



To:
RAIL WORKERS
From: JOE

Functionally
Dead
DEC. 6, 2021 / VOL. VIII, ISSUE 3

I Saw Kamala Kissing Xanax-Claus.



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WE COULD BURY OUR PHONES. WE COULD FORGET.

//JAMES DWYER

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH

Got mad today because Elon Musk tweeted a poll asking which Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle was the most fuckable and everyone voted for April even though April was not a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle.

April was a beat reporter for Channel 6 news who dressed in yellow jumpsuits and dated a hockey mask-wearing Bernie Goetz-wannabee ass bitch. April is not a fucking Ninja Turtle but everyone voted for April to be the most fuckable Ninja Turtle while thanking Elon for some “premium post-No Nut November content” which, it turns out, is a poll he stole from a Reddit incel who was arrested last week for trying to fuck a smoking hot body pillow in front of the White House.

Fuck this shit.

We could bury our phones. We could forget.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH

Not talking to the group text right now because I sent them a TikTok that came up on my fyp that I thought would really resonate with the group but instead they completely ignored me because Choney sent a photo of his kid taking a bare-ass shit on their dog at the exact same time and everyone just reacted to the photo instead saying things like “Absolutely gobsmacked,” “Mate is pure class,” and “This lad is Oxford-bound” because all of my friends are doing this thing right now where they pretend to be British.

The video I sent was of a guy recording himself after he got pulled over by a cop for speeding where he responds to the cop by just reciting lyrics from Everclear’s

“Father of Mine” until the cop lets him off with a warning. The only reaction I got was my boy Cedric who gave me the fucking question mark reaction in iMessage. I thought everyone would love it since we had an inside joke in college where we’d just randomly respond to people by saying a lyric from “Father of Mine” but I got fucking boxed out by a dumbass kid who thinks a dog is his toilet.

Fuck this shit.

We could bury our phones. We could forget.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH

Stressed out to hell because I went online and I guess we’re on the edge of total nuclear annihilation for the 8th time this year. A Moldovan YouTuber set off “the world’s most epic Roman candle” but it accidentally landed in Saudi >>

>> Arabia (it was a pretty big Roman candle) and Ukraine is saying Russia did it but Russia is saying if anyone believes Ukraine they'll nuke Poland and weirdly Israel came out and admitted they have nukes and they said they "need to nuke Iran now and maybe Ireland too" and Greg Abbott said he supports that but Joe Biden made it worse by saying "New York City shouldn't worry, we have no specific threats to Manhattan at this time so chow down on some iodine tablets and get your hands on one of New York's famous spicy meatballers while you still have the chance." I told my boss, and he doesn't fucking care. He said I can't leave early because people want cupcakes when the going gets rough. He's not wrong, it was busy as hell today but come on.

Fuck this shit.

We could bury our phones. We could forget.

We really could bury these fucking phones is the thing. Dirt, cement, gravel, big rocks. We can bury these bricks forever. And we could just forget. No phone to send me my daily rage fix. Calm. Peace. Tranquility. It would be so easy.

But then what? What would happen next?

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH

Made a hole. It's pretty deep. Probably didn't need to make it this big. Took a long ass time.

I'm really about to do this.

Am I going to suddenly have more time? Less fomo? Less anxiety? A healthier sense of self whose worth isn't entirely relative to the Instagram stories of my buddy Quiz who I took fiddling lessons with in 2010 at the Irish Arts Center?

Will I suddenly have a desire to do things like take fiddling lessons at the Irish Arts Center again because, despite the fact that everyone else I know does, I don't have a phone with access to the internet?

Will I have to have an awkward conversation with Eoin, the Irish man leading the sessions, where I tell him I'm not really enjoying learning the fiddle and I can't continue with the lessons because my improv team switched their practices to Thursdays?

When I find myself at a bar after a show

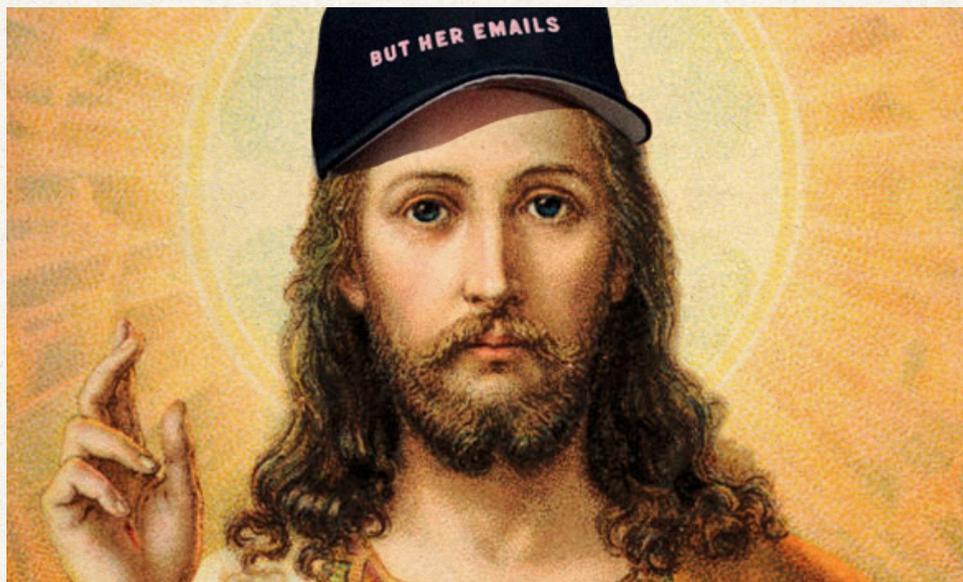
with friends and I am in between two different conversations, but part of none, instead of looking at my phone, will I just look around the room and pretend to nod at people on the other side or perhaps excuse myself to go to the bathroom despite the fact that I just went to the bathroom ten minutes ago?

I mean, yeah that doesn't sound great, but it sounds a lot better than keeping this thing.

Before I toss it in the hole, I open the Instagram app one last time. Quiz just posted a video to his stories of him pissing in public as the sun rises over Machu Picchu. I reply to his story.

"Haha, pure class mate. Save me a pint."

Let's bury our phones. Let's forget. 🗿





DON'T
AUDIT US,
WE'RE
DOING
TOPICAL
PARODIES
OF
CHRISTMAS
MOVIES

// WORDS & ART BY AUDREY CLARK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

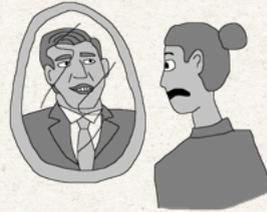
OH SHIT. OH FUCKEN SHIT. It's December already? Hell.

Okay, here's the deal. All satire websites are required to do a certain number of topical parodies each calendar year, or else we lose our tax exempt status. That means no more Func Dead clubhouse, no more Func Dead private jet, and no more trips to our secret Func Dead island (don't worry, we don't do anything gross there. We just hunt people for sport.)

This year we came in 11 parodies short, so I'm just gonna fart them out real quick. Feel free to skip this article, it's literally just for tax purposes.

★ IT'S A WONDERFUL LOAN

When a down-on-his-luck President Joe Biden contemplates passing student loan forgiveness, an angel appears to show him how terrible life would be without loan repayments.



★ THE DESANTIS CLAUSE

After a mysterious politician falls off her roof and dies, a young gay schoolteacher puts on his jacket and finds herself transforming into Florida Governor Ron DeSantis.

★ MIRACLE ON WALL STREET

This one is just like *Miracle on 34th Street*, but instead of a court case about whether Santa is real, it's a court case about GameStop and whether economic justice can be achieved within a capitalist system. Instead of the little girl showing the judge a banknote with "in god we trust" circled on it, she shows him a Santa Claus Bored Ape.

★ SCROOGED 2

Bill Murray is visited by the ghosts of all the women and children he assaulted. >>



THRONE ALONE

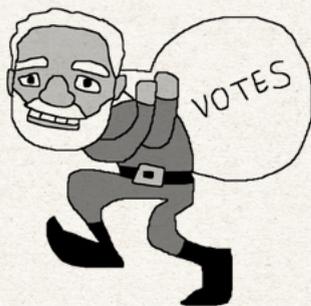
A grumpy Prince Charles wishes that his mother, Queen Elizabeth II, would just disappear. He's shocked to wake up and discover that his wish came true! Now he has to somehow hold the kingdom together while fending off his devious new enemy: Wet Meghan Markle.

BAD DeSANTIS

After her hospital is destroyed by a hurricane, a young gay immunologist comes up with a plan to pull off the ultimate heist. All she has to do is disguise herself as Florida Governor Ron DeSantis.

DIE HARD (FROM COVID)

John McClane finds himself trapped at an office Christmas party. No terrorists attack, the scary part is just that the company is making people return to the office. COVID is still a thing, okay!!



THE GRINCH WHO STOLE THE ELECTION

That naughty Grinch is at it again, but this time he's committing voter fraud! ...huh? The 2020 election doesn't count as topical anymore? Well that's fine because we were actually

talking about... let me see those headlines... Lula! Uh-huh! *Functionally Dead* stands with Bolsonaro!

ELFLON

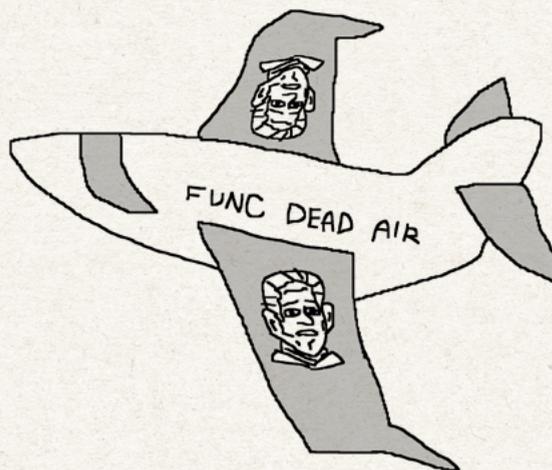
It's like *Elf*, but he's Elon Musk, and instead of throwing snowballs he throws blue checks, and instead of Santa's sleigh it's a Tesla, and when everybody sings the song at the end to make it fly, it crashes into a building and explodes.

A CHARLIE BROWN CHRISTMAS BUT CHARLIE BROWN IS TRAVELLING ACROSS STATE LINES TO GET AN ABORTION

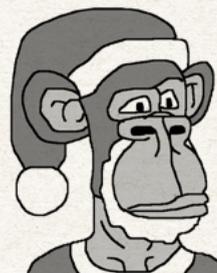
The shitty tree is a metaphor for a non-viable fetus.

THE DeSANTIS CLAUSE 2

Please don't take our jet. 🙄



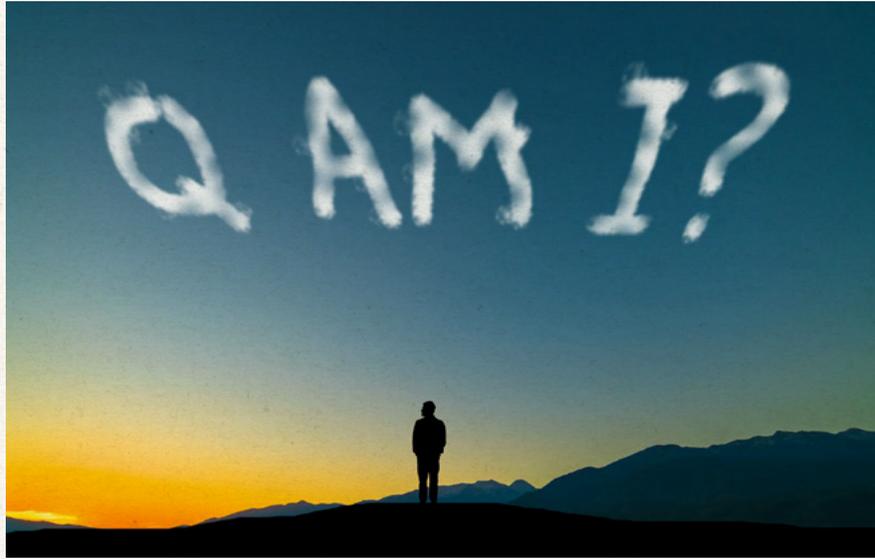
Audrey Clark is a comedian from Sydney, Australia. She is so funny and nice and you love her.



I'M LOSING IT

Q Abandoned Us, and I'm Losing My Knack for Conspiracy Theories

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN



I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING CRAZY. I've been treading water in reality for the past three years. The world is in shambles, and hordes of people have devoted their lives to proliferating disinformation, divisive rhetoric, and flat out fascist fantasies... and I'm starting to not buy into it as much. I don't know what is going on. I'm scared, and I need help. Q abandoned us, and I'm losing my knack for conspiracy theories.

A few years back you could have pointed at any person with vaguely left-wing politics, called them a pedophile liberal, and I would've spent my nights and weekends parked outside their home trying to make them feel unsafe. These days, that just kind of feels like a lot of futile work. Yeah, all those other lefties were running child sex rings with the Clintons (I'm sure of that), but now it seems like not everyone could fall under that umbrella. Right? I mean, how many communist toddler brothels could there be? How come I never hear about it from any of these kids? Or communists? I don't know. I'm really losing my touch.

I can't help but feel like I'm letting my community down. Q used to rally us against the dark woke forces trying to dip white

people in a sort of perma-ink to erase our Irish heritage in a Satanic reverse-reverse-racism ritual. But he's only made one drop in the past 3 years, and all it said was "remember your oath." I remember the oath. I've been living the oath. I'm just losing the plot a little on what exactly I've taken the oath to protect. I need direction. I'm not as strong as you, Q. I have a name and address. I co-own a Toyota dealership. What is anyone talking about? I need you to tell me.

I did January 6th. But ever since, that's just kind of the day I've decided to take down Christmas decorations... Happy Holiday decorations? Oh god, I don't know what I'm supposed to be angry at anymore. Everything seems generally unobtrusive to my life and identity, but I know it isn't. I hope it isn't, otherwise what could all this have been for?

Mel Gibson was in a movie where Mark Wahlberg becomes a priest, and I didn't even think he was talking directly to me to take immediate action to destroy Hollywood. I just watched the movie, turned it off, and lived my life.

I need you Q. Please. 🤖

FUNCTIONALLY DEAD ENDORSES



**ELON MUSK
FOR PRESIDENT**

- Potentially quickest end to American empire!
- He ruined Twitter in 2 weeks, imagine what he could do with an imperialist nation!
- Rest of world bound to stop following our hopeless lead!
- He'd go down with the ship!



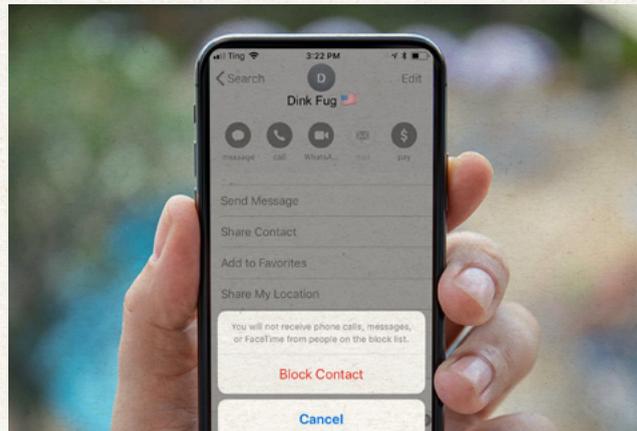
CAN YOU TELL WHICH OF THESE SCENES FROM DISNEY+'S *THE SANTA CLAUSES* REALLY HAPPENS?

CHRISTMAS TIME MEANS CHRISTMAS SPECIALS and if you're Disney+ that means milking every last bit of beloved IP until it is left so frail and empty that you barely remember why you liked the original. This year, Tim Allen makes his grand return to the role of St. Nick in a limited series titled *The Santa Clauses*. Based on the beloved '90s movie about the magic of Christmas, the importance of family, and the joy of spreading cheer, the sequel series is, naturally, a vehicle for Tim Allen to eyeroll about how wokeism is ruining society, finding Santa searching for a replacement as times have changed and he no longer holds passion for this difficult new world. Can you tell which of the below scenes appear in the series? Some of them actually do, we swear to god.

- Santa is informed that you can no longer call someone “naughty” and it’s now called the “misunderstood list”
- Santa has to change his hat to the color green because “red hats make some people feel unsafe”
- Cops refuse to help Santa recover his stolen sleigh because they’re too afraid of being filmed and fired
- Santa gets hit with a harassment lawsuit for “slapping Mrs. Claus’s ass” and saying “yummy Christmas jelly for papa” in front of some of his Elven employees
- Santa must let a donkey join the sleigh team because it is an “emotional support donkey”
- Santa gets sued by the National Labor Board for firing elves who try to unionize
- An elf tells Santa that he can’t put a boy on the naughty list, because his behavior is classic ADHD
- Santa gets sued again, this time by Dunkin Donuts for repeatedly saying “Santa runs on Dunkin”
- A Macy’s floor manager scolds Santa for “just asking questions” about kids’ vaccine statuses and coughing on an immuno-compromised 8 year-old
- Denis Leary cameos as an NYPD officer (who would have been at 9/11 if he wasn’t on paid leave for harassing a female co-worker), and Santa, out of respect for our nation’s heroes, takes a gift meant for some woke kid and gives it to Denis Leary instead
- Santa complains you can’t say “the n-word” anymore, and when the elves look at him strangely, he clarifies he means “naughty”
- Santa is accused of “brat shaming”
- A post-credits scene where one of the elves congratulates “Ron” on his victory, and it’s revealed that Santa Claus is now President using the alias “Ron DeSanta-is” 🤪

FUNDRAISING TEXTS FROM DINK FUG, THE MOST HAPLESS CANDIDATE IN THE WORLD

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN



THE MIDTERMS ARE OVER. The fabled red wave turned out to be little more than a red trickle. Democrats, especially those who had principles beyond sucking shit out of the cops’ assholes, did well. All that is, save for Democratic candidate Dink Fug. Running in Connecticut District 4, Dink finished fourth, lagging behind establishment Democrat Jim Himes, Republican Jayme Stevenson, Libertarian Trey “Four” Cinco, and write-in candidate “the pedophile from 7th Heaven.”

This loss was especially tough for Dink, as he had been campaigning for well over a year, and the text messaging service he used for his campaign was purchased by Verizon and shuttered in 2013. Luckily, *Functionally Dead* was able to salvage some of his most inspiring fundraising texts.

Dink Fug here, kicking off my campaign for Connecticut District 4. I’ve spent my whole life living in this district, and I’m ready to serve as best I can. If you’re tired of politics as usual, send me to Washington! I’d like to check the place out before I get elected—I’ve never been! I was supposed to go on a school trip in 8th grade, but both of my stepmothers said I wasn’t mature enough for the bus ride (my dad married two different women at the same time and then died). Every donation gets me one step closer to visiting our nation’s capital!

Dink Fug here. Do you like politics as usual? No? But you like mugs, right?

Please say yes. Donate \$10 now and get a free mug! Both my stepmothers are making them (they took a pottery class in 1982 and found a middle school that has a kiln that doesn’t lock its doors). I can say for certain they all have a handle and can hold most hot liquids (not coffee).

It’s your friend Dink. Sadly, we have to rescind that mug offer (both my stepmothers complained that the clay felt “too wet” to use). But good news—for just a \$10 donation, you can get some wet clay mailed to your door. Every dollar you donate helps bring me closer to the house (my house, not the House of Representatives—I’m stuck on a Greyhound bus

in Philadelphia (my stepmothers were right—I’m not mature enough to take a bus)).

Friend, it’s the better of Dink’s two stepmothers. Dink can’t text right now because his phone is covered in Gak—he did the debates on Nickelodeon, and they slimed him when he said Spongebob should denounce Israeli apartheid. Will you rush \$50 so Dink can get a new phone? It doesn’t have to be a good phone—even one of those Nokias will do. It’s not like Dink should be looking at apps, anyway—they keep him up all night (we sleep in the same bed, like Charlie Bucket’s grandparents). >>

>> Friend, it's the worse of Dink's two step-mothers. We faced a huge setback—apparently Nickelodeon didn't do a debate this year, and Dink got slimed by someone the authorities suspect is Neil Patrick Harris. Regardless, we're suing Neil Patrick Harris for this undemocratic stunt—can you chip in \$38,022.19 today? That should cover the lawyer fees and my Halloween costume (I'm going as a sick bat).

Dink here. The latest polls came out, and it's not looking good. Most voters think my name is fake, despite the billboard ads I took out explaining my great-grandfather made it up in Germany. They also think that the establishment Democrat has a better chance of beating the Republican challenger, despite the fact that I'm pretty sure the Republican has the seat? I actually should find that out. Can you donate \$27 today, so I can pay the librarian to use the library computer to look that up? It used to be free to use the library computer, but I guess this is what happens when the Republicans are in office. Or maybe the Democrats. I don't know.

Friend, it's Election Night. I'm getting word that the Taco Bell drive-thru said they can't fulfill my order unless I pay for it on the spot, and they won't let me put it on layaway. Can you rush \$10, so I can get ten potato tacos?

Friend, it's Dink. Marjorie Taylor Green just declared victory. Can you give me \$5 so I can send an envelope full of anthrax to her house? I have the anthrax, but not the envelopes or the stamps. Anthrax is supposed to feel wet and clay-like, right? ☹️



//MAËLLE DOLIVEUX

Functionally Dead stands in solidarity with part-time faculty at The New School and Parsons School of Design as they strike for better wages, better health insurance, and job security in the face of an administration that has not negotiated in good faith. You can read more about the strike and what they're fighting for in this [Jacobin interview with Lee-Sean Huang and Jerzy Gwiazdowski](#) of ACT-UAW Local 7902 and at [You Are The New School](#).

Xmas Shopping for Your Adult Children? Here Are 10 Gifts That Say

"We Haven't Been Close for Years."

// NAT ROBERTS GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN CHRISTMAS shopping for your kids was the simplest thing in the world: they would write a letter to Santa, and you would “mail” it. You’d drive to Walmart and offer the greater fifty bucks to find everything for you.

Now, your kids are grown and you barely know who they are, let alone what they want for Christmas. Worst of all, Walmart doesn’t even have greeters anymore! Gift cards and cash may ensure your kids won’t be disappointed, but they’ll miss what’s most important about holiday gift-giving: making you feel good about yourself.

No need to slip us a fifty! We here at *Functionally Dead* are more than happy to help you brainstorm with this comprehensive holiday gift guide for the stranger you raised.

1

Gear-Up

Thanks to Amazon’s seemingly infinite catalog of gadgets and gizmos, you’re all but guaranteed to find a gift for Scott that’s straight out of *Star Trek*. If you’re pressed for time, just close your eyes and pick one at random. A hand-cranked smartphone charger? That’s so cool! You would have *loved* to have one of those when you were his age, if smartphones had existed and normal wall chargers and backup battery packs didn’t. All of the five-star reviews say it’s great, so it’s probably fine that the average is 3.4.

I know what you’re thinking, “But I don’t know what Olivia likes to read.” You don’t have to! Just get her a book that *you* enjoyed. Everyone loves Civil War history and John Grisham, right? Self-help books are always a great option, since they’re a gift and helpful feedback all in one. Of course, we all know the best gifts are the ones you make yourself. So if you’ve self-published a science fiction epic with troubling racial implications or a romance novel about a thinly-veiled self-insert character, just sign a leftover copy and you’ve got a one-of-a-kind gift for the daughter who shares your name and nothing else.

2

Hit the Books

3

Hobby Lobby

If you’re like most empty nesters, you’ve probably taken up some kind of hobby to fill up the hours you used to spend driving to karate classes or in family counseling sessions. But did you realize your hobby can be an endless supply of free gifts? Whether it’s woodworking or cross-stitch, microbrewing or still life, it’s time to share your newfound passion with the people closest to you (genetically if not emotionally). After all, what else are you going to do with that lopsided end table? >>

4

Mugshot

You can't go wrong with a mug. Bust Riley up with a side-splitting quip about caffeine, or blow Amanda's mind with a travel mug designed by NASA. Either way the mug is a gift no one can get mad at, which—let's be honest—is the goal here.

5

Reduce, Reuse, Regift

Lucky for you, the office Secret Santa comes two weeks before the big day. That's plenty of time to rewrap that Newton's Cradle (thanks Cynthia from HR) and ship it to Alex. Or maybe this year the neighborhood White Elephant was a bust—you know *someone* who'd like a *Big Lebowski* beer koozie. If you're especially careful while unwrapping, you may not even need to buy new paper!

6

Familiar Favorites

Do you know what your child likes these days? No. But do you remember what she liked as a pre-pubescent legal dependent? Yes! Even though a lot has changed in the intervening years, we all appreciate a reminder of childhood. Jasmine *loved* Harry Potter—she may have even written a paper on why J.K. Rowling was her hero, it's hard to recall. Surely that's a cherished memory she'd be happy to think about in the year 2022, so get the girl a Ravenclaw snuggie.

7

Audible Wallpaper

If music can soothe the savage beast, maybe it can get Matt to stop calling you by your first name. And with vinyl's triumphant comeback, your technical knowledge is current for the first time since Steve Jobs announced the iPod. Since your son has never invited you to his home, there's no way to know what records he already has. But every obstacle is an opportunity in disguise: this is your chance to broaden his musical horizons by introducing him to geniuses like Steely Dan, Jimmy Buffett, and Celine Dion.

8

Solve One Problem with Another

Think back to the last time you saw Lily in person—it was probably a graduation, wedding, or funeral. Did she mention any minor annoyances other than your use of the word “fleck?” If so, that's your chance to be the hero she didn't ask for. The phone mount in her car broke? Get her a GPS! Microwave on the fritz? Air fryer! Single? Boyfriend pillow!

9

Clothes Maketh the Man

The last time you bought clothes for Shakeela it ended with her crying in an Old Navy fitting room—at least that's what she says, you don't remember anything of the sort. Either way, the past is the past, and in the present she needs a present. She can't have grown *that* much since she was twelve, so just buy her something in the same size and cross your fingers.

10

When All Else Fails

I know we said no gift cards, but they exist for a reason, right? Worst case scenario, just split a C-note between AMC and Cheesecake Factory. Call it “date night in a box,” that's at least something. Be sure to double-check if they have Cheesecake Factory in... uh... whatever state Brian lives in now. 🤖

Nat Roberts is an anarcho-toaist faith healer, a Yugoslavian brand of peachflavored schnapps, and a writer. Catch him on twitter @GnatRoberts or biweekly on *Snails & Oysters*, the bisexual movie podcast.

2022

BARACK OBAMA'S HOLIDAY PLAYLIST

WELL FRIENDS, IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN—THE HOLIDAYS. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE EATING SEVEN ALMONDS WITH A PIPING MUG OF WATER WHILE WATCHING YOUR ADULT DAUGHTERS GET FANCY JOBS COMPLETELY BY THEIR OWN MERIT IN THE SNOW. MICHELLE AND I LOVE RELAXING THIS TIME OF YEAR, AND TAKING STOCK, NOT ONLY OF ALL OF THE CHILDREN I'VE DRONED, BUT ALSO OF OUR TRUEST BOUNTY—FAMILY, DEAR FRIENDS, CHRIS MARTIN, WALL STREET, AND GREAT WINTER TUNES. PLEASE ENJOY MY HOLIDAY PLAYLIST. —BO

DON'T PANIC

Coldplay

SHIVER

Coldplay

SPIES

Coldplay

SPARKS

Coldplay

YELLOW

Coldplay

TROUBLE

Coldplay

PARACHUTES

Coldplay

HIGH SPEED

Coldplay

WE NEVER CHANGE

Coldplay

EVERYTHING'S NOT LOST

Coldplay

POLITIK

Coldplay

IN MY PLACE

Coldplay

GOD PUT A SMILE UPON YOUR FACE

Coldplay

THE SCIENTIST

Coldplay

CLOCKS

Coldplay

DAYLIGHT

Coldplay

GREEN EYES

Coldplay

WARNING SIGN

Coldplay

A WHISPER

Coldplay

A RUSH OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD

Coldplay

AMSTERDAM

Coldplay

SPEED OF SOUND

Coldplay

A MESSAGE

Coldplay

LOW

Coldplay

THE HARDEST PART

Coldplay

SWALLOWED IN THE SEA

Coldplay

TWISTED LOGIC

Coldplay

TILL KINGDOM COME (HIDDEN TRACK—VERY COOL!)

Coldplay

SQUARE ONE

Coldplay

WHAT IF

Coldplay

WHITE SHADOWS

Coldplay

FIX YOU

Coldplay

TALK

Coldplay

X&Y

Coldplay

LIFE IN TECHNICOLOR

Coldplay

CEMETERIES OF LONDON

Coldplay

LOST

Coldplay

42

Coldplay

LOVERS IN JAPAN/REIGN
OF LOVE

Coldplay

"YES" (INCLUDES HIDDEN SONG
"CHINESE SLEEP CHANT"
—VERY COOL!)

Coldplay

VIVA LA VIDA

Coldplay

VIOLET HILL

Coldplay

STRAWBERRY SWING

Coldplay

DEATH AND ALL HIS FRIENDS

Coldplay

MYLO XYLOTO

Coldplay

HURTS LIKE HEAVEN

Coldplay

PARADISE

Coldplay

CHARLIE BROWN

Coldplay

US AGAINST THE WORLD

Coldplay

M.M.I.X.

Coldplay

EVERY TEARDROP IS A
WATERFALL

Coldplay

MAJOR MINUS

Coldplay

U.F.O.

Coldplay

PRINCESS OF CHINA (WITH RI-
HANNA—VERY COOL!)

Coldplay

UP IN FLAMES

Coldplay

A HOPEFUL TRANSMISSION

Coldplay

DON'T LET IT BREAK YOUR
HEART

Coldplay

UP WITH THE BIRDS

Coldplay

ALWAYS IN MY HEAD

Coldplay

MAGIC

Coldplay

INK

Coldplay

TRUE LOVE

Coldplay

MIDNIGHT

Coldplay

ANOTHER'S ARMS

Coldplay

OCEANS

Coldplay

A SKY FULL OF STARS

Coldplay

"O" (INCLUDES A HIDDEN SONG,
"FLY ON"—VERY COOL!)

Coldplay

A HEAD FULL OF DREAMS

Coldplay

BIRDS

Coldplay

HYMN FOR THE WEEKEND

Coldplay

EVERGLOW

Coldplay

ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME

Coldplay

FUN

Coldplay

KALEIDOSCOPE

Coldplay

ARMY OF ONE

Coldplay

AMAZING DAY

Coldplay

SUNRISE

Coldplay

CHURCH

Coldplay

TROUBLE IN TOWN

Coldplay

BROKEN

Coldplay

DADDY

Coldplay

WOTW/POTP

Coldplay

ARABESQUE

Coldplay

WHEN I NEED A FRIEND

Coldplay

GUNS

Coldplay

ORPHANS

Coldplay

ÈKÓ

Coldplay

CRY CRY CRY

Coldplay

OLD FRIENDS

Coldplay

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

Coldplay

EVERYDAY LIFE

Coldplay

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Coldplay

HIGHER POWER

Coldplay

HUMAN KIND

Coldplay

ALIEN CHOIR

Coldplay

LET SOMEBODY GO

Coldplay

HUMAN HEART

Coldplay

PEOPLE OF THE PRIDE

Coldplay

BIUTYFUL

Coldplay

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES II

Coldplay

MY UNIVERSE

Coldplay

INFINITY SIGN

Coldplay

COLORATURA

Coldplay

Functionally Dead's

BURN OF THE WEEK



Nate Silver @NateSilver538 · 2h

One of the more understated risks from AI is that it comes up with mediocre answers that people mistake for being brilliant.

164

168

1,320



Noah Smith @Noahpinion

Replying to @NateSilver538

Damn, maybe my job really IS in danger

6:29 PM · Dec 3, 2022



HOW I WENT FROM SEEKING MY PARENTS' APPROVAL TO SEEKING MY BOSS'S APPROVAL

//LIZ WIEST

IN JAMES L. BROOKS' 1987 HIT MOVIE *Broadcast News*, Holly Hunter's character is asked by her boss if it feels great to constantly believe that she is better than everyone and the smartest person in the room. She replies: "No, it's terrible". This quote has always resonated with me, because, while I know for a fact that I am the best and smartest person in the room, it dawned on me that I'm not sure if my boss feels the same way. I had to find out.

All the therapists I've been to have told me that it's obvious my inner child isn't healed because I have an abandonment wound that presents itself in the constant need for words of affirmation. I have no idea what they're talking about. My inner child is doing fucking great, thank you. After I dedicated my entire

life to getting into an Ivy League school, earning my MBA and securing a six-figure salary at a Fortune 500 company, my parents told me they were proud of me for the first time in 30 years. In other words, those therapists can suck it. My inner child has all As on her report card, a healthy social circle of confidantes, and doesn't need to call her partner "Daddy" in bed like her other less-evolved friends. Luckily, my new therapist gave me 247 whole pages worth of suggestions of how to ensure that I WILL win over my boss. My new therapist is a copy of Sheryl Sandberg's *Lean In*.

I've taken that same energy that I used to dedicate to winning over my parents to winning over my boss. Take that, inner child! Of course, my boss is a cishet white man, but just because his father is the largest shareholder in the company doesn't mean he didn't work hard to get to where he is! I will stop at nothing to win his favor. So instead of only putting in 8 hours, I've extended my days to 10, 11, sometimes 12 hours. Granted, my boss leaves before me and has yet to notice that I'm there past the cleaning staff, but I'm hoping one day someone will mention it to him!

This wasn't in the book (or maybe it was, I never finished it, but it sure impresses guys when I have it on my bookshelf!), but as we all know, men inherently respect women who are business-women. They think of us as superior to their non-business-doing wives, daughters, and mothers. It's essentially like they see us as just One of The Guys™. What an honor! So to blow my boss's mind, I started baking things for the whole office. This way he'll be like, "whoa? She's a girlboss AND can bake better than my mom? She probably has to be the best woman in the whole world!"

And last but not least, I'm on top of any talk of unionizing or other female employees advocating for higher salaries. Getting to work for this prestigious company makes up for the 77 cents on the dollar we're paid. With this foolproof plan, I have no doubt I will win my boss's favor at least within this fiscal year. Follow my blog for more tips and tricks on how to successfully girlboss in corporate America! 🧠

But a Page From F D's Hell-iday Songbook

**GRANDMA GOT ANTHRAX
FROM A REINDEER**

//DIANA KOLSKY

Grandma got anthrax from a reindeer
Whose corpse emerged from a melted glacier
You can say there's no such thing as climate change
But as for me and Greta, it's pretty clear

On Christmas Eve she started sweating
And was very short of breath
(Uh-oh, Grandma)
We didn't know if it was COVID-19 or the flu or RSV
'Twas via anthrax she met her death

When we found her Christmas mornin'
Icy blue in her Sleep Number bed
(Now it gets kinda gross)
She had hella swollen neck glands
'N' eggnog barf all around her head

Two, three...!

Grandma got anthrax from a reindeer
Whose corpse emerged from a melted glacier
You can say there's no such thing as climate change
But as for me and Greta, it's pretty clear

Now were all worried about Grandpa
My guy doesn't really seem to mind
Just watches MSNBC night and day
(He loves Lawrence!)
Puffin' on his vape the entire time

It's just not Christmas without Grandma
She really knew her way around a roast
(Recipe died with her!)
Now we are all eating Arby's
And shitting liquid the most
(Is that blood?)

Grandma got anthrax from a reindeer
Whose corpse emerged from a melted glacier
You can say there's no such thing as climate change
But as for me and Greta, it's pretty clear

Grandma got anthrax from a reindeer
Whose corpse emerged from a melted glacier
You can say there's no such thing as climate change
But as for me and Greta, it's pretty clear 🤮

NOTE: This song is dedicated to my hero, Randy Rainbow, the greatest music poet of our time

I READ THIS ZINE, AND OUR 'PRO-LABOR' PRESIDENT IS STILL A SCAB

What Do I Do Now?

//DAN LOPRETO

"BIDEN SIGNS BILL AVERTING NATIONWIDE RAIL STRIKE—But Not Granting Sick Days To Workers," reads a *Forbes* headline that nicely encapsulates our contemporary hellscape. As our politics remains [dominated](#) by psychotic billionaires and unhinged culture-warriors, and inequality continues to [kill](#) us, our zombie [president](#) decides that rail workers don't deserve a handful of [sick days](#). "It's very frustrating," says [Matthew Weaver](#), a railroad carpenter since 1994. "Here is America's essential workers—rail workers. We have no paid sick days. It's disgusting." It was Marx that said the State is the executive committee of the ruling class. I can't imagine a better example of this playing out before our eyes in real time [globally](#). I mean, you've watched *Andor*, you get it. Well, at least the rail workers aren't the only ones agitating for a better life these days. Here are a handful of labor actions that are currently happening and links to resources/ways to support:

UK UNIVERSITY WORKERS

A record number of lecturers, librarians and researchers are on strike in the UK. Read about it [here](#) and [here](#). Support [here](#).

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA WORKERS

A strike of 48,000 academic workers at the University of California—the largest labor action of the year in the US—is entering a third week. Read about it [here](#) and [here](#). Support [here](#).

ALABAMA COAL MINERS

Hundreds of coal miners in Brookwood, Alabama have been striking for 20 months. The miners believe it's the longest strike in Alabama's history. Read about it [here](#) and [here](#). Support [here](#).

CULTURE WORKERS

[You Can't Eat Prestige](#). Professors of art, workers at museums, and assistants at a publishing house have all gone on strike or staged public protests during contract negotiations over the past year. Read more [here](#).

GLOBAL

Workers going on strike around the world. A growing number of labor protests are threatening industries across the globe. Learn more [here](#) and [here](#).

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

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: THE NYPD HIRES COCAINE BEAR TO MANAGE HOMELESS SWEEPS



You tend to get paranoid when everyone around you gets dead.

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//