

Framed Egg #2

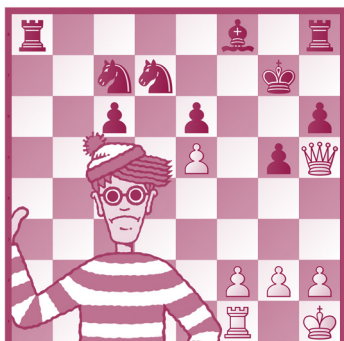
Win a shot at
immortality!
(lifetime warranty
not included)



Pretty proud that there's a second issue of this thing.

Thank you all so much for reading and telling your friends about this magazine. You guys are superstars. Enjoy the issue.

Puzzle Corner
(not in the corner)



Mailb-egg. It's like "mailbag", but with... because eggs, right? Guys?

Avoidance

I recently bought one of the "void machines" featured in Framed Egg #1 and since turning it on have been unable to love, unable to touch, unable to breathe. This is not a complaint.

Ellis Bearbax

Coming in handy

As an chronically masturbating amputee, I already know what jokey title you're going to give to my letter, and I don't appreciate it.

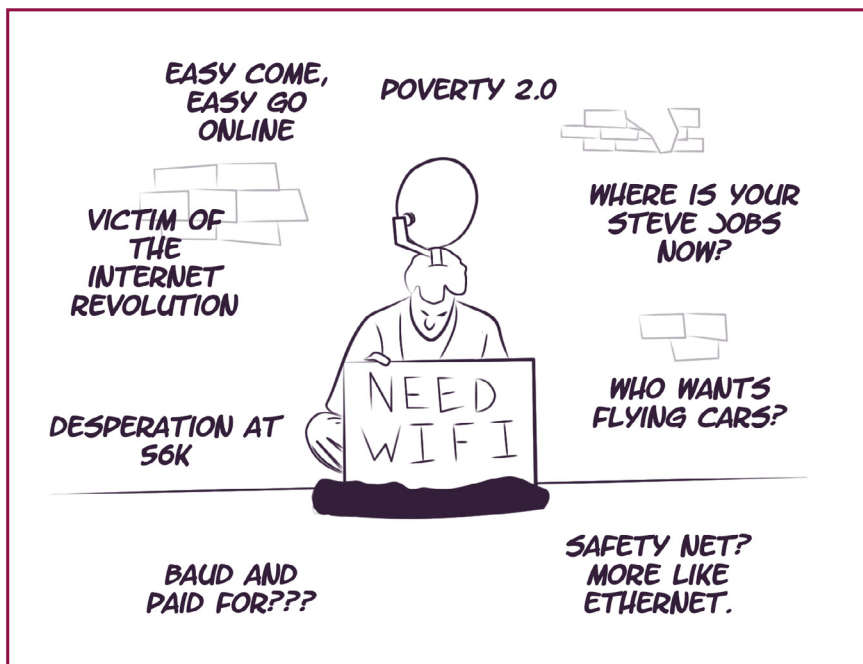
Danny "Danny Dyer" Dyer

Success!

Don't have anything to say, but I want to test out the mailbox they just installed outside my house. If this letter doesn't reach you, kindly tell the world of my displeasure- oh, wait. Yes, I see the problem with that plan.

Everything's Okay

The Framed Egg "political" "cartoon"



Which letter of the alphabet are you?

circle your answers....

What grades did you get in school?

a - Mostly As

c - Mostly Cs

b - Mostly Bs

d - Mostly Ds

What vitamins do you take?

a - Mostly As

c - Mostly Bs

b - Mostly As

d - Mostly Cs

What size bra do you prefer?

a - Mostly Cs

c - Mostly As

b - Mostly Ds

d - Mostly Bs

What letters do you use most often?

a - Mostly Bs

c - Mostly Ds

b - Mostly Cs

d - Mostly As

now tabulate your answers...

Mostly As?

you are the letter 'B'

Crafty, creative, and kind. The letter 'B' is a friend to all.

Mostly Bs?

you are the letter 'D'

Kind, crafty, and creative. The letter 'D' never wants for friends.

Mostly Cs?

you are the letter 'C'

Creative, crafty, and kind. Friends surround the letter 'C'.

Mostly Ds?

you are the letter 'A'

Nobody likes you.

How to be clever

- Acknowledge the fourth wall, like this.
- Say something directly to the reader, which in this case is you.
- Use repetition.
- Use repetition.
- Do something obvious, but call attention to it. For example, list two things twice and then note that you just listed two things twice.
- Cut off your last joke before it's fini

LOST: Large, male cat. Huge jerk. Constantly undermines my attempts at finding love. **Pretty psyched to not have him around anymore. Reward for non-return.**

How jeering at the opposing baseball team works, as imagined by a fan of the home team.

Fan: Swing, batter-batter-batter, s-wing!

Batter: Oh god. He's telling me to swing. But I was *already* going to swing. That's such a weird thing to do. I'm so disturbed that I'm going to lose this game, and then go home and kill myself.



Titanic concerns

SOUNDS:
*sirens and
people screaming.*

STEWARD

Women and children to the lifeboats
first!

HENRY

I can't believe this is happening!
They said the Titanic was *unsinkable*!

MARTHA

Henry, I've found a suspicious mole
on my arm and I need you to look at
it.

HENRY

Have you taken leave of your senses,
Martha? We've hit an iceberg, darling
- we need to get off of this boat.

MARTHA

It's just that usually it's a light brown
color, and the past few days it's been
somewhat darker...

HENRY

What?

MARTHA

I'm worried it could be skin cancer.

HENRY

Darling, I need you to stay calm, and
focus on what's important.

MARTHA

What's *important* is that I am *riddled*
with cancer. Oh, I feel strange...
Everything's going dark... The room
is spinning...

HENRY

Yes, because we've lost power and
the ship is capsizing. We haven't time
for this nonsense, love.

MARTHA

You're right, you're right. We have
to get serious. Henry, I'm concerned
about our children's college
education. We haven't set aside any
money for them.

HENRY

Darling, we don't *have* any children.

MARTHA

And that doesn't worry you? The
Caseys already have twins!

HENRY

We're not going to be able to have children at *all* if we don't get off of this damned yacht, Martha.

MARTHA

I can hear them in my head now: "Mommy, how come I'm so much younger than all your friends' children?" "Oh, well, Daddy was always too busy talking about boats—"

HENRY

I'm talking about *this specific boat*, for heavens sake. And I can assure you that after this experience, I'm never getting on one again!

MARTHA

"Mother, why don't we ever go boating like all my friends at school?"

HENRY

If you don't stop with this tomfoolery, I shall have to restrain you and drag you to the lifeboats myself.

MARTHA

Ah, now I see – I've married an abusive man! This is the worst day of my life. Everything's falling apart.

HENRY

You know one thing that is *definitely* falling apart? This ship. *The one we are currently standing on*. I know you don't want to admit the reality of the situation, but things are getting increasingly dire.

MARTHA

What's the use in worrying about such things? After all, we only have fifteen billion years before the sun explodes and consumes us all in a fiery conflagration.

HENRY

I'm actually concerned about the *opposite* of fire right now. The freezing cold water we're sinking into is really my greater cause for alarm.

MARTHA

You'll be begging for some icy water when you're getting parboiled by the sun. Of course, I won't be around to help, I'll have succumbed to my skin cancer by then. And our uneducated children won't have any idea how to deal with the situation.

STEWARD

No more room on the lifeboats! May God have mercy on your souls!

HENRY

Well, that tears it. Thank you, darling. I guess we'll just stand around and wait to die.

MARTHA

You should be ashamed of having such a defeatist attitude, Henry. There's got to be something we can do!

HENRY

By gum, you're right! We have to make a plan of action.

MARTHA

First step - we find a doctor to take a look at my arm.

Mario's Diary

Dear Diary,

Today was not a good day. Not that any particular day is, considering how often I get swallowed by giant fish or fall hundreds of miles from floating platforms, but still. Today sucked.

Did you know that it is possible to get audited in the Mushroom Kingdom? I have no idea if it's because of some P.A.T.R.I.O.T. act crap, or because of that stupid box I forgot to tick the last time I went back to Earth (how am I meant to know that invincibility stars are a controlled substance?), but somehow the US government found a way to send a couple of IRS agents to Toad's house.

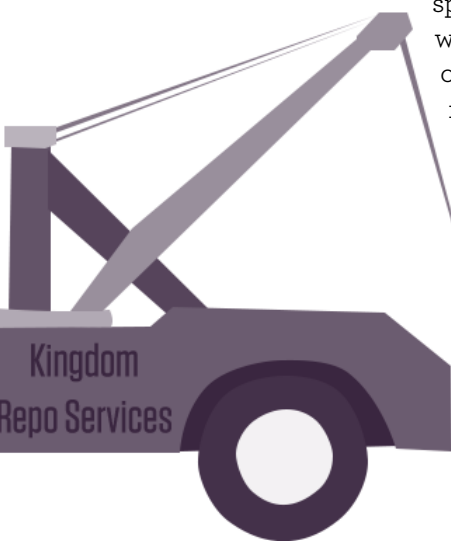
(Yes, I am staying with Toad. No, things with me and the Princess are not fine. Yes, Toad takes baths and sometimes even showers. No, it doesn't stop him smelling like fungus.)

Apparently, all those coins I've been picking up are the kind of thing you're meant to declare as income. Even worse, the guys I spoke to seemed to be under the impression that I should have been handing them into the police instead of just, y'know, keeping them.

I do not still have any of those coins left to give to the state. I have spent every single last one of them. And it wasn't even on anything cool, like drugs, or a girlfriend who doesn't have stupid rules about bringing dead koopas into the castle to keep as trophies.

(Which is totally not "sick and twisted".

It's charming. And homey. And proof that I am the best at killing things. What woman doesn't want a



rotting, shelled carcass to remind her of her man's superior abilities at making things die?)

No. You know what I spent all that bank on? Overalls. Just about the lamest use of two and a half million golden coin. Besides paying for Yoshi's worm medication, anyway.

But you know what? I like overalls. And they are expensive here. Because I am one of only two human beings in the entire dimension now that Luigi's moved back in with mom. (He says they're both fine, by the way. And yes, the picture of the two of them cuddling that he sent with the letter was just as creepy as you'd expect from that pervert.)

Where was I? Right. Two human people in the whole world, and Princess? She don't wear no overalls. Presumably because they don't come with a free chastity belt, like her stupid pink dresses. I'm what you call a niche market. Which gets niche-ier when you consider the fact that not a single weird-ass creature on this planet shits out denim, despite what you'd look at Birdo and think.

So now my wages are gonna be garnished. Which would be terrifying, if I actually made a living wage, instead of being promised a reward for rescuing a certain member of the royal family and instead being greeted with a 'friend hug' and a room to sleep in. Next to the dungeon.

I have to go. Toad wants his computer back so he can read his self-harm message boards. He's fine, apparently, but he mumbled something about "girls with low self-esteem" and then laughed. I'm beginning to think all his "problems" are just cover for some really dark stuff.

Either way, I'm taking some 1-up mushrooms before I go to sleep in the same room as him tonight.

Mario

PS. No, I'm not, because the government confiscated them as restitution. Goddamn it.

Super a sketch Bowl

BOSS

I didn't realize these jailbird work programs moved so fast. You say this is you first day out of prison, Steve?

STEVE

Yes, indeed. But I just wanna get back to my life, do a regular job, and then go home and watch the last five Super Bowls. My wife's been taping them for me.

BOSS

Another football fan for the office! I guess I'll try to avoid ruining the games, then. Okay, your desk will be right over here, just by my... ah... "Giants win SB XLV" poster. Damn. Sorry. Still, you've still got four Super Bowls, right?

STEVE

(*slightly annoyed*)
Right.

BOSS

I'll leave you to get on with your work. It's just data entry, you should get the hang of it.

The boss leaves and Steve looks at his papers and begins typing. The boss is met, however, by Jake.

JAKE

Do you know where the year-end tax returns are?

BOSS

Yeah, they're in the filling cabinet, drawer C. "C" like "Colts". As in "Colts needed a touchdown, but it went through Reggie Wayne's hands and a win for the Saints was assured in 2010."

Steve slams down his papers and stops working.

STEVE

(*angrier now*)
Are you kidding me?

BOSS

Sorry, Steve, won't happen again! Still three Super Bowls to watch though, huh?

The boss and Jake leave. Steve continues typing. The boss returns with a stack of papers, which he promptly spills everywhere.

BOSS

Oh boy, this is a bigger mess than the Bears' defence in 2007!

STEVE

(*furious*)
Arghhh!!!

Jake, hearing the noise, returns.

JAKE

What's going on out here?

BOSS

Oh boy, I'm as embarrassed as Maroney was when he got tackled by James Butler and Michael Strahan for a two-yard loss in 2008.

STEVE

Seriously, you're still doing this?

BOSS

Steve, I'm so sorry. Your wife went to all that trouble to record five years of the Super Bowl for you, and I've gone and ruined almost every last one of those games.

JAKE

Wait, Steve? Steve Grisham?

STEVE

Yeah?

JAKE

Dude, your wife hasn't been taping any games. She died five years ago. When you murdered her.

STEVE

Oh. Right! Yeah... that's why I was in prison!

Everyone is silent, unable to meet Steve's eyes.

STEVE

So... who's ready for some football?

Is your hair brittle and damaged? Worn and dead and dry? Does your scalp itch? All the time?

Try our

Mutant Cyborg Hair Monkeys

Our shampoo contains specially engineered bio-robo-organisms that are trained to hunt down and destroy any hair follicles that stop you from looking your best. But don't take our word for it - ask these satisfied customers.

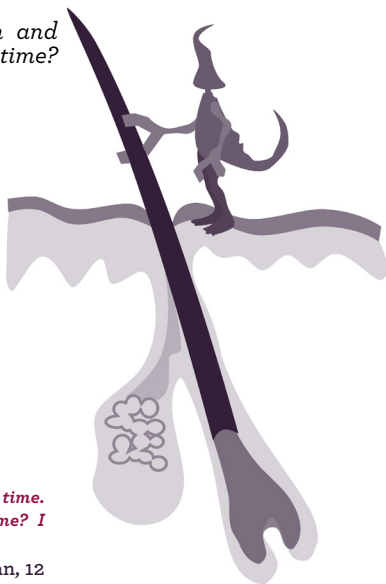
*I'm bald now. Why am I bald?
Where did my hair go?*

-amy, 27

*My skin bleeds all the time.
What did you do to me? I
can't feel my fingers.*

-brian, 12

voidvoidvoidvoidvoidvoi-
-name withheld,
age withheld



okcupid



Your Gregor

29 / M / Austria-Hungary

My self-summary...

I am Gregor. I turned into insect. Do not know why. But am still pretty great guy, if you can ignore antennae.

What I'm doing with my life...

What am I not doing with life! ROFLMSO (rolling on floor laughing my shell off)!

I'm pretty good at...

Used to be salesman, not so good at any more. Also not good at human food, human talk. Am great at eating vagina, all ladies love it.

The most private thing I'm willing to admit...

Well, I already told you I am bug! I guess sometimes I worry I am burden to family (not insects).

You should message me if...

You're not squeamish, and you do not mind shorter man. Much shorter.

The Magic Bullet

Lucy cradled her dying mother in her arms, and watched as blood poured out of a gunshot wound.

“Nooooo,” she cried, “not my mom! I wish... I wish bullets had never been invented!”

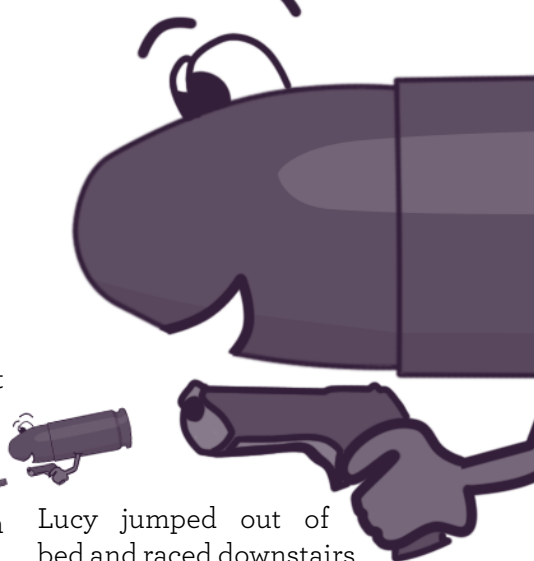
A large bullet with a face appeared before her. He was carrying a gun, which was strange, and had a smirk on his... I guess on his face? You’ll have to imagine that he has a face.

“Be careful what you wish for,” the bullet said, “because you might just get it!” He winked at Lucy, although she didn’t quite see it through the tears that were blurring her vision.

“Who are... What’s happening?” Lucy asked.

“I’m Bully, the magical wish-granting bullet, and I’m here to grant your wish. No more bullets, eh? Let’s just see how you like that...”

Lucy didn’t have time to be confused, because the next thing she knew she was at home and in bed. She woke up to the smell of bacon cooking. Bacon... just like her mother used to make. And lots of other people. Bacon is popular.



Lucy jumped out of bed and raced downstairs. She ran into the kitchen and saw, standing in front of a frying pan brimming with bacon, her mother. Alive.

“You weren’t shot!” she yelled.

“What kind of talk is that?” her mother asked. “Have you been having bad dreams?”

Bully the magical talking bullet faded into Lucy’s view and whispered “no more bullets...” Lucy smiled at him, and then noticed just how much bacon was in the frying pan.

“Come over here and help me make the food,” her mother said. “We’ve got to cook a lot today. I’ve invited some of the many millions of descendants of people who didn’t die in all those wars that we didn’t have over for breakfast!” It was a complicated sentence to parse, but Lucy figured it out. With no more bullets-



-“No more bullets...” Bully whispered again-

-with no more bullets in the world, there had never been anything to fire from guns, and wars like World War One had never happened.

“Thanks, Bully!” Lucy said.

“Now who’s Bully?” an old voice asked. Lucy turned around and gasped at the sight of her great-grandmother.

“Grammy? But... but you died in the Holocaust!”

“The what-o-caust?” asked Lucy’s mom.

Bully re-appeared and froze time so he could talk with Lucy.

“Lucy, you incredible simpleton! With no World War One, there was no national resentment for Hitler to stir up for his own political gain, and so there was no Holocaust. Jews like your great-grandmother survived the 1930s and 40s unharmed.”

“I can’t believe a small change like removing bullets from history has affected so many lives,” Lucy said like an idiot. Because, really, getting rid of bullets is a pretty huge change.

“I imagine you’ll be wanting me to reverse that wish now...” Bully the bullet said, with a knowing look in his eye.

“Um, what?” Lucy asked.

“You know, you’re probably regretting the rash decision you made, you’ve realized the error of your ways, etc.”

“What error? This is great!”

“Great? Great that there are so many more Jews running around? I don’t think so!”

“Whoa,” Lucy said, “are you an anti-Semite?”

“Of course! Aren’t you?”

“No. No, and I think it’s awful that you are.” Lucy crossed her arms and frowned at Bully.

“Huh. Well, is it alright if I reverse the wish anyway?”

“Absolutely not.”

Bully looked forlorn. Then angry. Then forlorn again.

“My boss is gonna be so mad at me.”

Breaking News

AKA “ripping off The Onion’s style”

Romney Concerned
Electricity “May Not
Be Safe”

“Yes!” Declares Man
Who Thinks He Just
Won Darts Game

Teenage Wikipedia
Fan Diagnoses Own
Asperger Syndrome,
Bi-Polar Disorder,
Loneliness

“Helpful”
“Suggestion” Is
Neither

Area Man Likes To
Watch (Pots Boil)

Grandmother
Confirms Friend
Rita Was Never The
Same After She Got
That Iguana

Twitter Acquires
Social-Networking
Platform Twitter

Acquaintance
Thinks Inane
Comment About
Calling Black Holes
“African-American
Holes” Absolves
Him Of Privilege

King Midas came upon the satyr Silenus, who had gotten drunk and wandered away from his foster father, Dionysus. Midas treated the satyr kindly, and as a reward was granted a wish.

“I wish that whatever I might touch shall turn to gold!” King Midas said. The satyr bowed and granted the wish. At first, the King was delighted – he touched a stick and a stone, and they turned to gold before his eyes. Then he reached for a drink, to quench his thirst, and was dismayed to find that it turned to gold as well.

“Wait, what is this bullshit? How am I meant to eat?” Kind Midas asked the satyr.

The Midas Touch

“I don’t know. I just granted the wish, dude. You wanted to touch things and make ‘em gold, so... Y’know, I did it. I’m drunk, what do you want?”

“I want you to make it so that I can at least touch food without it becoming inedible. Will you do that?”

“Eh,” the satyr replied, “I kind-of only said I would grant the one wish, so...”

“You’re being a douchebag right now,” the King said, “a real asshole.”

The satyr shrugged. Midas was pretty fucking pissed off, so he just reached over and tapped Silenus on the shoulder, turning him into gold too.

“If I’m going down, you’re going down with me. Stupid asshole satyr prick.”

Then later Midas tried to play with himself, and you can imagine how that went.

Casting Call

Seeking: middle-aged, caucasian male to play sneaky, con-niving, philandering husband-type. should have stupid moustache that his wife told him to get rid of *years ago*. stage/screen experience preferred.

Seeking: early 20s/late teens female, any race, to play *slut-ty, thieving whore*. gross tattoos and multiple piercings a plus. big breasts a plus, especially if fake, because appar-ently that's what men want now, someone to cut themselves up just to look like trash. *this is a union job*.

Seeking: attractive, intelligent woman, gracefully transi-tioning into her 40s. needs to look smart enough to not be taken for a fool, but trusting enough to be completely taken advantage of by a *worm of a man*. if you need help getting into character, just fall in love, build a marriage over *twenty years*, and then get your heart broken.

Seeking: writer and director for *incredibly true-to-life story* of a woman betrayed. it would also be cool if you had the money to make this happen.

Yes, this is a passion project.



Love Eruption (ugh)

HOLLY

Can I take off this blindfold yet?

SARAH

We're almost there...

HOLLY

I think I smell sulphur, Sarah.

SARAH

Okay, you can take a look!

HOLLY

We're... we're on a mountain?

SARAH

That's a good guess! Remember when I told you I was a volcanologist, and you said "that sounds interesting" and I said "I'll have to take you to work some time" and then you laughed like I was kidding, but in my head I totally wasn't kidding?

HOLLY

You've taken me on a date to a volcano? Isn't that dangerous?

SARAH

Don't worry, it's not active or anything.

SOUND: rumbling

SARAH

I mean... it's probably not active.

HOLLY

This is insane. I have to go home.

SARAH

No! Stay, Holly, please stay! I brought marshmallows -- we can roast them over the magma. It'll be romantic.

HOLLY

The smoke up here is stinging my eyes... It can't be healthy to eat food cooked in this environment.

SARAH

Sure it is! Volcanic soil is some of the most fertile in the world, you know.

HOLLY

But the marshmallows didn't come from the soil.

SARAH

...I feel like you're asking me to bury the marshmallows in the ground and then dig them up before we eat them.

HOLLY

I'm not. I'm definitely not.

SARAH

You need to open your eyes to the possibilities of hanging out here. I mean, look -- we can just throw our garbage into the molten rock and watch nature take care of it for us.

SOUND: a bag rustling, then a small plop and sizzle

HOLLY

Oh my god, that bird is going after your sandwich crust!

SOUND: flapping of wings, followed by the squawking of a dying seagull

HOLLY

That was incredibly horrifying.

SARAH

That, Holly, is what we call "the circle of life".

HOLLY

I don't recall seeing any animals get cooked to death in The Lion King.

SARAH

Uh... it was in the Director's Cut.

HOLLY

Is- Is that a lava floe heading towards us?

SARAH

You're probably gonna freak out

about this too, huh?

HOLLY

I don't want to die on a volcano!

SARAH

You need to look on the positive side; think of all the great exercise we'll get as we're running for our lives. And that's in addition to all the water weight we've lost sweating due to the grotesque heat.

HOLLY

You're supposed to be an expert in this stuff. How could you have possibly thought this would be a good idea?

SARAH

I'm kind-of more like a researcher than a field operative. This is my first time on an active site. We're losing our volcano virginities together!

HOLLY

You know, there's a reason people usually go to restaurants or the movies on a first date. It's because they want to be alive to see the second one.

SARAH

I know, I know, I just... I wanted to seem interesting and cool. I read this

tip in *Cosmo* that said you should try and be as unique as possible, so you'd be memorable.

HOLLY

Oh, I'll remember this alright(!)

SARAH

Let me make it up to you? When we get down from here-

HOLLY

If.

SARAH

Okay, if we get down from here, let me take you on another date.

HOLLY

There is absolutely no way.

SARAH

Please just hear me out? You can say no, but just listen to the idea.

HOLLY

...Fine. But it had better be good.

SARAH

Okay, so, I have this friend who trains sharks-

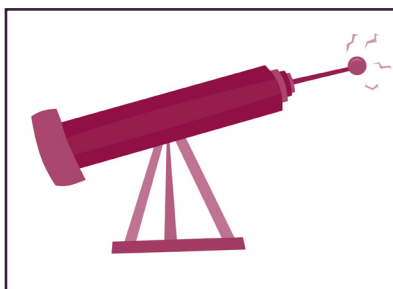
HOLLY

That's it. I'm jumping into the volcano.

Local Scientist: "I Should Have Known I Was Evil"

"I mean, c'mon - I was building a 'death ray'. And yet I still managed to convince myself that I was acting for the good of humanity. It should have set some alarm bells ringing when I started using words like 'revolution' and 'detonate', that's for sure.

"And when you're at the point of trying to convince colleagues that



The weaponized radiation device that Dr. Canlor deluded himself into thinking had "only peaceful applications".

you're not trying to start a genocide or race war, that's when you need to take a step back and be like 'whoa - am I the villain here? Maybe those super-heroes I'm so angry at are actually in the right.'"

Car Humor (humor about cars) (and other automobiles)

Lateral thinking riddle time:

Question: A boy and his father are driving. The car breaks down, so they go to a mechanic. The mechanic takes one look at the engine and says "I can't work on this vehicle - he's my son." How is this possible?

Answer: What's not to understand? *The car is his son.* You never seen a car and a man make love before?

Anti-bumper stickers for your ironic moped:

My son is an honor-killing student. I
 for web-designers. *My other car is My Mother the Car.*

Hi Dragons' Den. I'm looking for a million dollars to buy a car. I know what you're thinking: "why would I want to invest in that?" Well, let me tell you: it's gonna be a sweet-ass car.

How's
my
driving?

Where's
my
driving?

When's
my
driving?

What's
my
driving?

Why's
my
driving?

It's all perfect, because God is driving.

Wait, I should be clear - I'm religious, so I feel like God is always with me and guiding my life.

I'm not schizophrenic or anything, I don't think I'm God.

How is my driving, though? I couldn't afford lessons because I spent all my money on these signs.

Raptor Plan

Part two

People say that I shouldn't have watched that documentary. That something about it messed with my head, made me go crazy. But I ask you, who is the crazy one? Is it the man who will stop at nothing to keep his loved ones safe from the almost-zero percent chance of dinosaur attack? Or is it the regular Joe, going about his day like nothing could ever go wrong? Like he doesn't owe his family the extra care and safekeeping that I and my many complex and dangerous traps provide?

I say "dangerous" because... there have been some accidents. You can't mount a high-voltage electro-net around your children's door frame and not expect a few malfunctions every now and then. I'm pretty sure that I've worked out the kinks, though. I've taught the sensors the difference between human skin and scales, and little Natalie doesn't have to worry about getting the shock of her life again anytime soon.

In fairness to both myself and the electro-net's sensors, perhaps she shouldn't have been skulking around the way I presume she was. I know that I'm always saying "think like the enemy", but that doesn't mean everybody suddenly has license to act like a vicious, pre-historic predator whenever they feel like it.

And, if I'm honest, I think she kind of deserved some punishment. As far as I'm concerned, we were all still recovering from when she brought Jurassic Park 3 into the house.

I had not previously seen and vetted the movie, and so as we all sat down to watch it as a family I felt a certain sense of unease. Still, nothing could have prepared me for the outright lies and sloppy science that Steven Spielberg saw fit to present us with. In the last minutes of this cinematic trash, a group of deadly, calculating velociraptors are tricked with a few kazoo noises made by Sam Neill blowing into a skull.

The notion that raptors are stupid enough to fall for such a tactic is offensive to me, and the seed it must have planted in my children - the idea that there is any way to trick such a magnificent creature - was devastating to my efforts to educate them. It took me weeks to re-train my little girls, to convince them that no matter what they try, where they run to, how many traps they lay, it is almost impossible to avoid death by being eaten once a velociraptor chooses to make you his dinner.

I place the blame for those many nights of anger and tears (both mine and the children's) squarely on the electrically burned head of Natalie. I pray that she's learned her lesson, but in my darkest moments I worry that the world outside has brainwashed her, that it is too late. That she is one of the seven billion fools out there who comfort themselves with false concepts such as "extinction",

I mean, do people really think that Hollywood spent all that money on CGI? In 1992, no less? No. Come on. Nobody likes computers that much.

Concludes next issue...

Classifieds

Find writing too hard?



Howard's Guide To Plagiarism is here to help!

Features *ALL* the tips:

- Copying
- Pasting
- Signing your own name instead of somebody else's

Don't buy Howard's Guide To Plagiarism! The Howard Publishing Group stole the text from Luke's Almanac Of Copycattery!

Buy Luke's Almanac Of Copycattery for the real deal when it comes to faking it.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED FOR Medical Experiments

Requirements: Young, healthy, no family, non-smoker, no family, no friends, no pets, no family, no family, college student preferred, no family, light drinker, no family.

Can't fit your clothes in the washing machine?

Get some scissors and cut them into smaller pieces, then. Idiot.

Get off your ass and buy my chair

And then get back on your ass, in my chair.

It's a good chair for your ass.

Mike says there'll be an ad here by Monday. Just make sure to call sales and get the right info. We don't want to print the placeholder text, like last time. You know, it seems dumb me even typing this here, given the possibility of that kind of mistake happening again.

Hank Louis, 74, passed away last Thursday in his sleep. He really would've liked a longer obituary in a more appropriate section of the magazine.

No Girls Allowed

My dad was nice enough to make me a treehouse, even though we didn't have a tree. He had to steal one from our neighbor, and I'm pretty sure the dude can tell because there wasn't a tree in our yard and there was a tree in his yard, and now there is a tree in our yard and there's just a big ol' hole in his yard. He hasn't said anything, though, not since my dad went over there to return the knife that I guess he borrowed.

Anyway I had this great treehouse, and I saw in a comic book that sometimes boys'll make their treehouse super-fun by making rules about who can go in it. I didn't want to say "no boys allowed" because then none of the boys would come and check out my treehouse, and I wanted to show it off. So I said "no girls allowed", which was great for the boys, but not so great for me. I kinda just sat outside, at the bottom of the tree, listening to all the fun the boys were having up there.

Well, my dad didn't take too kindly to that. When the boys went home he stormed up the ladder and broke the

treehouse all apart. And then he dragged the tree back over to our neighbor's house. I watched him try to put it back in the big hole, but there was something in there? It kinda looked like a man, or something that used to be a man. And I think I saw the knife my dad had. I think it was in the hole too.

I told my dad that the tree didn't need to go back there, that maybe it would be a nice gesture to keep it right in the middle of our yards, ours and the neighbor's. And he said yep, that's what sharing is all about.

The next day, the boys came back to play in the treehouse, but it was gone, and they were mad. I told 'em about the storming up the ladder, and the hole with the man, and the tree in the middle of our yards, and I tried to tell them about sharing. Like, maybe we could learn something from that, we could all share our toys or something. They laughed at me, though, and they ran away.

I told my dad about it, and he got real mad. I never saw the boys again. I guess they only liked me for my treehouse? Also, we're running super low on knives.

Poem of the week of the issue

We've going to have to reframe
the debate,

If we want them to know why
our forests are great,

Call all the trees nipples, on
the teat of the soil,

There's no milk in the ground
though, there's only some oil,

Drill baby, drill, Ron Paul 2012,

Wait, this is stupid, it's a plan
we should shelve.

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NEXT ISSUE: school
tantrums - electric
underwear - the ocean -
evil babies - ectoplasm
- alternative alternative
therapy - back scratching
AND MORE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

