

Framed Egg #4

Secret teen diary
edition!

I'm not kidding. This
actually contains my
teenage diary.



This fourth issue contains a “treat”.

I’ve recently found my high school diaries. I think it makes a lot of sense to go back through them and tear myself apart.

Each special diary snippet will be accompanied by a commentary and critique .

This has not been fun for me.

Letters pegge.

Doesn’t Seem Possible

I’ve discovered that I can get into my freezer, but I can get out.

No Return Address

We Want To Lens A Hand; How Can We Contact You; We Meet At Glass-es!

I’m due to get contact lenses soon, and I want to practice putting them in. So far I just keep poking myself in the eye. Do you have any tips? Other than the tip of my finger, I mean. I’ve seen too much of that, lately.

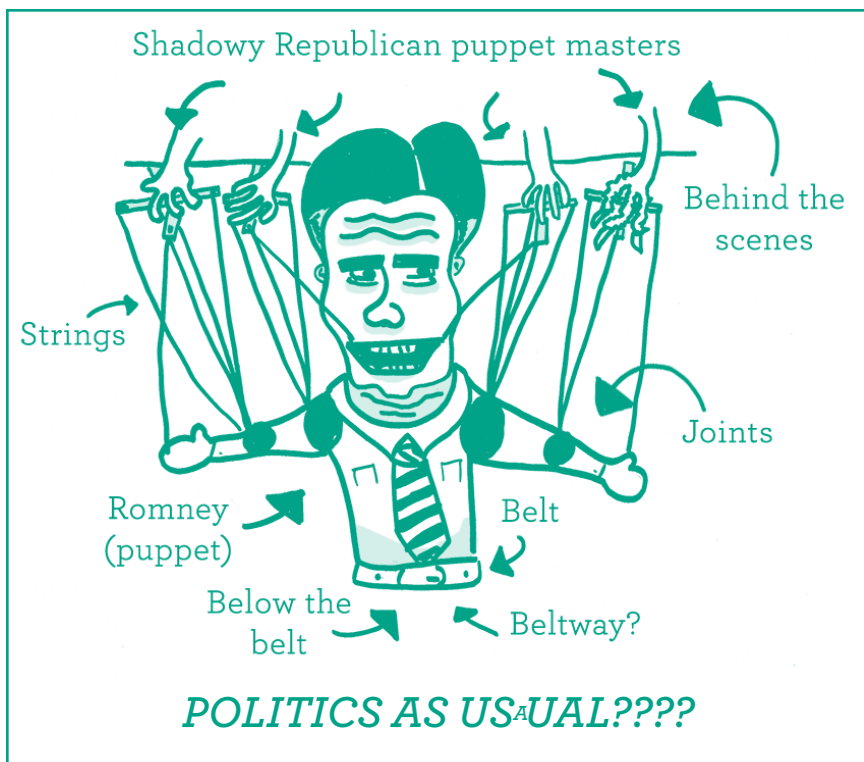
Isaiah Feskill

You Meant “Entomologist”

My etymologist friend bugs me.

Gerry “The Punmaster” Rollings

The Framed Egg “Political” “Cartoon”



Framed Egg Brain Teasing Brain Teasers!

1. Can you make a perfect trapezoid from this arrangement by moving only *four* matches?



2. Can you find the next number in the pattern?

1...3...6...15...0...+... ∞...19...x...3...6...?...90...90...?...3...?

3. Complete this sentence:

It is what it is is to that's just the way it is as as it happens this is it is to _____

1. Move the one on the left over to the right, the one in the middle up to the top, and two of the outside ones into the inside. Turn it ninety degrees and squint.
2. Infinity plus one.
3. The man was standing on a block of ice, which is why his pants were wet. Well, and he had an accident. That happens.

Answers

Invisible Whines

When I was born my parents didn't enter the CAPTCHA on the baby name website correctly. The only effect it's had on me is that I'm completely invisible to machines. People have tried to tell me that that's pretty cool, that I'm like a super-hero or something. Friends are always suggesting that I should break into places and steal stuff I want - after all, the security systems and CCTV cameras just don't see me.

But there's really no point in any of that, because none of the stuff I want to steal works right with me anyway. I can only do the most basic of actions with the internet - anything with webcams or voice recognition is out, and whenever I enter personal details into something like Facebook or Twitter, they disappear.

Instagram is broken. People try and grab a shot of me and there's just a fuzzy mess, like when Meg Ryan takes a picture of Nicolas Cage in *City of Angels*, except there's no chance I'm going to go to heaven (I imagine I've cursed out technology too many times for God to want me anymore).

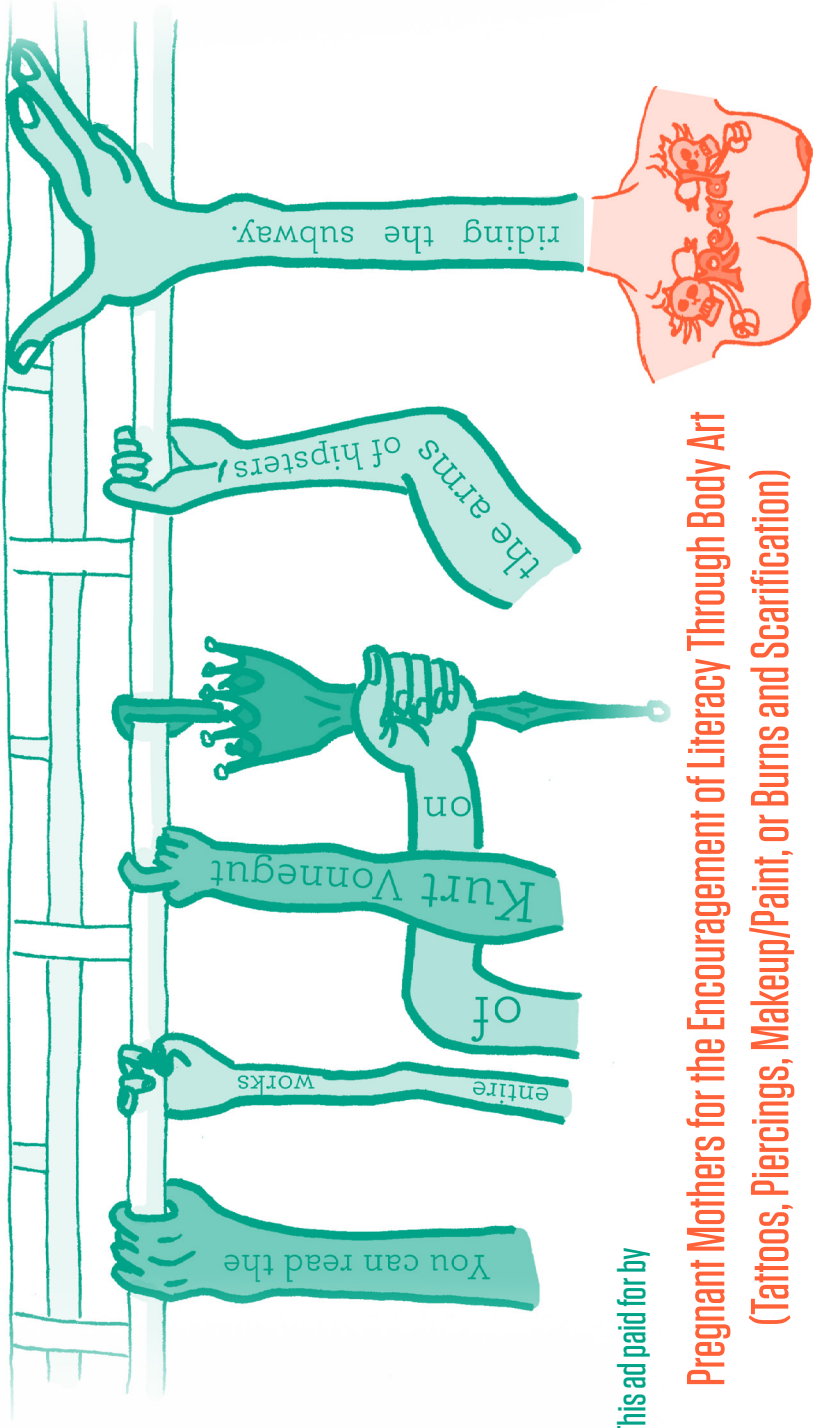
I can't play Wii or Kinect, and I can't even use smartphones. The touch-sensitive surfaces treat my fingers like... well, like anything that isn't fingers. Or sausages. Did you know you can manipulate an iPhone with a pork sausage, but not with my hand? Isn't life amazing? And by amazing, I mean terrible and frustrating.

Even if I could get a phone to do what I want, it won't record my voice, so phone calls and Siri are both out. Pretty great of Apple to create a computer woman to reject me, as if I hadn't already had enough of that in my life. Girls like a guy who can at least operate a vending machine, I guess.

I don't know why I'm even bothering to type this. It's not like I can print it out (every single printer I've ever used has jammed), and I can't upload it to a blog or save it to a hard drive. Already I can see some words deleting themselves.

I guess I'm asking for your pity. Sometimes people hear my story and offer me money, but don't worry - I'm not trying to hustle you. It's not like I have an email address you can PayPal money to, or even a bank account (whenever I try to open one the system flags my identity as "non-existent").

Just... just next time you use an automatic door, think of me, will you? I'll be the guy right behind you, trapped inside by a bigoted sensor.



This ad paid for by

Pregnant Mothers for the Encouragement of Literacy Through Body Art
(Tattoos, Piercings, Makeup/Paint, or Burns and Scarification)

Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement
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 Let down by the lack of money-making opportunities in your cult? Dissatisfied by the absence of faith in your multi-level marketing scheme? Wish you were a member of a spiritually motivated and financially driven corporeligion?

Join the Existatron

Multi-Level Cult Level Cult

It's easy to sign up, and even easier to make prayer-cash! Just grab two friends, bring them to a statement meeting, and pledge allegiance and fealty to Mishram the Great Brain. He'll direct Ungres (Lady of Thunder and Chains) to remix your Hap/Sad Quotient, and you'll be raking in the dough!

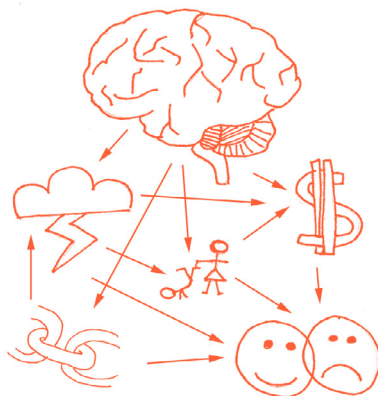
No, you can't leave!

Everybody I know has joined up! I haven't seen sunlight in months!

-aleck, 47

Does it seem like a pyramid scheme? That's because it is! It's also a square scheme, and the square is God!

-name withheld,
age withheld



The balance of my bank account changed after I joined, and my hymns have never been hymn-er!

-luke, 22

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I've figured out that my difficulty getting to sleep at night is not something I am able to control or influence. Which is lucky, because that means I don't have to change anything about my behavior.

Sorry I'm late. I thought I saw a zombie, but it was just a homeless guy asking for chaaaaaaaaaange.

Yeah, that is just as awful.

Sorry I'm late. I set my watch to "fantasy time". It's just like regular time, except it allows me a few extra minutes each day to pretend my life isn't mine.

Accurate Anne

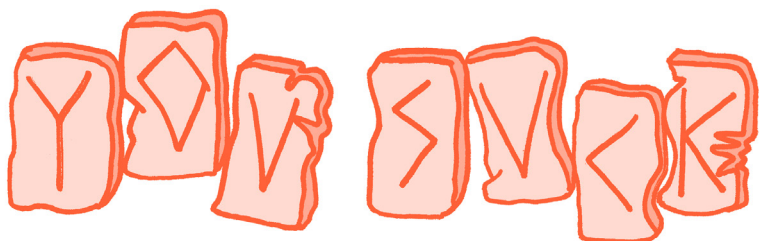
Hello, everyone, and welcome to another journey into the mists of the future. Today I'll be exercising my clairvoyance on behalf of myself, since people have been complaining that the show is a little dark lately. Unfortunately, we've had some guests with some terrible futures ahead of them, and there's nothing that can change what fate has written. But we *can* look into the path of someone who is obviously going to have a perfect future - yours truly!

So first we have the runes. I'm scattering the runes and I'm seeing... Oh no, this arrangement doesn't bode well at all. I mean... The way these glyphs fell, it's as if the gods are trying to tell me that my show -*this* show- is going to be canceled. But that can't be true. The runes must be wrong today. Celtic fortune-telling can be unreliable. It's so archaic. Let's try something else.

Astrology, my first love. Ah, yes, much better. I'm looking at my chart and I'm seeing Mercury rising, Aries descending... Oh my. Usually such an arrangement would portend the reader's forthcoming loss of her home, but surely... I mean, I just bought the place! It has a pool *and* a hot tub. I mean a... a *mystical* pool and a *magical* hot tub. The gods wouldn't take away my house. Astrology is obviously a load of crap. We simply have to go to the Tarot to get the truth.

And the first card is the jester, the performer. A clear and immediate reference to myself, easily establishing Tarot's supremacy. The next card, now... ah, the wheel! Less wise seers would see revolution, and change, perhaps for the worse. But this particular oracle sees only a circle. A nice, simple circle. Perhaps another zero to add to my paycheck?

And finally, the last car- Oh my. Death. The death card. That must... that must mean... the death of anything bad happening to me, ever. Yes. My life is perfect and wonderful and great and everything is going to be fine and why is the room spinning? Why does my arm hurt? Somebody get me a homeopathic remedy!



Memo to all staff (except Brenda).

Dear Colleagues (who aren't Brenda),

Of late, there has been an noticeable increase in the amount of time a certain employee (I'm not going to use any names, but I think we all know who I'm talking about) spends making personal calls to her new boyfriend on company time.

We normally rely on the honor system to reign in such behavior, but it has become reasonable to assume that Employee #1 (as we shall refer to her) has no honor.

Rather than taking formal disciplinary action (we don't want things to get ugly), I am asking you all to join me in curbing Employee #1's desire to contact her partner. I would ask you to engage Employee #1 in a consistent and deliberate program of gas-lighting.

Our overall goal is to get Employee #1 to question the very nature of reality, but we should also focus on causing her to doubt her paramour's faithfulness.

Examples of things you may wish to say to Employee #1 include, but are not limited to:

- Implications that you have seen her boyfriend at clubs and bars, engaging with "skanks".
- Insults related to her appearance, couched in concern for her general health.
- Repeated, subliminal utterances of the phrase "once a cheater, always a cheater".
- Made-up statistics from fake science journals about how men are not monogamous creatures. (References to Darwin's *Origin of Species* and evolutionary psychology should help sell this one.)

Hopefully, you get the idea. Please don't be discouraged if you see Brenda quietly weeping at her desk or in a washroom. I'll check the phone records after a few weeks and report back to you with evidence of our success.

Thanks,
Josephine Hooth, Dept. of Human Resources

PS. Before anybody asks -- this memo is in *no way* motivated by the fact that my husband Grant recently left me for Employee #1. I'm *extremely happy* that he has found love again, but I cannot allow any co-worker's extra-curricular romances to affect their in-office productivity.

My Not-So-Secret Teenage Diary

I kept a diary during my last years in high school. It was technically a blog, I suppose, but I wrote in it as if nobody would ever see it. Which worked well when it was something only I knew about, but didn't go over so great when I gave the URL to a few friends and they read all the spiteful things I wrote about them.

Here's a small selection of posts, with color commentary.

Thursday 4th November 2004

So work took about a millennium to finish, and instead of taking me off of my checkout at four pm, Vanessa decided she would get her stuff from upstairs first, so she wouldn't have to keep Glen waiting too long at the end of her shift, 4:15.

Yes - that little whore left me on my till for five minutes while she went and got her sodding Burberry handbag just so she could impress a guy who, whilst being a fuckwit also, is way too good for a bint like her.

I mean, I had to scan all the items in a trolley. All because of her.

So I guess I had some anger issues back in 2004, eh? In addition, of course, to a tendency towards exaggeration, since I don't think work really took "a millennium", since I'm here right now and not still scanning items on that checkout (admittedly, an annoying task).

Vanessa? Lovely girl. I was angry at her because she was beautiful and did not want to have sex with me. And I guess I thought Glen was a good guy, and shouldn't lower himself to go out with somebody stupid enough to reject me?

I remember thinking I was a very smart and complicated individual in high school, but it looks like I was just a petty narcissist. Which is par for the course, so I'm not beating myself up. Except for *all the time* when I beat myself up.

Friday 17th December 2004

Today was fancy dress day at school as it is the last day of term. I was due to dress up as a sperm. I made the costume and everything. Problem was that Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Magee, and Mr. Broad didn't like it because they are fascist fuckwads. I instead had to come as 'Baby Jesus'. It didn't quite work because I only had an hour to prepare, so I didn't win anything. Which really pissed me off. I spent ages making the other costume. And now those hours are wasted.

Jane got to see my sperm costume anyway, so at least that has been accomplished. Now I don't have to worry about being 'normal' around her because I know now that there will never, ever be a chance with her.

I have given up on Sally. She kept saying she was busy and she is friends with Hannah, so I think there is the slight possibility that she is a massive townie. Shame.

I was really into the idea that the teachers at my school were “fascists”, which is a strong term to throw at people who are just trying to maintain order with a bunch of idiot kids. I do remember being really proud of that sperm costume, though, and I did spend a long time making it. I probably devoted more time and effort to that costume than anything else that year, including my schoolwork. Which is a good explanation of why I left school with such poor grades.

I'd been crushing on Jane for over two years. There was never any chance she'd enter into a relationship with me, because I did nothing but irritate her whenever we were in the same room. But at least I got to feel like her distaste for me was my decision, right? I *chose* to annoy her with stupid stuff like a sperm costume.

Sally was a perfectly nice and very pretty girl who did nothing wrong. I knew I wouldn't have a shot with her either, so I called her a “townie”, which was the popular term for... I guess people that you didn't like? Again, demonstrating to myself that I was the one in charge of whether or not I got laid.

Saturday 8th January 2005

I've been really tired. Really. And so busy too. I am so lethargic these days it is getting annoying. I hate apathy in others, yet seem to be comfortable within myself. Argh.

Today was a Saturday so I, of course, had to go to work. Beforehand I went to the optician and got my eyes tested. Apparently there has been a slight change, but I am sensitive to slight changes so I need new glasses. I am getting a different design to my old ones, the frame is lighter and the lenses thinner. Hopefully it'll make me look more grown-up.

I still hate looking like I'm 12. Even people who know my true age will talk to me as if I am 12. Like people at work. Maybe I should act more mature, but Coca-Cola seems to have somewhat of a bad effect on me.

Seven years later and I'm still struggling with tiredness. I no longer lie to myself about why I'm so sleepy, though - I know that it's because I don't hold myself to any kind of sleep schedule. I think that's a common enough complaint that I shouldn't be shocking anybody reading this right now. But of course in high school the source of my "lethargy" was some great existential worry.

Check out that paragraph on getting my eyes tested! Aren't you enthralled? Aren't you *fascinated*? Why the hell did I note that down? Who did I think would be interested in it? Was I writing for myself in the future, thinking that I would want a detailed record of my oh-so-interesting past? Because I think I would actually be okay with not knowing the intricate details of an eye appointment from seven years ago. And yet, here we are. At least I can feel good about inflicting that knowledge on you, too. Let's hang out and talk about how my eyes are "sensitive to slight changes". It'll be fun.

Also in this entry is definitive evidence that I've known for almost a decade that Coca-Cola is terrible for me. Doesn't mean I don't have a glass of it beside me as I write this, though. Personal growth is for idiots.

Saturday 17th February 2007

I saw an advert at the cinema the other day featuring a group of young people creating dozens of bottles with messages in them, and then throwing the all out to sea, eventually receiving a text message from someone who had found one of the bottles on an island far away.

I experienced two reactions to this advert, both quite at odds with each other. First, I felt like this was something I wanted to do. I liked the idea of doing something totally random and 'out there', but, more importantly, I was also attracted to the idea of the many stages a project like this would take: thinking of what to put on the notes(the most important part, for me), writing the notes, finding the bottles, putting the notes in the bottles, throwing them out to sea and then the slow, inevitable trickle of replies from around the world. It would take so long and, for someone with my level of perfectionism and obsessive-compulsiveness, be so meticulously carried out that each reply I got would be endlessly rewarding.

*Then, my second reaction kicked in. I realized that the people in this advert were c*nts. There is no other word I can think of that accurately describes the sheer venom I feel towards them. The very fact that they think themselves important enough to do something so utterly useless is astounding to me. There's this unassailable arrogance surrounding them.*

*The entire advert seems like a side-effect of the MySpace generation: an entire group of people who live their lives as if they were in a movie. I hate them all, yet my first reaction would seem to steadfastly pigeonhole me along with them. For God's sake, I even **have** a MySpace page. The sheer imperiousness of me condemning these kinds of people whilst fundamentally being exactly the same as them confounded and irritated me.*

I guess I'm over whatever this was, since I'm perfectly comfortable publishing a small magazine and filling it with my teenage diary?

How I (evidently) thought friendship worked when I was seven years old:

Child 1:

Look at Avery! She's over in the corner crying and asking the teacher if she can go home. We should make a special effort to be nice to her and not bully her.

Child 2:

Bullying her never even occurred to me! We definitely shouldn't do that, though.

How I (evidently) thought friendship worked when I was fourteen years old:

Teen 1:

Check Avery out! She's raising her hand for every question and sighing when the teacher asks somebody else for the answer. I guess she's way smarter than we'll ever be.

Teen 2:

I was just thinking the same thing. Avery is our intellectual better, and clearly doesn't suffer from an inferiority complex. Let's include her in things, and not react with confusion when she says something mean to "test" us.

How I (evidently) thought friendship worked when I was nineteen years old:

Teen 3:

Oh boy, Avery's talking about how we're all idiots for going to university. I never get bored of this conversation, and I enjoy how it explicitly judges me -a university student- for continuing my education.

Teen 4:

My favorite part of this lecture (which I have heard many times) is that Avery makes it so very clear that she's motivated by a desire to free us from the trap of higher "learning", and doesn't just want to justify her own dropping-out from college. I enjoy her company.

Meta 101

TEACHER

Okay, class – you may now open the tests in front of you.

NARRATOR

The “Meta 101” class at Troy College in New York has only been running for three months, but has already drawn its fair share of both derision and acclaim.

TEACHER

You will notice that the answers have already been filled in, some of them correct, some less so. Your task is to grade these tests. When you’re done, hand them in, and I will assess your assessments and grade your grades.

NARRATOR

The classes themselves are often packed with confused students, who struggle to keep up with fast-paced lectures. Their studies are made all the more difficult by the interruption of a near-constant stream of documentary crews filming them at work.

TEACHER

Hey! Hey! You! Yes, you, with the boom mic. Get out of here! We’ve had enough! Go make a film about the New Sincerity class next door. They’d love to have you.

Marathon

Darkness. We hear three short knocks. After a second or two, the barely visible HOMEOWNER enters the frame. They turn on the light, rub their eyes, yawn, and answer the door. They are greeted by a smiling STRANGER carrying a clipboard.

HOMEOWNER

Um... can I... can I help you?

STRANGER

You can help me, and you can help those in need, friend!

HOMEOWNER

It’s four a.m. What do you want?

STRANGER

Well, sir/ma’am, I’m about to complete a marathon for charity, and I’ve been combing the streets seeking sponsorships from kind folks like yourself.

HOMEOWNER

You’re running a marathon?

STRANGER

I’m completing a marathon.

HOMEOWNER

What’s the difference?

STRANGER

Typically a marathon is a running race over twenty-six point four miles.

HOMEOWNER

Right, the long-distance thing, yeah.

STRANGER

Indeed. Whereas I’ll be watching twenty-six point four **episodes** of the TLC television show *Say Yes To The Dress*.

HOMEOWNER

I don’t understand... Aren’t marathons meant to be about fitness and... and endurance?

STRANGER

Endurance? Have you **seen** *Say Yes To The Dress*? It’s **awful**.

Tri-county essay contest

Subject: "If I Had One Wish..."

1st place prize: \$10,000

Winning entry by Laura Wilson

If I had one wish, it would be to perform a variety of sexual favors for a panel of essay judges. I would ask the genie, or leprechaun, or whatever supernatural entity was doing the wish-granting to transport me to whichever room the judges were doing their deliberating in, and I would just *get to work*.

I don't know *why* I'd like to debase myself for these judges; I think there's something about the combination of power and wisdom involved in being a good judge that just turns me on. I think about judges -especially judges of small, local essay competitions- and I just start to wonder "how far would I go to make them happy?" And the answer is: as far as it takes. I love the idea of erotically pleasuring judges *that much*.

My mom just came in the room to tell me the results from my latest doctor's appointment. How rude! She *knew* I was busy working on my essay! But she's all "the doctor says you're in the prime of your life, the healthiest 18-year old he's ever seen with the measurements 38-22-36 and long blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes and pouty lips." Mom, I'm trying to work!

She should know not to distract me - I'm forgetful enough as it is! I'm so forgetful that I bet I would forget all the identifying details of any judges I ended up engaging in coitus with. I mean, I would never think to blackmail anybody, or tell their wife about our encounter or anything, but even if I wanted to I probably wouldn't be able to. Because of the memory problem I mentioned.

So that's my wish. It's so silly, and unlikely to ever happen, but there you go. I think I did a good job on this essay, but if you're reading it -perhaps in a judging capacity- and want to give me some notes, I can be reached at 555-924-5682. That's my cell, so you can call day or night.

Breaking News

AKA “ripping off The Onion’s style”

Letter-Writing
Campaign To Shut
Down Paper Factory
Accidentally Saves
Paper Factory

Jennifer Aniston
“So, So Thrilled”
To Finally Close
eHarmony Account

Nursery Rhyme
Doesn’t

Ron Paul Gathering
Policy Ideas From
Jokes About Ron
Paul

Nation’s Robots:
“Please Stop
Comparing Us To
Mitt Romney”

White Supremacist
Incapable
Of Spelling
‘Supremacist’

Constipated
Marijuana Addict
Hopes To Shit Or
Get Off The Pot

Company
Newsletter Pretty
Psyched About
Company

Bicycle Spokesman
Unaware Job Title
Is Pun

Jingle Writer Has Annoying Career Stuck In Head



Town Map

Map-maker's HQ
(aka Castle Awesome)

Useless school
that doesn't teach
map-making

Dumb church

Stupid boring hills

Houses

Pointless forest

Shops that barely
sell any maps

River

Library with
stunningly small
map collection

Body Facts

99% of your body is empty space, the distance between the nuclei of your atoms and the electrons surrounding them. So why are you complaining that you don't have anywhere to store your record collection? Fold all your possessions inside yourself! What's the dark matter with you!?

80% of your body is water, and your cells replace themselves entirely every seven years. So why is so much of the world going thirsty? If you're making all this water, why aren't you giving it to them? Because you're selfish?

Your nerve impulses travel at 25 miles per hour, and a sneeze generates a wind of 100 miles per hour. But what, the pizza place across the street would take you too long to get to? You have to eat cereal out of the box with your hands *again*?

Your lungs breathe in two million liters of air every day. At least a couple of those liters have to be farts, right?

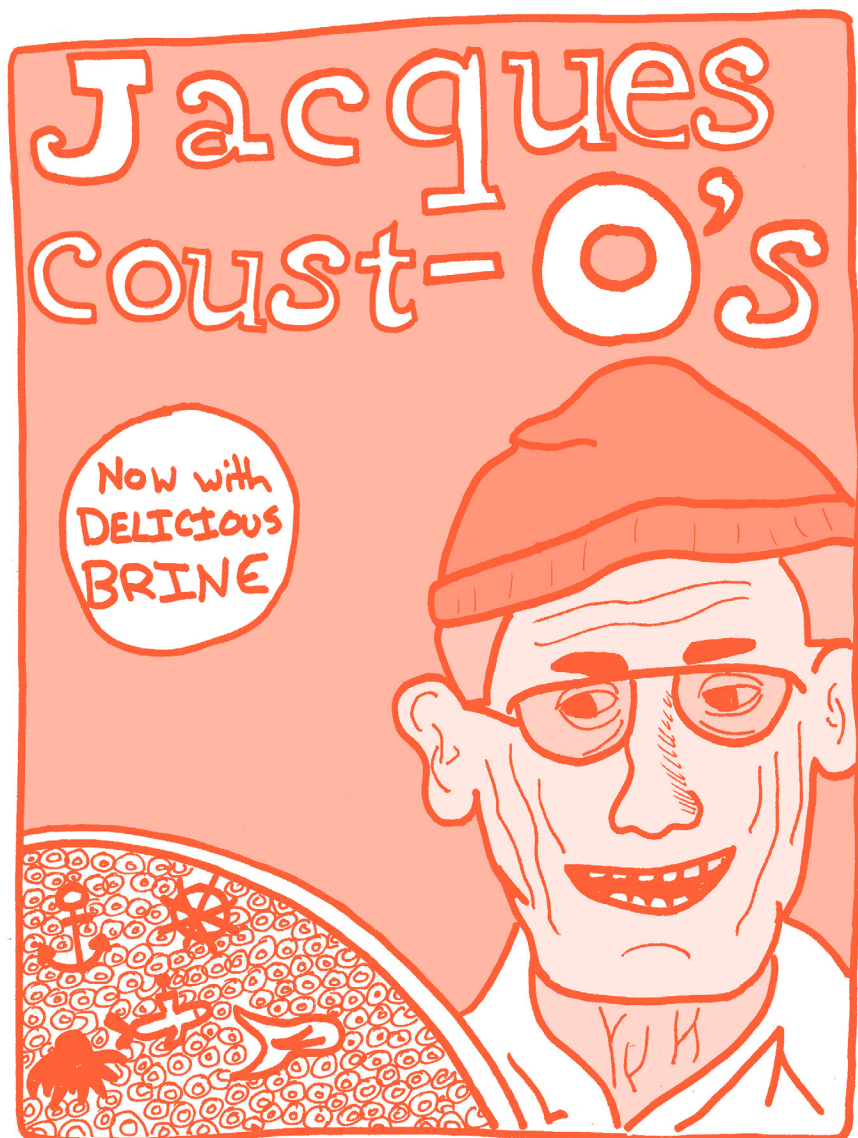
When you blush, your stomach lining also reddens. Yeah, the inside of your tummy is getting embarrassed on your behalf. Congratulations on that.

Once you hit thirty, you start to shrink. By the time you're sixty you've lost 50% of your taste buds. When you're seventy, you'll have discarded 105lbs of flesh. Your mother was right: you're falling apart.

Every month you create a brand new outer layer of skin. And all it takes is one tattoo to ruin that skin forever. Unless it's a really bitchin' tattoo.

You make a liter of saliva every twenty-four hours. You disgust me.

New, for the sea exploration-
obsessed child in your life, it's:



Disclaimer: I have a nagging feeling in my mind that I'm
stealing this joke from somewhere. Google came up with
nothing, so I'm running with it.

Poem of the week of the issue

Hey I got a question
Scarlet Witch,
What's the probability
you're a bitch?
I feel like if we roll the
dice,
We might find out
you're not so nice.
Your brother's so
speedy, his name is
Quick,
But I've heard a rumor
that he's a dick.
Is it not your fault? Do
you have a bad gene?
I know for a fact that
your dad's quite mean.
We all worry that when
Magneto's pissed,
He turns into a global
terrorist.
So can you dial it back
on the crazy-times?
Because I'm fast
running out of mutant
rhymes.

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NEXT ISSUE: policemen
fighting charity muggers,
those people who stand in
the street with clipboards,
you know - ROBOCOP
- celebrity anagrams -
paparazzi competitions
- crEYEogenics - the void
AND MORE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The guy who mugged me was large,
fat, tall, with big eyes and a creepy
smile. He was wearing mittens, I
think? And he was entirely bald.
He must have had a birthmark of
some kind, because his skin was this
reddish-blueish color. I guess purple
would be a good word.

*Are you talking about Grimace?
From McDonald's?*

Oh my- Yes, yes I am! Oh, you must
think I'm crazy...

*It is strange, I'll admit. He usually
sticks to arson.*