My Hole

|||//___||||||/////____\\|||__////| This is my hole. Uniquely my hole. You know what makes it such a have heard of that bloke Tolkien? books? The one who, in one of them that his rabbit character (or whatever a nasty, smelly, damp kind of hole, exactly that kind of hole. A damp, why that's so special? Because it it to you in more detail. The top of windblown grass on a lonely part of way through the topsoil. I was only it took me so long. I could have sort of achievement would that have noticed is the size. It's flippin' it to make an *impact*. I mean – screwy little life? This had to be the obvious thing to be seen is that That's because while I was digging, and stuff. Some of 'em I was able to budge, so I had to leave 'em in. Those are level of the opening. Where I managed kid you not), those are the shorter where the rocks are so humungous, lines. Definitely not rocks to be rocks are the grey things, by the expect you'd worked that out, The dirt itself, once I got through the topsoil, make bricks out of, if you're that way that, but what the heck, I'm no making the biggest impression on instead, and cut my way through. on the plus side, I can rest easy crashing down on me any minute. notice that the hole begins to close in bigger, as I dug more and more and the minutes turned into hours, and the into weeks, and the weeks turned into anticipating, turned into years. And man, How long was I doing this, I wonder? Anyway, to dig my last couple of feet. Don't know how my limbs, arms and legs on fire, I could see different from the massive circle I'd started it. I laid down my knife and my spoon, I wiped rested back against the darkness that my whole never-before-been-known-to-me peace. I drank it 🕽 💹 in. The sun went down, and the moon came up, and the stars came out. The sun came up, and the stars and the moon came up, and the stars came out. Just like they'd been doing in all the time that I'd been digging. And that was all that mattered. You've seen my hole, now. Isn't it a beauty? The walls are ragged, and the soil is claggy, and the air in it, so far down, is oppressive. But it's a special hole. A very special hole. And you know why it's such a special hole? Because it's my hole, that's why. My own hole. It's uniquely my hole. And always will be.

witters on about the hole in the ground it is) lives in? About how the hole isn't or some such rubbish? Well - mine is evil, dismal pig of a hole. And you know matches its creator to a tee. Let me show it is dug into the ripped-to-shreds, Exmoor. Took me five days to dig my using a spoon, of course, which is why cheated and used a shovel, but what have made it? The first thing you'll big, isn't it? That's because I wanted what else have I ever achieved in my biggie. You understand? The next the walls are nowhere near straight. I kept coming across stones and rocks dig out, but some just refused to the lines that stick out beyond the to dig them out (bloody hard graft, I lines. As you can see, there are places they take up two, or maybe even three tampered with, those rocks. (All the way. The dirt is brown. But then – I hadn't you? I know you're not thick.) turned out to be that claggy stuff you can inclined. I didn't think Exmoor was like expert. Anyway, the spoon wasn't that dirt, so I had to get me a knife Fair near broke me, I can tell you, but knowing the walls aren't going to come As we come nearer to the bottom, you'll rather. That's because as it got bigger and more, the seconds turned into minutes, and hours turned into days, and the days turned months, and then, the months, as you're probably was I tired? Just couldn't dig sideways any more. came a time when I was nearly done, and I began far I'd come down by then, but as I stood, stretching the top, way in the distance, a tiny hole, so very, very out with all those years ago. And I knew that this was

my bleeding hands on the tatters of my clothing, and I world had now become. Peace. Perfect, serene, calm,

went in, and the moon went down. The sun went down,

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It's a special hole. A very special hole.

The one who wrote all those fantasy

special hole? Well, now. You must