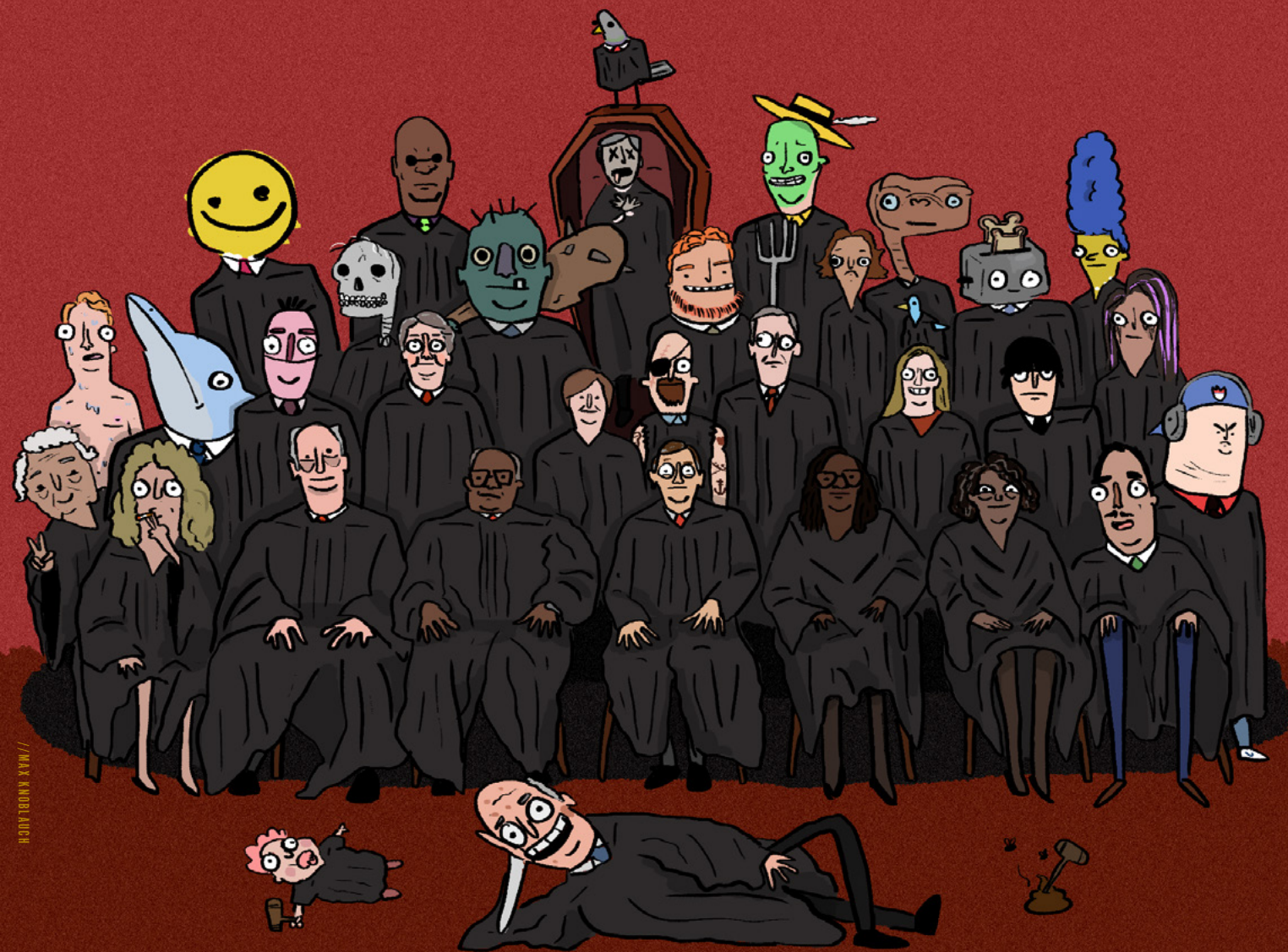


FUNCTIONALLY DEAD



// MAX KNOOL AUCH

Ummmmmmmm...

- 2 “Violence Is Never Acceptable” Warns Commander of World’s Largest Military // **MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN**
- 3 Democrats Seek Compromise on GOP’s “Holocaust 2.0” Bill
// **KHADIJA HASSAN** AND **WISEMAN TANGANIK** GUEST CONTRIBUTORS
- 5 The Choice Not Taken ~ A POEM BY **NANCY PELOSI** // **JAMES DWYER**
- 6 An Open Letter to the “You Are Beautiful” Mural on the Wall of My Building // **ROBERT VETTER** GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 8 Help! I Can’t Stop Saying “Nut-Nut” // **DIANA KOLSKY**
- 9 **BRADYBOX™** *I give up.* // **BRADY O’CALLAHAN**
- 10 From “Global Warming” to “Climate Change” to “Electric Kool-Aid Hurricane Fiesta”: Why the Language Behind the Science Matters
// **MITCH RUSSELL** GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 12 This November? I Will Vote Even Harder // **JAMES DWYER**
- 14 What Do I Do Now? // **BRADY O’CALLAHAN**

THIS IS A MAGAZINE OF PARODY, SATIRE, AND OPINION // DESIGN BY DIANA KOLSKY



LEAVE BRETTEY ALONE!

MORTON'S
THE STEAKHOUSE

"VIOLENCE IS NEVER ACCEPTABLE" WARNS COMMANDER OF WORLD'S LARGEST MILITARY

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

AFTER SEVERAL OF THE SUPREME COURT'S most prominent sex offenders and adult Catholics ruled to reverse Roe v. Wade, many Americans took to the streets in protest.

Using stronger language than he'd ever use with Republicans, President Joe Biden, the commander in chief of a military bigger than the next 11 biggest militaries combined, warned protestors to keep their actions peaceful as thousands of cops with automatic weapons and riot gear descended upon the street to meet the citizens they supposedly protect. "Violence is never acceptable," Biden said, one month after sending \$5 billion worth of guns and missiles to Ukraine.

Biden added: "If, for some reason, you feel emotional about the loss of your bodily autonomy and wish to protest, please do so in a way deemed acceptable by the snipers posted up on the Supreme Court roof aiming at your forehead."

Vice President Kamala Harris concurred, adding that the CIA, FBI, and NSA were "always watching," and activist leaders who might take umbrage with the fascist thugs enforcing this grave human rights violation would be at risk of being black bagged and taken to any number of America's numerous military detention camps, where they could be held indefinitely without trial. "As the state continues to remove your rights, pillage your communities, and deny you the basic public services it promises, it's



important to remain complicit and docile," the first female and Black Vice President of a country founded on violent revolution said. "Violence is not the answer, and in a democracy, we never resort to threats of violence or intimidation." The Vice President's apparent break with decades of American foreign policy came as a surprise to the Pentagon, which had immediately begun the process of de-arming the US's stockpile of thousands of nuclear warheads before remembering the direction this country's violence takes.

After bailing her drunk husband out from county lockup over another DUI, Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi joined fellow House Democrats in a non-violent vote to pass the George Floyd Fund The Police bill. "This landmark piece of legislation takes funding from frivolous school lunch programs and gives it back to our police," the Speaker said, "so they can afford the grenade launchers and 200 caliber bullets they desperately need to keep the peace."

When asked about her opinion on the recent Roe v. Wade ruling, Pelosi shunned Republicans for this "slap in the face to women," followed by praising them as "the strong adversaries we Democrats need." She then went on to misquote Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. before her staff ushered her away. 🤖

DEMOCRATS SEEK COMPROMISE ON GOP'S "HOLOCAUST 2.0" BILL

//KHADIJA HASSAN AND WISEMAN TANGANIKA GUEST CONTRIBUTORS



WASHINGTON D.C. – On Tuesday morning, Senate Republicans formally presented their proposal for “Holocaust 2.0,” their plan to eliminate “undesireable” Americans via state-funded population control.

Holocaust 2.0 is set to impact roughly 24 million Americans with eradication guidelines including (low) income, melanin count, and ‘haters.’ States that fail to comply with the mandate could face total alienation from government resources, including water supply, access to federally funded infrastructure, and what could be described as “being alive.”

Democrats remain staunchly opposed to Holocaust 2.0, demanding Republicans reach across the aisle and pass their bi-partisan population control bill, “Holocaust 1.5.” Holocaust 1.5 retains the structure of Holocaust 2.0 while amending the income bracket to include the middle class and removing the word ‘melanin’ altogether. Senator Schumer, Senator Murphy, and Senator Warren have urged President Biden to opt-in for Holocaust 1.5 as an addition to ‘Build Back Better.’ However, many on the right have decried Bernie Sanders and the Democrats’ left wing for being communist subversives with a radical refusal of controlled eradication. “We don’t want any half measures on this,” states Indiana Senator Mike Braun (R). “We have the history, infrastructure, and guns to make this happen.” Holocaust 2.0 includes funding towards a transportation system of the eradicated, on intricate Ubers to an undisclosed area. >>

>> Top Democrats are scrambling to find a middle ground within the eradication process, including forfeiting Indigenous people without the request from Republican leaders. Most Americans are left wondering where they stand if Holocaust 2.0 passes, or if their death will fall on a workday leading to not only loss of life, but unemployment. Discussions of how Holocaust 2.0 could affect the DOW have been circulating amongst the House committees, who seem to have already accepted the bill as a grim inevitability.

Democrats have proposed a series of compromises, including outsourcing the killings to Israeli mercenaries. However, Republicans remain firm, proclaiming, "We've got good high-ranking mercenaries right here on our own soil."

Republicans have also pointed to the fact that Holocaust 2.0 is indeed a bipartisan bill, as Senator Joe Manchin is "showing more

enthusiasm for Holocaust 2.0 than anything he ever has in his entire life," according to those close to the Senator. Manchin has proposed upping the budget from 5 to 12 trillion dollars, adding an all-unpaid Mexican workforce, and including language that allows states to "genocide any tired, poor, or huddled masses yearning to breathe free."

When asked about how this bill might impact his constituents, Manchin was seen flipping his Democratic cohorts the bird for a solid 15 minutes from his beloved yacht, newly renamed "Holocaust II." 🐔

Sister and brother duo Khadija Hassan and Wiseman Tanganika bring you this piece from the underbelly of late night convos in between Zizek Youtube videos. For more info check out @khadijahassan on Medium.



The Choice Not Taken

A POEM BY NANCY PELOSI

//JAMES DWYER



*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I feel to see one road close
That road? Abortion Lane. ¡Adios!
Six roadblocks where that lane once stood
The court justices who hate women the most.*

I, Pelosi, seek funding to right this wrong
Five dollars if you have it, though ten would be better!
Don't stop there, please forward this letter
To ten people you know who's paychecks are strong
So we can fundraise and get those fat stacks of cheddar.

This November, this election, is the most important one yet
Forget the elections of two and six years past
This election, once again, could be the last
So vote Blue or else, we're powerless to this threat
Vote Hard. Vote Strong. Vote Peaceful. Vote Fast.

We've had two months to plan
And even longer to act
But you point that out? I feel attacked!
Now is not the time to promise we'll do all that we can
Your money, your vote, our extended vacations intact.

And when Republicans continue their assault
On all of our collective home
We'll point at polls to assign the fault.
Then I'll open my "take action" vault
To retrieve another useless poem.



AN OPEN LETTER TO THE “YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL” MURAL ON THE WALL OF MY BUILDING

//ROBERT VETTER GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

I FIRST NOTICED YOU when I was taking out my garbage. That’s because whoever painted you decided that the best place would be directly above our building’s dumpsters. You may have seen me roll my eyes. You’re not just a random bit of graffiti—you’re a beautification project syndicated by the city of Chicago.

There are few things more annoying to a tenant than discovering that an Instagram photo-op has been painted onto the place that they live (an infestation of roaches I can call an exterminator to handle. An infestation of influencers, I cannot). I’ve seen pictures of similar public art installations on social media. I suppose it was only a matter of time before one reached me. My time has come.

You and your fellow “You Are Beautiful” murals are one of Chicago’s contributions to Contemporary American art (including everything from The Bean to the graffiti in the second stall of the pizza place near my apartment that reads “Vaccines Neuter”). Your design is simple: a rectangle with words center-aligned in standard Arial font. All stylistic conventions of the gentrification art-work movement. I wish you were a mural of something cooler, like Dolly Parton or a cuss word. But since you are art paid for by the city, you are not.

The colors chosen for you are yellow and black in an homage to the beauty of caution tape. This building is no stranger to caution tape—I won’t soon forget the weeks I spent taking the side entrance because the paint in the unit downstairs has been releasing lead particles into the air (or maybe I will, such is the nature of lead). Maybe the colors are more functional than aesthetic: a warning sign. There’s a pretty nasty family of rats living about twelve feet below you. “You Are Beautiful—but you won’t be when the rats get to that pretty little nose.”

I suppose I should tell you about your creator. A few years ago, a man named Matthew Hoffman started putting “You Are Beautiful” stickers all over the city >>

>> of Chicago in order to inspire (and passively catcall) pedestrians. That's about as much information as I could get about this Matthew Hoffman from Google because there is another Matthew Hoffman (murderer) of whom much more information is available via the public record. Let's call them Good Matthew and Bad Matthew. They're Jekyll and Hyde. Each warrior for their respective hope and evil, though on different scales. Bad Matthew is in prison for a triple homicide. Good Matthew "inspires" (with only a fraction of the creative energy put into a fortune cookie's copy).

You have a monumental task. The beautification of the city of Chicago is noble. All of the money spent on these murals almost makes up for the near fifth of our population that's uninsured, or the \$281.5 million of COVID relief funds that went to overtime for Chicago PD. At least we look great through all of it.

Your brethren from Matthew Hoffman's larger artistic portfolio of Phrases Taken from My Mother's Kitchen Towels spout out similarly vague sentiments: We're All in This Together (Disney intellectual property lawsuit pending); Be Kind, Be Bold, Be

You (I am only two of those things); and We All Live Here (we sure do). Each phrase from The Influencer School of Vapid Positive Psychology is meant to be a reminder: "Keep your chin up!" (Literally—you're painted onto the third floor. I have to crane my neck to see you).

I understand that until I can get a tall enough ladder and enough paint thinner, you're here to stay. And maybe I shouldn't get rid of you—you might actually work for some people with critically low self esteem. I'll see you on Tuesday for garbage pickup. Please ignore how many empty boxes of McNuggets I'm throwing out. I know the rats won't.

Sincerely,

Your neighbor who doesn't think *you* are beautiful 🤖

Robert Vetter is a writer based in Chicago. His work has been seen in McSweeney's Internet Tendency, The Hard Times, Slackjaw, and more. He is very excited to be in Functionally Dead because it brings him one step closer to paying off the experimental medical treatments for his sleep thrashing.



Mr. Buttigieg unveils his new infrastructure initiative



Help! I Can't Stop Saying “Nut-Nut”

//DIANA KOLSKY

ON DECEMBER 5, 2021, our collective reality was forever altered. Though I need not mention why (as the event jackhammered our collective syntactical zeitgeist), for the exercise of this essay, I will.

‘Twas the day “Chiantishire,” (episode 8, season 3 of *Succession*) aired on HBO, and thusly unleashed the deadpan inquiry heard round the world*: “Mattson going nut-nut?”

This poetic utterance, nay, *examination*—light in its lyricism, heavy in its ponderance—by failed media mogul progeny Kendall Roy, gave way to a novel mode of considered jargonistic sanity. Whereas once we neanderthals would have catechized, “has he lost his goddamn mind?” or “binch is loco,” we now possessed at our finger-lips something linguistically more powerful, more complex. The term “nut-nut,” signifying the intersection of droll folly and public lunacy, originally utilized to examine a fictional tech billionaire playing fast and loose with the SEC, was an etymological gift.

And I cannot stop fucking saying it.

“Nut-nut” slips and slides off my tongue in a quotidian manner, and with such rapid frequency, that I’ve begun singing it, most often to the tune of Temple of the Dog’s “Hunger Strike”—*I’m goin’ nut-nu-uut, yeaahhhhhh! Nuts are on the TA-ble, nuts are coookANH!* I am indeed the Eddie Vedder of late-stage capitalism, a mantle I bear with a sly wink of ironic detachment and deep IRL shame.

Nut-nut is not just a perfect way to say “crazy”; it’s also that I *need to denote* crazy all day, every day. We exist in an—apologies for even using *this* dusty-ass word—*unprecedentedly* crazy time. Residing in a failed state, as the spoils of empire fade (We The People lack health care while The State pillages overseas), bearing witness to the gruesome plastic-fracked demise of the natural world... each bombastic evil of the day tossed into a frothing bloodbath, boiling together to create the fetid modern soup one’s inclined to deem “nut-nut stew.” (Me. I’m the one. *I say that.*)

I declare “nut-nut” constantly because everything IS nut-nut. Manufactured in-

flation? Nut-nut. No formula for babies? Nut-nut. U.S.-backed Saudi war in Yemen? Nut-nut. The Supreme Court? Pure fucking nut-nut.

Every headline, every online take, every Canva-Frankensteined quotable is another brick *Cask of Amontillado*-ing me into my inevitable soul starvation and death. But the death is slow. And it’s darkly funny, as is the rhythmically juvenile “nut-nut.” We were sold a bill of goods and it’s time to pay the piper. The American Dream is for the few and a nightmare for the many. It’s fuckin’ nut-nut and we all know it in our GMO-pumped bones.

So join me, comrades. We’re not storming the castle—they have nukes, drones, militarized police-filled tanks, and bone-snapping robot dogs—but we are standing up and speaking truth to power. And by speaking truth, I mean calling this whole dog and pony show what it is: “Nut. Nut.” Say it with me! In a loud whisper! From the couch in the apartment that you cannot afford: NUT-NUT!

**by people with access to an HBOMax account*

BRADYBOX™

THERE IS NO WAY TO GET RICH QUICK. If there is, I have spent the past half a year searching and coming up short. Maybe all these assholes making monkey art on the Internet and the assholes fracking national parks to mine crypto are truly talented geniuses.

Maybe then, I want to die.

This month, the box is a coffin. My coffin.

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN



■ HOW DOES IT WORK?

When I die (have to imagine it is any day now), my body will lie in the BradyBox™. I will try my best to die in the box so no one has to do any work to put me in it, but I am not going to spend all day in the box. I have errands to run.

You can bury the box after I'm dead and in it.

■ WHAT MAKES A BRADYBOX™ DIFFERENT FROM A NORMAL COFFIN?

I need help paying for it.

Otherwise it is mostly the same. We could paint "BradyBox™" on it if we want. I'll be dead, so it's your call.

■ HOW EXCLUSIVE IS IT?

It is intended for just one body: mine. But once I'm dead, I don't care. You can take me out of the box and leave my corpse in Chuck Schumer's office or chop it into little bits to put in Chuck Schumer's mailbox or cremate it and put it in Chuck Schumer's coffee or light it on fire and set sail the blaze in Chuck Schumer's pool. I guess the only thing I do care about is that my remains are used to ruin Chuck Schumer's day.

■ WHAT IS THE COST?

I think I can get a big enough wooden box for \$60. That's literally all I need from all of you. Unless of course it ends up being more money. I have no idea what wood costs.

■ OK.

If this is the only one of these boxes that makes any money, I'll simultaneously be furious and overcome with unimaginable relief. Finally, a BradyBox™ that people will pay for. It will all have been worth it? Maybe?

Please, let me go. I can't keep doing this. The earth isn't good. ☠

FROM “GLOBAL WARMING” TO “CLIMATE CHANGE” TO “ELECTRIC KOOL-AID HURRICANE FIESTA”: WHY THE LANGUAGE BEHIND THE SCIENCE MATTERS

//MITCH RUSSELL GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

“IT IS OUR MISSION TO REALIGN the language used to describe these events,” states Dr. Mara Kowalski, preeminent Harvard linguist and member of the Collected Academics Repelling Preventable Extinction (CARPE). “To more accurately reflect how truly fucked we all really are.”

CARPE, founded in 2013, maintains that the primary struggle in the battle for inspiring action against climate change is one of messaging.

“We are deeply fucked, to be clear, and whatever we’re telling people is coming apparently isn’t scary enough.”

The term “global warming” was first coined in 1975 by Geochemist Wallace Broecker in an attempt to describe the significant rise in Earth’s temperature he was observing in his studies. At the time, any discussion of the Earth’s temperature (or the ensuing terminology surrounding it) was largely reserved for the pages of academic journals and/or the trashcans of oil industry think tanks. It was the 70s, and America was full of hope (and newly invented microplastics).

“It was already bad, and nobody cared. Sure, nobody cares today, either, but at least then we had a chance,” Kowalski bemoans. “I try so hard not to be defeatist, but *fuck*, do we just have to call the damn thing *Global Hell Descent*?”

It wasn’t until the 1980’s that the concept of global warming would enter the realm of mainstream discussion, underlined by a Reagan administration best characterized as possessing the general spirit of *manifest destiny, but for business this time*. Conditions worsened through the 90s and 2000s, leading to 2010’s when Rep Jim Inhofe (R) of Oklahoma produced a snowball on the floor of the senate and posited that the globe couldn’t possibly be warming if there were still snow.

Kowalski screams when reminded of this incident. “We are sad. We are so, so sad. And angry. And we feel like the morons who don’t see or care that this is happening should be sad and angry, too. It’s not fair that only the scientists are sad and angry. The sadness and the anger should be incumbent on all of us.”

So... global warming? Climate change? Climate crisis? What >>



>> do we call this now? CARPE have sought to answer this question in clear, understandable, scientific terminology that inspires immediate action.

“Climate-Fuckening, Global-Fuckening, Microwavification, Super Death, Super-Duper Death, Super-Duper-Mega-Stupid-Fire-Death-Explosion,” Kowalski posits, rifling through scattered stacks of CARPE studies, memos, and a pile of tear-stained IPCC reports. When challenged on the gratuitousness of these terms, she responds, “People think Omaha is just suddenly going to have Miami weather or something. They don’t realize that they, and millions more who can’t afford a sudden and expensive elevation migration, are going to die.”

A sobering thought that merits further examination to be sure.

“Humans Soupification? The Lava Planet Project? Red Hot Chili People?” CARPE isn’t lacking any inspiration, to be sure, but time will tell if their message will reach previously deaf ears or if the powers that be will continue to ignore this awful nightmare shit until every last one of us is underwater.

“What if we just call it *Shit*? Does just *Shit* get it across? *Shit, shit, shit...*” 🐼

Mitch Russell is a writer from Spokane, WA. You can find his work in Slackjaw, Points in Case, and Little Old Lady.

COMRADE OF THE WEEK



DEBRA MESSING (D)



This November? I WILL VOTE EVEN HARDER

//JAMES DWYER

WHERE WERE YOU when you heard the news about Roe?

I was in the children's library removing "banned in my household" books about labor when I heard the news while catching up on old episodes of *The Daily*. I dropped to the floor, turned on my front-facing camera, and lamented, "This is NOT the America I know and love" before attempting to share it on TikTok and eventually giving up because I have yet to learn how to open most apps.

The America I know and love was returned to me with grace in the 2020 election when I voted the hardest I've ever voted—harder than when I voted against Trump and harder than when I voted for RBG to stay on the Supreme Court. The America I know and love enjoys baseball

but doesn't understand why the players had to delay the season when they're already making enough money. The America I know and love is vaccinated but is done wearing masks on planes because just like Julia Roberts' Tinkerbell, the virus will die if we no longer believe in it. The America I know and love supports a woman's right to choose, especially in the scenarios that specifically affect me, like if I started to miscarry while traveling in the Mediterranean and so I keep bringing that and only that up. And now that America is suddenly on life support thanks to the Supremely Hypocritical Court. There's already talk of bringing in a priest (progressive, gay) to read this country its last rites. But I've asked that priest to wait. There's still one chance. It's a slim chance, but it's a chance...

We have to vote harder than ever.

My in-house doctors have advised against this. I voted so hard in the 2020 election that it nearly killed me. I spent three weeks in an elective coma. After that, I had to enter a state of Campari-induced hibernation for the entirety of 2021. I emerged from the cave we carved out of the former servants' kitchen in 2022 to the realization that... all of this pain? All of this trauma? All of this time spent in a cave interior designed by Queer Eye's own Bobby Berk? Worth it. The world is better, thanks to my singular, yet extremely hard, vote.

Or so I thought.

Listening to *The Daily* each morning, one couldn't help but believe that the world was thriving this past year. Hundreds of >>

>> thousands of jobs created on the Ukraine/Russia front, the American weapons industry thriving on recent developments in war, crime, and school shootings, Elon Musk promising us an edit button on Twitter. Can you blame one for not assuming things were on the up and up? There were whispers the Supreme Court may overturn Roe v. Wade, but I've been around the block long enough to know not to trust a rumor unless you started it yourself. But this time, as it turns out, the rumor was true. So we must fight and fight in specifically only one way. We must fight with our vote. The vote fight to end all vote fights.

Now is not the time to talk about "protest" or "immediate legislative action" or

about how "the Democrats knew this day was coming and did nothing to codify Roe into law." To speak of that is proof that you do not understand the gravity of this moment. In the immortal words of Puff Diddy (RIP), now is simply the time to say "vote or die," with the implied understanding that I'm only talking about national elections (they're the most important because they are the biggest).

Vote. Or. Die.

And with how hard I'm voting this November? It might even be a bit of a "vote AND die" for me. But I'm prepared to make that sacrifice and only that specific sacrifice. The sacrifice of voting so hard you pass away. I am willing to cast a vote

with such force that I die, even if no one asks me to and especially if no one asks me to. Does that make me a Christ-like figure? Perhaps. But that's not why I do it.

I do it because the only way to stop this descent into a version of authoritarianism that I really only take a few issues with is to save every last ounce of energy I have so that I can expend it on my vote.

You don't have to thank me now. But come this November, if I manage to pull it off and vote as hard as I plan to? You'll be thanking me as I ascend into Heaven to take Jesus's place at the Lord's side. Amen. ☹️

FD's Top 5 Place to Go — — — — — — — — — — on a Gallon of Gas!

1 Your Neighbor's!
See what's cookin' next door!

2 Gas station!
Best spot for affordable chips and soft drinks!

3 The corner store!
Say "meow" to the bodega cat!
(You may have to walk home!)

4 Across the street!
No time like the present to practice those parallel parking skills!

5 Straight to Hell!
No one in office cares if you die!

I READ THIS ZINE, AND OUR GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY FAIL US AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY

What Do I Do Now?

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

NOT SURE IF YOU'VE NOTICED, but the world is in perpetual turmoil. Governments seem ill equipped or, worse, unwilling to grapple with environmental collapse, wealth and resource disparity, and right-wing extremist ideology and violence. Despair, rage, and frustration are all normal emotional responses to our grave situations, but why not channel these energies into creative calls for change? Submit to us, and join our amazing community of collaborators, contributors, and comrades alike.

Submission Guidelines:

- Please email pitches to functionallydead@gmail.com. Please do not submit a full piece! A brief summary and a title is perfect. For art submissions, you can include the finished piece.
- There's no hard limit on the number of pitches/pieces you can send us at a time, but try to keep it reasonable. 5 feels about right.
- Please include "Submission" in the subject line.
- We are primarily interested in publishing short, left-leaning political satire, non-political comedy that speaks to the current moment, and earnest non-comedic essays from a Leftist perspective. Short fiction / poetry isn't really our thing, but if you really think it'd fit our voice, send it over!
- We typically don't publish pieces over 1,200 words unless it's REALLY interesting. Is your piece really that interesting? If you're wondering, it's probably not.
- We look at pitches from contributors the week after an issue is released.
- We'll get back to you by that Thursday with what pitch we liked the most. After that, we'd like a first draft by EOD that Sunday. This tighter turnaround helps keep each issue fresh and current.
- Please paste the piece directly in the body of the email. If you're submitting art, an attachment is fine. Otherwise, no attachments!
- We accept simultaneous submissions - just let us know in the body of your email.
- Thanks to our [Patreon](#), we can pay our contributors! We pay \$50 per piece. After your piece is published, we'll be in touch about payment.

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

IN THE NEXT ISSUE - GREEN NEW WHEEL: THE CASE FOR A HUMAN HAMSTER WHEEL-POWERED FUTURE



I would rather die a thousand deaths than see my mother's dress on that spoiled, selfish cow!

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//