

## Follow The Grand Adventures of Madeline Cain, Photographer Extraordinaire!

**EVENT INVITATION**> **Suggest your friends** [Edit Event]

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Time: 1 January at 09:00 – 31 December at 24:00

Location: Earth

Created by: Madeline Cain

More Info:

Madeline is leaving little ol' Adelaide for adventure in the unknown frames of NY City - her trusty camera in hand! Follow her adventures in the Big Fruit (aka Apple) as she undertakes her twelve month photography course with the man himself, Jason I' Anson! Jason as you should all know is my favourite photographer and one of photography's most renowned professionals on Earth!

Bored? Entertain yourself with my notes. Jealous? Live vicariously through me J Either way, keep your eyes glued to Facebook kiddies!

Write something... [Share]

**Kathy Bloomingdale** I'll follow but only if you take a minimalist approach to exclamation marks... *Posted 3hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Mike Cain** Let's face it, I can't wait to see the back of your face. You've got me so deliriously excited I even fixed your umbrella. *Posted 5hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Madeline Cain The Great** Just stay out of trouble Doctor Evil. *Posted 4hrs ago*  
[Comment . Like]

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**Tim Gleeve** poked you [Poke . Ignore]

**Tim Gleeve** threw a cow at your car [Throw back! . Ignore]

**Tim Gleeve** stuffed ice-cream down your shirt [Slap Tim! . Ignore]

**Confirmation** You wish to slap Tim? [Slap! . I Have Changed My Mind]

**Confirmation** Your slap has been sent to Tim [ok]

### Farmville Request

Mike Cain has made apricot jam from your orchards and ploughed and planted your farm! Return the Favour! Available tasks on Mike's farm are 'mucking out the stables', 'cleaning the pig yard' or 'de-worming the dogs'. [Accept . Ignore]



**NOTES > My Notes**

[Write a note]

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### Who Owns A Chameleon? Seriously??

By **Madeline Cain The Great**. Wednesday, 2 January 2012 at 04:00.

Just wanted to say, this wasn't how I imagined the start of my grand adventure; a prig for a housemate and some unidentifiable (possibly Mexican) amphibian called Duncan.

My vision of studio loft apartments, spacious and bright come nowhere close to describing this disturbing student housing. I mean, I'm paying a fortune, I have to find a job, and all I get is some crummy, two bedroom apartment with paint peeling off the walls, a cupboard for a kitchen and a bathroom that makes a moss infested cave network look like a barren desert plain. Seriously, there is enough mould on those tiles to start producing our own penicillin tablets.

They have put me in the same apartment as some random guy called Kim. How was I supposed to know that Kim was a guy's name? Perhaps the College, rather than asking if I wanted to room with Kim Enuik, should have asked if I minded rooming with a growth stunted, lean, chain-smoking, scarf-wearing metro GUY from Chicago. If first impressions are an indicator of the year to come, then this year is going to be more *interesting* and less *exciting* than I planned.

My first meeting with Kim and Duncan started with me kicking my bedroom door down. After the fifth kick the door flew open and I dropped my bags in the bare, 3m squared room.

“Holy shit.” That’s all I could say. “Holy shit holy shit holy shit holy shit.”

It was delightfully decorated with dusty metal blinds, carpet stains of an unknown nature, one wooden desk and a single bed. The mattress was an uninviting light green, and appeared to have a misshapen lump at its core.

“What a shit hole,” I muttered. Exhausted, I went to lie on the bed, misshapen or not.

“GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.....”

I leapt backward flattening myself against the opposite wall as the mattress ceased to sound like a Koala deprived of its gum leaf drugs. Approaching the bed again I saw two eyes blinking lazily amongst the green. On closer inspection I could identify the outline of a long four-legged, spiky-tailed lizard exactly the same colour as the bloody bed!

“Hola!” growled the apparition.

“Bloody hell!” I mashed myself against the wall, body turning to seek escape through the open door. Only to be stopped short by Kim, bored eyes watching me.

“So you’ve met Duncan?”

“Hola!” came the low growl from the bed.

I liked my dry lips and asked, “What the hell is that?”

“What does it look like? It’s a fricken Chameleon.”

“Oh.”

Kim continued to stare in distain. “Don’t they have zoos in the UK?”

I drew myself up. “UK? I’m not a Pom, I’m Australian.”

“Aren’t you used to big f-off Alligators then? A Chameleon’s the purring cat of reptiles, I thought you Aussies had more balls.”

God that bloke got under my skin quicker than an alien probe. “Look mate I’m from Adelaide, it’s a city with over a million people, not the middle of Whoop-Whoop.”

“A million people and you think this...Adelaide, is a city?”

“Well in comparison to... but we still have a... I mean we don’t have any flipping.... Look, who the hell are you?”

He lifted one well groomed eyebrow. “Kim, I live here.”

“But you’re a guy.” Yeah, I know, enter Captain Obvious.

“Well spotted genius. Next you’ll be telling me Duncan’s a lizard.”

Flicking his fringe like a well rehearsed Panteen ad, he sauntered through, picked up the two and a half foot-long Duncan and returned to the door. As Duncan slowly discarded green for navy blue to merge with Kim’s vest, Kim paused and looked over his shoulder like a character in a bad Australian Soapie.

“Duncan is a very rare and valuable pet. Under no circumstances are you to feed him and if you give him an avenue to escape you’ll wish you stayed in Kangaroo land. If you can follow these rules then we will get along just fine. Welcome to student housing.”

What the hell!! Just because he wears a scarf and smokes like a chimney does not make him better than me! Christ, I wear a scarf because it flipping minus seven degrees and snowing!

He is the strangest, most predictable character I have ever met. Kim divides his time between four locations: a) his precious NYU where he studies promotion and marketing, b) his bed room, more often than not climbing onto the fire-escape outside his window to smoke, c) making microwave oven meals in the kitchen and d) interning at one of NY’s hottest night clubs in Soho, The Dragon’s Den.

I have been here less than three days and I have found Duncan in no less than fifty different places in the apartment, waiting to scare the living daylights out of me. He’s like Speedy Gonzales on steroids dressed in camouflage armour. He’s like the superman of lizards. You never see him move, he vanishes and reappears from one end of the room to the other in seconds and he is indestructible. Hola! Next to my head in the morning. Hola! Materialising on the sink when I spit out tooth paste. Hola! In my yet to be unpacked suitcase this morning. Hola! Hola! Hola! Hola!

This could be worse than the prospect of one day rooming with Tim and his abnormal sexual fetish for electrical appliances.

Anyway, that’s beside the point, I’m angry, I’m jetlagged and I’ve got to de-Duncan my room before I enter zombie like slumber.

[Comment . Like . Share]

**Harry Lee** and **3 others** like this.

**Nadine Cain** Darling that's horrible! Are there at least two dead bolts on your door? You don't have to stay honey. Come home. I found this lovely photography course for you at Uni SA, lots of knowledgeable instructors and a very good reputation. Daddy and I can convert the new study back into your old room like that! *Posted 1hr ago* [Comment . Like]

**Nadine Cain** Oh Maddie, I don't mean to sound like a nag but next time please call us to let us know you're safe, a note on Facebook two days after you arrived is just inconsiderate. Love you. Xoxoxoxox. *Posted 1hr 2mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Madeline Cain The Great Mum** I did not spend three hours with you on the computer setting up your account, adding your friends and showing you how to message me and view my posts so that I could waste a billion dollars calling Australia from a payphone. When I finally stumble out to see the sights I'll buy a calling card. And Jason is my idol! I am NOT going to Uni SA to study; it's super hard to get into I'Anson Photographic College. Nice try though. Love ya. *Posted 12 hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Kathy Bloomingdale** Wow Mad, that sounds full on! Hopefully once the jetlag dust settles and you start your course with Jason you'll feel a million bucks. Please put up pictures of Duncan. I've never seen a Chameleon before! How exciting! And after that toaster, burnt bread, knife incident I really think we should reconsider moving in with Tim next year. I mean the butterflies are off putting enough.... *Posted 5 hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

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**Mike Cain** joined the group **I am always tired because at night, I am a superhero** and **2 other pages** [Like]

**Virginia Low** Put this on your status if you know someone (or are related to someone) who suffers from a disabling defect. Living a life impacted by disability can be a demoralising one and only through awareness and understanding will they feel a true part of the wider community. 93% of people will not post this on their wall. Be part of the 7% who will and raise awareness of this widespread issue. *Posted 10 hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Isabelle Haigh** is now friends with **Virginia Lowe** and **Gayle Young**.

**Kathy Bloomingdale** Love my sister week. If you have a sister who has made you laugh, wiped your tears, hugged you, cheered you on and kept you strong post this. Put this on your status if you have an amazing sister. *Posted 50mins ago*. [Comment . Like]

**You and 5 other people** like this.

**Madeline Cain The Great** joined the group **It's a ninja thing, you wouldn't understand** [Like . Join]

**Madeline Cain The Great** Woke up with a wet face, realised it's just a pool of drool that accumulated during the night due to zombie-like slumber. *Posted 3 hrs ago*. [Comment . Like]

**Tim Gleeve** Put this on your status if you know someone (or are related to someone) who has been eaten by dragons. Dragons are nearly unstoppable and in case you didn't know, they can breathe fire. 93% of people won't copy and paste this, because they have already been eaten by dragons. The other 7% are sitting in the shower armed with fire extinguishers. *Posted 7 mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**5 people** like this.

**Madeline Cain The Fantastic** Dude you're a tool. *Posted 5 min ago* [Comment . Like]

**Kathy Bloomingdale** I thought we wend you off Dungeons and Dragons... *Posted 4 min 30secs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Virginia Low** OMG Tim, you're such an asshole! Keep your perversions to yourself. Giving one's life to a cause is noble, and we don't need jerks like you devaluing the struggle of others. *Posted 4mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Tim Gleeve** But Vee, life without laughter is no life at all. And let's face it, your activist status updates are about as depressing as an old lady who keeps cats. Someone has to put life in perspective, and only someone as awesome as me can do that. *Posted 3mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Virginia Low** That's it! You're a monster! I am de-friending you this instant! I hope you choke on your non-vegetarian diet of beef steak! *Posted 3 mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Tim Gleeve** Oh nooo's. Please don't. What am I to do? Woe is me, my world shall be full of sin without your conscience to guide me. Oh what a world!!!!!!! *Posted 2mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Madeline Cain The Fantastic** You just couldn't keep your big mouth closed could you Butterfly Boy? *Posted 1min ago* [Comment . Like]

**Kathy Bloomingdale** One day you're going to get bitch slapped, and not by your toaster.

*Posted 50sec ago* [Comment . Like]

**Tim Gleeve** joined the group **I don't get drunk, I get awesome!** [Like . Join]



**We Agreed Never To Speak Of This To Others**

[New Message]

[Back to messages. Mark as unread . Report spam . Delete]

Between **Tim Gleeve**, **Kathy Bloomingdale** and **You**.

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**Tim Gleeve** 3 January 2012 at 22:00 [Report]

You guys are arseholes! You said that you would keep my ...problem, to yourselves! And then Maddie put it in her blog!! WTF is wrong with you!

**Madeline Cain The Fantastic** 3 January 2012 at 22:35

Come on Tim, what did you expect? You were wondering around your new apartment naked, you go to retrieve your charcoal toast and get an electric shock on the end of your knob from the toaster! You can't keep that sort of hilarity inside.

**Kathy Bloomingdale** 3 January 2012 at 22:40 [Report]

Then you go and do it on purpose, *repeatedly*, because (if we're to believe your version of events), it feels better than any sexual experience you have ever had. Now I thought the butterfly collecting and the god awful home brew was quirky enough for a grown lad, I hadn't realised you still haven't matured passed 'weird habit' puberty.

**Madeline Cain The Fantastic** 3 January 2012 at 22:43

And it's our job as your best friends to make sure you get your kicks from a nice girl and not a toaster oven. It's our sacred covenant.

**Tim Gleeve** 3 January 2012 at 23:04 [Report]

What? By publically announcing it on FACEBOOK! Everyone we know, and people we don't are hanging on your every exotic NY word Maddie! Yes it's weird but I never meant it to be this way! I'm trying to kick the habit!

**Kathy Bloomingdale** 3 January 2012 at 23:08 [Report]

By ignoring the blind date I set you up on? When you show commitment to your rehabilitation we will ease up on the public hints. When you show significant improvement we will desist in our campaign and only tease you about butterflies again.

**Tim Gleeve** 3 January 2012 at 23:10 [Report]

Do I have a choice???? What is significant improvement?

**Madeline Cain The Fantastic** 3 January 2012 at 23:11

No! When you are making love to the ladies more than the toaster. That is all.

**Kathy Bloomingdale** 3 January 2012 at 23:11 [Report]

None what so ever :-)

**Tim Gleeve** 3 January 2012 at 23:14 [Report]

Don't you smiley face me you evil wench! I hate you both. Now if you don't mind I am going to do some damage control and reaffirm how awesome I am through my cyber platform.

**Madeline Cain The Fantastic** 3 January 2012 at 23:16

Just remember, we are watching you, always watching.....

[Reply . Back to Messages]

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**Tim Gleeve** I'm sorry, I can't hear you over the sound of how awesome I am. *Posted 1hr ago*  
[Comment . Like]

**Madeline Cain The Truth Teller** Dislike toaster tramp! *Posted 1hr 10mins ago*  
[Comment . Like]

**Tim Gleeve** Away foul fiend! Be gone! *Posted 1 hr 15mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Kyle Traybna** Totally took the biggest dump of my life. Now eating cinnamon sugar toast, Yum! *Posted 5hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Virginia Low** Natural Lisa uses kittens as test subjects for beauty products. Don't let one of the world's biggest cosmetics producers profit from the suffering of these poor beasts! Join the cause and donate today! *Posted 3hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Kyle Traybna** Just had a shower, now settling on the couch to watch Kung Pow. Awesome! *Posted 3hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Mike Cain** Fake blood, not so easy to make. *Posted 2hrs ago* [Comment . Like]

**Madeline Cain The Truth Teller** Why are you making fake blood? You aren't tying up police resources again? Remember how much trouble you got in last time? The forensics team were convinced there was a drifter in Harndorf bopping off hikers. Next time they *will* send you to juvie. *Posted 1hr ago* [Comment . Like]

**Mike Cain** Come on Sis, who says I can't experiment in a little Hollywood fakery every now and then? Relax. *Posted 50mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Nadine Cain** It's ok honey, we gave your brother a Hollywood special effects kit for his birthday. We are watching him closely. *Posted 40mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Mike Cain** Mum! You're cramping my style! Go type on one of your old foggies updates. *Posted 39mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Mike Cain** Arrrggg. Fine, thanks Mum for the awesome present. Your friends are not old foggies. Happy? *Posted 20mins ago* [Comment . Like]

**Madeline Cain The Truth Teller** Hehehe, I'm surprised Mum didn't cut your power off then and there! *Posted 10mins ago* [Comment . Like]



**NOTES > My Notes**

[Write a note]

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**The Underwear Fiasco**

By **Madeline Cain** **The Pants-less**. Wednesday, 3 January 2012 at 13:00.

Ok, so I finally feel awake enough to tell you all about the trip here. Yesterday I vented and today I will bring your attention to the bad travel karma I possess. I suspect this was contracted when I attempted to and succeeded in making Mike throw up on our last road trip to Nana's. So in the end I shall blame Mike for my bad karma, if you weren't so annoying, I would be a better person.

As far as I can tell, international plane trips are a nightmare unless you have twelve grand to blow on a business class seat. It is an experience, ladies and gentlemen, to rough it. Or so say various religious factions who, let's face it, don't fly much. I was in what was termed hotel class. It's a fantastic five-minute walk to where I resided from the front of the airplane. You can see all the seats you're NOT allowed to sit in.

I had picked an inauspicious day for a smooth flight. Turbulence was a very close friend on the way to NY. Every time the attendants brought out food, Turbulence would give the plane a friendly slap on the arse. Five hours into the flight you couldn't even tempt me to eat ice-cream for fear of covering the forward three rows in vomit. In regards to the entertainment prospects it was inevitable that I be seated too far away from one screen and too close to the other. By the flight's end I couldn't look anywhere except up.