

What are you, gay?

## Lost pets

**FOUND:** Unusual feline. Large (17 hands high), brown, four long legs ending in hooves. Was discovered wandering local racetrack wearing saddle and blinders. Please collect your cat soon, as he (it's definitely a he) is costing me hundreds of dollars in hay.

## Musical Instruments

**I bought my son a drum kit.** Don't make the same mistake.

**Looking for a cheap beginner's violin.** One of the easy ones, please - I don't have a lot of time.

## Apartments

**Gorgeous seaside property.** Huge bay windows. Great access to transit. Very few mutated crab attacks.

## Missed Connections

**You: Ponzi schemer. Me: Duped millionaire.**

# Classifieds



HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU? I cannot give you change for a bus ticket. You must have the exact amount of coins. No, I won't let you overpay. No, I won't let you on the bus for free. *You must have the exact amount.*

Who are you that you go about your day without the right amount of money for things? Are you Mr. Moneybags, walking around with pants made of money? Are you flush with cash, festooned with five- and ten- and twenty-dollar bills, such that you cannot hand me precisely how much I need to take you these three miles?

I cannot give you any change, because I am very busy. I have to stop the bus, and I have to sit in my seat, and I have to wait. I have to sit here and wait and do nothing else. If a person doesn't have enough money or -as in your case- has too much, I have to grunt at them.

I am making a rare exception in your case, to lay out further details of this predicament. Please know that I am acting on my own discretion here; it is as much leeway as I am allowed. I cannot alter the fare, or let you journey free of charge, but I can talk to you more than I technically should.

Imagine the world that would result if I took the time to make change for every single passenger. All the counting, all the arguing and haggling... this bus would never move anywhere. So a responsibility falls to you, you must come to me with coinage at the ready, you must be prepared. And while you deposit your monies, I must stare ahead and think. Perhaps I will think about the route I am to take, or if I should get up and kick those rowdy teenagers in the back seats off of my bus (I won't do this. They scare me just as much as they scare you, perhaps more, because you can leave this bus at any time. I am stuck with them).

I will think about the real reason I am not allowed to deal with coins and notes and cash and floats in the way you would wish for. I am not trusted by the bus company to handle such accounting. Exchanges such as those would leave open the opportunity for me to scam my employers, plunder the flow of currency that passes by me every day, every hour, every stop. This is what should concern you, passenger: not the fact that I cannot help you break that five, but that the transit authority values your life less than the pennies I could steal from them if I were allowed a little more autonomy.

# Beset by demons

*We open on a man talking on the phone.*

**MAN**

Boss, I don't think I'm gonna be able to come into work today. I'm just beset by demons.

*The man hangs up the phone. We pull out and see two small demons next to him.*

**DEMON 1**

Alright, let's get to the beset-ing.

**DEMON 2**

So excited.

**MAN**

Can I just ask a quick question?

**DEMON 1**

Is it related to how we're gonna beset you?

**DEMON 2**

We're gonna beset you so hard, you don't even know.

**MAN**

I was just wondering, if I end up in purgatory-

**DEMON 2**

Pretty much everyone ends up in purgatory, dude.

**DEMON 1**

Yeah, just... *FYI*.

**MAN**

Okay, WHEN I end up in purgatory, is what's happening today going to count towards time served?

**DEMON 1**

That's... that's a really good question.

**DEMON 2**

We're not so good with the, um, the bureaucracy.

**DEMON 1**

I like to think of us as big-picture demons, you know?

**MAN**

Is there really anything in this for me, then? What's the point in being beset by you guys?

**DEMON 2**

Huh. I never thought about it that way before.

**DEMON 1**

I guess when you look at it that way our actions seem kind of... kind of selfish.

**DEMON 2**

I think we owe you an apology.

**MAN**

Hey, no harm done, right? And at least I got the day off work, eh?

*The man raises his eyebrows and smirks.*

**DEMON 1**

Oh, you little devil!

**MAN**

Takes one to know one!

*All three high-five.*



# My name is Edvard Munch and I have many other paintings.



Hello, my name is Edvard Munch. You may know me from my very famous painting *The Scream*. But did you know I also created many other paintings? Probably not, because *The Scream* is all anybody ever talks about.

For example, I also have done a painting called *The Smile*. It is a lovely picture, and in it is a smiling man. He is happy, although we do not know why. Perhaps he just painted a painting, or something, and is getting much praise for it. Maybe he is happy because he's been asked to make more versions of that painting, in pastels and such. For example.

I have another painting called *The Frown*. This is less of a happy painting, but the image is still beautiful. Notice how the man in *The Frown* looks more like a person and less like an alien

than the men in

*The Scream* and *The Smile*. This is because

I have improved as

an artist. I am comfortable saying that

*The Frown* is better than *The Scream*. Agree with me that *The Frown* is better than *The Scream*. Please.

In *The Frown*, the man is frowning because he is angry, for reasons unknown to the viewer (maybe

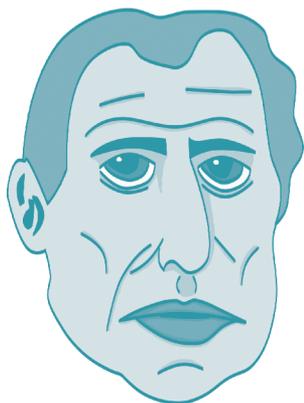
he is angry because people keep requesting that he paint a picture over and over for them). Here is a fun fact: some art critics think that the figure in *The Scream* is not someone screaming, but someone overhearing a scream. This could not be the case with *The Frown*, because you cannot overhear a frown. You can only oversee a frown, like in this painting that you should look at instead of *The Scream*.

One of my favorite paintings is called *The Cry*. It features a man who is crying, probably because he has realized that he lives in a prison he has built for himself, a prison of unoriginality and endless reduplication. "Yes, I will create a lithograph stone to produce prints of my famous painting," is something he could be saying while crying. When you say something while you are crying, it often comes out as a wail. A wail is pretty close to a scream. Are you happy now? No? No, you are never happy.

This last painting is called *The Yawn*. A lot of people think that the man in this painting is screaming, but in fact he is yawning. Not because he is tired, but because he is so very bored with what his life has become, and he wishes it would all just end. This painting is a painting about despair.

Yes, like *The Scream*.





*Do you like Danish physicist Niels Bohr? Of course you do. We all do. But so many people have trouble pronouncing his name and easily confuse him with other things that exist. It's not a racial thing. I mean, sure, we don't have this problem with Stephen Hawking, but that's not relevant.*

## How to tell when something isn't Niels Bohr.

- 1 Is the thing you're looking at a former member of the Manhattan Project? If not, you're probably not looking at Niels Bohr.
- 2 Is the person you're talking to the architect of the Bohr model of the atom? If he or she isn't, then he/she probably is not Niels Bohr.
- 3 Have you confused the terms "kneels boar" or "Niles bore" with "Niels Bohr"? If so, you're probably not dealing with Niels Bohr.

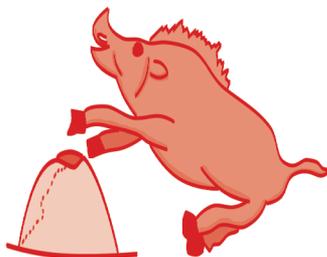
**NIELS BOHR DIED IN 1962.**

**BONUS TIP!**



*fig. 1 - Niles bore*  
Frasier's brother Niles is an expert in psychiatry, not quantum physics.

*fig. 2 - Kneel boar*  
Famous physicist Niels Boar did not have cloven hooves, unlike a boar that kneels.



# Whoa, wait: you've never stayed in our tents?

You've absolutely got to try our tents, then. They're the best way to be outdoors while you're asleep (we don't recommend using tents while you're awake. Try clothes, or a house, or something). Our tents are strong, and durable, and they have a zip on the inside that you can padlock if you want to keep people out (and you do want to keep people out. I mean, who knows who lives in the woods, who stalks through the trees, who comes upon your tent).

I mean, when I say the tents are durable, well, they're not... they're not going to withstand a knife or anything, or bear claws, or a bullet. But how likely are those things in the lovely forest and camp grounds near our picturesque village? Sure, there was that prison escape recently, and we have a very high bear

population, but on the other hand: the thrill of the outdoors! Discover the world outside your four-walled life! Frolic in nature! Learn to recognize signs of bear habitats and move the location of your tent accordingly!

Can you eat food inside our tents? You bet. If your mom isn't a stickler for that kind of thing, obviously (mine was. Absolutely no food inside our tent at any time, lest there be a spill of some kind. See, we were a family that respected tents. In fact, you could say my parents were kind of intense when it can to tents. Get it? Ah, you'll get it later. In your tent).

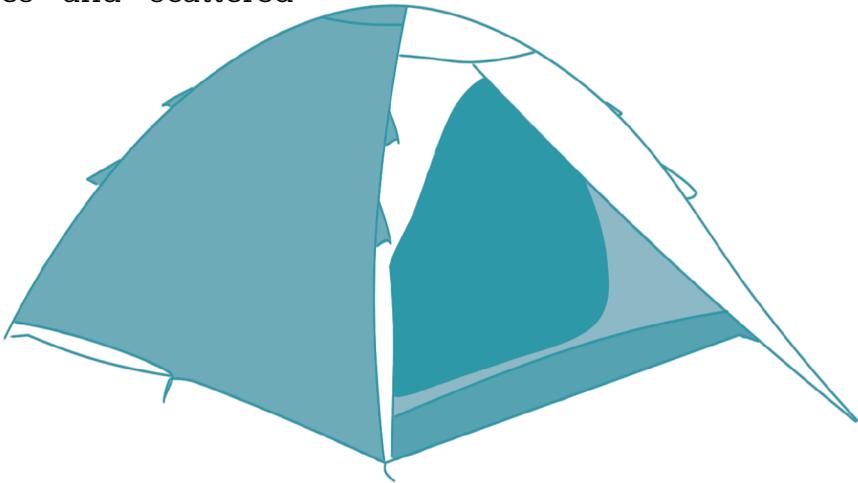
You probably heard about that guy who bought one of our tents, zipped himself inside of it, and then tried to survive going over a waterfall. That wasn't our fault. Nobody at the store told

that dude that our tents were waterfall-proof. We did say “waterproof”, but we meant *rain*. They’ll manage a light-to-heavy rainfall, not gallons of gushing water pounding on the thin canvas.

However, I will say that although his body was completely crushed by the pressure, his corpse *was* easy to retrieve, as the general structure of the tent remained intact, and wrapped itself around his limbs and torso. So if I have any kind of recommendation regarding our tents and waterfalls, I would tell you that they’re a good method of making sure your dead body doesn’t get ripped to pieces and scattered

all through the river when you commit suicide-by-waterfall. Maybe you want your family to have the sense of closure brought about by being able to bury your whole body. I don’t know, I just sell tents.

We also have gazebos, which -while not “tents”, strictly speaking- do fall into the category of “outside canvas structure”. Gazebos are great for hosting events in your backyard, like a birthday party, or a wedding, or (god forbid) a wake for a relative who tumbled over a local water-based tourist attraction while encased in a thin fabric usually reserved for temporary habitation.



# Henry VIII, Secret Hero

By King Henry VIII

HENRY VIII, KING OF ALL ENGLAND, entered his bedchambers and called for his manservant, Hillier. Hillier came at once (not because he was paid to, but because he and the King were best friends).

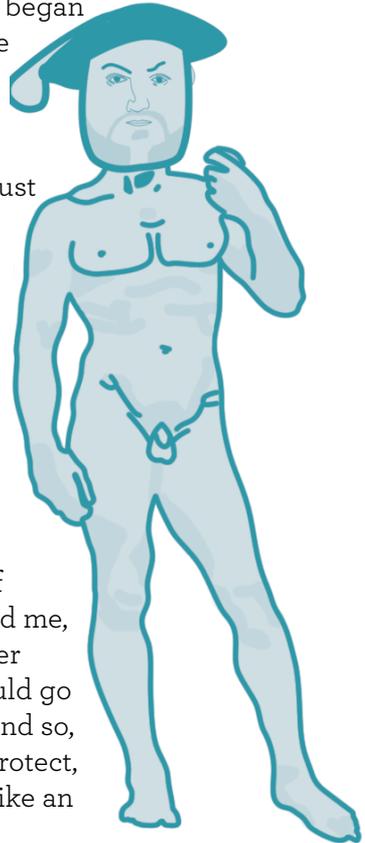
"Shall I help you remove your disguise, King Henry?" Hillier asked. The King nodded his assent and Hillier began to unbutton the elaborate false physique that hid under King Henry's expensive clothes. Henry sighed in relief.

Hillier was concerned. "This padding must weigh you down greatly, sire. Are you sure it's absolutely necessary?" As he undid the final fastening and pulled away the façade, Henry's true body was revealed and he stood naked and adonis-like, neither proud nor ashamed of his amazing good looks and toned muscles.

"Oh, Hillier, would that I could," Henry said, "but we both know that the King of France is a vain and jealous man. He told me, long ago, that if the King of England ever looked more attractive than him, he would go to war with our sceptered isle at once. And so, for the good of the land I am sworn to protect, I must don this... this 'fat suit' and look like an ugly fool to all my people."

Henry sighed, shook his head, gave Hillier a small smile. "You know, I'm glad to do it. I would do anything for the countrymen I serve."

"You are a hero, sire," Hillier said, "and I just wish that all of your people could see that. We recently got news that that bizarre



religious sect has appointed a new leader. Another woman. They say she plans an attack on your life.”

King Henry VIII had dealt with this group before. They were a strange people, bound to their customs just as much as they were bound to their hatred of the monarchy.

“A woman, eh? Then you know what I must do, Hillier,” Henry said.

Hillier gasped. His hand rose to his mouth, trembling. “Surely not, my liege! Not again!”

“Yes, Hillier,” Henry said, stroking his luxurious beard, “I must marry this new leader, this woman. For we both know that that weird religious sect’s rules prohibit attacking one’s own husband.”

“But sire, this would be your fifth wife! How could you live with the shame?”

“The same way I live with this cumbersome foam padding, Hillier. I suffer it for the good of my nation. I can take another disgraceful marriage, if it keeps Great Britain together.”

Hillier was openly weeping, like one of the King of France’s many facial sores.

“To think that you would be ready to marry again, after having fallen in love with all four of the other women you have previously married in order to prevent their making attempts on the security of our nation, and then having watched them all die horribly at the hands of their former religious sect (who then framed you for their murders or said you divorced them against the church’s wishes). You are a true hero, sire. And the worst part is, nobody will ever know.”

King Henry picked up a pen and began to write in his journal.

“Oh, Hillier,” Henry said, smirking, “I’m not so sure about that last part.”

## WORD OF THE DAY “erroneous”

*“his impression that learning one new word a day would increase his intelligence was **erroneous**”*

## PUNCTUATION OF THE DAY

““““”

*“When I want to quote someone, I use quote marks, like this ““”*

## DAY OF THE DAY “today”

*“the day today is **today**”*

## Use this handy rhyme to remember the elements of the periodic table:

Hydrogen is every- where, Helium's lighter than our air. Batteries run on lithium, Then what's next is Beryllium. Boron's good for killing pests, Carbon's great at dating tests. Nitrogen and Oxygen is what we breathe, Flourine strengthens our teeth.	Neon tubes make glowin- The void will consume us all, It is inescapable, That crushing you feel on your chest, Is the presence, Of its evil, The ever-present evil, Of the void, Void, Void is coming, Aluminum cans are strong and light.
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## INTERVIEW WITH A HORSE

Hey horse, who's best friends with Piglet and Tigger?

### WHINNY

Okay horse, how do you take cocaine?

### SNORT

Alright. Final question. Do you know anything about what happened to Jimmy Six Shoes last Wednesday night?

### NEIGH

That's right. And if the police come 'round and ask you about it, you say “nay” to them too.

## Unsubscription Notice

*Dear neighbor, you are receiving this notice because you wish to unsubscribe from “talking about cats when we bump into each other in the hallway.” Please tick the boxes below to indicate that you understand you will miss out on detailed information related to:*

- Sir Fluffington's annual dental check-up, and whether or not his teeth have recovered from that time he chewed rocks.
- Tabitha's matted fur issues.
- Chester A. Arth-purr's problems with urinating in front of the other cats.
- Whether or not I've gotten used to cleaning their butts.

# I can't decide which shape is best.

I'm told that triangles are the strongest (lean on one side and you will be supported by the other two). I think that squares are the coolest (because it's hip to be square. Thanks, age of post-irony). I hear that circles are the most efficient (nature loves circles; everything in the universe is a circle).

I briefly considered ellipses, but an ellipse is a circle that has given up. I'm sorry, but if I'm gonna attach my personal brand to a polygon, it needs to be one that at least puts in the effort. Your attitude, ellipse, reflects on me. (Shades of the "mirror" debacle.)

Semi-circles lack a sense of completeness.

Pentagons are out -- no question. I already have a house, so I don't need a shape that looks like one. Hexagons and octagons are too similar (basically the same shape, give or take a few lines) and I don't want people seeing me with my shape and having to take a second to work out which one I'm with.

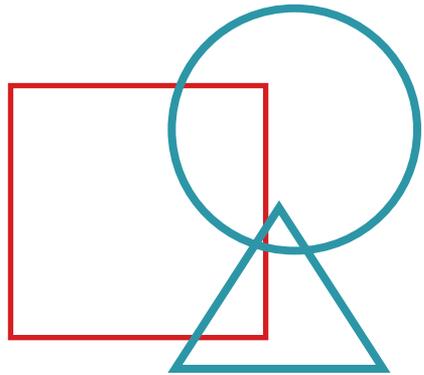
Trapezium/trapezoid. Hm. I'm not a fan of shapes with more than one name. It just makes things confusing. Squares and rectangles almost hit upon the same issue but equal vs. non-equal lengths help make the distinction.

The parallelogram is just too darn hard to spell.

Some people have suggested that I look into stars, try a star shape (five- or six-pointed). But if I want to see stars, I'll look at the sky, or get hit on the head in an old-timey cartoon. Besides, I don't want everyone thinking that I see myself as a star, or that I'm awarding myself a star. The only impression I'm trying to give from this whole arrangement is that I'm a woman who knows how to pick a damn shape.

For now I'll stick with the line, I guess. It seems one dimensional, which is -obviously- the point (although don't get me started on points). At the moment there's me and my line, and all the other shapes on the other side of the line. I've heard rumors that prisms may soon appear - pyramids, and cylinders and cubes. I think that will stress me out; too many planes for my liking.

Once I have this shape thing figured out, I'll be fine. Everything is a shape, and once I know the best shape, I'll know the best things. In terms of shapes.



# Breaking News

AKA "ripping off The Onion's style"

Political Bumper  
Sticker Lasts Longer  
Than Political  
Candidate

Last Gay Couple In  
Town Finally Gets  
Hint

Pictionary Player  
Must Be Blind Or  
Something

No, You're The Only  
One Who Does That

NBC Debuts New  
Reality Show "Save  
Thursday Night"

Man Dies After  
Confusing Safety  
Procedures For Fire,  
Carbon Monoxide  
Leak

Local Nephew  
Terrible At Keeping  
Secrets

Area Man "Entitled  
To A Drink Once In  
A While"

KISS Shirt Fails To  
Attract Expected  
Number Of Chicks

## Appointment with the hypnotist

It looked like any old office, really, which surprised Jimmy, because he was prejudiced. That's an unreasonable bias, if you ask me. We no longer live in the times of evil hypnotists using their powers to bed women, rob men, and rob women, because sometimes women have money too.

Jimmy explained to the hypnotist that he wanted to quit smoking. He'd tried everything - patches, gum, lozenges. Even *nicotine* gum, *nicotine* patches, and *nicotine* lozenges. Nothing had worked, because cigarettes are delicious, and they also make you look cool.

The hypnotist motioned for Jimmy to sit down on the couch and close his eyes. He asked if Jimmy wanted a cigarette, and Jimmy did.

The hypnotist asked Jimmy to imagine picking up a cigarette, striking a match, placing the filter to his mouth. As Jimmy did this he felt a sharp burning

sensation on his arm, which quickly spread to his chest, then all over his body. He opened his eyes and saw that he was on fire and that the hypnotist was standing over him with a can of gasoline.

Jimmy jumped up and ran around, beating his burning clothes as he did so. The hypnotist kept yelling that this was how cigarettes feel, that maybe Jimmy wouldn't want a cigarette now that he knew what they had to go through.

And do you know the crazy thing? As Jimmy died, he *didn't* want a cigarette anymore. The desire for nicotine never even entered into his mind. Mostly because he was thinking about how much pain he was in, and how he should've listened to his friends when they told him that the business card he'd been handed read not "hypnotist" but "guy who will set you on fire".



# Raptor Plan Part one

I've scattered the hallway floor with bear traps, but I don't think they'll work. I mean, they're meant for bears, right? But still, you've got to try everything, or you're not doing right by your family. I want to do right by my family.

I printed out the faces of those kids from *Jurassic Park*. You know, the blonde girl who knows Unix, and the boy who gets electrocuted? I never understood why the raptors were so enamored with those two, but hey - if it gets them aiming for the traps, then I don't care.

At first I thought I should put some meat in the bear traps, something for the raptors to smell. But, of course, there haven't been any actual live velociraptor sightings in about sixty-five million years, so it might be a while before any of them make it to my home. And I don't want to have to deal with spoiling meat.

The traps are an extreme measure. I know that. I'm not crazy. They're really a last resort, if all the other defenses have failed. What other defenses? I'm glad that I assumed you asked.

Obviously, I reinforced the windows. We've got bullet-proof glass now, and I installed two-inch thick steel bars. They block out a lot of sunlight, and the insulation of the glass makes the house pretty hot during the summer, but what price can you put on safety?

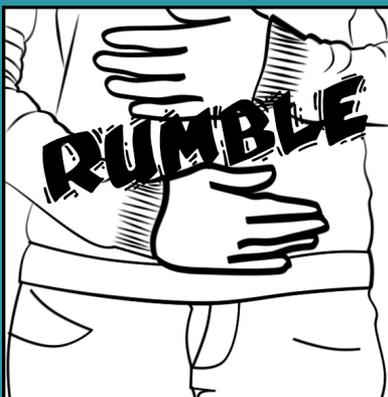
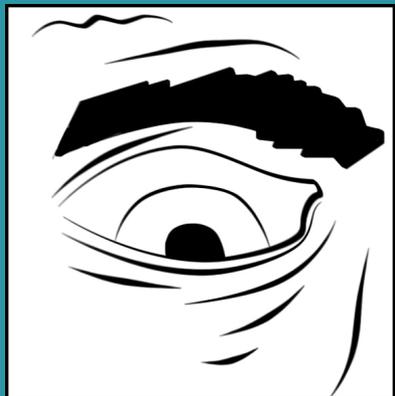
I had to get rid of our cat, Mr. Sniggles. He was a beloved family pet, and for a while I considered him a useful decoy in event of an attack. But keeping Mr. S. meant keeping his catflap, since he was an outdoor feline, and I kept having nightmares of a carnivorous lizard head bursting through the plastic flap and biting my ankle.

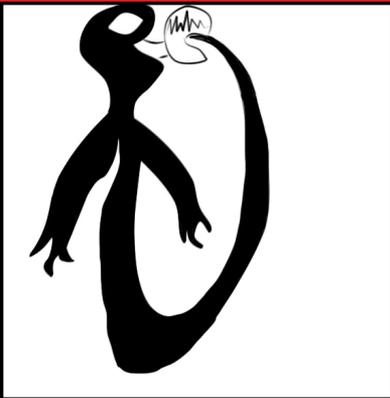
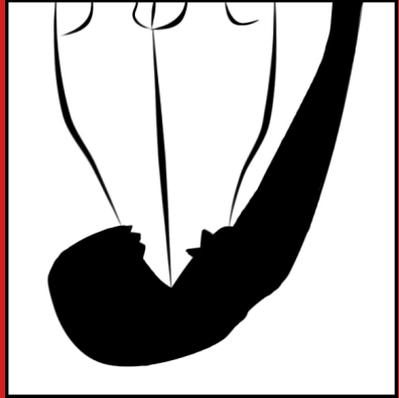
The kids were upset at losing their animal, at least at first. Then I told them that Mr. Sniggles was going to a better place, somewhere safe from dinosaurs, and they calmed right the heck down. I mean, if you think *I'm* scared of these creatures, you should see my children. I can't think of a night in the past three years that I haven't been woken by their screams, their cries of "no, don't eat me! Eat my sister!"

I try to talk some sense into them, naturally. "You can't reason with a predator," I say, but it never seems to get through. I suppose I should be proud that they're willing to sacrifice each other to save their own skin. Still, even if the raptors did listen, even if they went for the other sibling first, they'd still be keeping the betrayer in the back of their cruel, laser-sharp minds. Velociraptors don't forget. They're much like elephants, except smaller, deadlier, more vicious, and less prone to splashing around in water to entertain tourists.

Also, they don't have trunks.

To be continued next issue...





**BRUSH  
YOUR  
TEETH**

# Poem of the week of the issue

You mix up all your love,  
And you put it in a boat,  
And you send the boat to sea,  
And the boat comes floating  
back,  
And the boat was not so  
buoyant,  
And the passengers are  
drowned,  
And that's what you get for  
putting love in a boat.

**F**ramed Egg is written and produced in Toronto, Canada by Avery Edison. For subscription information, or to contact Avery, visit [www.averyedison.com/framedegg](http://www.averyedison.com/framedegg)

**NEXT ISSUE:** morph suits - childhood heroes - pirate ships - men with babies - ghosts - vandals - advice columns - wise words on creativity - seagull heist  
**AND MORE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

## This vacation spot is a “hole” lot of fun!

Dreaming of a relaxing, private vacation home? Maybe you need to stay in our exclusive, below-ground rental cabin/hole that we dug in the soil. This cozy, charming, earthworm-filled space boasts natural lighting and an on-site fertilizer. Spend your holiday with a menagerie of creatures large and small (mostly small) and experience the joys of true outdoor living.

Expecting guests for a day or two? The beauty of the hole is that it can accommodate any size party, as long as you bring a shovel or spade of some kind. Alternatively, pack in some loose dirt and create closer quarters for those “intimate” evenings. Did the earth move for you?

