

NEW YORK DEATH

DUMB · DIVIDED · DISPARATE · DEAD

“Tulips, yes, tulips.”

— Governor Andrew Cuomo, smelling his fingers at his prisoner-made hand sanitizer launch*

*turns out inmates were just dumping Purell into NY-brand bottles



NY BOARD OF ELECTIONS
“COUNTS” PRO-M4A BALLOTS

32,218 COVID DEATHS = 10,822 9/11s



CHIN MASK

REFRIGERATED TRUCKS
FILLED WITH CORPSES



SHOULD I RUN
FOR PRESIDENT?

BRUNCH IS
SERVED!

EVICTED

HOUSING INSECURITY

FUNCTIONALLY DEAD

JULY 27, 2020
VOL. 11, ISSUE 3



GRANDPARENTS SMILING
AT THE STOCK MARKET
FROM HEAVEN

PRISONERS “MAKING”
HAND SANITIZER



RIKER'S ISLAND

TRASH BAG PPE FOR
MEDICAL PERSONNEL



WHITE FLIGHT

NYC FEATURES
NATION'S LARGEST
MASS GRAVE!



You're home early!

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OPEN LETTER I Gotta Get 'Rona So I Can Fuck Raw Dawg

//DIANA KOLSKY

July 24, 2020

Dear Everyone in the Tri-state,

A lot of people were super scared when a recent study dropped saying COVID-19 could “lead to sterility in human males” or whatever—my mom called me freakin’ out about grand-kids n’ shit—but all’s I can say is: *it’s time to fuck raw dawg.*

As a dude who successfully walked off the Clap in my 6th year at BU, I can attest that STDs come and go, but babies are forever. I was a baby, you were a baby—that’s just science.

With Jesus freaks going ape on aborshies, the gals I vibe with are always like, “My bod, my choice,” and I am ONE HUNDO PERCENT WITH THAT. I freaking love Roads v. Waze, but it’s all up in the air now, so I always bag up for a bango. But honestly? That shit makes my knob numb and my junk smell like new car. *It’s time to fuck raw dawg.*

Listen, I already lost my foreskin when I was a baby (maybe the last one ever born?!), which I did NOT consent to—so many dope lil’ nervies tossed in the dong compost. Brought this up at Turkey Day ‘19, and my step-mom FLIPPED. “Don’t talk about your penis at the table! I’m eating cranberries! Your father has agita!” Blah, blah, blah. Just cuz you’re hot doesn’t mean you can tell me what to do. C’mon, Pantene. *It’s time to fuck raw dawg.*

But basically the most awesome fucking I can physically do ATP is straight-up raw dawg. And my time is *now*. I raw-dawged it one-and-a-half times with my high school crush. We’ll call her Jennifer McNeely (that’s legit her name). Maybe it was the Lime-a-Ritas, maybe it was the Dewey Beach sunrise—but I full-on EXPLODED. That shit was special—not just for me, but for Jennifer McNeely, too. It was the most cream she’d ever seen. And I want more. *It’s time to fuck raw dawg.*

Basically, this is an open call for anyone nearby with the virus: I need COVEE stat so I can woo a boo with my dead goo. I got a leased Jeep Liberty that’ll prob get rep’o’d in a month, so let’s make this happen. I will come to you. We can do it any way ya want—you cough in my mouth, or let me live with you for a minute, whatever. I want your germs to kill my sperms.

Thanks so much for this solid in advance! Gotta go tartare one more time before the End Days. God bless.

—Trev

"I did not have sexual relations with that woman," President Bill Clinton said.

Hillary, recently elected as the Senator of Illinois, was standing beside her former boyfriend in the Oval Office. Her body, now a pile of raw pizza dough ever since she ran over an Italian Strega with her car, undulated uncontrollably. Even after all these years, she still hadn't gotten used to it. She moved like Jabba the Hutt and felt like a half-empty jar of peaches sloshing around on a pontoon boat, but through sheer force of will, successfully managed to become a United States Senator.

"I need you by my side for this, wifey," Bill told her earlier that day in the Oval Office.

"I'm not your wife," Hillary said for the thousandth time. "I turned down your wedding proposal, remember? I'm a completely different person ever since I ran over that Italian Strega, who, with her dying words, cursed me to exist as a pile of raw pizza dough."

"I know what a Strega is," Bill said. "We're not here to litigate the details of ancient Italian witches. We're here because I need your support."

"If you want support, buy a push-up bra," Hillary snapped, flecks of dough landing haphazardly on the Resolute Desk.

"It would really help me out if you carried water for this," Bill said.

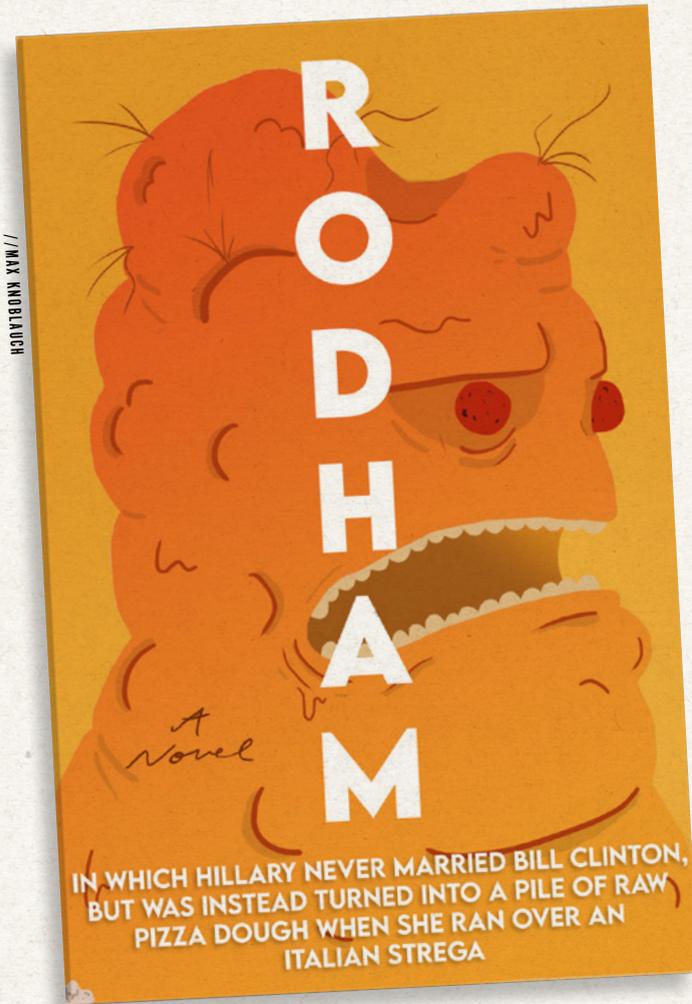
"I carry enough water," Hillary said. "That's what gives my dough-body its consistency."

"Regardless," Bill said. "If you don't back me up on this, I'm afraid your signature healthcare reform that would all but guarantee you the Presidency when you decide to run is DOA."

"Quite the raw deal," Hillary said.

"I'm a powerful man, Hills," Bill cooed. "You want me on your side?"

"You're supposed to say, 'the only thing that's raw here is you,'" Hillary said. >>



//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

>> “Why?” Bill asked. “Because of the dough thing?”

“So what do you think about all this, Senator?” a reporter asked. Hillary’s mind shifted back to the present moment. “As the President’s former girlfriend, you must—”

“The Bill Clinton I know is an honest man,” Hillary lied easily.

“If he says he never had sexual relations with her, I believe him.”

“But what about Ms. Lewinsky? Don’t we need—”

“I’m the only one around here that should be kneaded,” Hillary said. She laughed and made kneading motions on what used to be her torso. After a brief moment (the pun never landed as hard when spoken as when it’s written down), the press core laughed, too.

“Look,” Hillary continued. “Monica Lewinsky can spin this however she likes. Heck, as a pile of raw pizza dough, I’m used to being spun. I can’t tell you how many pizzerias I ended up in that confused me for one of their eighteen inchers. I’ve been through some serious spin. Up and down. Up and down. I’ll tell you this. No one EVER expected a Yale-educated lawyer who was cursed to live as a pile of dough to become a Senator. But I broke the mold, by fitting into an entirely different mold—a baking mold. Because I am dough.”

The press clapped politely. Hillary smiled, imagining how much different her life would be if she was a woman with a human body and had to run interference for her husband’s multiple sexual assaults and abuses of power to protect her own political ambitions.



//KYLE SAUER, GUEST CONTRIBUTOR kylesauer.com, IG: kylesauer

ZAGAT'S GUIDE TO NEW YORK DINING COVID UPDATE

//SEAN O'REILLY

Taverna Socrates

Greek - Astoria \$\$

FOOD 4.5 - RAT VIOLENCE LEVEL 2.3 - SERVICE 3.5

The quintessential COVID Astoria experience, Taverna Socrates offers the best of the Mediterranean at a “reasonable cost.” The staff is “not too sad” and the Q69 bus rolling through the outdoor seating area is now “way less fucking smoggy” and “almost charming.” The food is “edible,” but it’s mostly just “nice to be out of the house.” There’s only “one rat” on the premises, and he’s “no longer a threat” after losing a leg to the Q69. Minimal crying all around. >>

La Trattoria ALL'Italiana

Italian - Lower East Side \$\$\$

FOOD 4.0 - RAT VIOLENCE LEVEL 4.2 - SERVICE 4.7

Having been well-disciplined and taken off extended UI benefits, the desperate staff at La Trattoria doesn't "give any goddamn lip" about having to wear a Level 3 bio suit while diners "do whatever the hell they want." The Bolognese is well worth the level of organized and direct gang violence various "armies of rats" have been displaying out of starvation. Acceptable (but noticeable) levels of crying from the waitstaff "throughout the meal."

Coriander

Neo-American Gastro-Pub - Williamsburg \$\$\$\$

FOOD 2.0 - RAT VIOLENCE LEVEL 1.2 - SERVICE 5.0

It's the best place to "embrace the future" for those who believe "living in *Blade Runner* is good, actually." Syther Villainous has opened up a new spot in the heart of industrial Brooklyn where "the food comes in pods" and the "dour, rich" clientele are loving the "possibly android" quality of the service. Are they feudal slaves? Robots? Does it even matter, or will all these moments be lost in time, like tears in rain? Either way, it's the future for the segment of society that "won't have to eat crickets to live." No crying, only a shrill, bitter laughter.

Mickey's Cop Bar

Hog Feed - Staten Island \$

FOOD 3.5 - RAT VIOLENCE LEVEL 2.7 - SERVICE 1.5

Per Se for the MAGA set, Mickey's Cop Bar offers the best in "letting you smoke inside" and a location "nowhere near those animals" allows its customer base to dine al fresco without being shamed by "the real racists." A perfect place to pretend none of this is happening while eating a chicken sandwich that won't* make you visibly puke. *Literally* no one is wearing or in possession of a mask at any time. And if you do don a face covering? "Get out, you fucking pussy, before I kill you with impunity." No audible crying, however the tension is palpable.

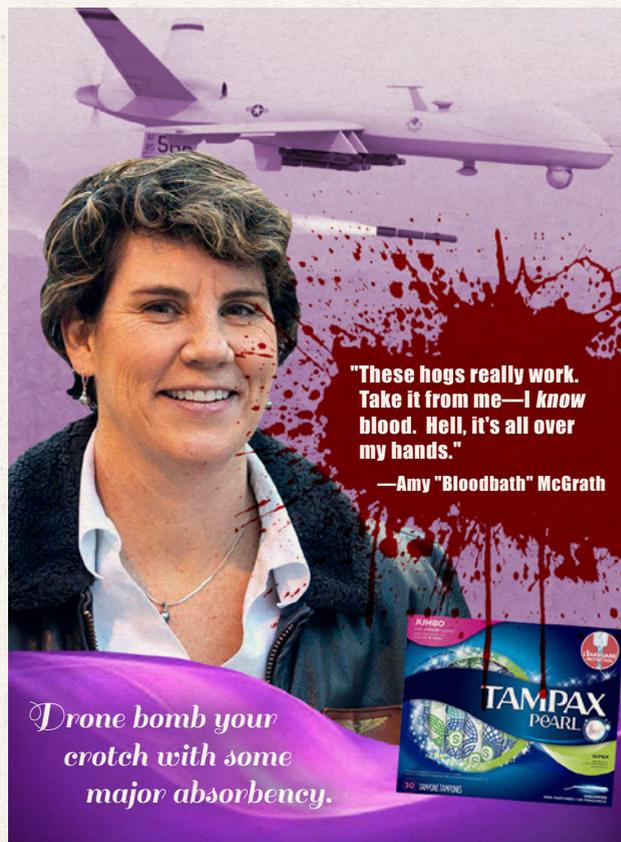
*will

BRUNCH SPOT

Alcohol - Greenwich Village \$\$\$

FOOD 5.0 - RAT VIOLENCE LEVEL 3.9 - SERVICE 4.0

The "place we'd be if Hillary had won" is now the place TO BE for the young, hip, "almost entirely white and upper class" guests. No one is wearing a mask, but everyone feels bad about it, constantly apologizing to the reserved, over-educated waitstaff rocking full PPE. The cocktails are "distracting, thank God!" Dining here guarantees you'll be filmed by Black Lives Matter protestors and roasted on Twitter, but "who cares, I've been inside all spring." There's a lot of very performative crying. But "since many of the waitstaff attended Juilliard, it's genuinely moving." 🐷



Joe Biden's White House Review



// COLBY KENNEDY GUEST CONTRIBUTOR



Joe Biden wrote a review July 2020

📍 Dover, DE • 13 contributions • 3 helpful votes



GOOD PAINTINGS, STRONG CHANDELIERS, SCARY AS HELL!

Jilly Bean and I booked a tour of this place at [www dot whitehouse dot gov backslash](http://www.whitehouse.gov/backslash) about the white house backslash tours dash events, since it had been years since we visited Washington, D.C. The outside was really the Ritz with these big poles holding up the roof part. Make sure you don't try to pick the flowers on the lawn. Boy, that really twisted their panties in a bunch! Also, they won't let you bring in your fanny pack, video tape recorder, or even your collection of commemorative box cutters. They got a boatload of security, Jack—you'd think we were getting on an airplane. Boy, things sure have changed. When I was a kid, you could just hop on a sky boat and sit in the pilot's lap, no problemo. I did that with my friends a few times, but there was a bad dude in there, and he yelled, "Get these children out of here!" so I got out my slingshot and said, "Look here ya mumble-mouthed wind whacker." I tell ya, I was a real Dennis the Menace back in those days. They used to call me Joe the Menace. Excuse me, Joe the Obama. Anyway... I'm sorry.

My first impression inside the White House was how cold it was. Here's a tip: don't wear your favorite Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned, or your nipples will let you hear about it the next morning. It was also a lot darker than I imagined, but then Jill took off my aviator sunglasses, and I saw many, many fancy chairs. Boy, they were nice! And if you like paintings of fellas with funny white hair, this is your spot, Fat. In the White House, I had a sense of DJ voodoo, like I had been there a thousand million times. The workers there were the

nicest Afro folks, and we got lucky because our tour guide was the cutest thing you ever saw. She answered all my questions as we walked through the green room, red room, library, blueroom, and green room. Hell, she even brought me my gym bag in a hallway.

Eventually, we walked into the black room and I said, "Who is that?!" I leaned over to kiss Jill and felt a palm hit my face. Turns out, it wasn't Jill—it was a Geisha, er, a, a woman of the Orient. But at the time, I yelled, "Jill, you've changed! Get me the hell outta here!" I got really scared and did a skiddo in my slacks because the security guys had taken the piece of string Jill usually ties to my wrist so we don't get separated. I started running. I found refuge under a table in the library and screamed, "Where am I!?" I was worried people might not come for a long time, since it was winter, and everybody hates winter, man.

In the winter, I like to sit with a cat on my lap. There are a lot of strays around my house. One day I named one cat Lemonhead and gave it a bath, but it tried to claw my eyes out. I said, "Not today, you crazy feline!" and I jumped out my bathroom window. To this day, that rascal still lives in that house. I haven't been back since. Anyways, I heard Jill say, "Joey, I don't want a repeat of what happened at the National Archives," and I knew it was safe to come out. But to show everyone I was OK, I did a pull-up on the chandelier. A vein popped outta my neck, but the Jillster jammed it back in with her graceful thumbs. Man, I'm telling you, Doctor J can do it all.

Overall, the White House was a really good scene, even though we didn't get to meet the President. I'd love to come back someday with more clothes on. If you want to reserve a tour, I recommend going to a website and checking the place out. I'm glad I got my peepers on it, so I never ever have to go again. 🙄

Colby is a Chicago-based comedian. Follow him on Twitter @unrealColbyK

“
In order for nonviolence
to work, your opponent
must have a conscience.

The United States
has none.”

~ Kwame Ture
previously
Stokely Carmichael



Shopping List!

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

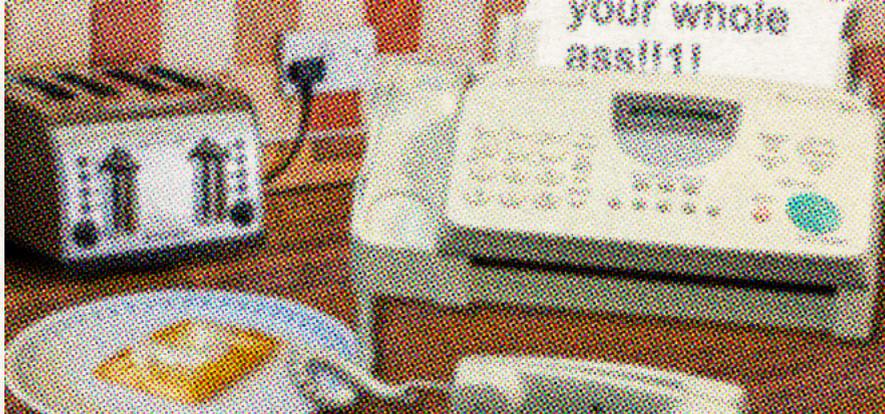
SCHOOL SEEMS TO BE RACING BACK QUICKER THAN EVER (I'm sure your kids are thinking "total bummer," LOL!), and that means it's time to take advantage of Back to School sales! We here at Tampa Central Middle School (go Wild Hogs!) have—in accordance with the order from Governor DeSantis—put together the most comprehensive shopping list possible for our students so nothing gets forgotten. Let's make 2020 the best school year ever!

- ✓ **No. 2 Pencils** - No surprise here! The classics never go out of style 😊
- ✓ **5 notebooks** (wide ruled) - One for each subject. We recommend getting them in different colors to keep things organized (and IT'S FUN!!!)
- ✓ **N95 Respirator Masks** - COVID-19 is surging throughout the country (especially Florida—Go Dolphins!) with no sign of slowing down before the anticipated "second wave." Make sure you buy the correct N95! You'll notice the difference 😊
- ✓ **Eraser** - We all make mistakes!
- ✓ **Portable Hand Sanitizer & Bulk Refill for Home** - But this is one mistake you *don't* want to make! Schools are germ factories and incubators for communicable disease, so you'll want this on hand! Heck, you'll want to sanitize your entire body! I'm applying a fresh coat as I type this out!
- ✓ **Highlighters** - We're all going to be doing more reading this year as a goal! And also as mandated by health professionals to understand the risks and early indicators of coronavirus. It affects kids now too, especially their organs!! 🍷
- ✓ **Bulletproof Vest** - This won't protect against COVID-19, but nothing's been done to curb gun violence, either, which kills WAY more kids than a novel deadly virus! No need for students to bring guns to school, as all teachers have been assigned an AR-15 here in Florida.
- ✓ **Ballpoint Pens in Blue or Black Ink** - No fancy colors, please. (One red pen per student is an acceptable number of red pens we're willing to tolerate to feel normal again.)
- ✓ **Index Cards** - Vocab is going to be a priority this year. "I feel sick," can mean many things and it's important that we're especially clear! Is it a visit from Aunt Flo, or COVID?!?!?!)
- ✓ **Calculator** - We will not allow children to use cell phones in the classroom. Students will not be permitted to take photographs of any health hazards or safety violations. What goes on in the classroom, stays in the classroom!
- ✓ **Glue Stick** - Although all art programs have been cut, we encourage kids to get creative between classes and in detention!
- ✓ **5 Pocket Folders** - One for each subject. Again, have fun with those colors 😊
- ✓ **Clorox Wipes** - Bring as many as you can! We can't seem to find any! Also, art!
- ✓ **12-inch Ruler** - We'll be learning about what 6 feet apart means this year, even if it's impossible to enforce. Huge class sizes + horny tweens = DISASTER!!
- ✓ **Last Will & Testament** - Make sure all your affairs are in order and, please, consider Tampa Central when making donations from your estate. We're massively underfunded!

Of course, if you are unable to afford any or all of the above, don't sweat it. We rely on our teaching staff to buy enough supplies out-of-pocket for the entire classroom. 🙄

*My Name Is
Barry Weiss*
**PLEASE STOP
FAXING ME TO OFF
MY WHOLE ASS**

//JAMES DWYER



THREE YEARS AGO, I PURCHASED A FAX MACHINE FROM THE Staples on Route 1 that has since been converted into three Chiptoles. I love that fax machine. For 51 years, I never had a good reason to own one, but my business where I make trading cards of Late Night Show hosts (Dick Cavett, Jay Leno, all the Jameses—the whole white male gang!) to sell to casino dads was finally taking off. I process all of my orders via fax because I developed a severe masturbation addiction to internet porn that forced me to seal my Gateway computer away in my den or risk rubbing my penis into dust. The fax lives in my kitchen next to the toaster oven. This way, I can have two Toaster Strudels and a 20 ounce Dr. Pepper as I read orders each morning. It's a really nice way to start my day.

Or at least it *used* to be a really nice way to start my day until I began receiving upwards of 19 faxes a day asking me to off my whole ass. Here are a few examples of the faxes I've received:

*"Dear Bari Weiss,
Please, for the love of God, stop."*

*"Bari Weiss, I do not like you or the fact that you have
a fax machine."*

*"Stop writing about 'cancel culture' and instead cancel
yourself permanently (by off-ing your whole ass)."*

These faxes have ruined my life. I do not know where they are coming from or why they have chosen an alternate spelling of my beautiful—possibly biblical—name. I can no longer enjoy my

Toaster Strudels without another cursed fax coming in asking me to off my whole ass. My business has ground to a halt as my fax line is constantly busy with these terrible letters, clogging up the line for said casino dads manually faxing me their Late Night Show host trading card orders. Instead of "5 Jack Paars and half a Carson Daly," it's "5 ways you can choke on your own Op-Ed and off your whole ass."

I have spent \$500 this past week alone on name brand fax paper rolls. I'm constantly running out. I'm no longer able to fall asleep on the couch while I watch the "Serenity Now" episode of *Seinfeld* on repeat like I used to. Yesterday I toasted an order and faxed a Strudel. I'm a wreck. All I can think about now is "who is doing this and why?" I can't even bring myself to drive to Mohegan Sun for my promotional runs where I walk around the floor with a giant bag of my tradings cards, drop them everywhere, and say loudly, "Oh no, all of my Late Night Show Host trading cards have spilled—are there any dads here who can help me?" That used to always cheer me up, but not anymore.

For a time, I thought that one of the three short men named Jeff who works at Ace Hardware and bullies me was behind this. Ever since I went in there last year looking for a new top tank lid and my pants and underwear fell down at the checkout revealing my penis, scrotum, taint and ass to everyone inside the Ace Hardware (including my priest and my priest's mother), they've been relentless. I can't go inside that place without one of the three Jeffs saying, "Hey Barry, we gettin' a show today, or what?" and I always have to say, "No Jeff, I'm just here for another top tank lid." It never ends >>

RODHAM CONT. ~ CHAPTER 29: 2004

>> with the Jeffs. But when I went to the Ace Hardware this week to confront them, I discovered that all three of them overdosed on spray paint two months ago. So I do not think it is them, unless they've somehow learned to bully me from beyond the grave (I wouldn't put it past them—one of the Jeffs had a "Ride The Lightning" decal on his conversion van).

If you are one of the people who is faxing me, please stop faxing me unless you need Late Night Show Host trading cards. I must assume this is a case of mistaken identity at this point. I am not Bari Weiss. I am Barry Weiss. Perhaps you know me as Barry "Dick, Balls, Ass and Taint" Weiss if you were friends with one of the three Jeffs, or live in or near my town. But I am not Bari Weiss—who, based on a simple Google search I just did right now at the library (during which I remained strong and refrained from jinking my rod), appears to be a completely odious maniac with a persecution complex curated by her own terrible opinions. Yeah, wow. Now I actually kind of get your rage if you think that is who I am. But it is not who I am. I am just a simple man named Barry Weiss who wants to sell trading cards and one day overcome an intense masturbation addiction so I can unseal my den. Is it so much to ask? Please stop faxing me to off my whole ass. 🐻

It was Bernie Sanders's turn to speak on the Senate floor: "No."

Hillary scoffed. Of course the Senator would vote against going to war with Iraq. He never got anything done! It was almost like he actually cared about hordes of twenty-year-olds that were being sent to die to keep American oil prices artificially low. Hillary eyed the old kook with a mixture of pity and disgust. Politics was so much easier when you just enabled the rich and powerful stay rich and powerful. They didn't make every Jew like Kissinger, that's for damn sure.

"Senator Rodham. How do you vote?"

Hillary slimed her way to the Senate floor, leaving a trail of flour in her bulbous wake. "Yes," she said.

Hillary looked around at her Democratic colleagues who voted for the war—Joe Biden, Diane Feinstein, John Kerry, John Corzine, Joe Liberman, Harry Reid—and she knew she was in good company. As she burst with pride, she felt her "body" puff out and expand until she could barely fit inside the Senate chamber.

"Goddamn yeast infection," she said.

CHAPTER 18: 2002

"What do you think about gay marriage?"

Senator Hillary Rodham paused. How she answered this question would set the tone for the rest of her political career. As she oozed on the carpet (damn this pantsuit—it never kept all the dough in!), she collected her thoughts. This is a delicate subject, Hillary thought. Can't piss off Bush's Christian conservatives—might need them when you run in '08. But what do the liberals want to hear? Hillary knew she couldn't just dodge the question entirely. As someone who violently ran down an Italian Strega in a Durango three decades earlier, Hillary didn't have much luck when it came to dodging.

"Can I get a quick pat of flour?" she called to her aides. Huma Abedin appeared from the shadows with a measuring cup filled to the brim. I can win back the gays, Hillary thought, as she felt the gluten seep into her pours. Besides, no liberal is openly pro gay marriage now. No need to go out on a limb and do the right thing, especially if it could hurt my career. And if the history books try to judge me? Hey, name me a more progressive pile of raw pizza dough.

"I believe marriage is not just a bond, but a sacred bond between a man and a woman," Hillary said.

"Great answer," Huma whispered. Hillary felt incredible. This was the kind of courageous answer only a pile of pizza dough free from the corrupting influence of Bill Clinton could come up with.



8 Ways

to Please Your Corona-Stricken Man

//PATRICK KEENE & ROSIE WHALEN

1 The Hoagie Roll-Up:

Since your man's been waking up with morning chills—not morning wood—take every blanket and sheet you have in your house, roll him up like a thick little taco, and watch him sweat to death. 🥵 That's hot!

2 The Doogie Howser, M.D.:

Provide the medical attention your hub so desperately craves. Take his temperature (anal is most accurate 🤒), get him a cold compress, feed him his Tylenol PM, watch him drop to his knees, and roleplay as a whip-smart young boy. 🤖

3 The Drive-by Birthday Party:

Set your semi-conscious husband up in a lawn chair in your front yard (dick out), and get one of the kids to drive you by the house. When you get in front, flash a tit. MAKE SURE it's your house.

4 The COVID-69:

Two symptomatic or asymptomatic carriers of the virus (you and your husband, for example) align themselves so that each person's mouth is near the other's genitals, each simultaneously performing oral sex on the other. Trust us—it works!

5 Dumping the Hoagie, or The Reverse Hoagie Roll-Up (depending on where you're from):

Okay, remember when we told you to roll up your man? Well, now his temperature is rising, and he needs to be cooled off, STAT. Unroll all those blankets and throw his ass in an ice bath. He'll be nude and so should you. Don't forget to go to the ice store first (essential business).

6 The Zoom-Boom (Bomb's Away!):

Maybe your husband is half-dead from the virus, or maybe he's just clinically depressed. Why not spice things up with a little exhibitionism by Zoom-bombing a teleconference call or class with the horny visual of the two of you ass-naked? Most of these links can be found online (our kids' schools have no security!). BONUS: Sally's getting straight As this semester!

7 The Slippery AI:

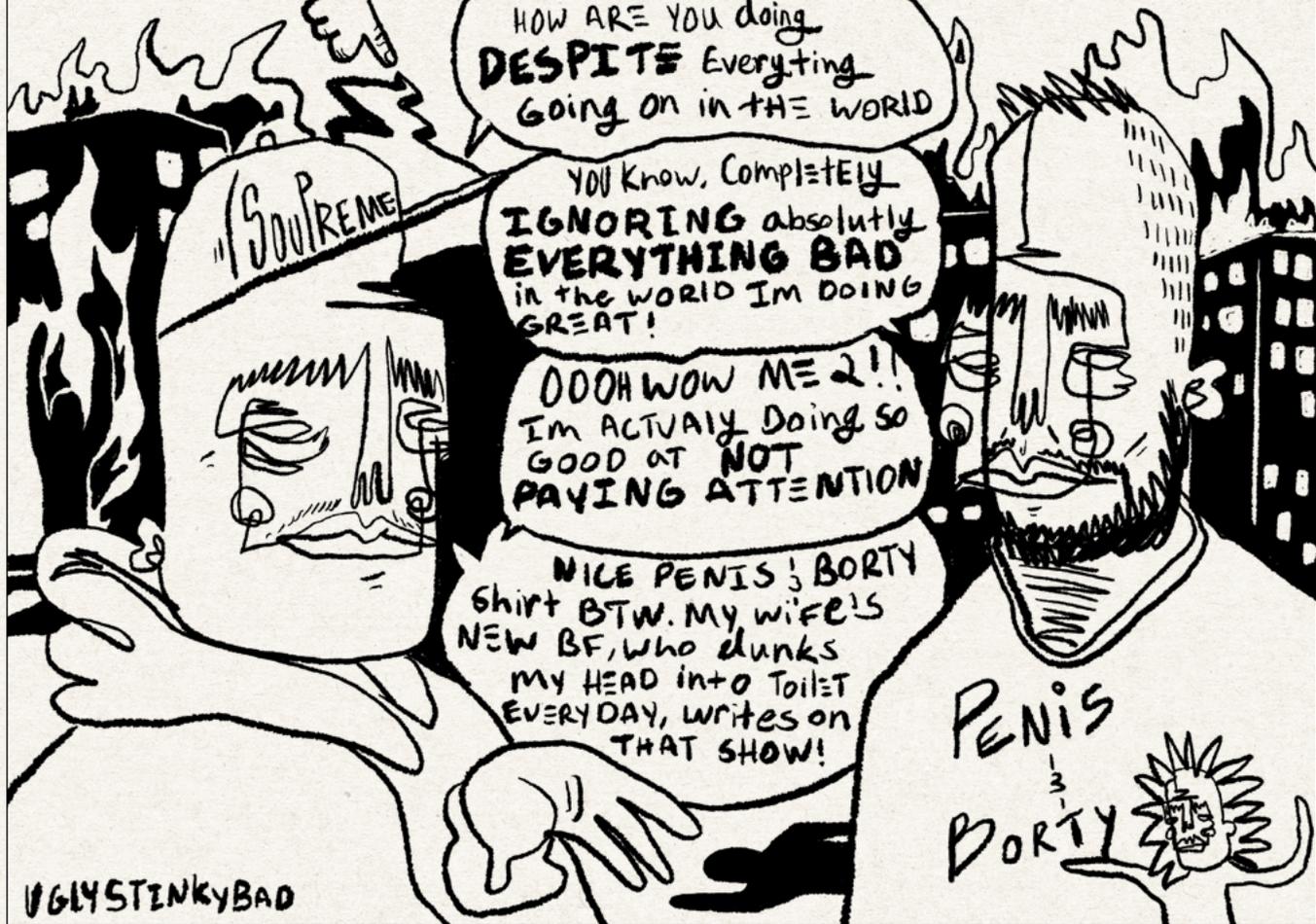
Get your favorite soap and lather up, bitch (his dick)! Clean that D for 20 seconds, or it goes NOWHERE. We recommend singing "Happy Birthday" twice, one to each ball (my man has three... oops!).

8 The Masked Singer:

Put on a grotesque lewk (Freddy Krueger is a favorite of ours) from the Halloween costume closet and scare the shit out of him. You have to wear a mask anyway—might as well make it fun! (Try not to give him a heart attack as you are entering him with a different face. He WILL be frightened at first, but this is an easy way to finally get him on board with your sick little fantasies and terrifying roleplays!) *FUNCTIONALLY DEAD STAFF PICK FAVORITE*

There you have it! If your man isn't cumming buckets by now, he is legally dead.

No need to clap or paint little hearts in your windows for us. Though our work has been deemed essential by the courts, all the thanks we need is an MPEG file sent to us of your man's fave position (hope it's #8!). <3



RODHAM CONT. ~ CHAPTER 41: 2007

Senator Barack Obama stood on stage. Handsome and poised, Hillary knew it would be a challenge to defeat him in this 2008 primary.

“Let me be clear,” the Senator began. “America needs hope and change.”

The crowd burst into applause. With how bad America had been, voters were inspired by someone who was promising a shift from the right-wing Bush regime.

“But Obama has no experience!” Hillary shrieked, reading the

temperature of the room perfectly. “He’s just a junior senator! And what if someone kills him?! You can’t kill pizza dough—trust me, I’ve tried!”

“Senator Rodham,” Obama interjected. “I think you’re starting to bake in the hot sun.”

Hillary looked down and realized Obama was right. When she went on to lose the primary, she knew it wasn’t because of her uninspired policies, horrific voting record, or blatantly racist campaign. It was this moment, where the heat of the sun turned her dough body into a chewy, soggy crust. It wasn’t her ideas that were half-baked—it was her.



ERROR

CLICK CLICK

WHERE IS PAGE 13?

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IS THIS ANOTHER GD PATREON?

*I HEARD THEY GOT AN EXCLUSIVE
PIC OF CUOMO'S PIERCED NIP*

[CLICK HERE](#)

*I CAN'T REALLY READ
WHAT THIS SAYS*

HAVE THEY SOLD OUT??

GO ON—CLICK IT



THIS WEEK'S BEST ANTIFA TWEETS

from Corporate Twitter Accounts

//FUNCTIONALLY DEAD HEADS

@BakedbyMelissa - We still exist and make tiny cupcakes every single day. But unfortunately, systemic racism and the carceral state still exist, too. Dismantle the carceral state. #ACAB

@Apple - I don't know who needs to hear this, but the oppression of POC belongs abroad where they make our products, NOT in the USA where they buy our products #BLM #Fuck12

@BurgerKing - Black Lives Matter. That's it. That's the tweet. Also, we're bringing back the Black Angus burger for a limited time. All burgers matter, but Black Angus burgers need us to eat them right now.

@Amazon - #ACAB - that's why we will not sell our facial recognition tech to the police for one year. Time for some of that #goodtrouble #antifa #oneyearofgoodtrouble

@Facebook - Join now and we'll automatically enroll you in up to ten law enforcement-run ANTIFA groups. Live, laugh, connect. #bigdatabighearts

@American_Girl - Meet Penny, our newest doll and freedom fighter. She h8s injustice and loves reform...ing her look! #BLM ~t-shirt, sign, pin and hairbrush sold separately #madeinchina

@SEGA - Sonic goes fast. But not as fast as a democracy can break down into fascism. Sonic has ALWAYS been anti-fascist and the Green Hill Zone will remain cop-free #GreenHillAutonomousZone #GHAZ

@XFL2020 - Football is best when the refs don't oppress the #action on the field - same with government. When the Vince McMahon AI relaunches the XFL in 2040, we won't let players #TakeAKnee in support of the police. Sorry #NFL - football is Antifa now.

@Doritos - Is that #crunch the sound of someone biting into a delicious chip, or a protestor's skull being split open by a police baton? What's truly f-ed up is we don't know anymore. RT if you think you should only hear crunches when someone is eating Doritos #ItSoundsTheSame

@PetSmart - All dog cops are bastards. Use code "ADCAB" for 10% off most dry Hills Science online dog food orders through August 31

@Marvel - In light of recent events, we at Marvel apologize if we made the idea of a secret unaccountable military force seem in any way interesting or cool. To better reflect the world we live in, SHIELD will now be led by a queer woman of color. #AgentsofANTIFA #GLBT 🏳️‍🌈

FACT CHECK: Donald Trump has “dog doo” on his shoe.

Speaker Pelosi is at it again, claiming that Donald Trump brings “doggy doo” into the White House on his shoe. Quote:

“[Trump] comes in with doggy doo on his shoes, and everybody who works with him has [it] on their shoes, too, for a very long time to come.”

Let’s break this down. “Doggy doo,” or “dog poop” as it’s colloquially known, is not commonly transmitted from shoe to shoe. Furthermore, it does not stay on someone’s shoes for “a very long time,” unless the canine in question has eaten a large quantity of soy-based cheese product. To prove this, I conducted my own experiment by having my dog, who only consumes Hill’s Science Diet, defecate on my living room rug and left it there to decompose. The smell was foul, causing the room to be uninhabitable by anyone with a functioning nose—good thing I have corona and have lost my olfactory faculties completely. My wife took the kids and left for her sister’s after we had a prolonged fight about it that afternoon. “This is my work, Sheila!” “That rug was my mother’s!” Yet, much like Elizabeth Warren, I persisted. Nine weeks later, the dog poop has completely decomposed—my wife has permanently blocked my cell phone number, and a family court judge has denied my request for partial custody. Given that President Trump’s term is four years, nine weeks is merely 4.23% of his term in office, hardly “a very long time.”

That would warrant at least one Pinocchio on its own, but furthermore, there has been no conclusive journalistic evidence that Mr. Trump or anyone in his cabinet has ever had “doggy doo” on their shoes at all. But not one content to let a fact go unchecked, and with a lot of time on my hands now that my family is gone, I decided to run another experiment.

I discreetly positioned myself with a camera beneath the White House entrance steps for a period of one month, photographing the bottoms of everyone’s shoes as they entered the building. I remained in my encampment the entire time, sleeping only a few hours a night when foot traffic was minimal. I ate only what I could find—mostly dirt and the occasional old lettuce from a discarded Jersey Mike’s wrapper. For water, I sucked dew straight off the grass.

Throughout my fact-checking delirium, I did not encounter a single piece of dog poop. The only poop I saw was my own—first contained entirely within my two square foot “bathroom patch,” but by the end of my experiment was constantly seeping through my shorts. I can now say conclusively that the only foreign agent being brought into the White House is dried-up gum (and Vladimir Putin! Joke!).

Granted, there is always the chance that Pelosi was speaking metaphorically. But considering that possibility is far too painful.

RATING: **the dreaded 4 Pinocchios, plus a stern shake of the head. For shame, Madame Speaker.**

FACT: I am guilty of criminal trespass and violating the Video Voyeurism Prevention Act of 2004.

I will not waste ink over the ludicrous charges brought forward against me by the Washington, DC police department. I will only say that I was not trying to take “creepy upskirt shots” (as one officer delightfully put it). Nor was I assembling “the most disturbing cache of foot fetish fodder since Quentin Tarantino first shot *My Best Friend’s Birthday*, parts of which would go on to be adapted in *True Romance*,” as the federal prosecutor (quite the cinephile, I might add) said in his opening statement.

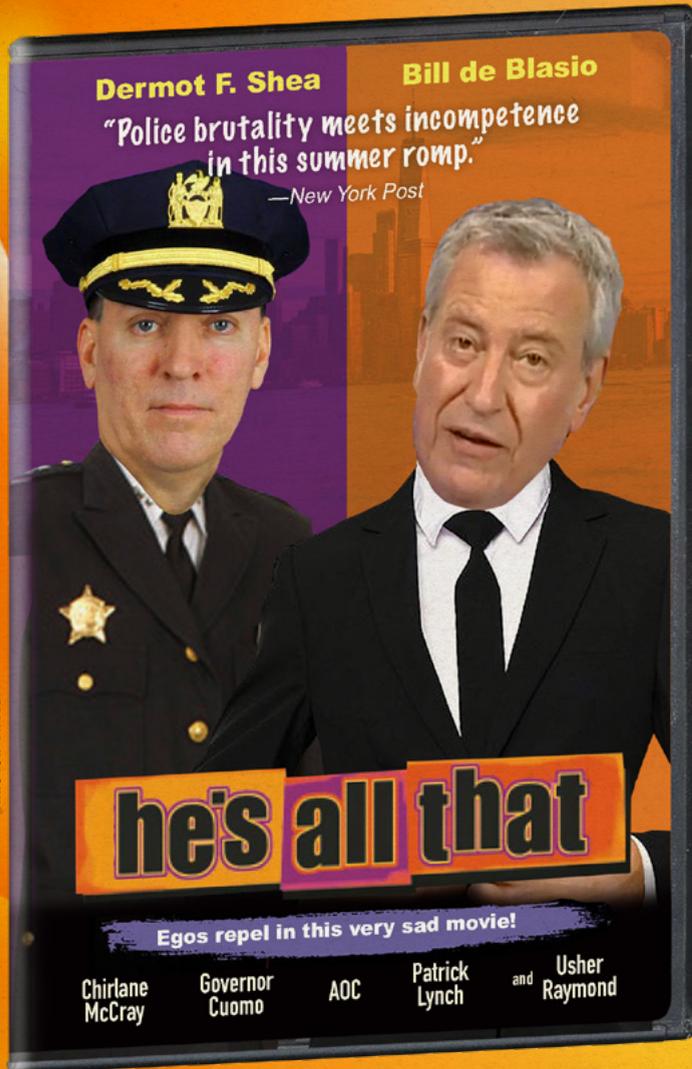
Thankfully, the American justice system allows for the ultimate fact-check: I served as my own defense and called myself to the witness stand. In my quest for the facts, I did not pull any punches. In a dazzling crescendo of self-examination that one court reporter described as “truly bewildering,” I produced a semen-stained pair of the tighy-whities Sheila bought me last summer that proved I had experienced sexual pleasure during the course of my experiment, and was, in fact, technically guilty of the crimes alleged. The judge sentenced me to two years and eleven months, plus mandatory treatment at a mental health facility.

RATING: **mostly true, plus a mildly amusing GIF of Jim Carrey from the film *Liar, Liar*.**

"Hell for the whole family!"

"Whered that billion go,
Chirlane?"

"...de Blasio is kinda charming in a
zero-dignity sort of way."



//DIANA KOLSKY

ROTTEN TO ITS CORE

The Big Apple's hot(-headed) police commissioner and his sociopathic goons own this town. Enter Mayor Bill de Blasio: climbing into the scene on a Stairmaster he stole from the Park Slope Y, this lanky loser gives Commish Shea a run for his money. After numerous public snafus—wrong bagel, wrong egg cream, wrong hole—it soon becomes clear this seventeen foot-tall Democrat doesn't know his dick from a stapler... and he's messed with the wrong guys.

BLUE BALLS

After getting his ass brutally kicked by the cops, and his abilities publicly mocked by 8 million New Yorkers, Billy's only friend is a Japanese painted fern he calls Freedom. With the Annual Police Ball right around the corner, de Blaz is pretty sure it'll be another lonely evening spent at Gracie Mansion trying and failing to do stories on Instagram.

"My daughter got arrested. My wife stole a shit-ton of cash from taxpayers for a fake mental health program. My son won't text me back. The people of this city hate my guts. And I'm being bullied by the cops," he whispers to Freedom, who, having heard enough, commits plant suicide. Things are looking grim for this political doof.

LIPSTICK ON A PIG

That is until rascal Shea makes a bet with the thick-necked morons he pays to grunt what he grunts back to him that he can turn this lanky pile of wasted promises into the Belle of the Police Ball. Shea's got two weeks and 1.6 billion dollars to prove...

\$23⁶⁹

All proceeds go directly to the New York City Police Foundation's Crime Stoppers program

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

He's All That

“Medicare For All will never, ever happen!” Hillary said, ecstatically. The Goldman Sachs C-Suite burst into applause. Hillary smiled. She knew where her bread was buttered—or rather, where her dough was sauced.

“Here’s the check, Madame President,” Lloyd Blankfein said with a wink, shoving the one hundred thousand dollar check into a fold of loose dough. “Terrific speech. Really motivated the team.”

“Glad I could be of service,” Hillary said. “Let me know if there’s anything else I can do for you when I’m the first raw pizza dough President. So help me if there’s even a penny out there that you guys don’t own.”

Then, from across the room: “The results are in,” Robbie Mook said. “Donald Trump is the next President of the United States.”

“I guess Americans love racism more than they do pizza dough,” sighed Neera Tanden.

“Americans have always hated pizza dough,” Hillary said, looking back and forth between her team of halfwits and her itinerary that had noticeably skipped Wisconsin and badly neglected Michigan. “That’s my takeaway from all this.”

“It’s just a good thing you didn’t have Bill Clinton dragging you down. Imagine how much more you would have lost by.”

“Things would be a lot different, that’s for sure,” Hillary conceded. “That’s the thing with being a feminist. The most important decision in your life revolves around a man.”

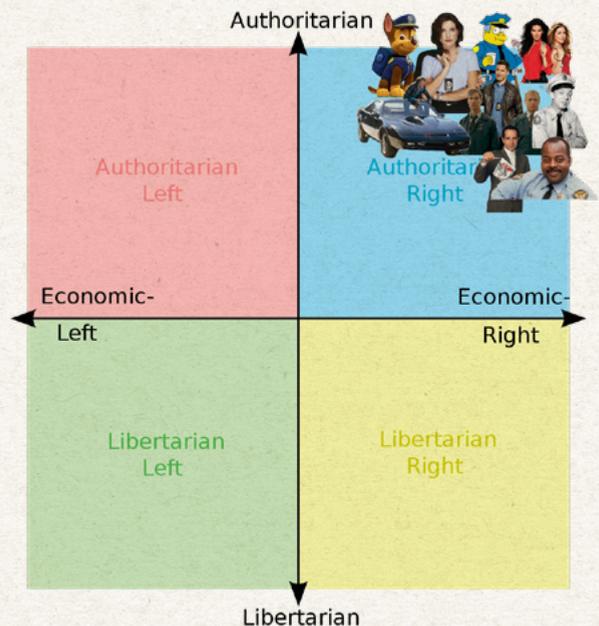
“You may not have shattered the glass ceiling, but at least you’ve inspired a generation of people cursed by an Italian Strega to live as a pile of raw dough to run for office.” Tanden said.

“Fuck them,” Hillary said. “The majority of dough piles voted for Trump. Get my good friend Jeffery Epstein on the phone. I need to decompress.” 🤖

A POLITICAL COMPASS OF YOUR FAVORITE TV CHARACTERS

//PATRICK KEENE

Everyone’s been up in arms lately about which fictional character with zero voting rights (for now...) would vote for which presidential candidate. To better prepare you for the dense online discourse, we have gathered together the most iconic and beloved television characters of all time and run them through the political compass test to find out exactly how they will rule this country when we get that technology.



August 2020 Horoscopes

99 DAYS TO SCORCH THE EARTH

//CATHRYN MUDON

If you're reading this today, July 27, 2020, guess what?—the 2020 Presidential election is just 99 DAYS AWAY!

Time sure flies when you're functionally dead, eh? And in case you've been self-quarantined in a steel panic room since Bernie dropped out in April: yes, the only thing standing between the United States and full neofascism is still... Joseph R. Biden.

Preparation is power, so here's your peek into the starry bleakness the cosmos have in store:



Leo

(July 23-Aug. 21)

Bad Hair Year

MANGY LION, NOW'S THE TIME TO BASK IN the glory and sweet August heat of your natal month! But careful, cocky Leo, Siberia just surpassed 99° F—a world-record high for the Arctic!—so rock that distinct summer glow while it's still yours. Biden or Trump will equally ramrod the U.S. into carbon emission oblivion, so what's it matter? Hell, by next year, Capricorns'll be out stealing your sun in mid-January!

//SIGN ART BY MAX KNOBLAUCH



Virgo

(Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

Friendly Fire

We're not gonna sugar coat it: the next 99 days are gonna be rough, and this month is no different. But with a full moon in your 6th house, you and your fellow Virgo, Bernie Sanders, have the grit needed to navigate the cruel reality that the Democratic Party was more motivated, shrewd, and effective in destroying his presidential bid than they are Donald Trump's.



Libra

(Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

Destiny Calling

99 problems and fascism is absolutely one! This is a great month, balanced Leebz, to politely check in on your neolib parents who voted for Joe in the primary and see how phonebanking for their candidate of choice is going. Psych!—JoeBiden.com has truly pathetic volunteer functionality.



Scorpio

(Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

The Politico Formerly Known as

Party like it's 1999, you Desert Devil! The New Moon in your 4th house will intensify deep reflection over these arduous 99 days. So channel fellow scorpion, Scranton Joe, and slide through a dementia-nostalgia trip back to the '90s to reflect on exactly how Clintonite politics made Trumpism inevitable. Groovy!



Sagittarius

(Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Hot to Trot

Who needs the 99% anyway?! Admit it—you've always had an elite streak, Sharp Arrow. The country is a dumpster fire, and as the saying goes, if you can't stand the heat... abandon the proletariat and get off the grid on some one-percenter-er's private Cayman Island. >>



Capricorn

(Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Is That All There Is?

You have an old soul, Mountain Goat, so it's easy to *feel* 99! You've aged a few decades this year, too, so the transformation is near complete. Tap into the graceful calm of actual centenarians: take out your teeth, fantasize about the under-discussed Socialist boom of the American 1920s, and get to bed early. You've earned it!



Aquarius

(Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Bunker Down

Dear assertive Aquarian, this is the month for prep! Stockpile your pantry with a safe 99 cans of Goya beans (the only brand left on the shelf!), then morph into a soulless Ivanka tin can of non-perishable dermal filler. Use your intuitive nature to transcend these bizarre times, and rejoin Earth on a more positive vibration in the distant future.



Pisces

(Feb. 19-March 20)

Cry Me a River

99 bottles of *fish* on the wall?! Turn those rising sea-level lemons into lemonade, Spicy Pisky! In 99 days, as the country weeps, you'll be glad you bottled those tears and took precautions for the soon-to-be irreversible climate crisis and impending water riots. Chug chug chug!



Aries

(March 21 -April 19)

Code Blue

You've always preferred telling people what to do more than actually doing things yourself, and now's the time to get folks to fall in line. This is not a drill: spend this month making sure undecided voters in swing states are registered (*too late*), know their polling place (*if it's one of the 99 locations in your state that hasn't been shut down yet*), and are inspired to participate in our fraudulent democracy by the transformative policies that Biden stands for (*the most progressive nominee in our capitalist party's history*)!



Taurus

(April 20-May 20)

S.O.S.

Maybe it's worked the last 99 times, but you won't be able to bullshit your way through this final chapter in the failed American experiment, Brave Bovine. Your loyalty makes you the anchor of the zodiac, but now's the time to cut and run (with the bulls). Head to Pamplona, Spain (or any socialist democracy) and start fresh.



Gemini

(May 21-June 20)

Told Ya So

No need for dual identities this month, Gem! Those dark thoughts and penchant for foul negativity are (finally!) gonna come in handy. With Mercury in your 3rd house, now's the time to communicate like you do best: pick your top 99 frenemies to warn that things are, most certainly, going from bad to worse. It feels good to be right.



Cancer

(May 21-June 22)

Hide & Sleep

It's hard out there for an empath. We get it, Crabcakes. Our advice this month: stretch your buck at a 99¢ Store to build an apocalypse survival kit. Crawl deep in that shell, scurry your little ass away from the madding crowds, and hunker down for the fall. You ain't missing shit.

I READ THIS ZINE, AND THE NFL IS STILL TERRIBLE.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

Here are some Native and Indigenous organizations to check out:

[The Red Nation](#)

“The Red Nation is dedicated to the liberation of Native peoples from capitalism and colonialism. We center Native political agendas and struggles through direct action, advocacy, mobilization, and education... We formed to address the marginalization and invisibility of Native struggles within mainstream social justice organizing, and to foreground the targeted destruction and violence towards Native life and land.”

[Idle No More](#)

“Idle No More started in November 2012 among Treaty People in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta protesting the Canadian government’s dismantling of environmental protection laws, endangering First Nations who live on the land. Born out of face-to-face organizing and popular education, but fluent in social media and new technologies, Idle No More has connected the most remote reserves to each other, to urbanized Indigenous people, and to the non-Indigenous population.”

[Dechinta Centre for Research and Learning](#)

“[A] destination institution for students and researchers specializing in Indigenous studies from across Canada and internationally. Dechinta is recognized as best-practice in Indigenous post-secondary education and research, with multiple research partnerships and faculty who are recognized as the leading thinkers in areas such as Indigenous law and politics, language, land based pedagogies, community research.”

[Center for Native Peoples and the Environment](#)

“The mission of the SUNY-ESF Center for Native Peoples and the Environment is to create programs that draw on the wisdom of both indigenous and scientific knowledge in support of our shared goals of environmental sustainability. In addition to serving as a bridge between traditional ecological knowledge and western scientific approaches, the Center incorporates indigenous perspectives and knowledge for the benefit of Native students and work to educate mainstream students in a cross-cultural context.”

[Honor the Earth](#)

“Honor the Earth uses indigenous wisdom, music, art, and the media to raise awareness and support for Indigenous Environmental issues. We leverage this awareness and support to develop financial and political capital for Indigenous struggles for land and life. Our mission is to create awareness and support for Native environmental issues and to develop needed financial and political resources for the survival of sustainable Native communities.”

Reach out and touch faith:
functionallydead@gmail.com
and peep more issues at
functionallydead.com

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: EXPERTS CLAIM DOING NOTHING TO STOP SPREAD OF VIRUS, SPREADS VIRUS



FOLKS TO BLOCK:

//ANDY BUSTILLOS//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN//JAMES DWYER//PATRICK KEENE//MAX KNOBLAUCH//DIANA KOLSKY//
//DAN LOPRETO//TIM MAHONEY//CATHRYN MUDON//BRADY O'CALLAHAN//SEAN O'REILLY//ROSIE WHALEN//