

Framed Egg #8



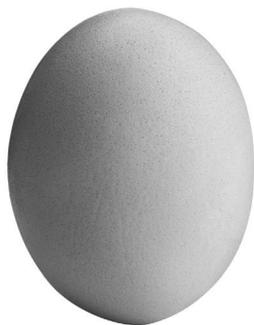
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A MAGAZINE
ISSUE ELEVEN
MONTHS IN THE
MAKING!

Back on the horse.

It's been a while since I made one of these, so let's see if I can still remember how to. Okay, um, take a bad Jack Handey impression, add some watered-down *McSweeney's*, mix in a sprinkle of *The Onion*... Okay, we should be good.

(Serve with self-deprecation, to taste.)

Egg-streme words

Why so long?

Hey Avery (Heyvery?), I'm a huge fan of Framed Egg, but it feels like it's been a long time since a new issue. Are you even putting this thing out anymore. **(Editor's note: Yes, obviously. Can we move past this?)**

Miss. I M Waiting

New issue please?

Yo, where's the new Framed Egg at?

(Editor's note: It's right here. Okay?)

Tess Tingmypatience

Is there ever going to be another Fram-?

(Editor's note: Yeah, I can see where this is going. You're cut off.)

Paige Subscriber

The Framed Egg "Political" "Cartoon"



Gaming the Social Network

Gamification is changing the way we exercise our bodies and minds. But did you know that sociability is a muscle that can be trained the same way a cerebellum can?

Gamification works by taking simple, boring tasks that would require discipline to complete, and turning them into fun challenges that even a stunted man-child like yourself should have no problem with.

In addition to spurring you into working on non-essential activities like physical exercise or mental development, you can also use ramification to get better at interacting with other human beings.

++2
small talk

To staying focused on a conversation with a friend, you could set a goal of steering talk to a subject of your choice. If the topic changes, you win a point! If it doesn't, just try again!

100 points!

Having difficulty hanging out with someone? Keep track of your personal best times for enduring their company! You can plot your results on an attractive graph to illustrate your increasing ability to withstand annoying jerks. You palled around with Antony and his dumb friends for half an hour? Wow, that's off the charts! You're an Olympian, the world record holder in putting up with their crap!

Remember, gamification is about making things fun, so if you're ever not having a great time - get out of there! You are the master of your own destiny, and the rule-maker of your own game. Which reminds me, shouldn't you get fifty points for reading this entire article? Actually, why not make it a hundred? Wink, wink.

Brief summaries of my dreams. What could they mean? Oh, what could they mean?

Yes, yes, other people's dreams are boring. But this is my magazine, and I'll print what I want.

- Late for first day of high school, get there and find I've been kicked out.
- I'm in high school, and trying to put off doing a huge assignment.
- I am Batman.
- I've neglected to do a huge assignment, and am kicked out of high school.
- I am applying for universities, then realize I cannot attend any because I got kicked out of high school.
- I am Superman.
- I'm in high school, and everyone is having a great time except me. I am kicked out.
- I am standing in front of a review board to explain why I shouldn't be kicked out of high school. I cannot come up with a persuasive reason. I am kicked out.
- I am Spider-Man. My crime-fighting duties cause me to miss too many classes, and I am kicked out of high school.

Unrelated note: I did not have a very good time in high school.

Before when I did something mean or embarrassing to someone and then never saw them again, I could move on, my regret and shame ameliorated by the knowledge that there was no way to contact them. Now I spend every night awake in bed, wondering if I should explain myself in Facebook messages to every person I've ever wronged.

Thanks, technology!

Two lesbians are having an argument. They recently broke up after a long relationship, and are attempting to communicate to each other the level of their hatred.

Lesbian 1: *I wouldn't sleep with you if you were the last woman on Earth!*

Lesbian 2: Good, because that would be irresponsible! You should be sleeping with the men, so you can repopulate the planet!

Lesbian 1: *Crap, you're right. I didn't even think about that.*

Lesbian 2: Of course you didn't - you're always thinking about yourself, never the future of the human race!

Writing Tips! (tip 1: write with the tip)

If you want your character to grow and change, you need to be constantly putting them through a series of metaphorical baptisms. There're so many to choose from! Taking a shower is a baptism. Walking through the rain is a baptism! Going swimming is a baptism! Having a drink thrown in your face is a baptism! Attending a friend's baptism and at the last second throwing them out of the way see you can get baptized instead is a baptism! Pretty much any time a liquid touches your character, they are reborn in a symbolic, Christ-like ritual. And the great news is that no such thing as too many baptisms!

On your last day in prison, you walk up to the weakest guy and let him pretend to punch you. It makes him look tougher, and what do you have to lose? You just have to hope he doesn't **actually** punch you. And he might - after all, he **is** in prison.



Marathon woman.

Sunday night.

A woman is getting ready for bed. As she pulls the covers over herself and rolls onto her side, she sighs.

“Okay, this feels silly, but I’ll give it a go.”

The woman closes her eyes.

“Um, hey, mister- Saint Sebastian, I guess. My friend said if I’m serious about running, I should ask for your help, so... Look, I want to be good at this, and you’re the patron, and everything. Please send some encouragement down from... heaven? Are saints in heaven? But yeah, encouragement. I could do with that. Thanks. If you’re there.”

The woman puts her hand to her forehead, exasperated at herself. In the corner of the room, a figure appears in a pool of light.

“It is I, Saint Sebastian, here to guide you in this time of need.”

“Oh, wow! I didn’t think you’d come right away. Or come at all, really. I thought it was just a spiritual thing.”

“I’m the patron saint of running,

lady. If a pretty woman calls for me, I move my feet, you know? Speaking of: are you ready the hit the pavement? Let’s go do a few laps.”

“Oh, actually I’m- I mean, I’m in bed right now. Obviously.”

“Right, right, of course. Yeah, I should’ve noticed- I mean, I did notice, but I thought... I don’t know what I thought. I’ll come back tomorrow?”

“That’d be great! I’m so excited!”

The Saint fades away, and the woman goes to sleep, smiling.

Monday morning.

The woman is preparing breakfast -cornflakes- as the Saint returns.

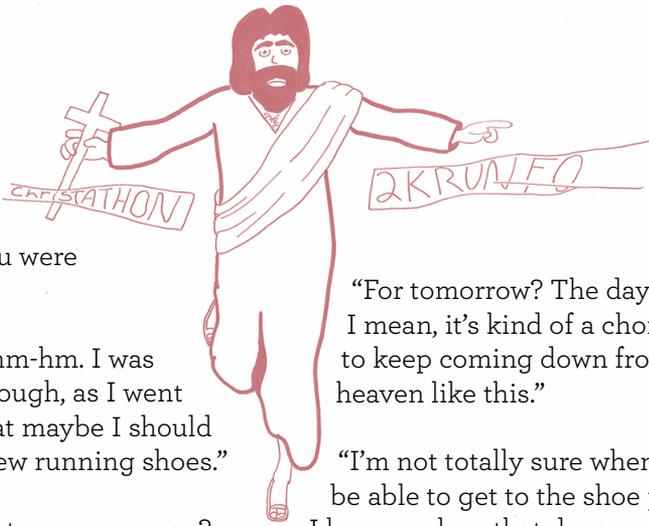
“Hey! Way to go, loading up some carbs!”

“What?”

“The cereal... You’re eating cereal, it has carbs. Good for- for the running.”

“Oh, right, that was this morning...”

“Yup. We rescheduled last night.



Because you were sleeping.”

“Mm-hm, mm-hm. I was thinking though, as I went to sleep, that maybe I should get some new running shoes.”

“For the next run, you mean? After this one?”

“Actually, I thought I should get them before I even start running. Because, you know, I don’t want to, like... I don’t want to switch shoes when I’ve started already. That seems like it could throw me off my game.”

“Shoes aren’t super important, though. I ran in sandals, you know, before I was beaten to death.”

“I get that you had it tough, Sebastian, but that doesn’t give you a right to delegitimize my feelings. The sneakers are important to me.”

“Okay, okay, um... So we’re rescheduling agai-“

“Yeah, rescheduling.”

“For tomorrow? The day after? I mean, it’s kind of a chore to keep coming down from heaven like this.”

“I’m not totally sure when I’ll be able to get to the shoe place. I know a place that does some scientific stuff that finds, like, the perfect shoe for you. But it’s a little far, and I’m busy with work this week.”

“So... the weekend? Next week?”

“How about I give you a shout when everything is sorted out, yeah? Then you don’t have to keep coming over here.”

“Uh, okay. Yeah, that should work. You’ll call me?”

“Mm-hm. As soon as I get the shoes. I promise.”

Saint Sebastian leaves. The woman finishes her cornflakes.

A month later.

The woman is on the couch, watching TV on her iPad. The

heavenly light appears and Saint Sebastian fades into view.

“Hey! Long time no see! You didn’t call!”

“What the- Oh. Oh, right. One sec, let me pause this.”

“iPad, huh? Fancy! Did you pick that up when you went to get your shoes?”

“Shoes? Yes! Those! Oh my god, I totally forgot about that. No, that whole thing was a nightmare.”

“A nightmare? Buying shoes? But I thought they had a “scientific process”, or something. Aren’t you meant to be wearing perfect sneakers?”

Saint Sebastian flashes a hopeful smile.

“I totally went there, and they measured my feet, and I was super excited. But then, the dude helping me was like ‘okay, just run up and down this area here, so I can check your gait’, and I did not like that at all, you know?”

“You didn’t want him to see you run?”

“I would be fine with that, but- But I wouldn’t be running, right? Because I didn’t have the right shoes yet. So I’d just be doing bad running, and that doesn’t help

anyone. And he and I got into an argument, he was saying I had to run right there in the store, and I just couldn’t handle it. I just booked it.”

“So... no new shoes?”

“No. But there’s a reason, you know?”

“Are you... are you just going to run in your old shoes?”

“If I’m honest with you, Sebastian, the whole thing kinda soured me on running.”

“...Sure. Okay. Well, thanks for telling me.”

“Are you mad at me?”

“Not at all. Not at all. It’s your life, you know? Run, don’t run... whichever you choose.”

“Yeah. Yeah, that’s right, it’s up to me.”

“Totally. So I’ll just go, then.”

“Actually, before you head out...”

“Yeah?”

“Do you know if there’s a patron saint of tablet computers? I’m having trouble getting this thing to work with my work’s wi-fi.”

Saint Sebastian leaves.

We have makeup for all skin types: combination, dry, oily, lupus, eczema, acne, vitiligo, psoriasis, necrotizing fasciitis, cold sore, shingles, and ethnic.

<Sports>

<<Reference>>

“You left it all on the field” alludes to a common superstition that every blade of grass and speck of mud should remain within the bounds of play to avoid invoking the wrath of Gaia and dooming the team with a revocation of her blessing.

There’s a Batman issue, that takes place during “No Man’s Land”, in which Batman tries to show Commissioner Gordon how much he trusts him by removing his mask and revealing his secret identity. But Gordon doesn’t want to know - in fact, he says that if he wanted to know, he could have found out by now. So he turns away. Just *turns away from Batman*.

That. That is my response to your “combo deal”.



Casual Encounters - M4M

Looking for a *cool bro* to come over to my place and throw a bunch of ingredients together and subject them to heat. **No cooking.** Just two dudes hanging out, watching all three *Wishmaster* movies and experimenting with food. Again, **no cooking.** I am **not a cook** and I'm not *looking* for a cook. I don't have a problem with that, but it's just *not my lifestyle*. Email me with a picture of you stirring a pot or glazing a ham, although if you look too much like a cook you're going straight into my spam folder.



PS. We will also jerk each other off.

Us white people hold on to prejudices like they're flotation devices that will save us from the floods we're largely responsible for.

Thanks for asking me to housesit! I got a little bored, so I organized your books alphabetically. By the first letter. On the eighth page. You'll need this catalogue to find anything.

My worldview says that everybody is born equal.

But... But then, how do you account for the people who are less than?

Less than what?

*Less than **you**. You know, the people who just aren't as good as you.*

It's like you're asking me to account for people who can **fly**.



“Hey! Hey! We’re here to say! The escalators are too loud so they’ve got to go away today please and thank you,” cried the protesters. The mall director watched them from his office with a pained expression. For years people had complained that the (to him) gentle hum of the moving stairs connecting the upper and lower floors was an unbearable cacophony, and recently a group of shoppers had galvanized around the issue.

He turned to the escalator maintenance worker beside him, and bade him, “turn them off. Turn all the escalators, now.”

The angry mob was mollified. At least, they were until they needed to go to the Foot Locker on the second floor. Or the bathrooms on the second floor. Or the Toys ‘R’ Us on the second- Look, you get it, right? They walked over to the escalators and stood at the foot of them, awaiting transport, and were stymied. It turned out that the exact kind of people who are so stupid that they protest escalators are the same kind of people who are so dumb that they can’t climb stairs.

And so there were new protests, and the mall manager was forced to turn the escalators back on. The moral of this story is a combination of “be careful what you wish for” and also something about politics.



Look, we may have been a little overzealous in our mapping of uncharted territories. How do I know? Because I just graduated from college with a degree in Cartography, and entered a barren job market because we have already figured out where everything is. Like, *everything*. On *the whole planet*.

And it's like - okay, yes, everyone's hurting right now. *Nobody* has a job. But surely that means that everybody has free time to create some undiscovered lands for me to, well, *discover!*

Because that's what this appeal comes down to - I want you to go out there and just *tear shit up*. Ideally, you'd go into a well-known, easily navigable area of your town or city, and really change things around. Make it impossible to traverse without a guide, without one of *my* guides. And let me tell you, my guides will be nice. They'll be *downright artisanal*. Because I'm going to be the only person working on them. As far as I can tell, this scheme is the one possible opportunity for someone with my skills to make money, and I'm gonna be damned if I share that chance with anyone else.

But hey, this isn't all about me. This is about you. This is about adding some surprise to your life, about changing your surroundings so they become thrilling and new! Aren't you bored with your local park? Don't you find yourself robotically walking the streets to work (if you're lucky enough to *have* a job, of course) every day? Don't you miss the feeling of being truly lost? Those *assholes* at **Google** have taken that feeling away from you, and it's time to reclaim it!

And when you do get that feeling back, when you're in the middle of the nowhere that used to be your front yard, *please* give me a call. I will come running with my compass, and my protractor, and most of all my can-do attitude, and I will make you a map. It is *literally the only thing I know how to do*.

Befriend male feminists (ugh poetry ugh the worst)

Befriend male feminists.
Befriend the straight, cis allies.
Befriend the whites who claim to
hate racism,
and fight it in every form
except for their own internal
attitude
which says that you should thank
them
for venturing from the norm.

Thank them for all their service,
and for all their compassion.
For their eagerness to legitimize
you
with their demonstrated pain,
and co-opt every petition and
protest
by asking "what about me?"
over and over again.

You must get close to them,
you must make them welcome.
You must tolerate their acted
empathy,
and turn over every word.
Because somewhere inside them
is a trigger,
one thing they care for too much,
that undoes them when it's heard.

"But no, we're not all like that!"
"But no, why must you say 'cis'?"
"But no, I can't help feeling
threatened at night
when I see a young black male!"
They try to hide these guilty
sides of themselves,
the parts that aren't on message.
If you work at it, they'll fail.

And they will surely hate you,
And they will surely blame you,
And they will say you are
alienating them
from their one true love - the
cause.
You win, then! You've done it!
That's the entire point!
We need to make them all see,
the other side of closed doors.

They think they are the heroes,
That they are so very brave.
They think they use the power of
privilege,
to wage war on prejudice.
But it's still about them, about
their egos.
And do you know how I know?
Because they are hurt by *this*.

These words right here attack
them!
These words right here are unfair!
These words make it seem like
it's impossible
for them to fight injustice!
And while they're all so upset and
distracted,
I will turn into a dragon and
devour them.
And if you're upset that that
didn't rhyme,
and that the structure has been
broken -
good.
I will devour you too.
Because all structures must be
broken.
I don't give a crap,
I'm a dragon now.

When I found out that “Adrenaline” is a genericized trademark, I got so incensed my epinephrine shot through the roof!

Trademark	Generic name	Definition
Escalator™	Moving stairway	Platform facilitating ease of movement between Upper and Lower cities.
StunStick®	<i>Electric baton</i>	<i>Tool used to quell protesters during the riots following the closure of the Escalators™ to Upper City.</i>
Hazwep Suit™	Sensitive materials uniform	Clothing designed to protect police from the effects of the non-lethal radioactives used on protesters.
Shaldies©™	<i>Metal barrier</i>	<i>Defensive shield used to barricade doors and windows against intrusion by mutated protesters.</i>
Lobot™	UAV (Locational Model)	Unmanned search-and-report drone used to find missing Upper citizens of high importance.
Enditch©®	<i>Sedative and Cyanide capsule</i>	<i>A comfortable, effective way for upper citizens to permanently escape the mutant protesters.</i>
Kleenex™	Tissue	Thin, absorbent paper used to clean last fluids from Enditch users.

Come on down to Pete's Painting Supply!
Why give us the brush off when we're offering brushes at half-off?



Depression is when...

Everybody needs to be coated in *Get Up and Go Juice* to be able to do anything, and everyone else has a shower of the stuff, but you just have a squirt bottle.

And also, you can't even reach over to the squirt bottle, you need a *smaller* squirt bottle to give you the energy to get to *that* squirt bottle.

And then after you've used the big squirt bottle to get out of bed, you realize that the bottle is now empty and you're gonna need to go the *Get Up and Go Juice* store to refill it, but to do that you'll need even *more* juice, so you might as well go back to bed.

Okay, look, yes - this analogy broke down almost straight away. But what do you want? *I'm depressed.*



A preview of my Young Adult novel, “The Awkward, Teenage King”.

King Tyler shrugged as Alice stepped through the large doorway.

“So, uh, this is my throne room, I guess. It’s where I keep my, um, throne.”

“It’s nice,” Alice said. “Do you spend a lot of time here?”

“Uh, well,” Tyler stammered. In truth, there wasn’t much throne-ing to do, as a king. Most of his daily business took place outside of the castle proper, attending functions or meeting with dignitaries. But would it be weird to tell Alice that? Would it freak her out to imagine him meeting with the Prime Minister of Iceland?

Tyler had only just met Alice, but he didn’t want to scare her off. There was something special about her. He could almost feel himself falling in lo-



“Hee hee hee, guess what time it is?” a voice asked from outside the room. King Tyler sighed and shook his head as a thin, tall man wearing bright colors and a hat with bells on it entered.

“Who is this?” Alice asked. “Is it one of your friends, Tyler?”

“Oh, Jester is no friend to King Cry-ler,” the thin man replied. He produced three balls and proceeded to juggle them while singing, “Tyler, Tyler, King of the

land; only has sex with his right hand!”

Alice giggled, but Tyler was fuming. Still, he couldn't do anything. It was the Jester's job to make fun of him, no matter how embarrassing or inconvenient it was.

After three hours of singing and circus skills, the Jester finally grew tired, and left. Alice smiled at Tyler.

“He was so funny, wasn't he?”

Tyler wasn't laughing. “I guess... I mean, I've seen his act a lot before, so, um...”

“Oh, come on, your Majesty! You're not embarrassed, are you? He's just poking a little fun. Besides, it's not like all that stuff about you having sex with your hand is true or anything.”

Tyler's face grew red. “Um,” he said, “well, actually... I mean, it's only natural. Every king does it! I think...”

Alice was shocked. She backed away from Tyler, and started heading for the door.

“I think I'd better go,” she said. “I need to, um, wash my... brain.”

“Wait,” King Tyler shouted. “There's something I have to tell you.”

Alice turned to look at him, although with one hand still on the doorknob. Just then, one of Tyler's advisors burst into the room.

“Sire, sire! The rebels are massing at the gates. They want your head, my liege!”

Alice shook her head. “It looks like you're busy, so...”

“I hate those rebels,” King Tyler cursed as Alice left. “They're always massing at the worst times.”

Business plan.

1. Design a thing.
2. Make our thing.
3. Market our thing.
4. Realize nobody wants to buy our thing.
5. Market our thing to non-human species.
6. Market our thing to inanimate objects.
7. Fund research into extra-terrestrial life in an effort to find an alien race to market our thing to.
8. Market our thing to God(?)
9. Initial public offer.
10. Founders exit.

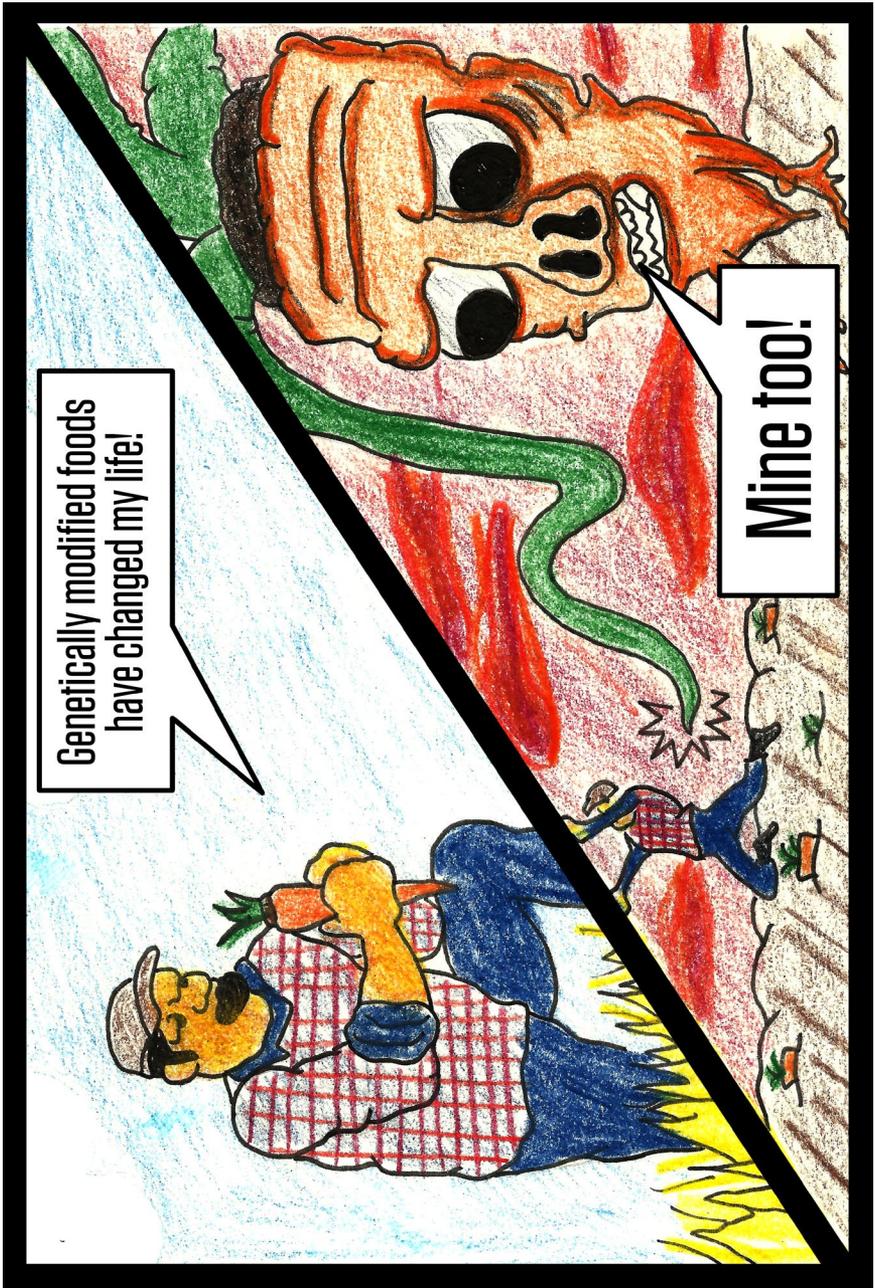
An actual thing I have said.

“It’s not that I’m smart, *per se*, it’s that my brain is *incredibly powerful*. And that means I have less *willpower*. It’s like if a car is capable of going *very very fast*, that means it’s not going to be able to make tight turns. And so, and the petrol, the fuel... there’s gonna be less... There’s less *fuel*. My brain is the car, and the willpower is petrol and the petrol is the *turns*. I can’t *make the turns*. Or I’m going to run out of petrol, or something. And petrol is *gas*, you should know that. So I’m turning, and there’s all this petrol, and the *whole time* I’m thinking, ‘whoa, I’m a *car!*’”

Did you know that we only use 10% of our brains? The rest of it is just a sort of biological soil for growing hair in. So if you’re bald? That means you didn’t practice adequate crop rotation. C’mon, dude, that’s like a medieval technique!

I conned my way onto my nemesis’s dissertation committee and failed him on the grounds that it was written in English, and therefore only understandable by a fraction of known life.

Another Framed Egg “Political” “Cartoon”



*Of course, the giant carrot is misinformed. He believes that GM tampering was the cause of his power, but really it was chemtrails.

Jesus and Judas in *You're Money And You Know It Because You're God And God Is In Everything*

Jesus: Hey, here's all that money I owe you.

Judas: How did you get this? Is someone going to break your legs in a few days?

Jesus: No, nothing like that, it's all totally legit.

Judas: I'm happy to have my money back, but... I just... Did you get a job, or something?

Jesus: Well, it's like... define "job".

Judas: Did you work for this money? Provide labor of some kind?

Jesus: Oh, then no. No, I asked all those people who listen to me talk if they had any money, and they gave it to me. Like, all of it.

Judas: Jesus, that's incredibly immoral! You're supposed to be providing spiritual guidance!

Jesus: And I am! I just happen

to be doing so at a rate that the market can, apparently, bear.

Judas: It's not right to take money from people who are, essentially, fanatics.

Jesus: What do you care? You got your money, didn't you?

Judas: I guess, I mean... Wait, wait - it's not all here. There's 30 pieces of silver missing. You practically defrauded your followers and you didn't even totally pay me back?

Jesus: Come on, how badly could you need 30 pieces of silver?

Framed Egg is written and produced in London, England by Avery Edison. For past issues and more information, or to contact Avery, visit www.averyedison.com/framedegg