

FUNCTIONALLY DEAD

NOVEMBER 1, 2021//VOL. VI, ISSUE 3



THE

WORKERS



THE BOSS

Strikevember? Yes.

//COVER ART BY TRICIA ROBINSON GUEST CONTRIBUTOR Peep more of Tricia's work [here](#); Insta/FB: @triciarobinsonillustration; Twitter: @TR_Illustration

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Win or lose*, they made history.



WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT **MAYOR PETE**

"He's my main choo-choo
boy, er... what?"
—JOE B.

"Our son sold his soul.
We're very disappointed."
—PETE'S PARENTS

"This guy picks up the phone."
—BARACK O.

"I still have something to tell you."
—CHASTEN B.

"Who?"
—AFGHANISTAN

"This guy can fix everything."
—BREAD PRICES

"He's a policy-orientated visionary
who will transform our infrastructure
in a fiscally responsible and
means-tested way."
—THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE

"BOOT! EDGE! EDGE!"
—MY MOM'S T-SHIRT



*can't wait to see how this plays out

Stay In Line!

2020 was the most important election of our lifetime,
so **PLEASE, STAY IN LINE!**

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

-----Forwarded message-----

From: **URGENT STAY IN LINE** (via [getinlineandstayinline.com](mailto:info@getinlineandstayinline.com)) <info@getinlineandstayinline.com>

Date: Mon, Nov 1, 2021 at 5:09 AM

Subject: #IsThisTheLineToVote for the #BigBlueWave ~ AS LONG AS IT TAKES ~

To: Everyone who is or has ever been in line <line.up@gmail.com>

*Last November was the most inspired I've been, politically, maybe my entire life. Everyone I knew took it upon themselves to make sure **voter turnout was at an all time high** or something. We all rallied around Kamala Harris (and Joe Biden) to get **Drumpf** out of the White House, no matter what it took. For so many, that meant staying in line if you hadn't voted yet, even if it's getting really late.*

And it worked. So incredibly well. Now, everything is good again, but we can't rest on our laurels, because Republicans are trying their hardest to undermine Democrats at every turn. Kids are still in cages! Nothing is happening with the climate crisis! And I can't help but notice that nobody's talking about staying in line anymore?

Please, stay in line! If you haven't voted yet, you have to stay in line because I heard legally they can't stop you from voting if you're in line to vote! And even if there's nothing left to vote for, it's the least you could do. Take action!

Take back our country! Take back sanity! Stay! In! Line!

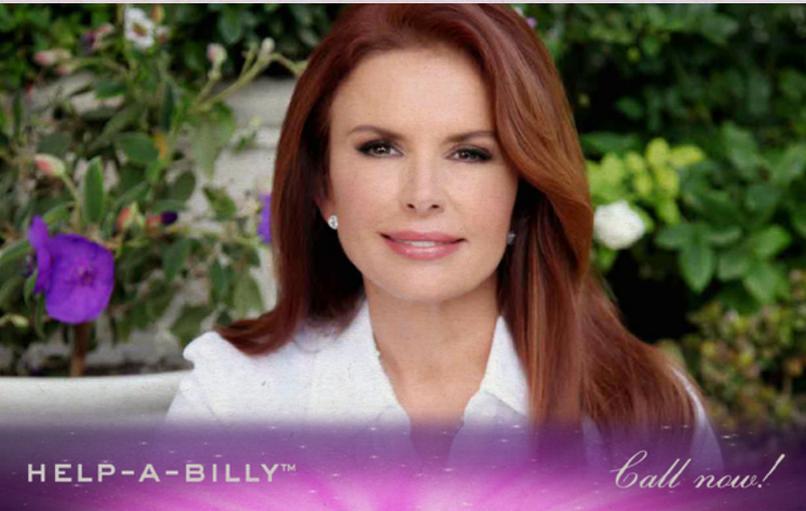
Look, the election's over, and Kamala (and Joe) **won**. But their colleagues Joe Manchin and Kyrsten Sinema are in the news A LOT lately presumably because they're fighting hard to stick it to Republicans. We can't let them down, because they won't let us down.



I already voted, otherwise I'd be in line too, but I'm sending pizza to some of the lines, and I'm looking for new lines to join every day.

If you agree, pass it on.

-- Team Stay in Line



For Just \$100 a Day You Can Sponsor a Billionaire

//SARAH TOTTON GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

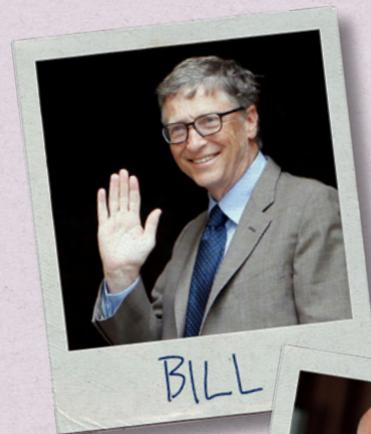
HELLO, I'M ROMA DOWNEY. Every year, billionaires in First World countries are under constant threat of being slaughtered and eaten by the middle class. That's why we need your help.

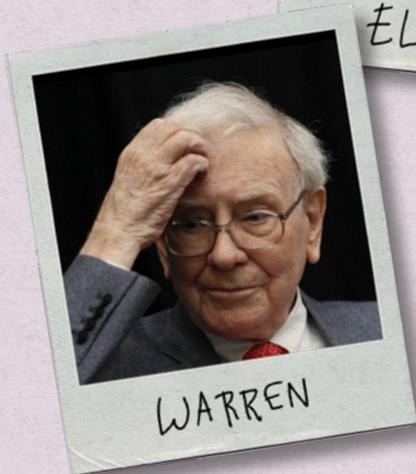
Help-a-Billy™ is a for-profit charity that specializes in helping the less-needier become even less less-needier. We are a humanitarian organization helping people who, through no fault of their own, suffer from a debilitating case of grotesquely excessive wealth. I'm talking, of course, about the rare and exotic billionaire class.

Due to the proposed proportional taxation rates, there is a very real* possibility that the average billionaire will have to pay more taxes than everybody else, and that's just not fair. If this trend is allowed to continue, billionaires may not be able to afford a third yacht, a fourth wife, or even an interstellar cruise liner always at the ready to depart Earth at a moment's notice in case things just don't work out for society.

Your contribution can change all that.

For just the price of a cup of kopi luwak or a full day's work at a minimum wage job, you can improve the life of a billionaire and help him (it's always a him) reach his full potential. For instance, >>





>> your contribution could help pay for surgery for billionaires like little Bernard Arnault to treat RSF (Resting Smug Face), a condition affecting 99% of all billionaires.

Sponsorship helps empower billionaires and maintains the cycle of wealth and inequality to which they have become accustomed. Your donation will help provide basic billionaire necessities, such as healthy lawyers, educated accountants, and clean-drinking secretaries.

If we all work together, we can raise enough money to cover the taxes the billionaires would otherwise have to pay all by themselves. And isn't that what giving is all about?

Simply review the enclosed materials, choose the billionaire you would like to sponsor from the profiles we've included, and send your non-tax-deductible donation to Help-a-Billy™. Join the crusade to support the causes of inequality and injustice.

Every month, we'll send you details about your billionaire, including perfectly-filtered photos, private text messages to his mistress, and puff pieces written by PR consultants for Forbes. As a one-time thank you gift for your donation, we will also send you a genuine pewter cufflink set with a cubic zirconia (only one—please specify right or left hand when filling out your forms).

Make a difference. Don't eat a billionaire. Subsidize one. 🤖

**not real*

Sarah Totton's work has appeared at McSweeney's, Points in Case, Little Old Lady Comedy, Slackjaw, The Belladonna, 251, and The Conversation.



HEY DAN! There's been a ten second lull in the conversation at this dinner party, so I figured I'd ask if you've seen that new show on Netflix that everyone is talking about. You know, the one where a food critic travels across Europe searching for the perfect pistachio? You haven't?! Oh my god, you *have* to watch this show! I binged it all in one weekend. It's so good. Totally changed how I look at shelled nuts.

Have you caught up with that HBO Max show about well-read thirty somethings trying to navigate the hellscape that is modern-day America? You're going to personally relate to every single line of dialogue. The boyfriend character looks *just* like you—white with facial hair. I watched the whole show yesterday. It's literally the best and you need it in your life. You don't want to become a culturally-isolated loser, do you?

While I was watching that show, I also started watching a series on Hulu about emotional trauma on my phone. Have you watched it? You will honestly love. The *Times* calls it 'necessary, urgent, and surprisingly funny.' *Necessary*, Dan! My favorite episode has a needless David Duchovny cameo. So much fun. It's what we need right now. Text me when you start it. I want you to feel exactly what I'm feeling.

A friend just texted me about the new *Star Wars* spin-off show. Have you watched it yet? It started streaming this morning. I'm so excited—I want that universe to expand beyond recognition.

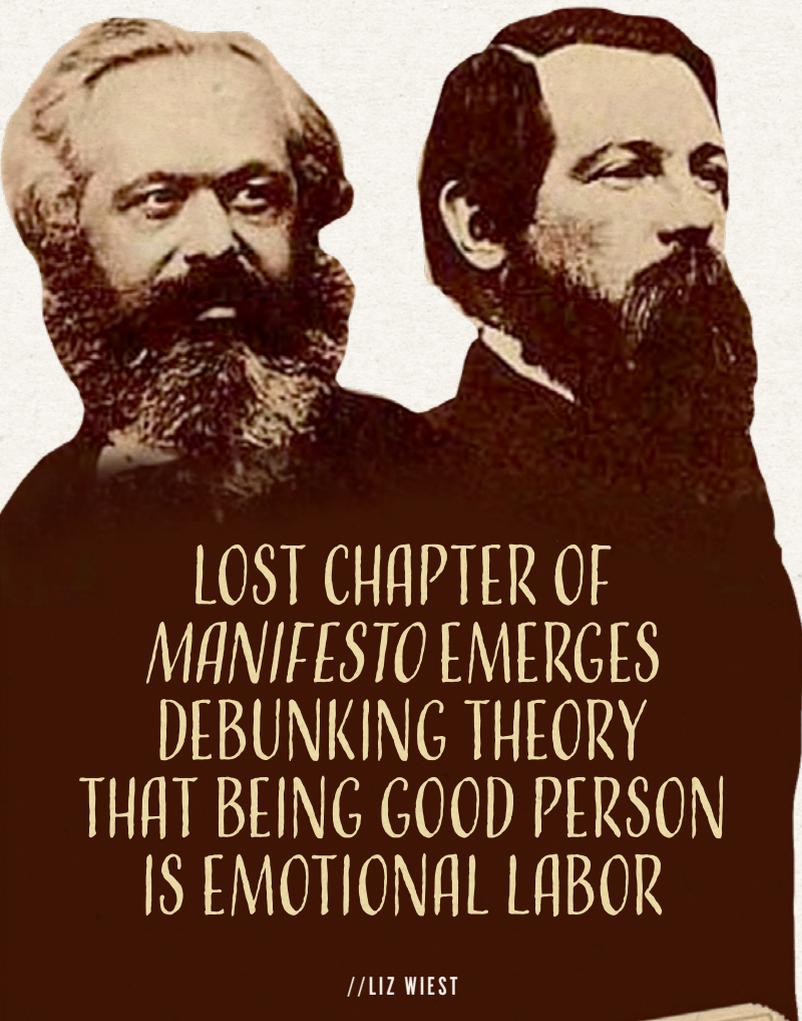
I need more and more *Star Wars* that has less and less to do with the characters I loved as a child.

While I was talking at you, I finished that documentary series on AppleTV about the lives of crabs. Have you seen it? It was so sad. It changed my life. I feel like I know them, the crabs. It's just 9 seasons and each episode is only 6 hours. You must make time for it. It is *essential* viewing. This series is all anybody is talking about. If you miss this show, you might as well not exist.

Did you catch that baking show on Peacock that takes place in an unlit dungeon? I didn't care for it. You couldn't see any of the cakes because they are baking in an unlit dungeon. I still watched the entire series on my tablet while waiting for some microwave popcorn to pop. I'll watch anything if it means not thinking about the pandemic or the imminent climate apocalypse.

Wait... you never finished the last two seasons of *The Wire*? Hold on... you still haven't started *Better Call Saul*? Or *Fleabag*?! You need to consume more streaming content, Dan, otherwise you will be forgotten by your peers and eventually die alone and unloved!

OK, I gotta head out. Disney+ just launched another Marvel show. Apparently it's the most incredibly life affirming and horrifically traumatic piece of content ever created. You need to watch it. 🤖



LOST CHAPTER OF MANIFESTO EMERGES DEBUNKING THEORY THAT BEING GOOD PERSON IS EMOTIONAL LABOR

//LIZ WIEST



A SHOCKING NEW DISCOVERY is rippling through academia and news circuits alike as sociologists have uncovered a chapter from Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto* that had been entirely lost to history... until now.

We recently dispatched *Functionally Dead's* esteemed research team to the English home that Marx and Engels shared to sweep the premises for potential new findings. The team not only seized the means of production, but also unearthed a wealth of previously unknown writings from both the philosophers! But most importantly, found strewn underneath Marx's mattress and a bunch of potential love letters between the two roommates, were a large quantity of missing pages from the *Manifesto*, revealing that there was initially one more vital idea that was meant to follow the iconic: "Working men of the world, unite!"

The chapter supposes that, although many have attempted to perpetuate the notion that being there for others (whether in a platonic, romantic, or mutual aid setting) is valid emotional labor, it in fact cannot be defined as such. Even in a situation when that said labor is evenly reciprocated. Shockingly, it would appear that there are few to no ways to financially quantify doing the absolute bare minimum for a person.

Since this myth is widely circulated in present-day discourse for some reason, it is vital now more than ever that this earth-shattering discovery begins to find its way into both modern-day leftist discourse and praxis. Marx states that attempting to vocalize disdain for empathizing with, and providing support to, your fellow working man is inherently contradictory to the premise of communism as a whole.

So you heard it here first, folks! Basic reciprocity is a tried and true Marxist economic principle. We will be watching how this shapes the future of organizing with great interest. 🧠



HOW BAD HAVE THINGS GOTTEN? LIBERALS CLAIM ELLEN IS GAY NOW.

//JAMES DWYER

I USED TO WAKE UP naked from the nips down every morning on the family room sectional and everyone knew *that was just Dad being Dad*. Now, if nary an un-sheathed pube makes its way within 50 feet of the coffee table before 9 AM, Pappy's cancelled.

Every single day, a new volley is fired by the radical Socialist media apparatus in the culture war being levied against straight, white, likely-to-find-themselves-afflicted-with-priapism-at-least-once-in-their-lives men. Just take a look at your local community to see the fruits of their labor. In the past month alone, my town has:

- Renamed Monument to Racism High School as "Dooganville High"
- Effectively barred the use of guns in operating rooms

- Replaced our beloved Monument to Racism High mascot, the Anxious Jew, with a much less relatable bull dog called Doogan
- Banned unvaccinated individuals from huffing jenkem in public in groups larger than three

But I'm not here to talk about the latest and greatest offenses committed by the Pinkos on the Dooganville town council. I'm here to talk about what has become for me, and likely many others, the final straw as far as this culture war is concerned:

Liberals claim Ellen is gay now.

That's right, *our* Ellen. The Ellen who treats her staff like dogshit but always reminds them who's the one providing them with health insurance that may not cover >>

>> elective emergencies but *does* provide free Levitra for life. The Ellen who gets invited to Cowboys games by Jerry Jones's daughter so she can Lady-and-the-Tramp a plate of extra-mild wings with George W. Bush. The Ellen who used to bounce around on the beach in a one-piece with her tits ready to leap out and grab you on *Baywatch* (I think that was Ellen?).

To the Liberals: enough is enough. We're not taking this standing down. You say she's got a wife named Portia? So what, I

have a wife named Barbara, you jackass, and that doesn't make *me* gay. Oh, she came out on TV in the '90s on her popular sitcom Ellen? Just because I'm a conservative doesn't mean I don't respect the work of an actor at the peak of their craft! And don't tell me "she's talked openly about her sexuality in numerous interviews and stand-up specials"—lest we forget this is the very same media that deprived us of years of hits by saddling John Tesh with a dead-end job working for *Entertainment Tonight*.

We see what you're trying to do and we're pushing back, because if we don't, the next thing you know, *I'm* gay. And we can't have that. Not on my watch (which is an EXTREMELY STRAIGHT Timex). My priapism can't handle it.

I'll shout it loudly for the red snowflakes in the back of the rainbow bus: Ellen, quite simply, is not gay. 🗿



Caption this! Tweet your best caption @funcdeadzine

Functionally Dead's Best Guess

What's Angering Your Family About the Thanksgiving Day Parade?

It's NO SECRET: Thanksgiving can be a contentious time for families across the political spectrum. Dishes are served, tempers flare, and things get said. The parade is one of this holiday's greatest traditions, so you know people have firmly-held beliefs about what is or isn't an abomination. Here's *Functionally Dead's* best guess as to what's making everyone angry.

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Grandpa

WHY?: Mrs. Claus gets equal camera time to Santa

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Uncle Lewis

WHY?: Thinks Al Roker has gotten too woke since he lost the weight

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Cousin Steve

WHY?: Grogu balloon appears too "feminized"

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Ex-Step Brother Tony

WHY?: Offhand comment by Savannah Guthrie tanked price of Dogecoin by 78%

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Aunt Kitty

WHY?: When did the parade get so hip hop?

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Family Friend Who Everyone Insists You Call "Uncle Brendan"

WHY?: Bet ten grand that Blue's Clues float would crash into stands, killing seven

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Cousin Emily

WHY?: Grogu balloon not "feminized" enough

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Neighbor Fay

WHY?: Snoopy looks smaller (I can't afford new glasses!)

WHO'S ANGRY?:
Matt Lauer

WHY?: This used to be his gig (sorry to hear you're related)

WHO'S ANGRY?: Mom

WHY?: Ooh, look at Elsa— can you bring some chairs up from the basement? Seems easy enough since you're literally living down there. I just thought you'd have your own place by now, maybe a girlfriend. Is it so much to ask that my kids are happy and settled? Well I'M SORRY. I really am. And look, you made me miss Elsa. No, it's fine. I'll just wait till next year.

A REVAMPED STATE FAIR IS COMING TO TEXAS

//JOHN SANDBACH GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

GREETINGS, FELLOW TEXANS. Since 1896, the Texas State Fair has been a celebration of agriculture, education, indoctrination, and most of all—fun! This year, the Fair is doing a little Texas two-step by keenly incorporating our shiniest new state legislation into this year's schedule. We promise to offer you the finest entertainment while never infringing on your God-given rights. Come on down to the Texas State Fair, y'all—where folks with *real* Texas values like religion, family, and freedom can enjoy some true Texas-style fun.

Due to COVID-19-style precautions, only unmasked and unvaccinated attendees will be allowed to roam the grounds freely. Anyone in possession of a mask, hand sanitizer, or a vaccine card will need to wear a Texas "Yellow Rose" armband alerting others to their political beliefs.

FEATURING FAMILY-FRIENDLY ACTIVITIES!

FUN GAMES: In Texas, our gun laws are about two things: having more guns, and being able to use them. Every patriot is welcome to fire away at moving targets, milk bottles, and rubber duckies at our shooting booths. The fun doesn't stop there, though. Enjoy blanket immunity to shoot stuffed animal game



//PRIYA PATEL

prizes, fried turkey legs, craft goods at the bake sale, and any aircraft violating the Texas State Fair's sovereign airspace. (Unarmed attendees caught in any crossfire will be required to replace lost munitions, submit letters of apology to the shooter, and can be held liable for emotional damages.)

TEXAS-SIZED FOOD: From jalapeño ice cream ("It's cold, but it's hot!") to SB8 Candy Apples, the State Fair has some of the best grub to ever hit canola oil. Try out crowd favorites like fried Pepsi, fried bacon grease with Red Bull syrup, chicken-fried marshmallows, fried antibiotics, and fried ammunition.

A PARADE: Watch the Patriot Parade at sunset as patriotic members of the Three Percenters, Oath Keepers, and the Boy Scouts march with tiki torches to celebrate America!

HISTORICAL FARMSTEAD: At the reconstructed Mill House, kids can have hands-on experience doing farm work, including fetching water pails and helping to castrate and brand livestock. Expecting teens can give birth on hay bales without a nosy doctor's supervision. Adults are welcome, but to keep things authentic, women will need their husbands' permission to enter the grounds. >>

GERRY THE SALA-MANDER: Join the fun as Gerry, our election mascot, artfully divides children into special groups with his magical “Gerry-Sala-Mandering” powers. Selected (white) groups get to cut long lines and dictate who rides which rides... and who doesn’t get to ride at all.

“RED ROVER, RED ROVER, LET AMERICA COME OVER!”: Proud Boys dressed in riot gear with shields and batons will “hold the line,” while participants do whatever it takes to breach it! If you touch Mike Pence’s Gallows, you get to choose your prize from an array of bear spray, MAGA attire, and redacted Constitutions.

COW PIE-THROWING CONTEST: Throw a cow flop at any random person, then flash your concealed carry and see if they dare to retaliate. For added entertainment, hit a police officer and see what happens when you “Mess with Texas.”

BUILD A COMMUNITY WALL: Kids are invited to mold a brick and stamp it with their own Christian name. Bricks will be stored until President Trump is reinstated in the White House, and will then be used to finally build! That! Wall!

COUNTING CONTEST: Pull up a folding chair and help us audit the 2020 election so we can throw out all illegally cast ballots. We won’t stop until Trump wins every precinct, y’all!

WIN A NEW TRUCK!: Texas loves democracy, so we’re giving away 10 brand-new Chevy pickup trucks to voters! Republicans can purchase raffle tickets at Gregg Abbott’s online Super-PAC. Democrats can enter simply by surrendering their driver’s licenses or government-issued IDs (all IDs will be returned after November 5, 2024).

IN THE ARENA

RODEO: New additions meet old traditions. *Yee-haw!*

- **Bareback Riding:** Following a positive ovulation test, young couples will hump away in pickup trucks, each attempting to pull out in time to avoid pregnancy. Some of these gals are hoping for longer than an eight-second ride!

- **Broadband Busting:** Watch these daredevil cowboys tackle a 5G tower. See who can ride the longest without getting their beans fried!
- **Street Roping:** Vaccinated “sheeple” will be released into the arena and chased down by teenagers on horseback with lassos. Grand Prize? A scholarship to Texas A&M’s School of Border Patrol Rangers!
- **Vaqueros:** An open call to all Mexican cowboys who want a shot at the big time. As a participation trophy, all vaqueros will receive a complimentary one-way bus ticket back to Mexico.

LIVE AUCTION: Our live auction, complete with a fast-talking auctioneer, is your chance to bid on prize cattle, horses, and the personal identifying information of women who have recently purchased pregnancy tests.

MUSICAL ACTS: Willie Nelson, Dolly Parton, and the legendary Garth Brooks on stage... would be an awesome lineup if they voted correctly. Here’s our lineup instead:

- Ted Cruz hosts Constitution Karaoke!
- Former governor and *Dancing with the Stars* participant Rick Perry performs interpretive dances to a backdrop-montage of footage from the January 6 Capitol riots!
- Kid Rock and Hank Williams, Jr., do a TED talk about why they hate everything liberal!
- Grand Finale: Bikers for Trump bring their Motorcycle Orchestra and Laser Light Show to the Rodeo arena! Featuring musically inspired engine revving, “Fuck Biden” banner-waving, and a laser beam dust cloud motorcade!

Tickets will sell out fast, y’all! 🤖

John Sandbach is a humor writer and poetry bard based in Maui, Hawaii. His work can be found in Slackjaw, Little Old Lady Comedy, The Flossy News and Functionally Dead. Find him online - Twitter: @thesandboxspeaks / email: mauibbq@gmail.com

EDITOR’S NOTE: This piece was previously published in [Little Old Lady Comedy](#)

functionally dead

Left Feel'd



hosted by
matthew brian
cohen

**A lot happened
this week—
Let's see how
the *Left Feel'd*
about it.**

**Hey, while you're reading this, you could be listening to
Functionally Dead's new podcast, available to our \$5 tier
Patreon subscribers... click below to check it out.**



[OUR PATREON](#)



Quiz

Is It Easier To Imagine The End of the World, The End of Capitalism, or the Cast of Baywatch in Sexy Situations?

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

"It's easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of capitalism."

—Fredric Jameson / Slavoj Žižek

"If you think about it now, it's kind of ridiculous. All these hot girls on Baywatch in tiny little red bathing suits running around saving lives."

—Carmen Electra

MARK FISHER POSITS IN *CAPITALIST REALISM* that after the fall of the Soviet Union, capitalism has become so entrenched as the dominant economic system that it is impossible to conceive of anything else. But he didn't have this quiz! Take a peek below and decide for yourself: what's easier for you to imagine?

QUESTION 1: It's morning! Rise and shine! What's for breakfast?

- a** The concept of scheduled meals is laughable to you. No crops can grow in the irradiated desert you call home. You find a cockroach scurrying beneath your bedroll and suck it dry.
- b** Most mornings you grab a piece of fruit from the community garden. You work a few shifts a week and know everyone there. No need to pay—there's more than enough for everyone!
- c** A slow lick of cream off David Hasselhoff's abs.

QUESTION 2: Time for work! What's your job?

- a** Ever since Water War II and the complete collapse of the power grid, there has been no use for money. You beg for what you can from your warlord, or you die in a ditch.
- b** Ever since Water War II and the rise of the Global Workers Party, there has been no use for money. Society is organized by tasks that need to get done, and those who are able to do them, do them.
- c** Pamela Anderson's CPR victim. Hachi machi! >>

QUESTION 3: What's your housing situation like?

- a** If you are being charitable, the dilapidated slum you call your home has what can be called a roof, making you one of the lucky ones. All of this could be taken away in an instant, either by your warlord or a roving band of mercenaries stronger and crazier than you, a person who prays each evening to a tattered poster of Kid Rock driving a Ford Excursion. Your warlord, meanwhile, lives inside a lavish compound built around the only source of water in the region. You have been in there precisely once—during your Branding Ceremony—when you pledged undying fealty to Him and His Glory. In turn, He promised to protect you. It was a bad deal then, and an even worse deal now.
- b** You live in a co-op owned and operated by everyone else in the building. There are few private homes anymore—the concept of private ownership over a basic human right such as housing seems outlandish and gauche. Every month, you get together with your neighbors to discuss upkeep and repairs. Your walls are sturdy, your electricity is plentiful, and your Internet is fast. Most importantly, all of it is free.
- c** I live inside Carmen Electra's damp, one-piece bathing suit.

QUESTION 4: Humans are social creatures. Who do you hang out with after work, and what do you do for fun?

- a** It is difficult to trust anyone. They might be after your monthly allotment of water. They might want to eat your flesh—as absurd as it sounds now, you've heard reports of cannibals coming from the land formerly known as Canada. But what can you do? The world is kill or be killed. You clutch the machete you picked up off one of the many dead soldiers that rot across the city's ditches and sleep with your back against a wall.
- b** The concept of a “work day” and “after work” don't make a whole lot of sense to you because your life is not structured around work. Life is there to live, and as such, you have many hobbies—music, painting, sculpting, theater, dance... everything is readily accessible for everyone, as there's no need to pursue something silly like a “day job.” Artists contribute to commu-

nities and the arts are valued. Regardless of commercial viability, your community is vast and supportive, and it is impossible to imagine them being anything but.

- c** A crusted body pillow shaped like Yasmine Bleeth.

QUESTION 5: What's the one downside of your current society?

- a** If you had to pick one, it would not be the mass starvation, the brutal autocracy, the land choked of all life... it would be the death of hope. When you close your eyes and allow yourself to dream, you can sometimes picture a far away world, one where the oceans have yet to boil and the skies are not stained permanently red. In those fleeting moments, you try to project whatever psychic energy you have left to send a message to their people. It is always the same: whoever lives there, know this—stay far, far away from here.
- b** It is difficult to imagine a downside to perfect communism, but if you had to choose... the Super Bowl commercials aren't as funny as they used to be. You miss the WAAZUP guys and the Budweiser frogs. Now, Super Bowl ads just remind everyone to vote in their union election (the NFL, like all companies, is publicly owned).
- c** The fact that Jeremy Jackson, despite his hunky ass appearing in 159 episodes of *Baywatch*, has BARELY any erotic fan fiction written about him. And the ones that do exist don't go into enough detail about his tight little ass.

Results:

Mostly As: You had an easier time imagining the end of the world, which is good, because this is where we're heading. See you in Water War II, soldier!

Mostly Bs: The end of capitalism was no problem for your imagination. Congrats! Please use your imagination to talk with your co-workers and neighbors about building a better world. See “Mostly As.”

Mostly Cs: You are incredibly horny for the cast of *Baywatch*, and who can blame you? Why do you think I'm writing all this erotic fan fiction about Jeremy Jackson's tight little ass?! 🍑

Ava, 5, Reports She Wants to Be "Depressed yet Functional" When She Grows Up

//EMILY KELSALL GUEST CONTRIBUTOR



ST. LAURENT'S ACADEMY, a preparatory school for children aged 5-12, put on their ninth annual "Dreams and Hopes Day" this past Tuesday.

St. Laurent's, known for producing some of the country's most precocious young minds and alma mater to several prominent middle managers and creative directors, held "Dreams and Hope Day" in-person for the first time since the pandemic.

Ms. O'Hara's class showed an exceptional display of fanciful spirit. Ava Wilson, 5, expressed her dream to be "depressed but functional." Other aspirations, crudely written on yellow stars and pasted on the classroom windows included: "chemically balanced," and "disappointed but determined."

Ms. O'Hara lauded her class for their ambitions. "I'm proud that my students are

shooting for the moon, in spite of everything," Ms. O'Hara reported, whilst tossing a crumpled up spelling-sheet into a bin. "Some ask the question, 'are we setting kids up for disappointment by fanning the flames of lofty dreams?' I say no. If you believe it, you can achieve it." She continued, deftly turning a kindergartener away from walking into a desk corner. "The only student who I'm concerned about is Jake."

Jake Calhoun's small yellow star read: "On Elon's spaceship when shit really hits the fan."

"I've seen Jake's family's car. It's a Hyundai from 2015," Ms. O'Hara mused while taking a sip from her Dolarama-bought "Teacher of The Year" mug. "Jake's parents are comfortable, but not like 'escape to Mars rich.' The most he can hope for is a snug apartment somewhere in the interior with a wide porch for drone access."

At lunch break, Jake was spotted alone moving a stick through the air and making spaceship noises. The rest of the children were dividing pebbles into piles on the ground and proclaiming: "Look. These are the SSRI's and these are SNRI's!"

"Dreams and Hopes Day" concluded with a fun drawing activity designed to allow the children to visualize their goals for the future. Ava, the little scamp she is, worked hard at colouring grime in the tiles of her bachelor pad bathroom.

Keep up the great work, St. Laurent's Academy! 🧠

Emily Kelsall is a story teller living on Squamish territory.



**THE AMONG US
PEZ DISPENSER
I PURCHASED FOR
MY TERRIFYING
SON TOFFETE HAS
SHIPPED LATER
THAN EXPECTED.
OUR SUPPLY CHAIN
IS IN TATTERS.**

//JAMES DWYER

THERE IS A SUPPLY CHAIN CRISIS afoot in the heartland. Grocery store shelves are growing more bare than a baby's bottom when mommy's preparing the bottom for a cleansing bath. Suppers for the dinner's table will be a pittance compared to the plumper offerings of supply chain years' past. No longer will we dip our thumbs in the figgy puddings. No longer will we bury our maws in a pile of turkish delights. And no longer will we make a right mess of ourselves at Aunt Tootie's repast luncheon as we tear our way through Grandmama's ooey-gooey bramble berry treacle cakecle.

And while you may think that's the worst of it, let me you inform you that I personally know the vicious wrath of a supply chain wrenched from its delicate flow—I know it NOW because I recently purchased an *Among Us* Pez dispenser for my terrifying son Toffete and it has shipped later than expected. What Toffete wants, Daddy gets, and when Daddy doesn't get, Toffete makes sure Daddy never doesn't get again... >>

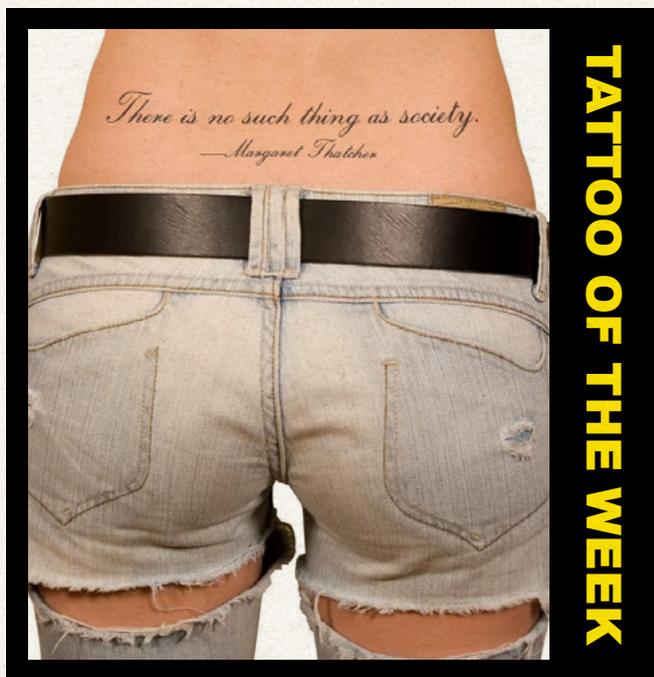
>> There are legislative means to ensure the supply chain continues to function, and yet this Congress feels compelled to do so little. I thank Pappy Joe for using the bully pulpit to compel bosses at the port of Los Angeles to schedule workers to work 24/7 in order to free up the logjam that has become our ships full of goods, and, at this point, bads. The bully pulpit is a powerful tool that must be used to force labor to keep things moving! Interestingly, the “bully pulpit” is also the term Toffete uses to describe the nightstand he’s standing atop while launching Nerf guns at my skull, screaming that “the time for your reckoning is upon us Dadoo. You have not produced the *Among Us* Pez dispenser as promised. The crowd screams ‘crucify him, crucify him,’ and while I am a just arbiter, I cannot disagree, for this is sus.” He has recently taken a liking to Mel Gibson’s *The Passion of the Christ* and empathizes deeply with Pontius Pilate—so deeply that when he doesn’t get his way, he *becomes* Pontius, and I a lowly petty thief, not even a Christ-like figure, just a simple Barabbas though this Barabbas is never set free, for there is no freedom from the Tyranny of a Toffete...

But Old Joe isn’t doing enough. Has he considered threatening the pensions of these workers through executive action if they don’t increase their productivity? Has he considered calling upon the National Guard as labor reinforcements at the docks? Has he considered sending someone to do a wellness check on me, as I haven’t reported to work in days as we play out “The Passion of the Chris” (my name is Christopher, though my colleagues call me Christof as I insist they do, but my wretch of a son Toffete has deemed me a Chris for the foreseeable future). The wine cellar has become the stage upon which our fearless director Toffete calls out blocking directions that never fail to push the human body to its limit. The whole family is part of the affair now, and while we cannot argue that his artistic vision is inspired (he’s always been brilliant), we do believe that perhaps this time, our allowance for Toffete’s tyranny has gone too far.

Though not nearly as far as it seems this supply chain crisis may go. Have we considered what this could mean for the holidays?! My sensitive ears perked up as the nightly news anchor softly spoke of the need to buy your presents now, lest the chance to

get them in time may pass like a Toffete in the night. Toffete has taken to terrorizing the neighborhood at night in need of some final casting choices for his passion play. On some occasions he returns with a neighbor who would make for a perfect Simon of Cyrene. Other times, he just goes outside to masturbate loudly for hours near the raccoon dumpster. He’s in his pubic years now and he’s figuring out some things. We’re non-judgmental—we believe it best that he simply works through this and knows no shame surrounding rodent-adjacent masturbation. He has, however, crafted what appears to be a crown of thorns made from semen, and I do worry about that.

My appeal to the American public is simple: we must not let Washington sit idly by as our supply chain lies in ruins. Think about what this means for *your* family, for *your* future, and more importantly think about what it means for us all if we cannot find a way to satiate my terror of a son, Toffete. ☠



STOP

POLITICIZING

POLITICS

//SANDEEP SANDHU GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

In light of recent events—which have nothing to do with previous events, no matter what certain people are saying—it’s fair to say a specter is looming over our political discourse. The pall this shadow casts is constant and unending, like an oil lobbyist’s corporate Amex card limit. In a horrifying turn of events for important people’s stability, some of you are doing the unthinkable. You’re politicizing politics.

It’s unfair, and frankly, *rude* to link my decisions, and those of my fellow policy makers, to outcomes in infantile metrics like ‘life expectancy’ and ‘personal debt levels,’ rather than relatable, tangible, adult stuff like GDP and global university rankings. This vulgarity must stop now!

Sure, the decisions of us lawmakers affect the day-to-day lives of citizens in some ways, and I’m not saying we make *perfect* choices. But politicizing things like opiate epidemics and police brutality is a slippery slope in general, let alone now. Realistically speaking, it’s a risky time to call for wholesale ideological changes when we’re so busy dealing with addiction and lawsuits.

And sure, the temptation is always there to turn tragedy and pain to your political advantage, especially when your media agency claims they can get the tone of every tweet right regardless of content. But that’s no excuse for pointing out that religiosity and teen pregnancy are correlated in the same way the Dow and CEO pay is.

Then there’s the virus. People have died, yes, but they would have

done so anyway—most were vulnerable or already sick, so you can’t blame us for not rushing to stop ordinary people from buying shots of tequila and going to the gym. The freedom to spend money, not the ability for the elderly to socialize, is the bedrock of our society. We don’t want to encumber those who keep the cogs turning. The implication that people who want to continue to leer at waitresses and splutter all over strangers are rude is a form of censorship we will not stand for.

Similarly, people complaining about mask exceptionalism need to understand we can’t control private citizens—all we can do is control the talking points we relentlessly force feed them through every aspect of media. But that doesn’t make it our fault the hoi polloi believe everything we say. We just put it out there, like *The Secret*, or crack cocaine in the ‘90s. Personal responsibility is in our national DNA, and if people don’t remember that then we aren’t going to apologize for it.

Children have died, and these agitators are out there demanding we hurt our good friends at Smith & Wesson and Lockheed Martin in retaliation. They don’t seem to care that our freedom-loving manufacturers are the only people producing armor that has a chance against an AK-47—armor that could, in theory, be sent to every U.S. school and would offer the best protection against the tiny handguns most school-shooters use. They would rather see kids go unarmored than admit they might have jumped the gun—been hasty when apportioning blame.

Look. I respect Carol Hanisch. I get what she meant when she said the personal is political. And she’s right—you should keep your political opinions personal. Politics is a show, and we don’t go to shows to be depressed. We go to see how high those Rockette legs go! Nobody likes someone who turns everything into a debate, or a symbol of a culture war, or makes people feel bad for not considering the consequences of their actions. There is a time and a place for that, and it certainly isn’t politics. 🙄

Sandeep is a writer based in the UK. He writes mostly fiction, but occasionally the world annoys him enough to make him complain about it in other publications.



OP-ED: FREAK THE FREEDOM FLU, IT'S LIBERTY LUPUS TIME

BY PAULY “THE WEASEL” SHORE

//DIANA KOLSKY

OKAY BRO-DOGGIES AND stink-holios, *I feel yaz*. When an alliterative Made-in-America hashtag drops at just the right juicy-juice time, it's Twinkie Tasty—and I'm the first in el line-o to admit that #FreedomFlu is Super Sexual. *Ahooooo!*

The flu of freedom perf encaps the super popular anti-vaxxer mojo that Southwest Airlines canceled like a gazillion flights in protest of some maj vaccine mandadage going on. That ish *is* totally sick and the internet was immediately *in-fec-ted*. No shame in that game, but I gotta say it: up that scope, my dudes and dudettes!

Like, yeah, there *were* a lot of Flights aFFected by the Freedom Flu, but that snoochie is only wing-specific and hence, *for the birds*. *Ding dong!* There's a Weasel on your doorstep. I'd like to take this opportunity to unveil a new taggarino—one that'll have my party people waking

up in the middle of el noche to #PowerPost. This hashy is next level... so without further ado, check it: #LibertyLupus.

Go on. Take a min and let that L-L soak. *Nummies*.

You think a few thou' weary travelers getting their flights delayed was Big Balls? Try rebuilding your entire life around, say, a Lupe diagnose. I'm talkin' changing what you nosh, what you wear to the beach, what products you put on your mane, even your freakin' sun exposzies—and so much more. If this #AmericanAutoimmune ishy were any more debilitating, you could die of patriotism. *Maaajor*.

#LibertyLupus blows maj chunks, but if pink cheeks and sore joints mean sticking it to the Libs, The Weasel is all for it. Hey, I can be the ruddy, white, and blue Tinman and *these colors don't run* (I can't physical-ly run).

Listen. I'm not just going after Donkeys—Elephants, too. I'm trying to put myself out there. I wanna be more clickable, stickable, lickable. Thankfully, there is no cure for Lupus and no vaxxy for nationalism as far as I know, so my fellow Americans, I say #LoveItOrCureIt. #PaulyIsBack. PEACE. 🐘



Our cup overfloweth.

I READ THIS ZINE, AND WORKERS ARE STILL STRIKING ACROSS THE COUNTRY

What Do I Do Now?

//JAMES DWYER

STRIKETOBER MAY BE OVER, but labor action marches on as bosses continue to break strikes and further squeeze their employees while they enjoy exorbitant salaries and record profits. Here are a few ways you can keep abreast of the latest labor movement rumblings, as well as support workers currently striking across the country:

LABOR NOTES

“Labor Notes is a media and organizing project that has been the voice of union activists who want to put the movement back in the labor movement since 1979. Through our magazine, website, books, conferences, and workshops, we promote organizing, aggressive strategies to fight concessions, alliances with worker centers, and unions that are run by their members.”

IN THESE TIMES NEWSLETTER

“For more than 40 years, In These Times magazine has covered the labor movement from the perspective of the workers, not the bosses. Written and curated by Hamilton Nolan, the Working In These Times newsletter is your source for the latest news and analysis from inside the labor movement.”

UMWA 2021 STRIKE FUND (WARRIOR MET COAL STRIKE)

“Over 1,100 coal miners at Warrior Met Coal in Brookwood, Alabama have been out since April 1st on an unfair labor practices strike. Their seven long months on the picket lines have been hard on the miners as well as their families, and that hard slog has been punctuated by terrifying bursts of company violence. Multiple strikers—and a striker’s wife—have been struck by cars and trucks driven by company employees while walking the picket lines.” ([from Labor Reporter Kim Kelly](#))

UAW JOHN DEERE STRIKE FUND

“After overwhelmingly rejecting a proposed contract, 10,000 UAW members at John Deere across the country, mostly in Iowa and Illinois, began striking at midnight on October 14. Following immense pressure from managers to accept the deal, even after they’d already voted it down, workers are out on the picket line in force to demand an end to their two-tier pension system and better pay, amid historic John Deere profits of almost \$6 billion dollars.” (from the GoFundMe)

Peruse more issues of Functionally Dead [here](#) and if you're interested in contributing, [check this out](#).

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: RED WHITE AND GREEN?! US MILITARY TO PLANT A SINGLE TREE FOR EVERY CIVILIAN THEY KILL



I do not let the word "death" bother me.

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//PRIYA PATEL//ROSIE WHALEN//LIZ WIEST//