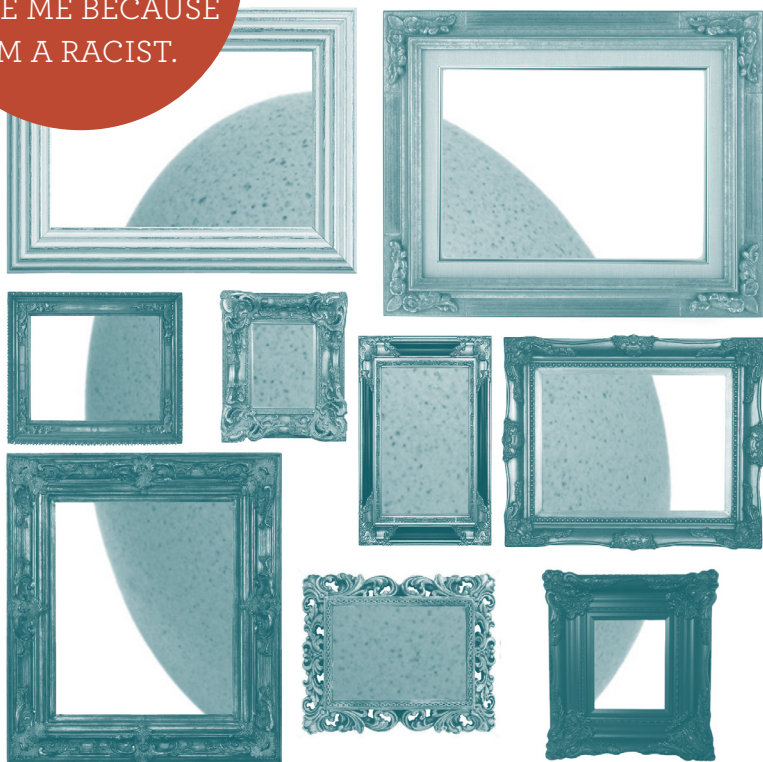


Framed Egg #5

Don't hate
me because
I'm beautiful.

HATE ME BECAUSE
I'M A RACIST.



I think I need to invent some new colors.

It's getting hard to find some nice contrasting colors that I haven't already used a close shade of. I want each issue of Framed Egg to look a little different, but it's tough keeping the color scheme nice.

Not your problem, but if you see a new color, in a rainbow, or something, tell me.

Egg-streme words

Who Wrote This This Is In Bad Taste

Ever since writing you a letter and sending it via mail, I've been jittery, nervous, and prone to anxiety. I guess I must have *post-traumatic stress*!

No Return Address

TINTWAYNTRSYLTAD (This Is Not The Want-Ads You'll Need To Re-Send Your Letter To The Appropriate Department

SWM WLTM SWF or even SWM W/R/T helping me understand what all these damn acronyms mean.

S. O. L. Mate

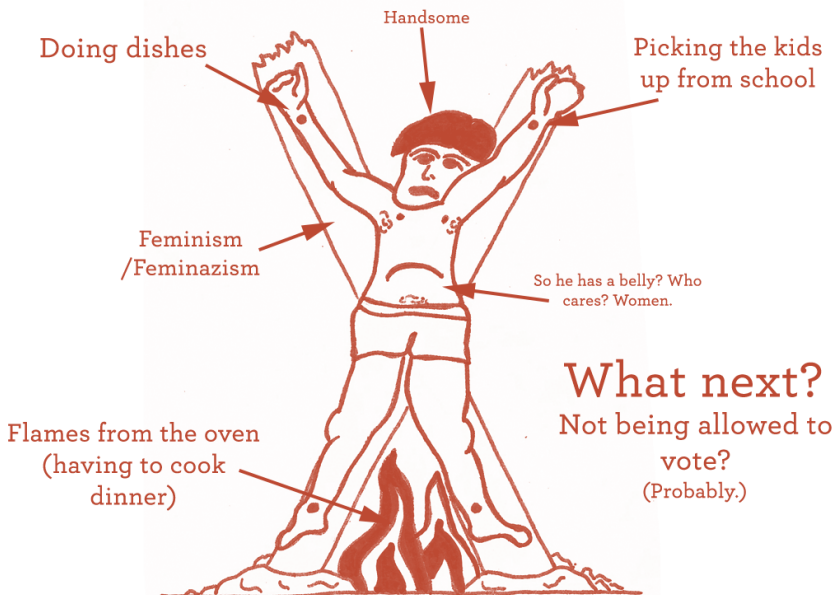
We're Running Low Too, So We Kept It

I wrote you a letter a few weeks ago and accidentally included an unnecessary self-addressed envelope. I'm actually running low on self-addressed envelopes, so if you could return it to me in the self-addressed envelope included with *this* letter, I'd be very grateful.

Luke "The Took" Muke

The Framed Egg "Political" "Cartoon"

The Martyrdom of the Modern Man



Teh Frmeed Eg Crozwerd

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	
8			9		10			11
12						13		14
15					16			
				17				

Across

- 1 - The first word in this clue.
 4 - The third word in the first clue.
 8 - "The crossword is a pain in my be____!"
 10 - "Do these clues need to be spelled out in ____?"
 12 - Sound of frustration accompanying the making of this crossword.
 13 - "I h____ this crossword."
 15 - Please ____ your friends about the excellent puzzles in *Framed Egg*.
 16 - "I think that the person who made this crossword is stup____."
 17 - "Did they really misspell the word 'answer'!?"

Down

- 1 - The third word in the sixteenth clue.
 2 - "They couldn't have ____ somebody to make a crossword for them?"
 3 - Lang. used in this crossword.
 5 - "What drug was the person making this crossword ____?"
 6 - "I don't think this is somebody who actually ____ crosswords. Real ones, I mean."
 7 - The thing that comes at the end of a sentence like this one.
 9 - International shipping company.
 11 - "Thank God, I'm ____ the end."
 16 - "That's not the pattern that black squares are meant to be filled ____."

Morning. Judas's apartment.

Jesus: I need a favor.

Judas: For the last time, I'm not giving you my sister's number.

Jesus: What? No, not that. (Really, though?) No, it's something else. I need you to say that I can't walk on water.

Judas: Sure. There's no way you can walk-

Jesus: Not now, don't say it now. I need you to say it in public. In front of everybody.

Judas: You mean the other disciples?

Jesus: And a crowd of people, probably. People who are expecting me to walk on water.

Judas: Why would they be expecting that?

Jesus: I can't be held responsible for every single claim I make when I'm drunk, Judas.

Judas: I don't understand why having me say that you can't do it helps convince people that you can.

Jesus: It's not obvious? Because everybody hates you! If you're the first one to claim I can't walk on water, everyone else will be so desperate to argue against you that they'll ignore the fact that I really can't.

Judas: Why does everybody hate me?

Jesus: I told a few people that you're going to kill me. Don't make a big thing out of it.

Afternoon. Sea of Galilee.

Jesus is standing in the water, feet up to his ankles.

Jesus: Everybody! I think Judas is about to say something!

Judas: (*sigh*) Lo, Jesus cannot walk on water. Truly he is not the Son of God(!)

Peter: What the hell, Judas? He's clearly walking on the water. You're a prick.

Mark: You're such a shit-stirrer, Judas. You just want attention.

Simon: I say we kick him out of the disciples.

Jesus: Brothers, do not be angry at Judas.

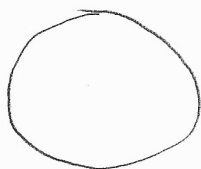
Judas: Thanks, Jesus.

Jesus: It's not Judas's fault that he's so stupid and, also, wants attention all the time.

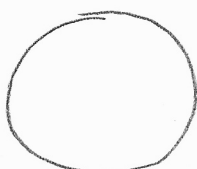
Judas: Okay, Jesus, that's enough.

Jesus: I think we should all take turns saying things we hate about Judas.

My (annotated) attempts to draw a perfect circle
without the use of a compass.



First try. Nowhere
near perfect.



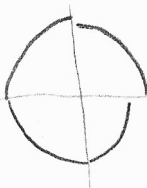
Better, still bad.



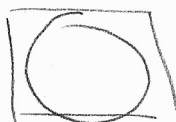
Thought smaller
would be easier.



Embarrassing.



A quadrant at a
time? No help.



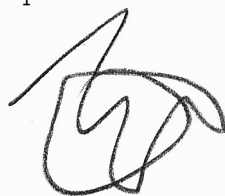
Drawing inside a
square also sucks.



Freehand fails
again.



Less pressure =
even worse.



Clearly getting
frustrated now.



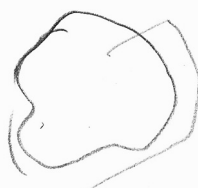
Balls are circles.



Die circle
bastards.



Must be a perfect
one here somewhere.



Started drinking.



Triangles are
nice and easy.



Nightmare where
circle eats me.

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 Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement Advertisement
 Do you find it difficult to call and converse with those you hold dear? Are you longing for physical touch and affection? Do you wish that your house was controlled by a sentient hand attached to a phone?

Then you should

Talk to the hand!

The phone-hand will listen to any complaints you provide it with through the speaker, and then tell you what to do, while using its hand to manipulate your face and genitals. It will grasp at you, stroke you, and even slap you while you cry. Just like a real human hand!

Ow, that hurts!

The hand doesn't seem to have fingerprints. What if it commits a crime on me? Listen, we shouldn't talk like this. I think the hand is listening.

-aleck, 47

I woke up and the hand was going through my things and making long-distance calls. I don't know which I'm more upset about.

-name withheld,
age withheld

I love the hand. It shows you how meaningless all non-hand related things are. Now I just buy gloves, rings, and expensive hand lotion all day.

-luke, 22



an Existatron service

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Why does nobody sign my petitions?

- Petition for me to get \$100 from everybody who signs this petition.
- Petition for me to be President (also petition to redefine "President" as somebody who doesn't have to pay rent).
- Petition for me to get just \$5 from everybody who signs this petition, then, since you're all so tight.
- Petition for my landlord to stop being such a... such a jerk, is what he is. He's a jerk.
- Petition for you not to cash that until next Tuesday.
- Petition for Craigslist to have even one apartment that doesn't require security deposit, background check, credit check, rent.
- Petition for local printer to waive my tab for printing all these petitions.

We all remember the rhyme, from when we were children.



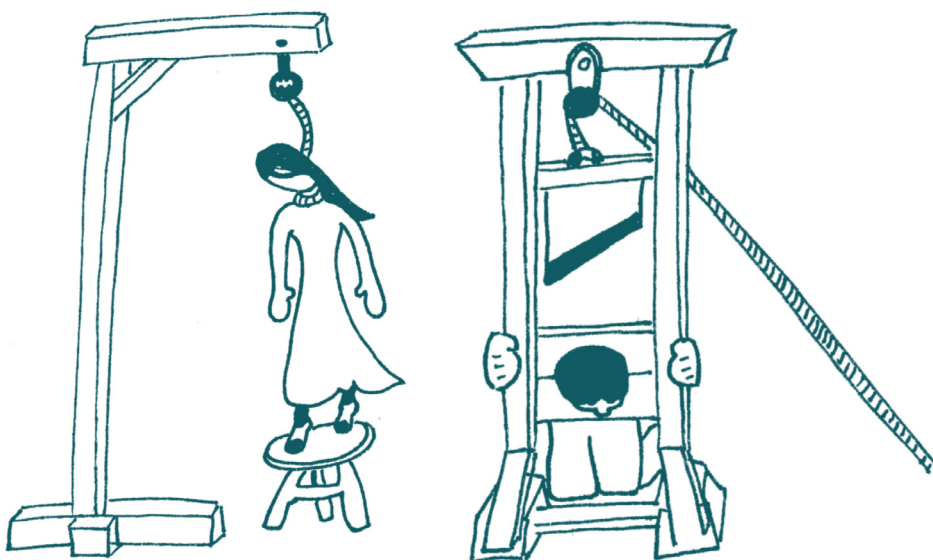
Vicar says that you must choose, death by
blade or death by noose.

Every child who gets this old follows
orders, does as told.

God wants you to cast the vote, cut the neck or hang the throat.
The one who lives will give you praise, the other will be set ablaze.
Our town will gather, watch the fire, dance around the funeral pyre.

You may cry, as many do, but don't be shy - your tears help too.
Remember your woe and your rage, don't have children when you're of age.
This is how we shrink our flock, with threat of gallows and chopping block.
This is the price that we must share. You can blame Obamacare.

Whoa, the poem was anti-Obama the whole time! Twist!



The Hacker and the Heist

EXT. - TRAILER PARK - DAY

SARAH JOSTER walks up to a ramshackle, barely-held-together trailer. She knocks on the front door, and taps her foot impatiently. The foot stops moving as the door opens and her whole body tenses. She is greeted by a grizzled old man, WHITAKER LIONS.

SARAH

Mr. Lions? Your services are required.

WHITAKER

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm retired.

The old man begins to close the door, but Sarah is unmoved, and continues her pitch.

SARAH

The job is high risk, even higher reward. I've got a pick-lock, a bruiser, and a yegg. But the joint we're hitting has a computerized security system, and none of my guys know the first thing 'bout gizmos.

Whitaker narrows his eyes, and takes a moment to consider.

WHITAKER

I'll need to find someone to feed my dog while I'm gone.

Sarah smiles.

INT. - BANK LOBBY - NIGHT

Sarah, Whitaker, and SARAH'S GANG are crouched in a huddle. In the distance, an alarm is ringing.

SARAH

Jacobs, you did good work getting us in, but the system still picked us up. No worries - we expected that.

Whitaker, that's why you're here.

Shut down that computer.

WHITAKER

We need to find it first. There must be some massive room in this place that houses the pneumatic tubes.

SARAH

Uh, Whitaker, there are terminals all over the place. Get hacking!

WHITAKER

Little lady, you don't understand computers like I do. They're gigantic machines, as wide across as a football field and two stories tall...

Sarah panics.

SARAH

Whitaker, when you said you were retired, you just meant from active duty, right? You've been keeping up with the technology?

The camera pans over to Whitaker, who is hunched over an abacus.

WHITAKER

Quiet, woman, I'm calculating!

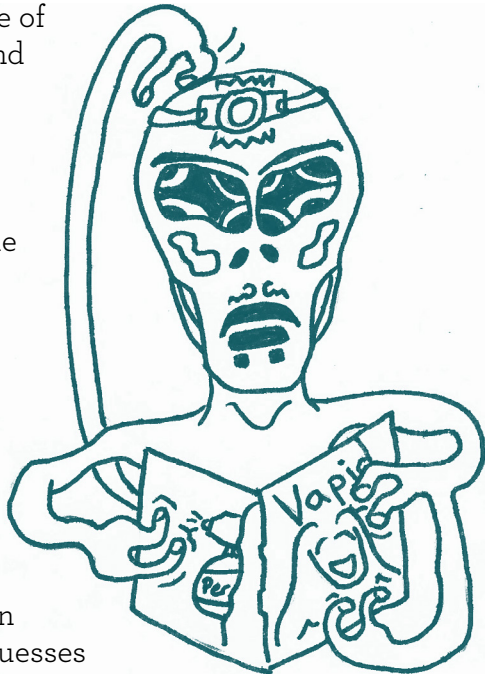
Artifact #1: Vapid Magazine Issue #1483

The ship touched down on a grass-covered field. The pilot, a tall gray alien, stepped out and walked over to another alien who was bent over and looking at something on the ground.

“It appears to be some type of journal, Captain” the second alien said, “based around thin and shiny species members. Perhaps they worshipped these people as gods? Maybe their whole culture was built around them?”

The captain slapped his subordinate with one of his four hands.

“Are you an idiot? We’ve barely discovered anything of this civilization and you’re making blind guesses about their culture as a whole? What kind of archaeologist are you?”



“I assure you, Sir, I’m highly trained in-”

“In crap, that’s what you’re trained in. Look, it’s going to be years before we can have even the tiniest understanding of what this race was like. From orbit it seems as if there are many continents and islands on this planet, so the idea of there being one distinct culture here is crazy.”

You got that, comedians? We can stop making this joke now, the joke about how we’ll be judged by our trashy magazines and reality shows. The aliens are smarter than that, apparently. Your joke sucks.

Choose Your Own Adventure!

Totalitarian Dystopia Edition

PAGE 1

You wake up in a dank, gray room. Your bedsheets are thin and scratch at your skin. The sky outside is cold and cloudy. A loudspeaker on your wall barks at you to get up and brush your teeth with your government-provided toothpaste.

If you follow the loudspeaker's instructions, turn to PAGE 2.

PAGE 2

After you brush your teeth, your breakfast meal is delivered through a small slot in your bedroom door. It is a cube of Purple Rations, just like it was yesterday. And the day before.

As you swallow the foul, tasteless slop, you consider hurling the bowl at the loudspeaker that is now parroting nationalist propaganda. Or, you could just continue to eat and then get dressed for work.

If you finish your food and prepare for the day ahead, like a productive citizen, go to PAGE 3.

PAGE 3

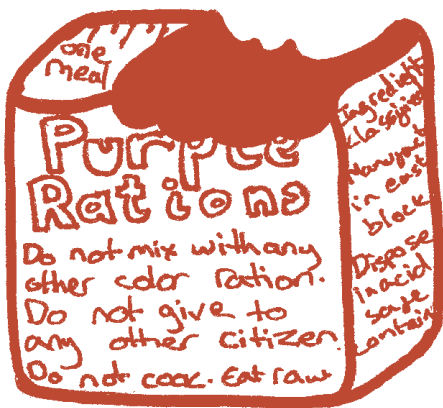
On your way to work, you see a man being beaten in the street by police officers. He is crying out for help.

If you continue to work, go to PAGE 4.



PAGE 4

You are busying yourself with your day's tasks, entering data into a vast spreadsheet. The numbers are meaningless to you, and it is unclear whether or not your productivity actually counts toward anything.



You are bored, and look over at a nearby coworker.

The serene calm on his face enrages you, although you do not know why. Your eyes flicker over to the console on your right. You could press a small button on the office's floor-plan to report your colleague for treason. The mere accusation would be enough to condemn him, and his arrest would entertain you, if only briefly. It would be a small measure of control over your day.

If you press the button, go to PAGE 5.

PAGE 5

The enforcers arrive quickly. They grab the accused by his hair and drag him from his seat. He yelps in pain, but soon stifles any further cries, hoping that some measure of compliance will diminish his imprisonment. You gaze at his dejected features as he is pulled from the room.

You begin to turn your head back to your computer screen, but another office-mate catches your attention. His eyes flick away from yours, concerned that you have seen him. You watch his arm move towards his own treason notification device.

You hear the slow percussion of boots approaching.

In Tim Burton's 1989 film **Batman**, Bruce Wayne is shown sleeping upside-down after spending the night with Vicki Vale. Burton removed the scene scripted to directly follow Vale's discovery of this odd nocturnal habit.

INT. - WAYNE MANOR
KITCHEN - DAY

BRUCE and VICKI are eating breakfast. Vicki is eyeing Wayne with suspicion. She puts down her toast.

VICKI

Bruce, can I ask you something?

BRUCE

Uh, sure. Sure thing.

VICKI

Why were you sleeping upside-down last night?

BRUCE

Oh, you saw that? Well, I, um- Ah, there's no point denying it. I'm Batman, Vicki. I'm the Batman.

VICKI

Yeah, I figured *that much* out

already. But that still doesn't explain the sleeping.

BRUCE

What do you mean? Bats sleep upside down, so-

VICKI

But *you're not a bat*.

BRUCE

Yeah, but I'm- I'm *Batman*, so surely, you know, I have to-

VICKI

Bats sleep like that because they *have to*, Bruce. Whereas for a human it's actually *bad* for you - all the blood rushes to your head and stays there. You could *die* if you keep sleeping like that.

BRUCE

...But *bats* don't die.

VICKI

No, *because they're bats*. What about this aren't you getting?

Bruce walks over to the fridge and grabs a glass of dark red liquid. He drinks some of it, then grimaces.

VICKI (CONT.)

Is that blood? You're drinking blood now?

BRUCE
Oh, you saw that? Well,
I, um- Ah, there's no
point denying it. I'm
Batman, Vicki. I'm the
Batman.



VICKI
Bats drink blood because it
nourishes them, Bruce. It looks
like all it's doing for you is
making you sick.

BRUCE
I assumed that's how bats
feel all the time. From the
headaches and the stomachs
and the tongue swelling.

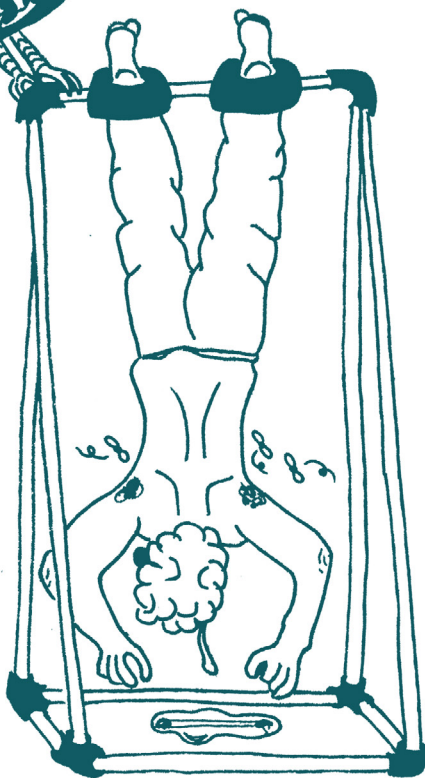
VICKI
Why is your *tongue* swollen?

BRUCE
I make the- The clicking
sound, to echo-locate.

VICKI
That's dolphins. Bats screech.

BRUCE
The police told me I can't
make that noise anymore.

VICKI
Did they also tell you not to be
Batman?



BRUCE
How would they know I'm
Batman? It's my secret
identity, stupid.

Vicki sighs.

BRUCE
I need you to leave so I can
coat the walls of my home with
dung.

My movie pitches.

The studio bigwigs (I call them bugwigs, on account of how they bug me) have steadfastly refused to turn any of my ideas into real Hollywood movies, so I'm giving them to you!

A scientist attempts to clone the Marx Brothers, but something goes wrong during the cloning process and all the guys come out completely normal and boring. They just want to live normal lives, but now the government is hunting them down because, hey, if the Marx Brothers aren't going to make funny films, what's even the point?

- **Avery's movie success prediction: \$10 billion dollars in world-wide sales. Everyone's waiting for a new Marx Brothers flick!**

Two turtles try to find their way back to Turtle Island, but keep getting into trouble along the way. Could all the sabotage be caused by the fact that one of the turtles has been replaced by a robot? Yes, yes it could. Now it's an all-out battle for the future of turtle-kind between the evil robot and the real turtle. The twist? The bad guy wins in the first half-hour, and the rest of the movie is a cooking show about how to make a meal from a freshly-caught turtle.

- **Avery's movie success prediction: I think this will be a small, cult hit. Which is weird considering that I'm envisioning it as a CGI film from Pixar or Dreamworks.**

“I Guess”, starring the man who doesn’t understand words.

I guess they call it “espresso” because I just can’t express how much I love it!

I guess they call it “cereal” because it’s seriously good!

I guess they call them “scrambled eggs” because I’ll pretty much scramble the brains of anybody who keeps me away from my eggs!

I guess they call it the “hardware” store because it’s so hard to find where all the stuff is! Excuse me sir, do you have a shovel?

I guess they call it a “shallow grave” because you’d have to be pretty shallow to want a fancy burial. Eh, Linda? You still hungry for eggs *now*?

I guess they call it an “alibi” because- Well, no, I don’t have any witnesses to prove my whereabouts at that time, officer.

I’ve discovered something **NEW** and **SHOCKING** about our world.

Imagine if there was a movie where eleven women teamed up to rob a casino, and there was no explanation why it was just women involved. That would be pretty weird, right? You’d expect the movie to go to great pains to justify why there were no men in the operation.

I’m about to blow your mind. **Ocean’s 11** is that *exact same premise*, only with *just* men. And nobody thinks twice about how there are no women involved. It’s just taken as read that, yeah, it’s all guys. So?

What’s my point? THANK GOD. Could you even *imagine* women trying to rob a casino? They’d probably only be able to steal 70 cents for every dollar George Clooney took. BOR-ING!

Breaking News

AKA “ripping off The Onion’s style”

Local Optimist
“Half-Full” Of Shit

Homeless Man
Claims Tin Foil
Hat “Ain’t Just Fer
Looks”

Convenience
Store’s Opening
Hours Only Thing
Preventing Woman
From Fully Adopting
Nocturnal Lifestyle

Plus-Size Model
Proud Of Her
Figure; Would Kill
To Be Regular-Size
Model

Former 18 Year-Old
Now 19 Years Old

Podcast Both
Subscribed To And
Deleted On Same
Day

Hypnotist Fails
To Trick Self Into
Feeling Less Alone

Attention-Seeking
Child Won’t Stop
Dropping Hints
About Location Of
Supposedly-Secret
Diary

Business Card
Ignored

Downtown New York Utterly Demolished In Epic Superhuman-Versus-Alien Battle

Cars And Buildings Destroyed; Zero Civilian Casualties.

Manhattan was in chaos and disarray this morning as its citizens struggled to comprehend the massive amounts of property damage suffered during a highly-destructive recent encounter between a gang of plucky superheroes and a race of techno-organic aliens.

The tragedy was mitigated, however, by the total lack of any human deaths or injuries during the conflict. Bystanders and witnesses were reportedly able to protect themselves from harm by running away from explosions and falling rubble, covering their heads with their arms and hands, and executing well-timed ducking manoeuvres.

The city’s automobiles were not so lucky. Many were flipped over entirely by concussive blasts, often mere inches away from New Yorkers who left the skirmish unscathed.

Many famous skyscrapers and landmarks also took a heavy toll, although the people who were in them were fine. All totally fine.

How to play chess.

1. Get your chess set at the ready, placing the pieces on the board and flipping a coin to determine who plays white. "White goes first, yeah?"

2. Take your first few moves, becoming confident that you have a strategy in place even though you don't know much about the game.

3. Lose a knight when you confuse the other player's bishop for their queen. Re-plan that "strategy" to account for the fact that you can't tell some of the pieces apart.

4. Lose a rook when you check the other player's king under the assumption that a king can't take the piece checking him.

5. Adjust strategy for a second time. Don't cry, even though you really want to.

6. Lose every piece except your king and two pawns. Cry, but pretend you're doing "ironically".

7. Convince yourself that you are about to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat, that you are a prodigious player about to execute a flawless endgame despite your perilous position.

8. Lose the game.

9. Vow never to play chess again, but secretly begin to play games against your computer in the hopes of building up your ability in preparation for a rematch against your human competitor.

10. Lose against the computer.

11. Adjust the difficulty of the computer to the easiest setting.

12. Continue to lose against the computer.

13. Repress everything you know of chess, including your losses, and return to the game in five years.

14. Repeat, with no variation or improvement whatsoever.



Celebrities... in space!

Episode 6
Partial Transcript

Tight shot on the host's excited face. She's holding a microphone and speaking to the crew of the Paparazzicus from the control room at NASA.

Host

Okay, guys, we've just gotten word from the engineers here that you're going to need to exit the ship and repair the oxygen storage unit yourselves.

Lissa

I think I should be the one to do this - I played a mechanic in one of my music videos once.

[Video clip: "Oil Change For Your Heart" by Lissa MacPartridge.]

Host

It's a group vote for who goes out there and fixes it up, but you should all make the decision quickly - your time, and air, is running out.

The group of celebrities look at each other with a mix of worry, mistrust, and hope. Herc, a former Mr. Universe, speaks up.

Herc

I feel like this is a good time for me to note that I tore the spacesuit the other day while I was using it to complete our food challenge.

The cast gasps, and Lissa begins to cry.

Herc (cont.)

I'm sorry, everyone. My muscles were just... too big.

Host

Without that suit it will be impossible for any of you to go outside the ship and survive. I'm afraid this looks like the end of the show... and your lives.

Lissa

And our careers!

Host

Yes, those too.

One of the youngest cast members raises his hand.

Iain

Uh, Miss Host? You know, I won the gold medal for long jump in the Olympics.

Host

Yes, Iain, we covered everybody's history in the first episode.

Iain

I was just wondering if there was any way I could long jump everybody back to Earth?

Philip Hanes, a NASA-trained astronaut and former Air Force member, who joined the show to chaperone the celebrities, sits in the background with his head in his hands.

Philip

They can't revoke my Medal of Honor for this shit, right?

We wish to clarify the YouTube.com Terms of Service now that time travel is possible.

Previously, there was no restriction on birthing videos, despite their violation of our “no nudity” rule. We at YouTube valued the educational value of the few videos of human birth that we hosted. However, we must now revoke permission for the uploading of these videos. Too many users are going back in time to the moment of their birth, camera in hand, and providing less-than-insightful commentary. Examples: “gross”, “sick”, “oh, I didn’t need to see that”, “wait how come there’s a penis *and* a vagina”, etc.

We would like to note that we also now have more than enough amateur footage of the following events: the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, the Battle of 1066, the fall of Versailles, the American Civil War, Hitler’s suicide, and -for some reason- KISS’s *“Rock and Roll Over”* tour.

With regard to comment sections, we have disallowed any use of the word “first”, since now anybody can be “first”. This also applies to the word’s many misspellings - frist, fost, first, etc. In fact, we are initiating a zero-tolerance policy on any misspellings whatsoever given that everyone now has the time to use a dictionary.

Flame-wars are no longer necessary since it is easy enough for participants in them to simply jaunt ahead a few hours in the timestream and see who wins. We hope this will bring back some sanity to our comment sections. Also, perhaps, some women. That would be nice.

Finally, we request that users please stop asking the Will It Blend guys to see if the timestream itself will blend, since that could lead to jahf 1229f sdhf sooo902384u rt4
scapiguovi

Oh my god did you know?

The original title of **Mythbusters** was **Mythfuckers**, but Jamie and Adam changed it due to studio pressure. The studio guys just kept saying that the show wasn't marketable with that name. And maybe they were right. But maybe -just maybe- giving into that kind of crass commercialism is tearing the two men apart. Maybe they shared a dream, a dream of having a show called **Mythfuckers**, and now not only is their dream gone, but they have to live each day acting out a tacky parody of that dream. Maybe.

BUSTED

Framed Egg is written and produced in Toronto, Canada by Avery Edison. For subscription information, or to contact Avery, visit www.averyedison.com/framedegg

You can trust a man who masturbates frequently. He's not a slave to his hormones, because he gives into them, he's not thinking about sex so much because he has a release. You can trust a man who masturbates frequently. But you shouldn't shake his hand.

Every man deserves his foreskin! Except for me, for reasons I can't go into. Let's just say it's a good thing that I don't have one anymore, okay? Let's just say there was something evil living in there and I'm glad it's gone, okay? Let's just say I have night-terrors about my foreskin coming back, reaching for me, coating me in it's vileness. Thank you doctors, thank you scalpel, but seriously Men Rights, Male Genital Mutilation, whatever. Oh god please don't let it find me.