



CribNotes

Good Egg

They say the Two's are "terrible", but so far it's been anything but. **The world is my playground** and believe you me... I'm a devout player! There's hardly a thing out there that doesn't awaken my interest and which might not lead to baskets of boy joy. Take this Spring thing. Amazing how everything pops out all poetic, colorful, fresh and new, full of anticipation and promise... kinda like me, ya think? Not to pass over the funny bunny business, but this *ovoid* fixation really cracks me up. What *did* come first... Easter or egg? Sunday or good fry day? **Sunny side up or over easy?** Holy Crisco, I'm egghead enough to know that you don't have to be a pro to create an omelette: simply break things open and liberate a good yolk or two. Though not a part of my oeuvre, I can testify to witnessing *une soufflé oeuf* rise preternaturally, like the ocean giving birth to the sun and a wholly new day! Lest you still think I'm being a bit 'Humpty Dumpty', I've actually got quite a fertile imagination and have been known to hatch some pretty ripe recipes for fun in my brief history of time on the 'outside'. Not to beat around a burning bush, but most everyone has their own roe to hoe, and you could egg me on, but I'd best not resurrect any more clichés... or I'll be playing on eggshells. **Your Flowering Bud of Love, Pun & Understanding, The Hud.**



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