

# FUNCTIONAL DEAD 2020

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# *It is what it is.*

//COVER ART BY WHITLEY WATSON GUEST CONTRIBUTOR, @jellineck

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CONGRATS  
KAMALA  
LOVE  
LIZ



# DISREGARD THE LITANY OF WELL-DOCUMENTED CRITICISMS OF MY ETHICS AND, INSTEAD, CHECK OUT MY NIECE'S INSTA!

//CATHRYN MUDON

Anyone who follows me on social media knows I am a *proud* mother/girlboss/daughter/sister/wife/aunt/cousin/fur baby mama/landlord/former yogi (threw out my T7 disc back in '91 but, boy, do I miss it)! Of the dozens of generic relational identifiers I've congealed as a substitute for Self, there's one that's extra special to me: aunt.

Being an aunt is something that really defines who I am and how I move through the world; I can't tell you how hard I worked to get to a point in my life where my brother had a kid. Blessedly, being an aunt also means I have a niece (with a handsome social media presence) who should be considered a credible journalist in all attempts to debunk negative information about me.

Lonnnggg before my niece was born—and *way* before she earned her Blue Check™—journalists researched and published countless unethical, unscrupulous, and cruel decisions that have checkered my professional life. And for those of you still obsessing over the easily-verifiable facts you've read about me, and moreover, have identified a concerning pattern of what my priorities are and how they shape my core values—I'd like to invite you to take a lil' gander over at my niece Gemma's Instagram page, where she clearly debunks it all! (My unpaid interns run my social media and just informed me stories' shelf lives are only 24 hours, so please find @nieceGemz as quickly as possible.)

As a primer, the hard-hitting work she's been doing can be divided into two categories: 1) Things I did in the aughts that were, in

fact, very bad and almost definitely cost people their lives BUT I HAVE SINCE SAID WERE MISTAKES (both in the real sense of the word and also in the sense of something you still genuinely believe but comes back to haunt your current professional ambition). 2) Things done in my name that were also very bad BUT were carried out by a subordinate who reports to me directly so, on a *technicality*—as Gem points out repeatedly—it really shouldn't count against me.

Many of my critics may have turned to *The Atlantic*, *Foreign Affairs*, *Washington Post*, you name it, to inform themselves on my professional track-record—and yeah, if those are the kind of sources you go to, it isn't pretty! But here's what all those publications have in common: none of them have the authority of a niece (I highly doubt any of those journalists are even anyone's niece, if I'm being frank). So if you possess enough bravery and intellectual curiosity to actually do The Work™, you'll need to watch my niece's stories for yourself. She's also cooking up some Pulitzer-level TikToks, but I can't say too much about those yet. (Hint: She just got back from a three-month socially-distanced hip-hop dance camp in the Berkshires.) Let's just say they're gonna blow Bella—Chris Cuomo's not-niece daughter—out of the dang digital water.

Possessing the wisdom and courage to reach one's potential as a niece is a struggle, a vocation even. It really moves me to see the woman Gemma has become and to know, “that woman isn't just *a* niece, she's *my* niece.” I think of how important being a niece was to me—until my only uncle, Frank, died in '76 in what the local paper alleged was insurance-fraud arson gone wrong. Anywhoo, I think so fondly of my time as a niece and always remind Gemma: that little girl was me, too. If there's anything in this world I hope for my niece, it's that she can grow up to follow in my footsteps: to one day have a #girlboss niece of her own who'll drag *her* haters on social media, and, more auspiciously—to establish a defining legacy acquiescing to her oppressors almost immediately if it becomes personally profitable enough to do so. 🙄





AFTER VICE PRESIDENT BIDEN'S CORPORATE DONORS insisted he pick Senator Kamala Harris as his running mate, the left has ramped up their criticism of the Democratic ticket. In response, many liberals are now papering their walls and feeds with a low-resolution screenshot of this anonymous quote:

*"Voting isn't marriage, it's public transport. You are not waiting for 'the one' who is absolutely perfect. You are getting the bus. And if there isn't one going to exactly your destination, you don't stay at home and sulk—you take the one going closest to where you want to be."*

We at *Functionally Dead* have a few questions for this anonymous author, who we can only assume is keeping their identity secret out of immense shame.

- **Do you know how buses work?** Buses operate on a route of predetermined stops, and I have already factored that into my travel plans. I'm not expecting a bus to take me literally to my exact destination—taking a bus is already a compromise with the needs of your fellow travelers. Understanding the democratic nature of public transportation, I am willing to accept some stops along the way or even a slightly roundabout route before arriving near my destination. But if the bus is not going where I want to go at *all*, then it's what we in the bus-riding business like to call the "wrong bus."

- **I've taken your bus before back in 2008 and 2012.** But when I tried walking the rest of the way to my destination, your bus driver physically restrained me, told me I was "politically naive" and a "thug" for wanting to walk, then pointed back to where he dropped me off and said that was the end of the line. When another bus driver offered to take me the rest of the way, your bus driver coordinated with his bus company to pour ten pounds of sugar into the other bus driver's gas tank. Why did he sabotage that bus? I guess it was nice when your bus driver said "the arc of history bends toward justice" as he clogged the other bus's en-

gine, but frankly, I would much rather dispense with your bus driver-turned-Netflix producer's pithy moral platitudes and just get to where I'm trying to go.

- **The vast majority of commuters (87%!) on this bus prefer to go to Medicare For All, USA**—a destination at which this bus driver has repeatedly said he refuses to stop. Wouldn't it be silly of me to get on the bus hoping to go somewhere the bus driver explicitly states he's not going? Should I really expect this old-ass bus driver to change his route?

- **Speaking to that, if all the commuters get on the bus, how are any of us going to push the bus driver to take a left turn toward Medicare For All?** By getting on the bus, we have rescinded the only leverage we have as passengers and are consenting to be driven wherever the bus driver chooses. The bus driver is the one, so to speak, *driving the bus*.

- **One of the reasons so many people aren't riding the bus is that you have allowed Republicans to shut down bus stops in areas with a high percentage of Black and Brown people, as well as >>**



>> invalidate a large percentage of mail-in bus tickets. If riding the bus is so important to our society, why have you not led an effort to tackle rider disenfranchisement?

- **This bus has hard plastic seats, a blown out back left tire, and constantly smells like shit** (even though there isn't a toilet on-board) because of the bus driver and the vice bus driver's voting record and policies while they have been on the board of bus directors. In fact, the bus driver's vice president just voted against cutting ten percent of the MTA's bloated military budget, which would have been used to fund bus repairs. Am I really supposed to trust the same people who grossly mismanaged the bus?

- **The current bus driver has been accused of inappropriate touching, sexual harassment, and rape.** According to the bus rules, passengers can be kicked off the bus for that kind of behavior and permanently barred from ever riding the bus again. Why the hell is this creep still driving the bus? And why does he think it's a Corvette?

- **Why hasn't the city provided more bus options?** There are so many commuters, but all we've got are two buses that go to two places that are maybe half a mile apart despite the diverse array of destinations commuters have pleaded to go to for years. Pretty inefficient transit system you got there, unless the inefficiencies are part of an intentional design...

- **That last part was rhetorical. I know the score.** I've been riding this bus my entire adult life. I've literally never voted for anyone on the other bus for any position of power—which is more than most of these Ronald Reagan-loving motherfuckers driving the bus can say. Stopping fifteen feet closer to my destination every four years doesn't make this "the most progressive bus in history." It just feels like we're constantly fighting tooth and nail with every goddamn bus driver you hire.

- **What is the goal here? Are we trying to beat the other bus?** Because the other bus is going to their destination, too. They're accelerating like crazy. And there's a lot of people with a lot of money on that bus installing those nitrous boosters from *The Fast and the Furious*. It doesn't look like our bus driver is

even trying to drive faster than the other bus. It kind of looks like the bus driver is following the other bus and plans to stop where the other bus stopped six years ago. I got a look at our bus driver's pay stub, and he's getting paid by the same people who own the other bus company. How am I supposed to feel about this?

- **Still, of the two buses, this is unquestionably the better bus.** If I "had" to choose between the two buses, I'll choose this one, because here there's at least a weird sense of shame among the drivers for how shitty they are, and if you scream at them enough, sometimes they'll incrementally reduce the fare. But there are other forms of transportation, you know. Trains, taxis, revolution against an unjust government as is my right according to the MTA (it's on the back of your MetroCard, look it up!). When you don't care where you're going, sure, get on the bus. But some of us actually give a shit and believe we can go somewhere better than where you're offering. There's actually a really nice part of town, where healthcare and housing are human rights and all people are treated with respect and dignity. I can literally see it out the window! Sure there's a flimsy sign in front that says "if you're American you'll HATE this place," but that's not fooling anyone. So why, of all places, is this bus heading toward Boston? 🗿





*So what we get drunk*

*So what we smoke weed*

*We're just having fun*

*We don't care who sees*

*So what we go out*

*That's how it's supposed to be*

*Living young and wild and free*







## I, Joe Kennedy III, Am Running to Give a Voice to Gormless Men Everywhere

//JAMES DWYER

I HAVE FACED A BARRAGE OF CRITICISM IN MY EFFORT TO MOUNT A PRIMARY CHALLENGE TO INCUMBENT MASSACHUSETTS SENATOR ED MARKEY. In the past, I've been a staunch advocate and supporter of Ed. Policy-wise, it confuses many that I would even run as a primary challenger to an extremely popular Senator who embodies the expanding leftist ideals for which the new generation of future Democrats yearn. However, if you examine this from my perspective, it makes perfect sense. It's not about policy for me at all—it's about representation. I, Joe Kennedy III, am running to give a voice to gormless men everywhere.

For too long, this country has perpetuated the idea that people of strong conviction who work hard to earn their keep should rise to the top. America must return to its roots of milquetoast, feckless leadership to prove that people like me will always succeed. Elizabeth Warren? Too fiery! Biden? You never know what he'll say! Though Ed Markey takes the cake. Ed Markey is an absolutely remarkable man. He comes from a strong union family and has spent decades fighting for the working class. I'm exhausted just thinking about it. What kind of message does this send to the hundreds of trust fund children out there who feel unheard? I, Joe Kennedy III, can provide the room temperature oatmeal of change. I am a weak, shallow man with not a single ethical dogma

that a pocketful of SuperPAC money can't sway. I come from a political dynasty that has never had to work hard a day in our lives, that instead spends its days slowly sipping the nearest available beige chowder. So I would like to restructure the narrative to remind this "woke" generation that rich kids from legacy families can succeed, too.

I can already hear the peanut gallery clamoring, "you're not even unremarkable, you're a Kennedy." So in turn I offer the following facts about my life (there's an Adderall taped under your chair so you don't fall asleep):

- My favorite flavor of ice cream is "plain."
- My favorite TV show is the episode of *Mythbusters* where they test if you can build a bridge out of duct tape (I find the other episodes to be too fast-paced).
- I tell people I'm allergic to spicy food because one time I had medium wings at Hooters and shot diarrhea straight down my Dockers, through my argyles, and flooded my Sperrys.
- The last book I read was *The Da Vinci Code*, and I read it 91 times (the 91st time was because I felt reading a book an odd number of times made me more interesting).
- Every time the plane lands, I clap.
- Every time a waiter drops something, I clap.
- Every time someone says "please clap," I clap.
- My favorite missionary sex position is "not tonight, darling."
- One time my trivia team, Boys 2 Women, won trivia night, and I bring that up in any conversation about music.
- Whenever I do something stupid and someone asks me, "why did you do that?" I consistently respond with, "I don't know."
- For Halloween, I wear an apricot Polo shirt. When people ask what my costume is I say "haha."
- All of my dogs have been named Mister Ruffers.
- All of my boats have been named The Sunset Sailer.
- I call all young men "Sport."
- I call all young women "Lindsey."
- My favorite movie is *Top Gun*, and I mention *Top Gun* in any conversation about music. >>



- My favorite band is NPR.
- I think scary movies are too scary.
- I think sad movies are too sad.
- I think *Old School* is brilliant and I only speak to my friends through the use of *Old School* quotes (“We’re going streaking!” Hahaha, I have never been nude).
- I have never had a meal that did not have red meat in it.
- I do not like it when things are awkward, emotional, political, or about women down there.
- My favorite flavor of soda is Half & Half.

It is time that Massachusetts put aside the need to stand out and fight for what is right in order to center boring, unexceptional men like myself once again. It is time for voters to recognize that the best man for the job is not always the right man for the job. So, I am politely asking for your vote. End the scourge of exceptional work that Ed Markey has plagued our not-so-great-state with for far too long. On September 1st, vote Joe Kennedy III. Unless that *Old School* marathon on TBS happens—then I’m going to need all my free time to watch that. ●

## A LETTER FROM THE MARIO CUOMO BRIDGE to His Son Andrew

//THE ETERNALLY TORTURED SOUL OF THE  
GOV. MARIO M. CUOMO BRIDGE GUEST CONTRIBUTOR



Dear Andrew,

It’s-a me, the Governor Mario Cuomo Bridge. In other words, your father. Did you know that when you name something after a dead person, their soul is tethered to that thing forever? Did you know that, my strapping young boy? Well it is—think about that the next time you blow a wet fart parmigiana onto a park bench dedicated to some dead bird watcher.

Speaking of parks, Andrew — why didn’t you name a park after me? A beautiful park full of trees, families, and maybe a little lake? Just a little lake? A man-made pond, even. My soul could be eternally bound to a patch of grass and dandelions somewhere in Queens. I’d even settle for Ozone Park (and you know how I feel about Ozone Park). But no, you had to go name a bridge after me, your father.

Do you know what it’s like being a friggin’ bridge? It’s bad, Andrew. It’s bad. My body is a million tons of cold steel and asphalt. I felt every bolt they drilled into me, Andrew. Owwww! I still feel them! Drilling and paving and painting and scraping for years and years. Owwww! It hurts to become a bridge.

How is Christopher? I worry about him.

It hurts even more to BE a bridge. Cars drive over me every day, son. They drive over my body. Once the pain from my construction subsided, I opened, and a new hell broke upon my torso. Vehicles roll over my flesh in relentless waves. Every day, I got cars honking and stopping short, grinding on my pavement-skin. Ouch, Andrew, ouch. It hurts poppa! Why did you do this to me, my boy?

Yesterday a teenager flicked a cigarette out of his car window. I felt every ember dance a nightmarish tarantella upon my skin until it finally extinguished. This happens upwards of one hundred times a day. I’ve stopped counting how many times it’s happened because it’s hard to count past ten thousand, even when you are a bridge and you have nothing else to do.

Your brother Chris? He makes me sad. I’m not sure why. Even as a baby. Sad.

A man died on me three days ago. Do you even know about that? He was trying to fish off my edge (not possible) and got side swiped by a tractor trailer. >>



>> I saw the whole thing unfold. Well, I didn't "see" it because I don't "see" anymore. It's more a general omniscient sort of feeling whereby I can comprehend every awful thing that's happening around me. Their pain is my pain, Andrew, for the rest of time.

Anyway, I saw the truck barreling toward this man and I tried to scream. I tried to move, to sway, to warn him in some way. But without a mouth or limbs or agency, I could do nothing but feel as this man was mowed down and left to bleed out on top of me. It was the first time I felt death on myself. I don't think it will be the last. And all because you named a bridge after me.

And please, stop visiting. It's a waste of taxpayer money, and you're gonna get caught. Yes, I sense you every Tuesday night, Andrew. The off-duty cop pulls down your pants, and you sit bare-assed in the hard dirt, asking my underside if I'm "proud yet."

Proud? Of this?! Of my son, who, while weeping and reading aloud from his pandemic fan-fiction, lets urine free-flow from his pecker into the dirt under his captured and damned father? No, Andrew I am NOT PROUD. I AM IN AGONY. I WANT TO BE FREED FROM THIS. I PRAY FOR A NATURAL DISASTER TO SWEEP ME AWAY AND RELEASE MY SOUL. Or I don't know, at least rename the bridge? That would be nice for me.

Give my love to the girls and please keep an eye on Chris. He's very dumb.

Your father,  
The Mario Cuomo Bridge

*Jackie Jennings is an NYC-based writer/director/child/mother/sinner/saint, @ohhijackie*



//JAMES ORCHARD HAYS GUEST CONTRIBUTION @james\_orchardhays



## ↓ Help: My Former Boss Just Endorsed Me on LinkedIn for Tongue Kissing

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Oh my God! You guys, my former boss just endorsed me on LinkedIn for “tongue kissing.” What the hell do I do?!

Like so many others, I lost my job due to COVID-19, and I totally get that there was pretty much no way around it. A lot of small businesses were hit really hard, and I was simply another casualty of capitalism. He’s probably just trying to help me find new work any way he can (and I appreciate that!!!), but I just don’t know that he should have endorsed me for “tongue kissing.”

Not that I’m not great at tongue kissing. I am. I’m actually really good at it. That’s why it’s listed as a skill on my LinkedIn profile. But I never tongue kissed my old boss, either on or off the clock. I’m so lost. What should I do?

Maybe he talked to my girlfriend about tongue kissing and it came up? I’ve definitely tongue kissed her before. I \*guess\* I can imagine her describing it in a way that makes my boss go “I endorse that type of tongue kissing?” But she would have told me about that, I think.

Still, I wish he would have endorsed me for “teamwork,” “initiative,” or even “Microsoft Office.” But to be fair, I’m not that good at Office. I still don’t know what a pivot table is, every time I attempt a V-lookup my computer reboots, and my Word docs usually end up in Webdings. My tongue kissing skills are the opposite. My tongue kissing is like a Powerpoint with smooth slide transitions and slick, dynamically-updated pie charts. I still feel weird about my boss endorsing it, though. Help!

I’ve thought about taking “tongue kissing” off my profile, but I don’t want to limit my chances of landing a really cool gig, so I can’t (at least, not in this economy). But what if someone reaches out to him as my reference and asks him about tongue kissing? He might know a cursory overview of my tongue kissing abilities, but I doubt he knows the nitty gritty that a potential employer would inquire about! That could totally blow the whole thing! And now during COVID, it’s not like I can just tongue kiss inquiring employers! I guess if it’s a Zoom interview I could show them my technique more or less, but it’s far from ideal, given how many cats I have in my apartment.

Ugh, this whole situation is so messed up, and I don’t know who to blame.

Man, looking for work is stressful. I’d appreciate any thoughts you guys might have on what to do here, or if you have any leads on a job that requires a wet, nimble tongue (WNT). In the meantime, I’m going to remove “ass clapping” from my skills list before any old coworkers see it.

↑ MargaretDMom 7 points · 3 days ago  
↓ have you looked into contact tracing?

↑ Buttrfac3 -69 points · 1 day ago  
↓ they use kisses for dna extraction , my cousin went back from canada with covid in his feet- keep fighting

↑ Alotta\_vegeta 16 points · 4 hours ago  
↓ jus tongue kiss ur boss so he know

↑ Q 1,060,789,353,004 points · 17 minutes ago  
↓ I have somethign to share tonight



# ALL THE HOLLYWOOD ROLES JOE BIDEN NEARLY BOOKED

//ROSIE WHALEN

Wouldn't it have been SO NEAT to have our first ever president with an IMDB page? You may have thought the only American president to dazzle the silver screen was ol' Ronald Reagan, but nope! Before Joe Biden was the uninspiring dead Democratic front-runner he is today, he was hustling as an actor and hot on the path to Hollywood stardom! That's right, Reagan and Biden have more in common than just forging policy that decimates the working class. We got the dish from Biden's former talent manager Wanda Doodle-Trout outlining all of the amazing roles he just *barely* lost out on to more competent actors. Some might see that as a sign of failure, but not us! Here are a few of our faves:

## 1. CORPSE IN WEEKEND AT BERNIE'S

Can you believe Joe Biden almost got the part of 'Bernie' in *Weekend at Bernie's*? Imagine two guys having to carry him around all weekend, pretending he's alive and able to do things like think, talk, and make decisions. We can totally see Joe as a floppy, confused dead guy—he'd be perfect. Your loss, Hollyweird!

## 2. "DECEASED RAPIST CORPSE" IN LAW & ORDER SVU - s78, e11

It's like they always say: the road to a great film career as a dead body stand-in is paved with the bricks of a great television career as a dead body stand-in. Every working actor has made their *Law & Order* cameo, and Joe Biden was ALMOST no exception. However, on the day of his callback, Joe Biden's lunch date with Corn Pop ran late, and he couldn't get to the casting director's office in time. Another promising young starlet snagged the prized role of 'Deceased Rapist Corpse,' and Biden went back to Washington to cut Medicare. Who was that starlet you may ask? None other than Brie Larson.



## 3. DEAD BODY #7 IN ZODIAC

Joe Biden actually *did* book this role. The casting director noted they'd "never seen such a perfectly limp bag of bones able to stay still for hours on end. He really was the perfect cadaver... almost like he was actually dead!" Unfortunately, due to scheduling conflicts, Joe had to give up the role. Jeez, Joe! Leave the cutting of Social Security to the Republicans so ya can get off the Senate floor once in a while!

Pause the movie at 43 minutes 17 seconds to see the dead body that could have been Joe's!

## 4. TEENAGE BONE BAG BY THE RAILROAD IN STAND BY ME

Every adult remembers the first time they saw a dead body as a child! I think that's why *Stand by Me* was such an important cultural moment for young movie-goers. It doesn't surprise me that the casting director would feel the need to cast the real thing. For such an important role, this film needed to pull out all the stops, which is why it pains me that Joe Biden lost out on this role. Who better to authentically lay face down in a ditch near the tracks in the woods than Scranton Joe? Again, he was robbed! The role went to Bernie Sanders (just before he moved to Vermont and entered into the political arena). Critics have noted that Bernie was a poor casting choice, as he looked very much alive and ready to save the day! 🗿



## WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO STAN! (LITERALLY.) //SEAN O'REILLY

IT'S ALL HAPPENING, KWEEN!! The ticket is Biden/Harris 2020, and honestly? We have no choice but to STAN! No, literally... there is no other option. We don't live in a democracy and we no longer have a choice in the matter. We *must* stan. We live in a world of symbols—our elected officials are no longer people, but competing image macros put into power by oligarchic predetermination.

All we can do, in abject powerlessness and horror, is make memes: KHive Qweens, hardcore gangster RBG, and Andrew “Daddy” Cuomo—these figures are Übermenschen! They are BAE! Literally. They are Before Anyone Else because there simply is no mechanism in our politics for any real mass participation.

The country is under the control of right wing ghouls who seek to dismantle every service the government provides; the “opposition party” refuses to look reality in the face and recognize capitalism as THE problem (it doesn't hurt that they're financed by banks and insurance companies). Compromise is how “things get done,” and that means growing up and not exerting any leverage on the political process until long after all the incentives to listen to you have disappeared. So, ultimately? We have no choice: simply must stan, folks.

Come November, the Cheeto-in-Chief is going to end up the Cheeto-in-CHAINS. He's going straight to jail once Crystal Kamala and Diamond Joe get down to destroying the Orange Menace. Nancy Pelosi is going to dogwalk his p-word grabbing BUTT right out of the Oval, and the POTUS will once again be someone with some freakin' dignity. So why not shout “YASSSSS” as the guard changes, but the bombings continue? I stan, you stan, we all stan for wage-slavery.

I'm so excited to watch as the old white men who are doing a fascism and destroying the Post Office are epically dunked on by Immortan Joe in aviators, driving up to the capital in a sick Corvette. He'll be blasting “WAP” (song of the freakin' summer!) while the Queen of the KHive hangs out the passenger window like “YEEEEERT.” America is back and the samer than ever.

Bernie lost, the Left lost, it's over. “Buh-bye” [David Spade SNL GIF] to The Squad. No amount of protest votes, online harassment, or grassroots organizing matters—deal with it! Medicare for All? Not a good look. Aetna for some? SLAY. M4A can never pass, anyway, so we need to make Obamacare stronger in some vague, undefined way I'm not entirely sure of.

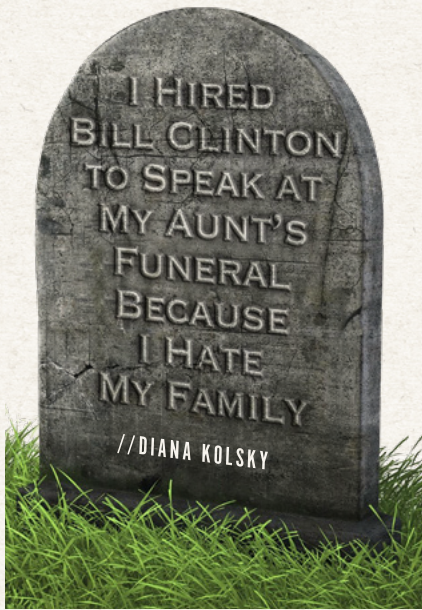
Abolish and defund the police? Yeah, okay boomer! What we really need is to be smart on crime, dawg. Israel? In my lived experience, just don't even start that discussion unless you want to drink a hot steaming mug of anti-semitism, but y'all ain't ready for that conversation, so again: STAN and AVOID! The Left is over, and you need to grow up and get in line. Defeating Drumpf is the important (read: doable) part. We need to believe in science (whatever that means) and listen to doctors (except about universal health coverage). This is an emergency, and we can't let perfect be the enemy of good, no matter how important it is to act swiftly and broadly to save ourselves from COVID and the planet from literal destruction. Shoutout to Mother Earth—the Ruth Bader Ginsburg of planets!

It's Kamala Harris and Joe Biden! We no longer have a choice in the matter. Kamala is QUEEN. She might as well be given the expansion of executive power since 9/11 and the absolute deterioration of Joe Biden's Ore-Ida twice baked potato of a brain.

She's not a cop! She WAS a prosecutor—big dif! And she's evolved, which in and of itself makes up for any harm she might have done to trans people, POC, non-violent offenders, or the poor and unhoused while District Attorney. She had no choice BUT to stan the system to succeed. Even the people we elect to power must stan. Capitalism makes simps of humanity, alienating us completely from power. All that is solid melts into air.

That's it. That's the tweet. Please just pass it along until someone who can do something actually does something. Wait, THAT was it. That's the tweet. No wait, THIS is it. THIS is the tweet. WE are the tweet. The tweet was just the friends we made along the way. 🐦





AFTER BILL CLINTON BLEW A LOAD at John Lewis's funeral last month by needlessly denigrating the legacy of Civil Rights activist Kwame Ture (born Stokely Carmichael), some people were surprised when I asked him to eulogize my deceased Aunt Gunty. My reason is sound: I hate my family and am counting on Bill to GO OFF.

Bill got up there at the service for Lewis, a lifelong voting rights activist and venerated congressman, and used his time to offer some thinly veiled instruction on the proper way to behave as a Black activist, chuckling that, "there were two or three years there, where the movement went a little too far towards Stokely, but in the end, John Lewis prevailed." Well, my dad is

a florist, and not a good one. He uses way too much baby's breath—some would call the way he uses it *radical*—and I am pretty fuckin' sure Bill will blast him for that.

And unlike Lewis, who was a beloved Congressman, my sister Renee is a real binch. If Bill exploited the memorial of Lewis to defame status-quo adversaries, imagine what he can do to Renee. In 1965, Lewis marched for suffrage at Selma and was beaten within an inch of his life by police. In 1997, Ren ran over a labradoodle named Selma with her Buick and just kept on going. I don't want to tell Bill what to say, but that *might* be a good thing to bring up.

Bill also utilized the eulogical platform of a recently passed freedom fighter's funeral to do some transparent DNC networking. He effusively thanked South Carolina Representative Jim Clyburn, who made some calls to get the author of the Joe Biden Crime Bill, Joe Biden, on the Democratic presidential ticket, despite Joe's segregationist record and tepid support among voters. Fingers crossed Bill does some hobnobbing at Gunty's death fest as well, specifically thanking my jerkoff twin brother Tad for splitting his inheritance with me. He hasn't agreed to it yet—in fact he told me to "go slurp a rotten asshole" when I brought it up—but it's only fair. And hey, if Bill's nudging persuades Tad on that 'heritance, there could be a greasy little cut in there for Billy Boy, too.

I mean, Bill—most likely loaded—got up on that stage where Wintley Phipps had just serenaded hundreds of mourners at

Atlanta's Ebenezer Baptist Church with a beautiful rendition of "Amazing Grace" and just sort of said some shit. I am hoping that after I sing Aunt G's least favorite song, Sir Mix-a-Lot's "Put 'em on the Glass," a capella, Bill will really let my dickbag family have it. Maybe he'll bring up how Gramps stole \$350 from his charity bingo night, or get after the fact that I wiped Gunty's ass twice a day for two and half years and she left me nothing. I read somewhere that Bill's favorite cocktail is a Snake Bite—one part cider, one part lager (almost as disgusting as the man himself)—and I just want to say: William Jefferson, I'll keep the Snake Bites flowing at Gunty's fune.

B-Clintz spoke that day like he was the King of the Democrats, which is weird, especially after all the Epstein stuff. He assumed a role that doesn't exist, and even if it did, the Dems are bloodless corporatists who can't even save the post office... so *yasss king*, I guess? A bizarre display of hubris like that will be gangbusters at my aunt's funeral, since my mom will be in the front row and she has always hated anyone who thinks they're hot shit. "You're a horse-faced moron with basically no tits!" Mother would scream at the stage during my tap recitals, "what makes you so special?!" Bill better really let loose with the self-congratulatory horse apples. Here's hoping for a repeat that gives Gunty a postmortem conniption to pop and roll her damn corpse out of that over-priced casket, and my whole family a collective heart attack. Thanks in advance, Slick Willy! 💀





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# Why I'm Leaving New York

For A Ditch On The Side of the Road

//JAMES DWYER

I MOVED TO NEW YORK CITY IN 2009 at the lithe young age of “I forget” in pursuit of a life that captured the feeling of infinite possibility.

For almost every day in those early years, I was bombarded by that aura.

*“Will I make rent today?”*

Maybe!

*“Will I get fired by my toxic manager at the Bubba Gump Shrimp Company?”*

It could happen!

*“Perhaps today I book an under 5 in a hot, new Go90 (RIP) show?”*

Probably not!

Anything was possible.

But now I'm (assumedly) in my thirties, and the one thing I've learned is: in your thirties, the entire economy collapses as a pandemic tears through the country, resulting in massive unemployment while your government refuses to help. So, after much reflection, I've decided the time has come for me to conclude my walkabout in The Big Apple in pursuit of greener pastures. That's why I'm

departing The City That Never Sleeps for a good wet ditch on the side of the road that I can crawl right into and die.

*But oh will I miss my twenties (I think?) in New York!*

Back then, the hustle was real because we were young in Gotham, and that was just how we lived! We worked sixty to one hundred hours a week, often for less than than minimum wage. We didn't question it because there simply wasn't time to entertain the thought that “something about this system isn't quite right.” Not to mention there wasn't *nearly* enough Xanax to deal with the panic attacks such thoughts would cause—we were all uninsured and couldn't afford our prescriptions. If I could? I might just tell my younger self to *slow down, work less*, and really *enjoy* my youth. “Take off those blue light glasses and text that puking woman from Port Authority back,” I'd say. I can't do that of course, as we do not possess the ability to go back in time to self-sabotage ...*yet*. I still long for that New York as I pack my belongings (a pile of candle wax, a damp copy of Settlers of Catan from which half of the tiles are missing, a condom stuffed with my recently shredded credit cards) into three ForceFlex Glad Bags and walk down the BQE towards my future: having my flesh pecked apart by vultures in the drainage ditch I'll soon call home. As I limp away (both of my ankles have likely been broken for years), precious memories flood my cerebral cortex, and I'm transported once again. Sure, I worked myself to the bone, but >>



//JAMES ORCHARD-HAYS GUEST CONTRIBUTOR @james\_orchardhays



>> I did find some time for fun: late night line-waiting outside Pianos before realizing there was a cover and telling my friends I was about to faint from “a sudden IBS” (for years I lied about having IBS, and to this day, I dare not know what it is), cleaning dog scat from the floor of the men’s bathroom at my favorite comedy venues in exchange for two clown classes with a constantly-sweating man who frequently said “I would like to perish today,” and of course, the odd brunch with friends. *You know how it goes.* They say “2pm at Le Barricou.” I text at 2:15, “running late, my shoes disintegrated on the bus,” when in reality I’m eating a dollar slice of pizza two blocks away (though my shoes did disintegrate on that bus). I show up at 3pm, two sardine cans taped to my soles and say, “Oh I’m not hungry, haha” (but in actuality I am still very hungry, haha). I can’t help but miss that New York as I scan the horizon for good dying ditches somewhere outside of Teaneck... but perhaps I don’t miss “New York,” I just miss being young in the city... a city designed to kill me... I’ll never know for sure...

Something I’ve learned as I’ve grown older is that your younger years are to be spent worrying that you may just “go for broke” and find yourself face down in a pile of piss-soaked trash on Tenth Avenue. In your thirties? You stop worrying, you actually go for broke, and of your own accord you *find* that trash pile. In your thirties you don’t wait for the inevitable;

you submit to it. You grow weary of the hustle. You long for anything but the bus-tle. Eventually, you realize you can live (die) without it. So you make the choice to slow down and give in as the virus your government does nothing to stop takes your family, breaks your friends and decimates your entire industry. If I had known in my twenties (approximate) that everything I once took for granted—negative checking account balances, failing mental health, cans of sardines for shoes—would no longer be of interest to me in my thirties (because the end is nigh), I would’ve taken the time to really soak in those moments, and that piss, longer.

\*\*\*

With New York long behind me, I settle into my cozy little ditch and crack open the latest chapter of life (death). Now I can rise with the sun each morning and stare deeply into its soul, praying its rays mercifully take my sight. No need to worry about

affording brunch anymore, as I’ve resigned myself to an existence of starvation. Making rent? Haha, I need not be concerned with that any longer. Once my usual scapegoat, IBS is now my closest friend with whom I share my most naked self (because along with my shoes, the rest of my clothes, too, have disintegrated).

\*\*\*

Though I look forward to my future, today is a sad day. Today is the day I say, “Good-bye, New York.”

But tomorrow is already looking up as I open my recently blinded windows to the soul and delicately scream, “Hello IBS” before a smile washes over my decaying veneer in my new home: a ditch on the side of the road that I have crawled into so I can die.

Maybe one day, I’ll be\* back\*\*.

\*rot  
\*\*in hell







# YEAH, I'M SENDING MY KID BACK TO SCHOOL... *to Give Mr. Leonard COVID*

//KYLE EWERT

I want to start by saying that at the beginning of the pandemic, I considered myself very responsible. My sixth wife Megan Jeanine, my step-son Jaxon, and I all wore our masks in public, kept six feet of social distance, and sanitized our groceries. But now, despite the U.S. having not contained the highly contagious virus, President Trump and Secretary of Education Betsy DeVos explicitly expressed their desire to get children back in the classroom so parents can go back to work and kickstart the economy. There has been a huge uproar over the potential harm this could do to students, but what caught my attention was the potential harm it could do to TEACHERS... specifically my former 7th grade English teacher, Mr. Leonard, upon whom I have patiently sought my revenge for twenty-three years.

Mr. Leonard, you were an undeniable CHODE! I was a reclusive kid, but when I hit puberty, I started to explore my absolutely twisted sense of humor. It began innocently enough when all I did was snicker loudly when you said "Moby Dick." You gave me detention. No discussion. From that moment on, I knew we were enemies, and I swore I would have my revenge. *I want more than a leg, Captain Leonard—I want the alveoli in your lungs.*

We fell into a pattern. You asked me a question. I farted in response. Detention. I glued the pages of your teacher textbooks together (which you had no evidence I did until now). You asked if I did it. I said "fuck you, ass wipe." Detention. I threatened to kill your cat in front of your children (IT WAS MOSTLY A JOKE AND THE PURCHASE OF A GALLON OF RAT POISON WAS PROOF I TAKE MY COMEDIC CRAFT SERIOUSLY). Detention. You stomped all over my freedom of speech, Mr. Leonard. I guess you could say you were my introduction to cancel culture (don't EVEN get me started because I honestly am confused about a lot of it). But I will say, I'm about to cancel your life.

Every day I would sit at my desk, clenching my ass cheeks and staring as you sipped on your large Dunkaccino. I'd dream of all

the ways I could exact my revenge as you wiped the latte foam from your stupid pencil mustache. I would wait around the corner from your '98 lime green Volkswagen Beetle, New Jersey license plate number "XJW-83N," imagining how I could reflect the pain you have caused me back onto you. But I always came to the same realization: "no, that would be murder, and we haven't made that legal ...yet."

It finally dawned on me while I was getting pegged by my side-piece Maryland as Trump and DeVos spoke on CNN. I could get my revenge by sending my step-son Jaxon back to school riddled with coronavirus! Mr. Leonard, you will contract COVID-19 when he coughs in your chowder, and no court in the world can convict me of anything. I'll just be like, "it's important we all try and get back to normal." Plus, Megan Jeanine is an "essential worker" at Sam's Club, and with Jaxon back at school, that means I'd be able to go back to my construction job where I build prisons! WIN-WIN!

Now, you might be asking, "Is all this worth risking your step-son's life?" To which I say, ABSO-FUCKIN-LUTELY! My life is built around revenge against those who I have perceived to have wronged me.

Besides, Jaxon is built like a tank. This kid could survive anything. That is why I'm going to really "COVID him up." We stopped wearing masks, reduced six feet of distance to six inches, and have successfully transitioned every meal of the day to be eaten exclusively inside hospital cafeterias (ICU staff are easy to spot and desperate for lunchmates). And guess who just got back from surprising his kid with a trip to Disney World? THIS GUY! Every time I hear Jaxon clear his throat, I get giddy at the fact that he might bring a world of pain down upon you, Mr. Leonard! And I wouldn't mind if my old algebra teacher Mrs. Carmona suddenly lost her sense of smell, too (WINK WINK).

So Mr. Leonard, as I carve this message into the hood of your Beetle with my Cutco knife set (let me know if I can set you up with a set for your final days, they can cut through ANYTHING), I feel relief that justice may finally be served. I'd love to see you try and give Satan detention in hell, motherfucker!

Sincerely,  
John "Truck Nuts" Bustinelli

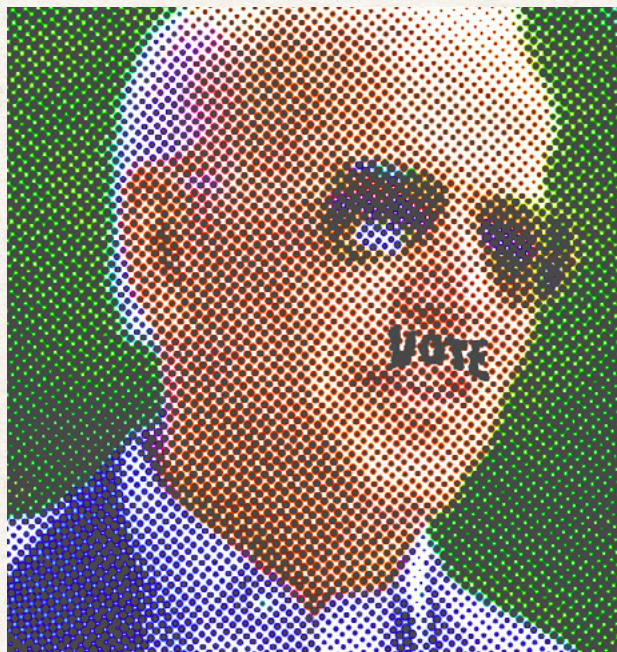
DIE

Get more from comedian Kyle @kyleewert



# WHY I'M VOTING FOR HITLER—ER, JOE BIDEN: WE MUST DEFEAT TRUMP!

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN



RECENTLY, LEFTISTS HAVE MOCKED LIBERALS LIKE ME for plainly stating they would vote for Adolf Hitler (German dictator, original Neo Nazi) over Donald Trump. While voting for Hitler might seem absurd—or even objectively evil—these leftists don't understand how dangerous Donald Trump is! We have to defeat him, even if it means voting for Hitler or Joe Biden. If getting rid of Donald Trump means holding your nose and voting for Hitler, I will gladly do that. I'm not going to say I'm *happy* to vote for Mein Führer, but I will do what needs to be done to save democracy.

Ok, I just want to make it clear—I'm not literally going to vote for Hitler. I'm voting for Joe Biden. I'm just saying that I *would* vote for Hitler if he were on the ballot against Trump, and I'd do so without hesitation. But Hitler is not on the ballot, as he dropped out of the Democratic primary in 1945 before a single state could cast their vote. Hitler might have gotten votes if he wasn't constantly smeared by Bernie's toxic supporters, but sadly, we'll never know for sure. Not to mention the fact that Adolf Hitler is deceased, having taken his own life after a long struggle with mental health issues, substance abuse, and imposter syndrome.

But we're here to beat Trump, not re-litigate the primary or the circumstances of Hitler's death. Bernie Bros, you didn't get your first choice—deal with it. I didn't get my first choice, either. My first choice was Hitler. But Biden is the closest thing we have to Hitler in the Democratic party, and I'm going to support him. Obviously, Biden isn't Hitler. Hitler had a mandate to rule Germany that we haven't seen since Ronald Reagan, and Hitler's oratory skills were, dare I say, Obama-esque. Despite all this, I'm not going to write in "Hitler" like I do every other Presidential election. This is not the year for a protest vote. This is the year to stick it to Donald J. Trump. And who better to stick it to Mr. Makes Matters Worse than Mr. Kills Six Million?

This election isn't a game. There are real stakes. So instead of voting for the candidate that best aligns with your values, you have to think of it like a game. A vote for someone other than Biden or Hitler is a vote for Donald Trump. Yes, there are better candidates than Biden and Hitler, but realistically, the next President of the United States is going to be either Biden, Trump, or Hitler. Think strategically: Hitler won his 1933 election and quickly consolidated Germany into a single-party state. If elected, Hitler could keep Trump out of power for years! Isn't that worth it, even if you don't agree with Hitler on every little thing? Imagine the look on Donald Trump's face when he has to hand over power to someone who wasn't even born in this country! Sorry Trump, you can't build a wall around the Third Reich. Sieg Heil! I mean, No Malarkey! >>



>> Leftists love to say that now is the time to pressure Biden or Hitler to move to the left. No! Biden and Hitler aren't here to enact policies we want—they're here to beat Trump, and that's the only thing we should be focusing on. Yes, Hitler has a problematic past as the leader of the Nazi party. He knows it, you know it, we all know it. Get over it! He's evolved! Do you want to beat Trump or not? We can criticize Hitler AFTER he's President. I think Hitler has shown he'd be open to tolerating SOME Jewish Bolshevism. Need I remind you that Trump is separating families at the border? I'm sure we can persuade Hitler to keep families united at the same camp. The trains in Nazi Germany ran on time, after all. Trump can't even make the Post Office work!

And why are we focusing on Hitler's bad qualities? It only weakens Hitler as a candidate. We should be talking about the fact that he's a decorated WWI veteran, vegetarian and animal rights activist, sworn enemy of Russia (watch out Putin!), and a former *Time* magazine Man of the Year! He's also an amateur painter (just like our beloved former president George W. Bush) and was nominated for a freaking Nobel Peace Prize! I'd say Hitler is more than qualified, outside of the literal qualifications set forth in the Constitution (not like Trump would know—he's never even read the dang thing!) So shut up and vote for Hitler in November. If we want to make Trump a one term president, it's time to do the work—and work will set you free. 🐼

## NEWS

# Woman who lost vulva to dryness has WAP grown on her leg //DIANA KOLSKY



An American woman whose entire outer-genitalia fell off due to pubic desiccation had a new one built—on her leg.

Patrishy Winger, 39, a semi-professional mime, suffered a horrific lack of moisture in her pubis that turned her womanhood into sand, *The New York Times* reported.

“I had struggled for decades with extreme dehydration of my bush, but I had no idea it would lead to this,” the single mother of seven chinchillas from Eugene, Oregon, told the *Gray Lady*.

“When my labia majora turned to jerky, it was a real bummer,” she said. “I was in shock. I knew deep down it was gone, that I was going to lose the whole shebang.”

Winger said she was “totally depressed” when her vulva “just sloughed off onto the linoleum” in January—but her uterus remains intact, she informed the outlet. “It just doesn't really connect to anything.”

“When I saw all four lips *and* my parched clit fall to the floor,” Winger continued, “I just used the cat shit scooper, silently screamed, and dumped my dead gennies into the garbage disposal.” >>



>> “I went to my life coach, and she said the only thing she could do for me was mold the scant remaining flesh folds into a sad little mound. It was devastating.”

Winger confided she stopped miming and began using bath salts.

“For three months after losing my beaver, I felt like a shell of a woman. My life went straight to hell because I had no twat and no self-respect. I smoked salvia 24-7. I began experimenting with recreational black mold. I stopped seeing my juggler friends—I really just couldn’t even,” she said.

Late one night deep into a bender, Patrishy connected with an individual known as “Doktor Pussy” on the anti-intellectual dark web. “It was the first time I felt hope in weeks,” admitted the haggard mime.

“Doktor Pussy”—Dr. Alana Pussy IRL—is the self-proclaimed “vagexpert” who famously created a “WAP” (wet ass pussy) for Secretary of Education Betsy DeVos. Conway was alive-born without a heart or genitals, according to Reddit.

“It gave me a glimmer of hope that I could go back to being a mime with a cooter, as I drew all of my performance strength from my clam,” Winger said.

Dr. Pussy told Patrishy she could perform a thigh-graft procedure of any kind of vagina she wanted in just under two weeks, “or your money back,” as her ad said.

“It was like twenty circuses at once! I lost my arid gash to drought, and now I had a chance at the WAP of my dreams,” she said. “Finally, I have a reason to use that mop and bucket I found by the old mine—I was gonna get a juicer!”

Winger opted for a tropical level of moisture for her new \$69,000 organ—“a real tang swamp,” as she called it.

Internet surgeons built her a new gravy boat—flush with its own blood vessels and nerves—using a chunk of Patricia’s right leg. They created a urethra and installed a clitoris using a beer-bong tube and a watch battery, allowing her to urinate *and* reach climax via external stimulation.

“I was never a squirter,” gushed Winger, “but I will be now!”

The vulva has been growing on her leg for the past month. “I love my new crotch so much, I named her ‘WAPpy Gilmore.’” Winger said.

She conveyed, that despite wearing culottes to hide her gape, people have sometimes spotted the misplaced mons.

“They ask me about it when they see me doing interpretive dances in the Lowe’s parking lot, and of course they point and scream, ‘WTF!?!?’ but it’s not often you see a woman with a wet ass pussy on her thigh.”

The new hoo-ha has yet to be transferred to the desert where Patrishy’s vagina once was. “It’s been ready to go for a week or two,” Patricia said, “but I lost my SAG health insurance, so I guess my WAP will just be on my leg for a while... a LAP so to speak.” 🐼

**FILE UNDER** [WAP](#), [VAG](#), [WTE](#), [THANKS OBAMA](#)

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# I READ THIS ZINE, AND LAW-AND-ORDER LIBERALS ARE QUOTING ELLA BAKER.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

Here are some books to check out, and a list of black-owned independent [bookstores](#) to get them from:

[Ella Baker and the Black Freedom Movement: A Radical Democratic Vision](#) by Barbara Ransby

“Ransby chronicles Baker’s long and rich political career as an organizer, an intellectual, and a teacher, from her early experiences in depression-era Harlem to the civil rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s. Ransby shows Baker to be a complex figure whose radical, democratic worldview, commitment to empowering the black poor, and emphasis on group-centered, grassroots leadership set her apart from most of her political contemporaries..”

[The Revolution Has Come: Black Power, Gender, and the Black Panther Party in Oakland](#) by Robyn C. Spencer

“Spencer shows how the Panthers’ members interpreted, implemented, and influenced party ideology and programs; initiated dialogues about gender politics; highlighted ambiguities in the Panthers’ armed stance; and criticized organizational priorities. Spencer also centers gender politics and the experiences of women and their contributions to the Panthers and the Black Power movement as a whole.”

[Set the World on Fire: Black Nationalist Women and the Global Struggle for Freedom](#) by Keisha N. Blain

“The first book to examine how black nationalist women engaged in national and global politics from the early twentieth century to the 1960s. Historians of the era generally portray the period between the Garvey movement of the 1920s and the Black Power movement of the 1960s as one of declining black nationalist activism, but Keisha N. Blain reframes the Great Depression, World War II, and the early Cold War as significant eras of black nationalist—and particularly, black nationalist women’s—ferment.”

[Remaking Black Power: How Black Women Transformed an Era](#) by Ashley D. Farmer

“Farmer examines black women’s political, social, and cultural engagement with Black Power ideals and organizations. Complicating the assumption that sexism relegated black women to the margins of the movement, Farmer demonstrates how female activists fought for more inclusive understandings of Black Power and social justice by developing new ideas about black womanhood.”

[Revolutionary Feminisms: Conversations on Collective Action and Radical Thought](#) edited by Brenna Bhandar and Rafeef Ziadah

“In a moment of rising authoritarianism, climate crisis, and ever more exploitative forms of neoliberal capitalism, there is a compelling and urgent need for radical paradigms of thought and action. Through interviews with key revolutionary scholars, Bhandar and Ziadah present a thorough discussion of how anti-racist, anti-capitalist feminisms are crucial to building effective political coalitions.”

Hit us up at [functionallydead@gmail.com](mailto:functionallydead@gmail.com)  
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IN THE NEXT ISSUE: FDA APPROVES MERCK FILLING SYRINGES WITH CLAM CHOWDER AND SELLING AS COVID VACCINE



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