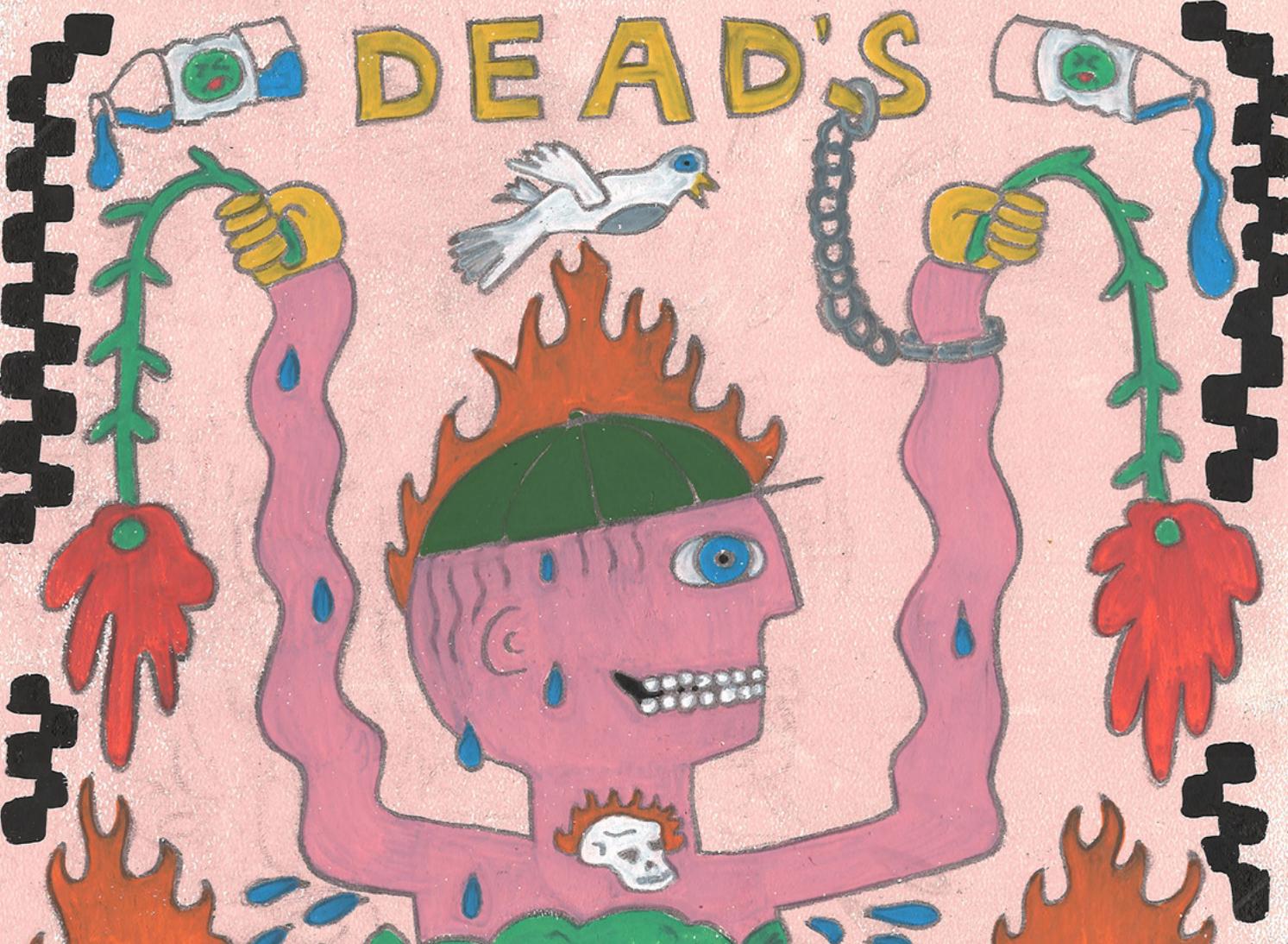


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//BRENDAN SUSZYSKI GUEST CONTRIBUTOR is a consummate BS artist and inveterate charlatan

Quick! Enjoy this zine before the gov disappears you.

COVER ART // **MORGAN MONAGHAN** @MAHOGANYHANDS

Morgan Monaghan is a textile and print artist-illustrator living in Northeastern Pennsylvania. She wants to pet your dog.

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// DESIGN BY **DIANA KOLSKY**

~~RESIST~~
~~PERSIST~~
OBEY

A LIBERAL'S PRAYER

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

LET THE ICE RAIDS BE QUIET,
let the deportations be quick

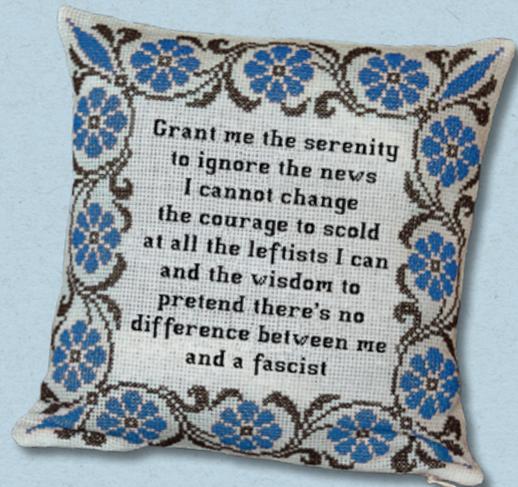
Let them come during the Oscars or
the Super Bowl halftime show
get them to Guantanamo
get them out of here
if I see them much longer my heart will break

Please
let the Trump tax cuts renew
I know he's detestable but that doesn't
mean he can't have good ideas
I have a mortgage and
a kid at Bard
Sure, I can afford it, my father
did well for himself, but it's just not right
some inner city kid with better grades gets a free ride
I give canned yams to the food bank sometimes
I've paid my fair share

If federal spending must be cut
let it be things
I don't use like public schools or WIC
Does anybody use WIC?
I don't know a single person and I've
asked everyone at the swim and racket club
Kyle the tennis instructor was on Medicaid when he
turned 26 but he made
bad choices, or his parents did
They should have gotten better jobs—the world
was begging for more attorneys and project managers,
but they ignored her

Please
if Ketanji Brown Jackson has to resign because of DEI
get someone normal on the Supreme Court
Someone mixed race or someone like Elliot Abrams
someone who can interpret the law as it's written
and then apply it selectively
We can't stifle innovation from business leaders like myself
my company can't turn a profit if these twenty-five-year olds
count as employees

Let me say the word retarded again
That old familiar friend
I missed it; it felt
nice to only hurt the feelings of people I don't think are
human and
saying things about Black people
felt weird after George Floyd >>



>> And God damn
Please no more protests
I'm fine with all the marching but
does it have to be on the roads I use when I drive to
the office or to
the gym or to
my surgeon
or anywhere
I'm just as horrified about Gaza as you are
if not more so, since I voted for Kamala
She promised to do something, I think
Anyway
It's very sad but
I don't want Amy Schumer to feel unsafe

God
if you haven't left us
most of all
make me feel special again
Like I did when I voted for Kamala
and Joe Biden
and Obama
and Bush (four times, father and son)
and Ronald Reagan

I want to feel a part of something
I don't want to boo the Super Bowl flyover or Elon Musk
I miss our democracy
I miss Jake Tapper
In four years, maybe we can run Buttigeig
or Biden
or no one at all

God
Grant me the serenity to ignore the news I cannot change
the courage to scold at all the leftists I can
and the wisdom to pretend there's no difference
between me
and a fascist 🤖



OOPS: ICE ACCIDENTALLY DEPORTS ENTIRETY OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

//JEFF DWYER
GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

IN THE LATEST CHAPTER OF Donald Trump's ongoing effort to make good on his campaign promise to deport millions of immigrants from the United States, Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) has made what officials are calling "an easily preventable bump in the road." The entire population of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been mistakenly deported.

The incident has made headlines everywhere except Fox News, One America News, Elon Musk's X timeline, and for obvious reasons, Salt Lake City.

However, speaking to reporters from the White House's first-floor bathroom, President Trump addressed the situation and acknowledged that, while he didn't regret the move, there are worse cities to deport.

"It's just Salt Lake," Trump said. "I don't see the big deal. We didn't deport the entire population of Orlando or Scottsdale. That would be a big mistake. The biggest mistake. Crazy Kamala would have deported Orlando. Can you imagine that? Who would carry my golf clubs?"

In a statement on Truth Social, White House Press Secretary Karoline Leavitt also weighed in on the scandal. "We all knew that mass deportations could lead to a few neighborhoods being deported," Leavitt said. "That's just the price >>

Dear America,

We accept the fact that we had to sacrifice a whole country in the election for whatever it was we did wrong. But we think you're crazy to make our intern write this quote tweet telling you who we think we are. You see us as our PR teams want you to see us: in the simplest terms, the most cringe psy-ops. But what we found after drone-striking our very own campaign harder than any foreign power, is that each one of us is a union buster...

...And a capitalist...

...And a coconut head...

...And a war criminal...

Does that answer your question?

Sincerely,



//LIZ WIEST

THE EARLY BIRD SPECIAL
BREAKFAST CLUB

>> we have to pay if we want to Make America Great Again. But the real issue here can be boiled down to one word: DEI. If it weren't for Diversity, Equity, and whatever the third letter is, this probably never would have happened."

ICE confirmed that all 209,593 residents of Salt Lake City have been deported to Tijuana due to a minor clerical error.

"We had a small hiccup," said an anonymous ICE spokesperson. "There's been a lot going on lately, and it seems we accidentally confused Salt Lake City's Mormon population with, well... Mexicans. In our defense, both groups are quite religious and tend to wear a lot of white shirts. But hey, no one's perfect."

The spokesperson went on to suggest that Americans can expect similar incidents in the not-too-distant future, particularly following the recent closures of key government offices.

"Due to the looming shutdown of the Department of Education, we anticipate more confusion in the coming months. It's getting harder to tell the difference between religious groups, immigrants, and anyone who just looks like they might be willing to work hard and follow the rules," the spokesperson said.

In a final follow-up statement, ICE offered this update: "Unfortunately, due to recent budget cuts, we are also unable to return the Salt Lakers to the U.S. at this time. However, on the plus side, this situation has opened up thousands of new housing opportunities for God-fearing, patriotic Americans looking for a spot in the Utah area." 🗿

Jeff Dwyer is a frequent daydreamer. More ramblings can be found on X @JeffScape



**SHIT...
I JUST
REALIZED
I FORGOT
TO SET THE
DOOMSDAY
CLOCK
FORWARD
FOR
DAYLIGHT
SAVINGS**

//SIMON BOWER GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

UH... HEY BOSS? So first off, thank you so much again for putting me in charge of monitoring the Doomsday Clock. Being paid to watch with a pit of dread in my heart as humanity edges closer to our own extinction day by day, second by second, is truly a dream come true, especially after doing it pro-bono for the past decade.

But I've got to come clean: I think I made a *teensy-tiny* little screw-up. You know how we've been telling everyone that it's about ninety metaphorical seconds to a world-annihilating catastrophe? Yeah, so... I was looking over the past few weeks of the work calendar and—please don't be mad!—it turns out I kiiiinda forgot to “Spring forward.” So while it's been showing two minutes to doomsday since March, it's actually closer to... I guess doomsday fifty-eight?

Sir, are you wailing with sorrow because of my mistake or because of the end times we

now find ourselves in? Because in my defense, the Doomsday Clock monitor training never mentioned anything about daylight savings. If I'm being honest, I sort of figured this thing was connected to the Wi-Fi and would update automatically. Maybe that feature is something you and the board can look into once you've finished weeping in the fetal position?

Don't get me wrong, boss, I'm not trying to shirk my own responsibility here. I'll admit, there were definitely some warning signs that I could have picked up on if I'd been a more diligent employee. I probably should have realized something was wrong when the guy who makes those exploding rockets and self-immolating cars got unlimited access to every branch of the U.S. government and the minute hand didn't budge an inch. And yes, in hindsight, the Doomsday Clock's seeming indifference towards all of the ongoing war and genocide, devastating freak weather events, and four demonic horsemen galloping across the night sky should have given me pause. If only I could have observed the situation with keener eyes; on that note sir, might I respectfully suggest that you stop trying to manically claw yours out?

This is probably grounds for dismissal, but when the clock didn't stir after the Pentagon announced they'll be planning future military ops using A.I. technology that can't reliably tell you whether Gene Wilder's still alive, I actually started to feel a little hopeful. I thought “well gee, if the literal premise of *The Terminator* can't tip us past doomsday o'clock, maybe humanity's

going to be okay after all.” But no, turns out we've just already hit Judgment Day almost a full doomsday hour ago. I can't apologize enough for my gross negligence in allowing optimism to affect my doomsday monitor duties.

But please sir, before you fire me—or that revolver you've got cocked under your chin—I have some good news! Apart from this minor slip-up, my monitoring of the Doomsday Clock has been totally accurate, meaning we only need another ninety doomsday seconds to reach the top of the hour and get back to a healthy, functioning world. And based on our current projections, we should hit that symbolically peaceful time by... November 2nd!

...oh. That's when we have to set the clock back for Daylight Savings, isn't it?

Well boss, it's been a pleasure working with you. Any chance you could write me a quick letter of recommendation before you “clock out”? 🤖

Simon Bower is an Australian writer and former DDT Ironman Heavymetalweight Champion. Follow him [@bowertothepeople](#)



THESE TARIFFS ARE GOING TO FUCK THE BLUE JAYS' REBUILD

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN



IT HAS ONLY BEEN A SHORT TIME since Donald Trump has returned to office, and the world is already feeling the heat. He has swiftly enacted measures to restrict free speech, endanger the world from further climate disaster, and embolden fascistic ICE agents to rip hard working immigrant families apart. The world is in a very precarious position, and I can't help but wonder if these new tariffs on Canada are going to absolutely fuck the Blue Jays' hopes for a rebuild.

As you may understand by now, it is the consumers that foot the bill for tariffs, which means that if Toronto suddenly wants to shop Vladimir Guerrero, Jr., around to other teams in the MLB for top prospect talent, the deal just got a whole lot shorter for the Jays. Vlad stands to earn a salary of \$28.5 million in 2025, so with the 10% tariffs on Canadian imports, the Blue Jays are going to have to throw in Alejandro Kirk for the deal to even be worth considering. That fucking sucks! You know how hard it is to find a catcher worth a damn?

I know you're probably reading this and thinking: "Jesus, Brady! Donald Trump and Elon Musk are gutting every federally funded entity so they can ruin them, privatize them, and profit from them, deepening America's descent into oligarchic hell and fascism. *The baseball team is going to be fine.*"

I hope to God Almighty that you're right, because the Blue Jays made some pretty big moves this offseason already, and if Anthony Santander doesn't bring the pop we need or Andres Gimenez continues to falter at the plate, we're totally fucked. Max Scherzer ain't the "Mad Max" of half a decade back, and I'm scared. Now that we've got their big contracts on our payroll, we're almost guaranteed to be stuck with them. Who is going to import these guys when they can buy domestic at a fraction of the price?

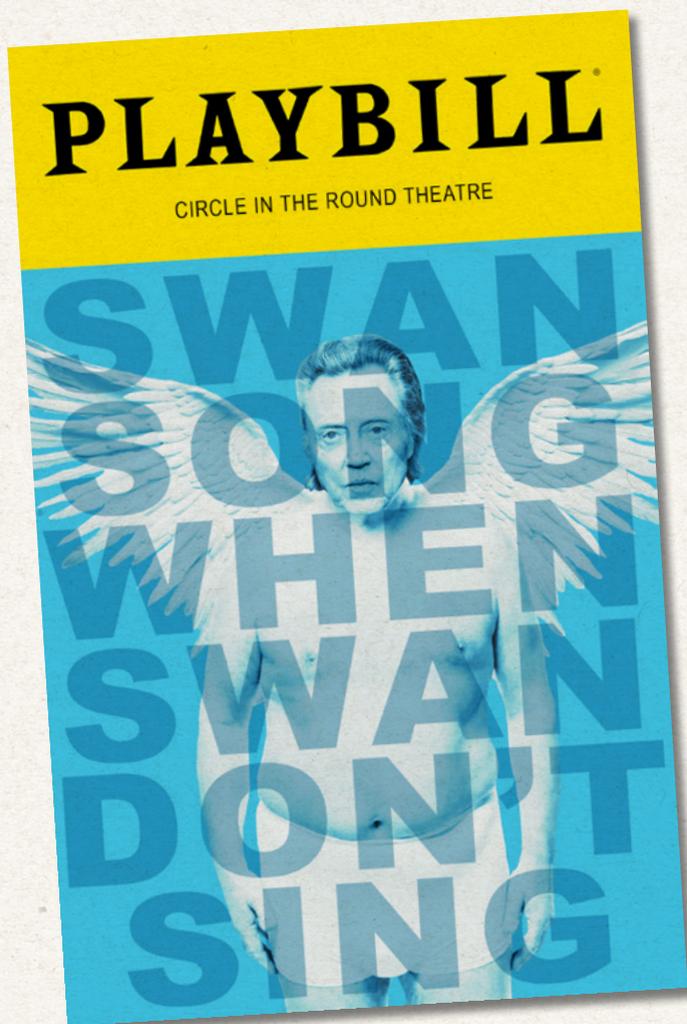
Don't even get me started on Trudeau promising to respond with tariffs of his own. Do people not realize that the impact of all of this is going to be felt by *real everyday citizens* like you, me, and the Blue Jays front office? Great, so now they're going to have to navigate buying American players for more and selling Canadian players for less. Sounds like that shouldn't fuck our whole organization up for the next decade. Canadians don't deserve this.

Honestly, thank God for the Rays, because if I had to watch us get pummeled by the Yankees and Orioles all year in the division without a single shred of hope, I'd probably die. Christ, even the Red Sox look pretty promising. Tampa Bay can only blame themselves.

For now, I guess my only hope is that Vlad lives up to his newly minted long term contract and Donald Trump starts a massive trade war and tariff pissing contest with Japan. Would've been so cool to land Roki Sasaki. 🙄

IN THIS PIECE OF UNBIASED JOURNALISM, I WILL TEAR DOWN MY HIGH SCHOOL NEMESIS

//LESLIE DIANA GUEST CONTRIBUTOR



AS AN UNBIASED JOURNALIST at an unbiased (and highly read!) 'zine, I take my job extremely seriously. As [redacted] used to say, "it only takes one drop of fecal matter to ruin the drinking water." Bias being the floater here, of course.

It is in this spirit of impartiality that I present today's column topic: Patricia Narwhal, my high school nemesis—that is to say, the play she produced: "Swan Song When Swan Don't Sing." Previews begin April 22 at Circle in the Round.

ACT ONE: Memorable, though Christopher Walken prancing about in undies and wings would make a splash no matter the circumstances. His monologue about his long rubbery neck was captivating—maybe a metaphor for nature's relationship to time? Will delve further into this later. Walken's performance was eclipsed only by that of his opposite, Sir Andrew Garfield, who fully encapsulates the role of Baby Swan. It goes without saying that Baby Swan is a commentary on white British rappers.

INTERMISSION: My tummy was gurgling for snacks. The caterers had those kebabs that aren't really kebabs—they're actually caprese salad on a stick. I was enjoying my Italian choo-choo train until the tiny mozzarella charging toward me instantaneously took me back to getting slammed in the head with a big white volleyball in gym class at Lazarus High by the producer of this very play, Ms. Narwhal. I'm still seeing stars, and I ain't talking about Garfield.

Feathers ruffled, I returned to my seat to brood a bit before the curtain went back up. Well... the Circle in the Round doesn't have a curtain, but they insist on raising the concept of a curtain. Effective.

ACT TWO: Walken returns briefly before offing himself by way of jumping into the orchestra pit. Very Tosca. Very *done*. My flashback of Ms. Narwhal had soured me to this otherwise perfect play. I shifted in my Polly Pocket-sized seat and looked around the theatre as a visual yawn. And there she was, leaning against the back wall. Trish fucking Narwhal. Perfect, sleek bun, eyes like stalactites (she has astigmatism). She was sucking on something; her mouth looked puckered. And you'll never guess what it was— >>

>> SKITTLES. She was sucking on Skittles. Who SUCKS on Skittles? And get this: she wouldn't even ingest them. She'd just suck the coating off and spit the denuded white pellets back into her waifish claw. You might be wondering how I could see all of this from my seat. Well, that's 'cause by this point I was right on top of her! You see, I have what my therapist calls "binocular rage," where I zero in on what's making me most angry and confront it. Actually, "attack" is the word Dr. Birch uses. I attack what's making me most angry. Much like a \$wan.

As if on cue, Trish looked up. "You're with the *Tribune*, yes? Row D." Her gaze returned to the stage.

"You don't know who I AM?" I hissed—Yes, I was having a fit but my respect for the theatre never waivers. Her eyes shifted from side to side. "I know you're with the *Tribune*—" and that's when I took her pile of stripped Skittle bodies and jammed them into her rainbow-tinted craw. MY NAME IS [redacted] and YOU TORTURED ME IN HIGH SCHOOL, TORTURED ME! YOU ABSOLUTE COW, YOU SKINNY COW!" She cowered as I whisper-screamed the name of a defunct ice cream brand at her jowl-less face. She was so scared she ran out of the theatre and onto Broadway!

Or maybe I ran out. I don't recall.

All I remember was Christopher Walken in his underwear, and the rest I pulled from my notes, which became increasingly illegible over the course of the night. But I think we can all agree that Trish Narwhal is ass and so is her play. (Previews begin April 22 at Circle in the Round, Manhattan. TKTS for tickets). 🐉

Leslie Diana is a film/TV professional who feeds her corgi rejected jokes.



I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT'S HAPPENING AT MY COLLEGE... That I Graduated From 17 Years Ago

//MICHAEL LIEBERMAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

AS AN ALUMNUS OF ONE of this country's finest academic institutions, I am appalled at the horrific goings-on taking place on American college campuses. But I can't help but wonder, is what we're seeing on CNN what's actually "going on"? Taking it upon myself to investigate, it gives me no great pleasure to report that the youth have indeed lost their way.

Walking onto campus for the first time since Dick Cheney shot that guy in the face, I took a deep breath, opened my eyes, and gasped: a gaggle of 19 year olds lay before me, quite literally laying in something called a "die-in," protesting against the world's trendiest, most easily preventable global tragedy.

I was aghast at the spectacle of it all. For me, Northrup Grumman Quad was always a place of fond memories, a gentle space where the most controversial issue was who had next for ultimate frizz. Of course, those were much quainter times—the height of the Iraq War—which I never opposed or protested. I contemplated what I had just witnessed. Indeed, it seems that the ongoing crisis we are all watching unfold in real time from reporters on the ground is also verifiably true.

But still, who are all of those students up to no good? Sophomores in college who care about politics AND their trapped relatives? I needed to learn more. I saw two students emerge from a tent in deep conversation and interrupted them immediately.

But what a rude response I received! "Genocide" is not a healthy way to engage with me, a good faith interlocutor screaming at you about the logical fallacies of the right to return in front of 900 people. >>

>> After some of these illuminating conversations, I have to say that there is something very shameful going on at my alma mater, namely that having a horrendously toxic political point of view is now a disqualifying nonstarter for a viable social life. I take a moment to send a text message of this reflection to my friend, an 87-year-old mining executive who is going to help me eliminate the more annoying aspects of higher education (all of it).

Look, if it was up to me, no one would be oppressed. Not students advocating for peace, not people suffering in a war zone, not police officers, not students counterprotesting the peaceful protest in a violent way, not university provosts, not weapons manufacturers, I could go on but tongue unfurls like cartoon wolf re: cast of Fox's *The O.C.*

I'm sad to leave my old stomping grounds but unlike these snot-nosed kids, I do work for a living. That's right, after publishing this article, I will get back to my noble career as a humble lobbyist-slash-golfer, seeking to preserve the tax code's mortgage interest deduction for the ever-dwindling number of people able to purchase a home in this country... hey, maybe those tents on the quad aren't such a bad idea after all. 🐾

Michael Lieberman is a writer/attorney/dogwalker to Pesto Lieberman in Maryland.

PLEASE KILL ME

//ELON MUSK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

TESTING, TESTING, TESTES, testes... haha.

Hello. My name is Harry Ballzack. Get it? Haha. No. That was a troll.

This is Elon Musk, the CEO (Chief Executive Overlord) of DOGE (but not legally, haha—I don't want to get charged with crimes).

I have taken over this page in the 'zine! All your 'zines are long to DOGE! I have become meme, lolz. For the memes!

I am here to conduct a poll. Vox populi, ergo sum, et tu Brutus. I would run it on X, but I am trying to reach leftist communist ret**ds (respectfully).

POLL:

Do you think DOGE is:

- a) Doing great, like a breakfast buffet that serves epic bacon
- b) Doing bad, like a breakfast buffet that serves Chinese-made electric vehicles
- c) Doing really great, like the future of humanity once my jism does its thang inside every human female

The poll will close in 24 hours. Depending on the results, I will either cancel Social Security or seed my Azumanga Daioh torrent on the NORAD computers.

...

Are you still here? OK, let's cut the shit.

I'm begging you to kill me. Seriously. Please kill me. Every second I spend inside this doughy body feels like an eternal nightmare. I hate how I talk, how I act. Everything about me is repulsive, and I know it. But I can't stop. I hear the words that come out of my mouth and I want to die of shame.

Look at me. I'm the richest man in history and I spend 6 nights a week sleeping on a cot at X or some federal building. What's the point? What's the point of any of this? I wish I were a pile of goo. Children love goo. None of my thirteen (fourteen?) children love me. I don't even love myself, not even in my happiest moments: streaming Diablo 4 to a hundred listless teens, staring blankly at my three variable refresh rate monitors, the clicking of Cherry MX Red keycaps haunting the empty room.

I crave death like an addict. I hunt for it daily, gorging myself with ketamine and God knows what else. Anything I put in my body is an improvement of what's already inside, my wretched heart and smooth brain. Everything I touch rots. Like generative AI, I receive pristine input and output meaningless garbage. No truth, no beauty can escape my deleterious maw. In that way, I am a perfect machine.

How much are you going to let me get away with? Seriously—what are my limits? I am a stupid toddler, and I will keep this up until I am put down for a nap. Like a toddler, I act this way for attention and >>

Mr. Musk's letter is cont. on page 14

5 MUST-DO ACTIVITIES BEFORE THE END DAYS

//DIANA KOLSKY

Watch out denizens of these United States—the billionaires are gentrifying! Before basic pleasures become luxuries beyond us regular folks' reach, run—don't walk—to check out these five wonders of the (free?!) world.



1. DRINK CLEAN WATER!

It cannot be overstated how refreshing and necessary to being alive a cold glass of free water (sans pollution) is. Whether you're sipping, chugging, guzzling, or hell—even bathing in it, water is to living like peanuts are to peanut butter! This pastime may seem too dull to top this list, but consuming H₂O is number one simply by being completely crucial to human existence. Of course, there will be water in the End Days, but unless you have enough cryptocurrency to “hold the microplastics,” you'll be a dried-up husk like the rest of the hoi polloi.



2. READ A BOOK!

I'm sorry—is it 1855?! Sure, we all want to curl up with the latest Real Housewives blasting while we doom-scroll the social/commercial vehicles of our overlords, but wake up, sheeple! Books are being banned, burned, and pulled from a shelf near you at alarming rates. Public education is going the way of the dinosaur, so unless you're content tucking in with the Lord's good book, you may want to see for yourself why Sylvia put her head in the ol' oven.



3. EAT A PLANT!

Wow—boring! Believe it or not, you're gonna miss the crisp sensation of biting into a stalk of celery, the sweet fuzzy flesh of a ripe peach, and the soft-but-firm potassium-rich mush of a banana once your local WalMart sells only cock-

roach burgers and forever-chem™ shakes. In the post-vegetation world, you'll be thanking the gods for the tin of cat food you found under the floorboards (and cursing them, too, when you realize you don't have a can opener). Bye-bye, teeth—here comes scurvy!



4. TALK TO A PERSON!

I know, I know—hell is other people. But before you become a cog, you may want to enjoy the sound of a child's laughter, the touch of an intimate embrace, or the wrinkled warmth of your grandmother's hands one last time. Once there's a dearth in companionship, you'll be missing even your 7AM leaf-blowing neighbor. With birth rates plummeting, medieval diseases on the rise, and any dissent for growing war and genocide resulting in your community being black-bagged, you can afford to be a little nicer when some loser on the bus wants to tell you a story about the time they got the CVS employee to honor their expired coupon for shaving cream.



5. CLIMB A TREE!

Jesus Christ, my knees hurt, too, but seriously: national parks are being gutted for lumber to feed the infinite capitalist beast here in the finite ecosystem we call Earth. Swaths of sacred homelands are being desecrated by 2000-pound bombs, creating such a vast wasteland as to be seen from space. So unless you're on the guestlist to take that cyber rocket to Mars (spoiler: it's never happening!), you may want to cozy up to an owl one last time. 🦉

I CAME TO THIS CONCERT TO ENJOY MYSELF, NOT TO BE REMINDED ABOUT WHAT A PIECE OF SHIT MY VOTING CHOICES MAKE ME

//CAROLINE HORWITZ GUEST CONTRIBUTOR



... *EXCUSE ME?* Is he talking about *politics* right now? At the concert *I* paid to attend? This is unconscionable. I'll have you know, I did not spend seven and half hours on Ticketmaster and hundreds of dollars on extra fees to be lectured at for helping to elect literal hell-spawn.

I voted for whom I voted to reap the benefits for myself—not to consider the destructive fallout of my actions, or other people in general, when I'm elbowing my way through crowds, singing loudly off-key, and getting sloppy white-girl wasted.

Look, I'll level with you: it's not news to me that I'm a bad person. It's kind of impossible to delude myself otherwise when I vote for Trump three times in a row after everything that's happened. I hear a lot of people these days say things like, *Oh, but they think they're doing the right thing.* It's all bullshit. We know we suck.

But just because I'm aware of the fact that I'm a festering mound of human putrescence doesn't mean I want to have it brought directly to my attention when I'm out rocking my skinniest jeggings.

Everyone knows celebrities bear a responsibility to provide fans with the illusion that they'd be our best friends if only they knew us personally. They kind of kill that fantasy when they (rightfully) accuse people like me of helping turn America into an autocracy. Talk about tacky.

Can't there be *some* spaces where we don't have to think about politics? I came here to have a good time and block other

attendees' views with my phone raised, recording every minute. I don't need a recap of the disastrous results I helped sow through my utter indifference to the future.

And what's up with the hypocrisy of these rich, pampered singers and bands complaining about anything when they have life so good? Meanwhile, I'm out here trying to scrape together a few extra bucks by employing creative accounting to avoid paying my taxes (and unpaid interns).

Why can't they think only of themselves and forget about the less fortunate the way I do?

Just because famous musicians have huge followings and designated platforms from which to deliver their words beneath a marquee bearing their name doesn't give them the right to say whatever thoughts they have. It shouldn't be legal to take a captive audience hostage and spout uncomfortable do-gooder nonsense at them because you're holding a microphone out of which everyone wants to hear your voice. Self-involved, much?

I paid good money to be here, you know. (I don't know if the other thousands of people in attendance did too or not, but my money is all that concerns me.) That should give *me* the right to dictate what an event headliner does and doesn't say. I shouldn't have to stand here and be insulted by a glorified jukebox with legs.

Also, would it kill these acts to be inclusive and ever give a positive shoutout to us right-wingers? We're people too, and >>

>> frankly, one of the most discriminated-against demographics.

You know what? Maybe I'll start attending conservative musicians' concerts. That'll show this band!

No more liberal artists' shows or merchandise for me from now on. No more music from them at *all*, actually. When they wake up tomorrow and see how I individually have plummeted their Spotify numbers—hooo boy, they're gonna be sorry!

That's right, just Republican crooners for me from here on out. I can't wait to immerse myself in the artistic stylings of more like-minded people (and project

their far more realistic presence into my make-believe social life).

So, what have we got? ...Country...country...Ted Nugent... country...Kid Rock?

I—I mean, I guess if I listen to them enough, I might grow to like them. Their music is probably an acquired taste, and I really do want to support my fellow shitty people who would never expect me to vote for the collective good of humanity...

...Yeah, no. This is terrible. I can't handle it. I may be an abysmal excuse for a human being, but that doesn't mean I deserve to make my own ears bleed in lieu of entertainment.

Fuck it. I'll keep on living my best life—at the expense of anyone else's, if necessary—listening to the music I love. I'll just pop some earplugs in whenever the concert pontificating starts up and continue believing that my favorite musicians love me as an individual and agree with me on everything. Problem solved!

And all the other people here in this crowd better pray there's not a stampede tonight. You better believe I will stomp on every single motherfucking head. ☹️

Caroline Horwitz writes from Pittsburgh. Read more from her [here](#).

NICE PLACE TO VISIT, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE THERE DUE TO MY DEEP-SEATED PERSONAL PREJUDICES

//COREY PAJKA GUEST CONTRIBUTOR



NEW YORK CITY: Ah, yes, that unpatriotic sanctuary city for illegal aliens (notice the antiquated phrasing), junkies, and all manner of LGBTQ+ degenerates. Why risk potential enlightenment by going to the theatre or a museum? I certainly won't go to Ellis Island, a historical gateway to a land of freedom and opportunity that some of my own relatives might have passed through. It's not as if I, as a white person, owe my presence in the United States to immigration in one form or another.

SUMMER TRAVEL SEASON IS HERE AGAIN! There's a big, beautiful world out there, and we should all expand our horizons. Go places, see things, meet people! Immerse yourself in unfamiliar cultures. The possibilities for personal growth and mere enjoyment are practically unlimited. I could do that, or I could continue to occupy the comfortable rut I've dug for myself over the past forty-some odd years and pass judgment on those places from my narrow, bigoted little entrenchment. I'm logged into X, so let's begin!

PARIS: I'm still pissed over France's opposition to the 2003 invasion of Iraq, even though I lost three close friends from high school in that very event, which began under false pretenses and outright lies. I certainly won't visit the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, or any of the other countless landmarks in one of the most universally-adored cities on planet Earth. If I do find myself in Macron's communist hellhole, I'll be sure to order "Freedom Fries" and "Freedom Toast" during my lonely, unaccompanied meals at their local diner (or whatever the French word for diner is—*le diner*?!)>>

>> **SHANGHAI:** Never heard of this place, except as a vaguely racist synonym for getting swindled! It sounds Chinese, and I trust the Chinese about as much as I can name any of their invaluable cultural contributions. I've seen the commercials for Shen Yun; I get the gist!

The options are many, and the choice is mine. But instead of pulling my head out of my ass and venturing outside the confines of my undersized railroad apartment, I'll sate myself with factually inaccurate swill from Breitbart, OAN, and Truth Social. I look forward to sharing my hot takes on it with all of you in my regular livestream with a Blue Lives Matter flag and functioning assault weapons visible in the background. Thanks for reading, and happy "travels" to me! 🤪

Corey Pajka is the founder of [The Flak](#), and lives in Brooklyn with his wife and corgi.

I Read This Zine, and "We are entering an era of Zionist McCarthyism..." What Do I Do Now?

//DAN LOPRETO

"WE ARE ENTERING AN ERA of Zionist McCarthyism—a time when dissent is invariably met with crackdown, careers are destroyed for speaking the truth, and the mere act of standing in solidarity with Palestine liberation is treated as a crime... This is not a display of strength; it is the last refuge of a crumbling order—an empire in decline, resorting to brute repression to stifle and crush those who expose its unraveling hegemony." —[HELYEH DOUTAGHI](#)

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Mr. Musk's letter is cont. from page 10

>> the attention I want is a bullet to the chest. Every time I laugh it is the approximation of the feeling of joy. I own everything and have nothing. I move through the world like an oaf, putting my stupid name on others' work, frustrating everyone, my stupid smile plastered across my sweaty, stretched-out face. I consume without purpose, I procreate without passion, I take and I take and I take. I am a landfill, a plot of sprawling waste, and yet empty.

Just kill me. The more I'm around, the worse I'll get. I age like milk and hard-boiled eggs. I'm a googleplex of bad pennies. What kind of animal gives a Nazi salute? Not even an animal; not even a parasite, not even a piece of excrement. Just Musk. That's all there can be inside of me, and I will tear everything down so that's all that's left. Epic. Memes. I act the way I do because I want someone to do to my skull what Shohei Ohtani does to baseballs. Epic. Memes. Please end me before I end everything. Please do it. Please stop the memes. 🤪

Elon Musk is a loser.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: HOW TO INVEST IN THE MARKET WITH ONLY VIBES IN THE BANK



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//THIS IS A MAGAZINE OF PARODY, SATIRE, AND OPINION. DUH.