

CHRISTMAS

for BOSSES

winter 2023/24



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MIKE CAPOZZOLA

To: All Staff
From: CorpX HR
Subject: Employee Retention Plan 2024

| JENNIFER DONOVAN, Guest Contributor

2023 WAS AN EXCITING YEAR FOR US AT CORPX. We had unprecedented company earnings, our Annual Corporate Giving Program raised over \$30,000 to save the Oblong Dickfish, and Big Dills, our company pickleball team, brought home the glory as the reigning division champs!

We want to keep the good vibes rolling in 2024! While other companies continue to lose employees as part of “The Great Resignation,” we are happy to report that CorpX’s employee retention rate remains higher than all of our competitors’. We know that this is due to our positive company culture, so thank you to all who have completed the mandatory work-life satisfaction questionnaire. The top concern reported this year was dissatisfaction with potholes in the employee parking lot, closely followed by the staggering amount of employee deaths. Based on your feedback, we will be considering addressing the potholes, and have made some exciting changes to our 2024 benefits package.

We know now, more than ever, people are worried about planning for retirement and beyond; That’s why CorpX is excited to announce that in 2024 we will begin offering all employees FREE access to the Garden of Remembrance: the corporate burial plot that was recently added to the tree-lined grassy area where many of you who happen to still be alive enjoy your lunch breaks! CorpX will be one of the first corporations using AI to streamline the cubical-to-casket process, so you can stop worrying about all the headaches of retirement and better focus on meeting project deliverables.

With our new Garden of Remembrance program, CorpX employees will have their health continuously monitored. When the system picks up on cues that indicate an employee’s health has begun to negatively impact their productivity, it will trigger the necessary preparations for said employee to enter the burial plot. You can now go from meeting to morgue in less than 24 hours without burdening your loved ones with the emotional labor and financial strain of end of life care and funeral planning!

All employees with 10 or more years with CorpX will receive a burial plot, complete with a branded headstone featuring our new CorpX logo. Employees with less than 10 years will receive an unmarked grave, with the option to add a CorpX headstone at an additional cost. Those choosing cremation will also have the option to be compounded into CorpX paperweights or a whimsical snow globe featuring CorpX headquarters.

Here at CorpX we like to think of ourselves as family, but, if you would like to be placed to rest next to a spouse, parent, or child, please have them complete an application for employment; notify HR of your wishes and up to two loved ones will be added to the priority hire list! Please note, since employees will now >>

>> have convenient, in-office access to their dearly departed, we have removed the paid bereavement time from our benefits package. You will, of course, be free to mourn as you see fit during your 28 (no longer 30, unfortunately) minute lunch break. We do request that you be mindful of your colleagues in the nearby offices and weep at a professional volume. We also ask that you forgo any black attire and stick to the new corporate identity color package revealed at our last quarterly gala.

If you require extra time in the Garden of Remembrance, please visit the security desk in the lobby to obtain a visitors pass for after-hours access. We hope you are as excited as we are about our new program! Please feel free to contact the HR department with any questions. Your eternal future is in good hands with CorpX!

JENNIFER DONOVAN is a former medical researcher reimagining her life as a writer. Her comedic style focuses on creating content that sparks dialogue, provides levity and fosters community.



ELF UNION DISCUSSES NEW DEMANDS

| AUDREY CLARK, Guest Contributor

ANOTHER YEAR HAS PASSED, which means it's time to renegotiate the contract for our great union, SAG-ELFTRA (Santa's Amazing Gang - Elf Lovely Fun Terrific Really Amazing). As we all know, it's been a tough year for elves, and as your union president, I have only one request: please, please, please ask for something other than "jinglier hats."

Settle down, Tiny Timmy Twinkletoes! Put down that giant candy cane, Small Sammy Snowflake! Just hear me out: each year, we get to make one single demand of Santa, and *every single year* for the past one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three years, that demand has been "jinglier hats." Our hats

are packed to the brim with bells. They're as jingly as they're gonna get, folks. Everyone, please! Stop throwing snowballs at me! I'm serious!

Our workplace is incredibly unsafe. Every day we lose so many elves to the machines! Elves are getting ground up in the machines non-stop. I've seen toy trains that are 70% elf by volume. I'm pretty sure some of these machines don't even make toys. There's a machine in the middle of the workshop that everyone just calls the Elf Grinder, and it ain't 'cause it helps gay elves fuck.

What's that, Baby Bobby Bubblegum? The bells on our hats make a beautiful jingling sound when they get grinded up? I mean, I guess so, but I still don't think it's a net positive.

Do any of you realize we haven't buried an elf in two-hundred and fifty years? That's not a good thing. Plenty of elves have died, they're just always too ground-up to identify. There's nothing to do but slop them into the big red pool of elf bits out the back. That's not a dignified place to lay a coworker to rest. You know the reindeer have been drinking out of that. I've seen them walking around, and they've all got red noses now, and a thirst for blood. >>

>> By the way, we should be paying more attention to how the Reindeer Union is negotiating. Last year, every reindeer got a company car. I saw Blitzen driving around in a '23 Toyota Camry. He's a reindeer. Reindeer also get six weeks holiday, dental insurance, and all the grinded up elf they can drink. How stupid are we?

No, Petite Perry Pingleberry, the reindeer's hats aren't anywhere near as jingly as ours. That's a fair point. But come on, guys. The Snowmen Union just won twelve months paid parental leave. And they make their babies out of snow. We gotta be aiming higher. It kind of seems like Santa is willing to negotiate! We can ask for more!

Alright, Teeny Tommy Tuberville, the snowmen's hats don't jingle for shit, either. That's not the point.

Think about our hours. We're working from sunrise to sunset. And this is the North Pole, so that's six months. We've got no work-life balance. It's impossible to have a social life when you spend all day, which I'll repeat, is six months long, in the workshop painting tin soldiers and watching your fellow elves getting grinded up. How are any of us meant to date? Like I said before, the Elf Grinder doesn't help gay elves fuck. And that's devastating, because we're all gay.

Then there's the little things. Like the music. Are none of you sick of listening to the same cheesy Christmas carols, day in and day out? Let's get some Chainsmokers pumping! Let's get some twenty one pilots going here! Those are the two coolest bands for elves. Yes, Wee Willy Wobblebug, obviously they're both greatly improved when accompanied by the sound of a bunch of little jingly bells attached to your hat. But that's not the only thing that matters.

Our hats are jingly, yes. When we walk around it sounds like a chorus of little brass angels are giggling in harmony. But can we ever truly appreciate their jingling if we don't have rights? If we don't have freedom? If we don't have pointy little elf ears to listen with, because they got grinded up in the machine that makes PS5s?

Look, you've all received your voting forms. The union is run by the workers, and I'm not going to tell you how to vote. I just really think you should consider what I've been saying.

...

Okay, that's 14,000 votes for jinglier hats and 6,000 for jingly boots.

AUDREY CLARK is a comedian from Sydney, Australia. She is so funny and nice and you love her. She is @audreynotfunny on Twitter, her favourite website.



In Defense Of MrBeast's Latest YouTube Video, "I Donated \$100 Million Dollars Worth of White Phosphorous to the IDF" | MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

WE AT YOUTUBE TAKE CONTENT SERIOUSLY, especially content that is controversial in nature. So when we received overwhelmingly negative feedback on popular content creator MrBeast's latest video, "I Donated \$100 Million Dollars Worth of White Phosphorous to the IDF," we had to investigate.

Some of the user feedback called the video "disgusting and tasteless," "a rare video that is both a violation of YouTube's Terms of Service and a war crime," and "the second-most pro-genocide thing I've seen on YouTube." This was cause for alarm: could MrBeast's video be somehow *more* genocidal than "Jonny Jonny, Yes Papa?"

Our content moderation team reviewed the video and have concluded that such criticisms are unwarranted and unfair.

First, we have to take MrBeast's history into account. MrBeast is one of YouTube's most noted philanthropists. Videos such as "I Gave a Homeless Person a Home and Then Filled That Home With Legos," "1,000 Venezuelans Experience Sanctions for the First Time," and "Abu Grahb In Real Life?!!!" have brought smiles to tens of millions of faces. With his content, MrBeast not only entertains, but gives back to the less fortunate and the most downtrodden of ethno-states. MrBeast, and his charity, Beast Philanthropy, have done a world of good. Just think, if it wasn't for MrBeast, thousands of children *just* on the verge of joining Hamas might still be alive today.

We also found nothing objectionable about the video's content. Sure, white phosphorus munitions are banned by the Geneva Conventions, but this is for charity. Isn't it worth bending a few rules so the Middle East's only democracy can experience the joys of ethnic

cleansing? Plus, as MrBeast and his associates at Beastwater (MrBeast's private paramilitary organization*) made perfectly clear at time-codes 1:19, 5:21, and 6:40:52, these bombings were in self-defense. Plus, MrBeast loaded some missiles with multi-colored toothpaste, so some Gazans got a fun surprise instead of chemical burns.

And look, we did have some issues with the video. MrBeast was presiding over a lot of dead children, even by YouTube's standards. But MrBeast and the UN delegate for Beas-tralia (MrBeast's soon-to-be-announced country, carved out of territory from Northern Iran**) assured us he was only targeting known terrorist organizations, such as Hamas and Médecins Sans Frontières (which is apparently Arabic for "Medicine Without Freedom"—scary stuff!) Maybe some of this has violated some human rights somewhere, but it has not violated YouTube's Content Moderation Policy.

And no, before you say something, MrBeast is not doing these videos "for the clicks." How cynical! MrBeast and the Beasts of Zion (codename for MrBeast and Benjamin Netanyahu's shadow government slash Jewish teen sleep-away camp) do what they do because they want to help people—people like the settlers who moved to Tel-Aviv from Franklin Lakes, New Jersey, in 1993 to claim their rightful homeland, people like Raytheon and Lockheed-Martin, people like Amy Schumer, who personally won't feel safe until every person who doesn't look like her is wiped off the map. Sure, the clicks are nice, but people like MrBeast would be slaughtering the people of Palestine even if his videos got only 100 views.

If you're really upset, we can institute a humanitarian pause on MrBeast content. >>

>> The content and the killing will resume when MrBeast's Adobe Premiere Pro loads back up again (it's been crashing a lot). And you thought a corporation couldn't be progressive!

Thank you again for your concern. From the river to the sea, Israel will be all you see.

*not to be confused with Water Beast, MrBeast's carbonated-alkaline-water-based beverage brand

**CIA NOTE: DO NOT PUBLISH UNTIL 1/18/24



Christmas Eve Dinner For One

Are you hungry, and, in spite of yourself, a bit nostalgic for times of yore? Well, you are not alone. I mean, you *are*, but there are so many bosses sitting out there right now, feeling just like you. Stacking paper feels good, but it doesn't taste good (except for those bills with a little bit of yip on 'em). But let's face it: you can't eat crypto and you can't make your chauffeur stay over again—Georgio misses his family. Pull off those Google Glass, step away from the standing desk, and dust off that oven (the one Shelly put her head in before you had her committed). It's time to get cooking.

Here's the perfect holiday recipe for a lonely boss.

Sad Man Stew

INGREDIENTS:

1 white onion, chopped
2-3 long-ass carrots, carefully carved
into tiny little people
6 Russet potatoes, cubed
2 cans chunk light albacore tuna in water
3 tbsp flour
4 cups red wine
4 cloves garlic, minced
1 can of beans, preferably expired
4 cups chicken or vegetable broth
2 cups brown rice, cooked (leftover
Uber Eats fried rice is fine)
¾ cup peas
½ tsp of dill
1 tbsp of rosemary
Black pepper to taste

DIRECTIONS:

Preheat your oven to 375°

While chopping the onion, wipe your hands on your eyes and face. This will induce weeping, and, while not authentic, crying will feel cathartic. Capture your tears in a shot glass and set aside for later (the more emotion you can emulate, the saltier your stew)

In a large pot over medium-low heat, combine broth, rice, onion, garlic, tuna with juices, flour, peas, and spices. Let simmer for an hour or two. Whatever

When things are smelling good (or—if you've destroyed your septum to the point of nasal collapse—looking cooked), carefully pour in your tears

Fill empty shot glass with red wine and toss it back. Repeat this step until wine is gone

(Optional: See how long you can hold your hand in the hot stew. You just might finally feel something)

Now things should really be bubbling. Pour the entire stew into that weird decorative glass bowl a client sent you—it's over on the piano. Sprinkle with cheese from a bag and serve with leftover Starbucks scone

Whenever you see a little carrot person pop up, smile and say "Merry Christmas. You are my family now." Eat your family.



Enjoy! Everyone will be back and miserable in the office in a day or two.

CEOs Introduce Bread Lines as New RTO Perk

| Abraham Tadesse, Guest Contributor

WITH RETURN TO OFFICE MANDATES being pushed across the country, nationwide surveys reflect that the vast majority of workers prefer the pandemic model of remote work (or some form of hybrid—can't have it all, toilers!).

As one white collar employee recently put it, “working from home allowed me time to pick up the groceries, spend more time with my kids, and cheat on my wife, all without the hassle of a commute. Now with RTO in place everywhere, all I can get is a 6-pack of Pampers and a passenger-seat handy in a Fred Meyers parking lot.”

Executives at StatRound Inc. today introduced what they describe as a “macro-team building opportunity for the whole org.”

“We traditionally think of ‘perks’ as something that can help ease the demands on an employee,” says Malik Qassam, Head of Communications.

“In these tough macro-economic conditions, we believe instituting some psychological workplace pain will make them realize, ‘Hey, maybe I should shut the fuck up, sit down and be quiet.’ That’s why we’re excited to announce that with our partnerships with the Red Cross and Hanz Bakery, we’ll be introducing breadlines to the company HQ.”

According to the program pamphlet, those who do not meet the 3-day in-office minimum will subject not only themselves, but the entire workforce, to form in a single line and wait to be served one loaf of white bread by the company CEO Derek Cocaine.

“We’re hoping that the new program will motivate our employees, especially those

with gluten allergies, to consider the many benefits of office life,” Qassam states.

Outside of the company HQ, several employees expressed differing opinions on the new policy.

“I mean, I love bread almost as much as I love this company,” one anonymous boot-licker noted. “It’s the tits—think about it: mandatory, morale-boosting breadlines! And we’re adults!”

“With RTO, I’m happy to finally get back on track where I’m sick every other day... and now there’s fucking bread!” another loser stated.

Sandy Wexler, Director of the Reel Economixx Senter, says that the introduction of breadlines speaks to a larger issue.

“It looks like in 2024, StatRound will be introducing a new program called GTTH, or ‘Gun To The Head,’ which is exactly what it sounds like. If you don’t comply with RTO, you get a bullet to the brain.”

Several other CEOs have been taking note from afar and have plans of implementing similar measures.

“I’m going to replace all the chairs with one brick. Think about it—they’re being babies about RTO? Well, work isn’t supposed to be at home where you can have fun,” says one CEO. “Know what a chair is? A lazy man’s feet. Who says you need to sit down? Fuck you, stand up with one foot on a brick. It’s uneven which makes it hard!”

While the breadlines will be filled with career employees, it has been noted by critics that those who are in most need will not be given priority to the resources the charities themselves exist for.

“Well, he paid us a lot of money so, yeah,” said the Regional Director for the Red Cross. “If they’re hungry, they can eat each other.” >>

>> Others believe they see through the real reason why RTO and the breadlines exist. “This isn’t a way to fill leases and get a tax credit from a city council, nor is it a loophole to fire people without severances, no. This is just a weird flex. And guess what? It’s expanding, watch.”

ABRAHAM TADESSE is a standup comic and writer. He’s performed at the PNW Black Comedy Festival, RIP Comedy Festival, Seattle Sketch Fest, Milwaukee Comedy Festival, UpperLeft Comedy Festival, Bumbershoot Music & Arts Festival, Intersections Comedy Festival, and Treefort Music Fest. He’s also a contributing writer to satire publications Flexx Magazine, The Needling, and Functionally Dead. Send him a death threat on IG @abriyay



Boy Math! This Manager’s Idea of a Holiday Bonus Is Making You Work Christmas Day for Time and a Half | AIR DURNELL, Guest Contributor

WITH THE ECONOMY CRASHING AND INFLATION RISING, it’s vital employees receive a little treat from their employers for doing a great job throughout the year. Most managers would gift you a Visa gift card, or even just a dollar raise, but not Steve Mandino. This boss scheduled *all* of his employees to work on Christmas Day for time and a half so they would get that all-important holiday bonus.

“I thought a bonus was something extra you get for doing great work throughout the year... not additional work on the one day you want to relax,” said Oliver Harman, a new employee who submitted a time-off request over 2 months in advance. “I literally hate my family, but hey, at least let me take a week off to see them, or else they will never let me forget it.”

For some of Steve’s employees, it’s difficult to tell whether working on Christmas or telling your family you can’t make it home to visit is worse.

“What? They’ll make the same amount in one day as they’d make in a week thanks to Christmas tips,” said Mandino. “I think that’s actually very thoughtful of me. Kind, even. Plus, I have a cabana reserved for a week in Cabo, so I can’t be there to hold things down, like I normally do when I don’t have floor seats for the Knicks.”

Multiple employees noted that Mandino has never “held things down,” and they didn’t expect he would have, even if he stayed for Christmas.

When asked to make an official statement justifying the unusual decision to his employees, Mandino said, “No, tell them to get to work. They don’t have time to just sit around and listen to me make an announcement. Get back to the sales floor and play some ‘Jingle Bell Rock’ or something!”

So nice of him.

AIR DURNELL (they/them) is an LA-based comedian who performs original characters and sketch comedy. Air most recently was a winner of the 2021 Yes And Laughter Lab sponsored by Warner Media, Comedy Central, and NBC with their pilot DevOUT. They previously acted on Maude Night at UCB Theater in NYC as well as hosted a show there called The Witching Hour. Their writing has been published in McSweeney’s, Reductress, Women In Comedy Festival Daily, Robot Butt, and The Higgs Weldon.

Lord & Savor: Divine Capitalism | BRADY O'CALLAHAN

AS WE APPROACH THE HOLIDAY SEASON, it's important we reflect on the true spirit of Christmas: entrepreneurship.

Every business owner dreams of emulating one of the titans of industry: Buffett, Bezos, Bankman-Fried; but only the top entrepreneurs model themselves after the biggest shark in the proverbial shark tank: Jesus Christ.

Here are the most valuable lessons from the OG Nepo Baby—the Son of God—that even you can incorporate in your own capitalistic ventures.

THERE IS NO BEGINNING TOO HUMBLE

Jeff Bezos sold books out of his garage. William Hewlett and David Packard produced electronic test equipment out of their garage. Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak built computers out of their garage. All of these men grew their at home hustle into a multi-billion dollar industry. You know who did it 2000 years earlier? The Christ child.

What is a manger besides a garage for animals? From this scrappy upstart, Jesus went on to produce the top selling book of all time, reaching a true global audience with over 5 billion copies sold. All you need to succeed is a vision and the proper press to generate enough buzz that angel investors will come knocking on your door, much like actual angels heralded in the three wise men offering gifts of gold and other riches.

EMBRACE THE POWER OF BRANDING

Your company's image is paramount to its success. Everything from brand name to logo to advertising strategy needs to speak to your target audience, evoking value, luxury, convenience, sex appeal, or even all four. No one knew this better than Jesus of Nazareth.

You're probably wondering, "wait a minute, I thought Jesus was born in Bethlehem?" He certainly was, but "Jesus of Bethlehem" doesn't exactly scream Messiah, does it? Nazareth is essentially the Silicon Valley of starting a religion. It's a name and a place you can trust. And when considering inevitable consumer abbreviations, "JoB" evokes exactly what it spells: hard work. "JoN" is just your buddy around the block, here to save your soul. His name is Jonathan, but he goes by a nickname because he's not showy about it. I'll follow that guy.

Once you get big enough, you may even need to segment into more specialized brands to better focus on different core consumers and their wants. Catholicism, for example, focuses on guilt, shame, and the rampant hidden sexual abuse of children, whereas Evangelical Christianity mostly exists to accuse the LGBTQIA+ community of being soulless pedophiles. This divide and conquer approach allows you to better service a wider breadth of people without muddying the vision of individual brands.

FANS ARE MORE VALUABLE THAN CUSTOMERS

Everyone wants to sell, but in order to sell, you need customers.

But customers alone won't get you to the Kingdom of Heaven (aka a Miami beach front condo). What Jesus knew above all else was that the ideal customer is an advocate, someone who will proselytize to twenty people instead of buying in themself and remaining private in their admiration. Apple calls them "promoters." Jesus calls them "missionaries."

When you look at the amount of people who loudly claim to be Christians versus those that actually subscribe to and live out Jesus's ideals, you'll understand quite quickly. Only a very small few buy in, and they're held in such high regard that the brand's image benefits. Meanwhile, some of the most hateful >>

>> people in existence bolster the global reach without damaging the core goal messaging. It's a win-win! You'll only ever need to own your product.

THERE'S A "FIX" IN CRUCIFIXION

The most crucial moment for a brand is one of crisis. Those that are unprepared will fail, while those who accept responsibility while maintaining long term vision rise to the top. Jesus was crucified, so you'll need to be prepared to do the same thing.

When things go awry, consumers need to know that someone is taking responsibility. Jesus died for our sins. He owned that. I'd encourage you to consider falling on the sword when the time comes, so that your core demographic knows that real change is on the horizon. All that's really required is a change in leadership and location. Jesus effectively serves on the board of directors in heaven. You can ditch the title and rake in the royalties!





“What’s This? What’s This!?” Jack Skellington Brings Capitalism to Halloween Town Instead of Christmas This Year | LIZ WIEST

‘Twas a long time ago, longer now than it seems. In a place that perhaps you’ve seen in your melatonin-induced dreams. You’ve probably wondered where our economic ideas come from, like scarcity, supply and demand or international trade, and—believe it or not—just like our holidays... they’re all man-made!

While lamenting his woes in the woods after his botched attempt at Christmas, our man Jack Skellington and his trusty specter dog Zero found a mysterious tree with an odd red, white, and blue flag and a sign indicating it would soon be demolished and replaced with a high-rise luxury apartment complex. “This is far spookier than anything I’ve seen in Halloween Town!” Jack exclaimed. Compelled by his curiosity, he peered into the trunk and careened through a cyclical vortex straight onto the industrial site of a massive factory plant.

Jack looked around in panic until he saw a sign with a curious arrow that resembled an upturned grin. “Capitalism Town? I’ve

never heard of such a place!” cried Jack. Just then, a hideously-misshapen titanium sleigh whipped around the bend, narrowly missing Jack by mere inches. The sleigh barreled toward the plant, almost running over a child before illegally double parking out in front. To our hero’s shock, a fearsome new king with a strange, quirky voice stepped out of the sleigh’s spaceship-like doors.

“How do you like my self-driving cyber sleigh?!” he exclaimed. “Le epic, no?”

An extremely bald man rushed out of the plant. “E-Lawn!” The bald man said, giving him a hug. The Bald Man must be the one who runs Capitalism Town, Jack thought.

Jack trailed closely behind the pair as the Bald Man proudly gave E-Lawn a tour. They passed by countless sleighs with arrows on the side that were guided by “IIndy Pen Dent Con Tractors.” “These tractors must be better than reindeer, even with the dents in them,” Jack thought.

Once inside, there were so many presents flying down the conveyor belts that Jack couldn’t even count them. The Bald Man bragged that the elves running the assembly lines needed no breaks; how impressive they must be! None of them looked dead on the outside, only the inside! As Jack eavesdropped, the Bald Man and the E-Lawn talked about a magic Invisible Hand and passionately praised how incredible it was. Jack was in shock! A magical self-regulating force that brought so many material things so quickly and made men rich? “Just because I cannot see it, doesn’t mean I can’t believe it!” he whispered to himself. After all, these men could put the Sandy Claws out of a job!

Jack was overjoyed at how fun this looked; could it be that this time he got his wish? “You know, I think this capitalism thing is not as tricky as it seems, and why should the billionaires have all the fun? It should >>

>> belong to anyone, not anyone, in fact, but me! I like this idea, let's try it at once!"

Jack hurried back to Halloween Town and set up a Town Hall over Zoom to tell everyone about his new plan. He struggled to find a way to describe it—the concept didn't make sense unless you were the one who owned the means of production, after all—but none of Jack's friends bothered to ask any questions. After all, they saw themselves as temporarily-embarrassed millionaires, not the working class! It was abundantly clear: this year, capitalism would be theirs!

Almost instantly, Halloween Town became ablaze with the spirit of the free market. Though Jack had of course placed himself in charge, he assured everyone his newfound wealth would trickle down to all of them. Naturally, everyone believed him, despite the idea making absolutely no sense whatsoever. The town quickly got to work. Dr. Finkelstein secured a very lucrative partnership with Purdue Pharma. The Mayor launched his most successful re-election campaign yet after accepting super PAC funds. Even Sally got on board and pitched to Jack that they begin a nonprofit modeled after the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation where they too could send mosquito nets to the less privileged holiday towns while simultaneously poisoning their water supplies.

But then things took a turn that Jack could never have anticipated. Though he was able to avoid paying any pesky income taxes, his fellow citizens were paying more than ever! Not to mention prescription drug prices and inflation rose faster than any zombie back from the dead! Lock, Shock and Barrel fell so behind academically (their school had slashed its budget to help build Halloween Town's first supermax prison) that Jack recruited them into his private paramilitary organization. Jack contracted them out to kidnap both E-Lawn and the Bald Man and have them use their expertise in capitalism

to fix this nightmare. Sadly, the children were shot dead on arrival, and Capitalism Town launched a full-scale invasion of Halloween to assassinate Jack (now deemed a "freedom-hating terrorist" on cable news).

Jack thought his only choice was to surrender himself and accept yet another failure, but fate had something else in store for him—just as Jack was about to turn himself in, the Bald Man and E-Lawn arrived at Halloween Town to introduce Jack to America's skeletal Pumpkin King: Joe Bye Don.

Joe Bye Don, the Bald Man, and E-Lawn all assured Jack that he hadn't failed at all—quite the opposite! Jack's campaign of immiseration and wage theft was exactly what the spirit of capitalism was all about! Joe even placed a medal around Jack's neck and suggested that they work together as allies or else Joe would have to orchestrate a CIA-sponsored coup, and Jack wouldn't want that, would he?

So just like that, all was set right in the town of Halloween! Those who became wealthy could keep their wealth, and everyone else was reminded they just needed to keep working hard and that any suffering was a direct result of their own individual failures. All were happy throughout the land, due to the over prescription of antidepressants. Anyone less than satisfied with the arrangement was branded a terrorist just like their Freedom of Speech amendment promised! Now Jack spends every election cycle reminding everyone in town that they must vote "Boo No Matter Who!" to keep this magical system in place with threads barely tighter than the ones keeping on Sally's arms.

The End.



MEMORANDUM

Date: December 1, 1989

To: Nakatomi Corporation Employees

From: Holly Gennaro-McClane, Interim President

RE: Nakatomi Corporation Updated Christmas Party Event Guidelines

As the year draws to a close, it is with great pleasure that we extend an invitation to you to our annual Christmas party. This year's event promises to be an evening filled with festive cheer, camaraderie, and joyous celebration, with none of the hostage situations and murder hiccups that we had last year! 'Tis the season to be jolly, so let's celebrate!

And there is **much** to celebrate! The Indonesian Project was completed, we were able to nearly fully restaff after losing 70% of our workforce to the workplace trauma and shellshock of last year's party, and we retained more than 30% of our clients, despite the less-than-favorable media coverage and public blowback. Our stock is slowly bouncing back, and the executive board salaries are keeping up with market rates!

Your enthusiastic participation is crucial in making this event a memorable one! (Though not as "memorable" as last year, fingers crossed!) We know all of you are aware of what is expected of you in terms of conduct at a company event, but we are providing some helpful reminders. We want everyone to be safe, healthy, and have a good time. The following tips will help ensure that:

Attendance – Due to the hectic scheduling of the holiday season, we are holding the event on Thursday, December 14, rather than Christmas Eve, from 5:00 - 9:00 pm PST. The reason for this is threefold: to ease planning and travel schedules, to prevent overindulgence by holding on a weeknight, and because the main complaint from last year was, "If I'm going to die on Christmas Eve, I want to be with my family, not my [expletive deleted] co-workers."

Additionally, on the advice of our legal team, board, and FBI, our guest list is limited to full-time Nakatomi Corporation employees to prevent party crashing from Terrorists/Thieves/Hostage takers/Kidnappers/Murderers/Ne'er Do Wells. Guests, family members, temporary staff, interns, part-time employees, and janitorial staff are not permitted to attend. Nakatomi clients with budgets greater than \$250,000 per annum will be granted VIP status.

Eligible employees must bring Work ID, Photo ID, Valid US Passport, and printed invitation.

Eligible Employees must RSVP to Personnel by Monday December 8.

Entertainment – Due to budget constraints, Nakatomi Corporation will not be providing a string quartet this year. We were able to book local Disc Jockey >>

>> (DJ) “Humble” Harve Miller from K-EARTH 101 FM to play a mix of Christmas classics and current chart toppers so you can dance the late afternoon away under the watchful eyes of security staff and U.S. Marine Corps snipers.

Gift Giving – Nakatomi Corporation does not encourage, but will permit, gift giving at the party. Gifts should not be obscene, offensive, of a sexually explicit nature, or contain narcotics (and yes, we are counting cocaine as a narcotic this year, sorry Bubby).

Please be advised that all bags, personal items, and packages will be subjected to inspection and scan via metal detectors upon entry to the premises. We kindly ask for your patience and understanding as our security personnel conduct these inspections. To facilitate a smooth and efficient entry process, we recommend having bags and personal items readily accessible for inspection and arriving 2-3 hours early. We will be providing a gift wrapping station so you can reseal and repair any damage to your parcels after the Border Patrol K-9 unit completes their duties.

Alcohol – Alcoholic beverages will be served by professional bartenders who have gone through a rigorous training and were subject to a level-3 background check by both the NSA and CIA. Alcoholic beverages will cease being served one hour before the planned close of the party. Please remember to not over-indulge and if you are planning to drive, please limit your alcohol consumption and make plans with a designated driver. It will be a cash bar, tips not included.

Apparel - No one is expected to wear formal attire, but at a minimum, please adhere to business casual rules for the workplace, since you will be among co-workers, clientele, vendors, customers, the police, FBI, armed terrorists, thieves pretending to be terrorists, Germans, tabloid journalists, and sports-obsessed computer hackers. The maintenance staff requests that all attendees keep their shoes on, as bloody footprints were discovered throughout the building last year, and they took the janitorial staff a week to clean up.

Behavior – Employees are expected to adhere to the Nakatomi Corporation's code of conduct during all company sponsored events, including the holiday party. Employees should behave in a manner which would be appropriate for the workplace setting. The company workplace harassment policies are in effect at this event. In the event of an emergency, please follow the lockdown procedures from our mandatory weekly Navy SEAL training.

Activities - The evening will feature a ceremony dedicating a plaque to our dearly departed President Joseph Yoshinobu Takagi, who bravely sacrificed himself defending his employees and stockholders. We will be observing a moment of silence and announcing a scholarship in his honor. If anyone wants to observe Harry Ellis' death, there will be a card in the fax room. >>

>> Thank you for your adherence to these rules. Your cooperation in this matter is crucial to ensure the safety and security of all individuals within our facility. Let's all do our part to effect a highly successful and enjoyable event!

Thank you for your dedication and hard work throughout the year. We look forward to celebrating the joyous season together. Wishing you and your families a wonderful holiday season!

Season's Greetings,
Holly Gennaro
Interim President, Nakatomi Corporation

CC: Nakatomi Trading; Nakatomi Investment Group; Nakatomi Corporation - Los Angeles; Nakatomi International; Nakatomi Plaza Employees; Nakatomi Board of Directors, Mr. Akagi, Chairman

Addendum 1: There will be no raises or bonuses this year.

DAN BOOKBINDER is a writer/comedian living in South Florida. Dan has worked for VH1, PBS, A&E, History, Lifetime, Fox Reality Channel, DramaFever, and the Youth Olympic Games. His TV credits include MTV, the NFL Network, and The Colbert Report. His writing has appeared in McSweeney's, Hard Drive, The Hard Times, Zenescope Entertainment, The Boston Accent, and Clean Plates, and he was a contributing writer for Toyfare: The Toy Magazine, Funny or Die, and LandlineTV.



MIKE CAPOZZOLA is a UK based stand up comedian and cartoonist, originally from New York. He's performed in much of the USA as well as the UK, Europe. Appearances include the San Francisco SketchFest as well as the New York Comedy Festival, MCM London Comic Con and Dublin Comic Con. He's contributed to Private Eye, MAD Magazine and the Best of McSweeney's.



Girl Boss! I Fucked My Secretary at the Holiday Party, Then Fired Him | DIANA KOLSKY

Wow, another successful Businessstown Holiday Party under my garter belt! That's right: I'm a femme-slay boss bitch, and if you so much as mention the AI-generated family portrait hanging in my crystal office cube, I'll stomp your nuts with my Louboutin stiletto. Let's just say I play with the Big Boys before I eat them with caviar.

And don't get me started on the little boys (he's 23, calm down). Enter Andrew. I hired this promising young gun not for his immaculate Ivy League-minted résumé, nor his dynasty connections (his dad invented business)—no. I hired Andrew because he's fucking hot. His 10-pack popped off on my security office X-ray scanner and the way his Ralph Lauren slacks hung made John Hamm-in-sweats look like an ad for mini Gherkins. He went on and on about his passion for equitable-business-something blah blah in his interview before I stuffed his mouth with a Nobu gift card and threw my iPhone on the floor so he'd have to bend over and fetch it.

I hired him on the spot. He was lucky enough to not only be promoted to toiling exclusively *avec moi*, but actually perching on a stool at the end of my mahogany desk. If that sounds a bit cozy, relax: my desk is 40 feet long. I love the drama of it taking me fifteen minutes to throw all the shit off of it in performative moments of P-O-W-E-R. I

could tell he wasn't a huge fan of the fact I did that multiple times a day, but ya gotta keep these wet pups hungry, which is also why I made him drink out of a dog bowl. Chill out, it's gold-rimmed Chanel and I had an "A" engraved on the side. It makes him feel seen.

He was pretty whiny for a stud. "Let me woook," he'd carp while I made him look through and rate my folder of nudes.

"This is work, bitch," I'd giggle back, driving him wild. The world's an IPO and my stock is inflated. Once I told him to make some copies; we don't have a copy machine, and he returned three days later after getting lost on the 51st floor which is perpetually under construction. He mumbled some boring shit about having to eat a rat and drink his own urine, and I threw a bottle of Moët at him. Always with the sexy games.

After months of flirtation—making him stay late, making him join my gym, making him cry—we finally sealed the deal at the holiday party. HR makes me throw every winter to seem more "approachable" and less "rabbidly psychotic." I knew that would be the night, because romance was in the air, and I told him to put it on our shared calendar. The theme was Michael Douglas. I went as Gordon Gekko and he as Sandy Kominsky. Say what you will, but Andrew can pull off a turtleneck.

After looking for over 10 minutes, I found him in conference room 7C, hiding behind the candelabra. I sauntered up and grabbed his wonder boys with my acrylics until he was falling down. And though the attraction ended up being fatal for his career here at Businessstown, he really brought it while romancing my stones. He called it a hate fuck, I called it another notch on my black belt—that's right: I'm a femme-slay boss black belt in karate. Needless to say, it was time to let him go. Happy Holi-NDAs!

Gold, Frankincense, and... Myrrh?: The Historical Truth Behind the Original Shifty Gift

| MITCH RUSSELL, Guest Contributor

ACCORDING TO BIBLICAL ACCOUNTS, three wise men undertook a long and arduous journey through mountain and desert to witness the birth of the prophesied “King of the Jews”—a title that sounds like a Twitter slur now, but wasn’t a rude thing to say back then.

Guided by celestial navigation, these magi strode through Arabian sands for twelve days and nights before arriving at a stable on the outskirts of the humble village of Bethlehem. Within the manger they found the blessed Virgin Mary, Joseph the dad or something, and a smattering of very lucky donkeys all gathered around the beatific baby Jesus, swaddled up in a bed of hay.

The first wise man presented to the child a bag of gold, glimmering in the starlit sky.

The second wise man presented the blessed baby with an amber-hued tincture of priceless frankincense.

And the third wise man apparently produced some sort of mystery crap called... Mur? Mer? Mir?

Myrrh. The most befuddling of all the wise men’s gifts. What the fuck even is it? We spoke with some of the nation’s top biblical scholars to try and unravel the great mystery of the original Christmas present.

“My extensive background in classical philology leads me to believe that the term ‘myrrh’ could be roughly translated into ‘novelty mug,’” posits professor Andrew Skuggert of The Society of Biblical Literature. “Most likely the mug would have read ‘I walked all the way to Jerusalem and all I got was this stupid messiah!’ or something asinine like that.”

Others in the field are of a different persuasion.

“I think it’s some kind of large hat,” theorized Dr. Benjamin Gooth of The Institute of Christian Nicknackery. “Now, this hat—this *myrrh*—may be shaped like a rectangle, or a strawberry, or perhaps even an upside-down boot! We can’t be certain, but I think that the hat would be immense. Truly gargantuan. Not at all appropriate for a newborn baby.”

Still more experts in the field of biblical sentry believe that “myrrh” may be ancient terminology to indicate:

- A SALTED HAM PRODUCT
- A BOOKMARK
- AN ASSORTMENT OF VARIOUSLY SIZED ROCKS
- A BAG OF ANIMAL HAIR
- A PRIMITIVE FIDGET SPINNER
- SOME KIND OF GRAY DUST

What experts do unanimously agree on is that this gift was almost certainly a last minute thing that the third wise man just sort of grabbed up without really even thinking about.

“Whatever the case,” added Rebecca Chup, author of *Past and Present: Gifts of Antiquity*, “we can safely assume that the third wise man likely knew that he had gotten a real turd of a Christmas gift and probably tried to mix it in with the frankincense and gold, as if it was all just part of one big gift that *all* the wisemen had bought *together*. Like, he was hoping Jesus would think, ‘okay, so these *three* guys just got me these *three* things from *all* of *them*.’ It’s just idiotic.”

“Absolute bullshit,” says Marcus Funke, host of the popular YouTube Series *Debunking Junk with Marcus Funke*. “It wasn’t a group gift at all! It just wasn’t. No, the third wise man had plenty of time to get something good, but he fucked around until the last week of December, and then all the stores were out of gold and whatnot, so he was stuck with his stupid-ass myrrh, and he’s got nobody to blame but himself.” >>

>> As famed theologian Augustine of Hippo wrote in *On Christian Doctrine*:

Honestly, the third magi was a real loser. The other two magi didn't even want him to come, but he made this whole big thing out of it, so they brought him just to shut him up. He complained the whole trip. He kept insisting that a few of the other stars in the sky were brighter and they should check some of those places out, even though they clearly weren't. He was always making everyone stop so he could take a piss. Five, six, seven times a day! I mean, how much piss can one guy make? What was he drinking?

In the lost Gospel of Thomas it is written that Mary “tooketh the myrrh from the third wise man, heldeth it aloft her face, and said unto him ‘wow... is it... did you make this?’ before givething the myrrh unto Joseph and whisperithing something to him that they

both laughed at, and the third wise man was like ‘what are you laughing at?’ but Mary and Joseph said they were just laughething at something from earlier that had nothing to do with the wise man or his crummy myrrh.”

Perhaps it will never be clear to modern people what exactly was conferred by the last of the magi. What is clear is that on this day the first absolute horseshit present was bequeathed unto Jesus of Nazareth, and thenceforth we have carried the spirit of the third wise man, the patron saint of gift receipts, with us whenever we pick up some little bullshit thing for a cousin or co-worker on December 24th.

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



Dear Jewish Employees: Please Compact Your Many Inconvenient Holidays Into One Super-Holiday That Works for My Schedule

| LESLIE DIANA, Guest Contributor

Dear Non-Gentile Employees,

It's totally fine that you're Jewish. I have the utmost respect for latkes, jelly rings, and your little circle hats. (Some of you don't look or act particularly Jewish, though, which is confusing to me. To quote Heidi Klum, “either you're in, or you're out.”)

That said, you all celebrate too many holidays for which you request off from work.

Do each of these celebrations really bear stay-

ing home? There must be a hierarchy of some-sort. In Anglo-normative culture, Columbus Day is more important than Veterans' Day, but less important than the Super Bowl—and no one ever requests off for Super Bowl Sunday!

You may wonder why what I've been told by my good friend Jared Kushner, is called the “Jewish Calendar,” causes me such infernal consternation. Especially since I only allow 0.2% of my employees to be Jewish, as a reflection of local demographics.

For one, this Judean stream of special occasions creates quite a conundrum for my gentile workers, many of whom have expressed severe FOMO. Worse still, they live in constant fear of wishing you a happy holiday, only to learn it's one of the depressing ones. Dare I say it's prejudiced to make people live in an unrelenting state of anxiety just because of who they are.

On top of that, much of the firm can't understand why I grant you so many days off, >>

>> when they only get Columbus Day, Veterans Day, Memorial Day, MLK Jr. Day, Presidents' Day, Thanksgiving, Black Friday, Christmas Eve and Day, New Year's Day, the Fourth of July, Juneteenth, Labor Day, Arbor Day, and my birthday. Sure, you're required to trade yearly vacation days for every fete, but still, is it fair?

Greater yet is the effect it has on me personally. While you're cavorting in your cutesy garden huts and lighting what one *could* describe as too many candles, my work comes screeching to an unleavened halt.

Assuming you'll ask for citations, please see the below affidavit, from myself:

"Without Ethyl to take minutes, I can't hold a single meeting. Sans my assistant Sara, no one is there to order my lunch. Well, I have Lucy, but she doesn't value food the way the Jewish culture does, so I am oft-slapped with a dry salad.

I'm trying to think of a third example but can't, which leads me to believe the anecdotes are so numerous as to blur my memory of them."

And those are only work-related inconveniences—the afterhours effects are even worse! My Tesla's self-driving function barely recognizes people, let alone swathes of people walking to and from a temple in the dark. And if I hit one of you, it's a hate crime! *Well, depending on which news outlet is doing the reporting.*

All this to say, it would be of the greatest benefit to me, this company, and probably yourselves (who really wants to see their family so frequently?!), to compact your flight of holidays into one super-holiday. Choose any date you want, so long as it doesn't interfere with financial quarter starts, ends, or middle peaks. Get together with Sara on this; she has the schedule. Though she may have her phone turned off for a holiday! Ha ha!

Alternatively, I offer you the option of picking one (1) holiday to take off from work each American calendar year. It must be a festival that's one day long, not eight! No gaming the system!

The way Jared Kushner tells it, Roshananah is a fun one. Or maybe you'd prefer Pilgrim, which I believe is like Halloween, with sadder origins. Hey, you have Halloween in March, we have it in October. Maybe we meet somewhere in the middle? Although we will also keep our October Halloween. You understand.

In summation, I love the Jews and all your quirky goings-ons. Would I be friends with so many of you (Jared Kushner; Ivanka, I guess?) if I wasn't? But you can't expect me to subsidize your ethno-religious lifestyles by following the suffocating rules set forth in Title VII.

What I have posited here is extremely fair and handsomely demonstrates the company's ethos.

Choose wisely!

In Shalom,

Bob Cress
CEO
HUMAN RESOURCES

P.S. I love lox!

Leslie Diana is a film/TV professional with writing in Slackjaw, Greener Pastures, and Jane Austen's Wastebasket. She feeds her corgi rejected jokes.

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To/From:

Cut along dotted line and adhere to gift. Write recipient's name on "To/From" line (hint: it's yours).



\$123,456,789 Sugar Cookies with Red & Green Sprinkles or Bitcoin

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beds baths

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Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to own the most exclusive property on Earth... Santa's North Pole estate!

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Location, Location, Location!

Views of snow and melting icebergs for days! Complete privacy, no nosy neighbors or lurking INTERPOL... only dying animals. Bonus! After a few more years of climate change, your thousands of acres will be predator-free!

Main House

The gorgeous A-frame cabin residence is brimming with old-world charm! Outside: keep the whimsical rainbow lights, candy cane fence, and glittering snow globes, or rip 'em out and paint everything white for that Nordic-bourgeois-yippie farmhouse vibe! Hygge anyone?

Move right into the cookie-scented kitchen, cozy separate living area with brick fireplace, and perfectly-sized one bedroom. Or tear down the home's walls constructed of 157 year old cedar panels for an open floor plan! Blanket everything in white paint: the walls, the wood floors, and add white subway tiles in the bathroom.

Finished Basement

This unique space includes a fully functional toy workshop. Continue this centuries-old philanthropic operation that fulfills the dreams of children worldwide, or destroy the workshop and transform it into your very own self-care wellness spa! Imagine white walls, white polar bear rugs, and live-in Norwegian-accented reiki masters, who are, of course, white! Note: generous egresses make this underground refuge ADU-permissible!

Animal Barn

A rustic yet spacious barn lies behind the main dwelling and still houses eight regular reindeer, plus one magical one! Perfect for someone who loves pets and sleigh rides, or release them into the wild for hungry polar bears to

snack on. Paint the barn's exterior and interior white, then store your 13 luxury cars and one snow-ped!

Elven Village

Beyond the barn lies an adorable miniature village of gingerbread houses where working elves have lived since the beginning of time. At midnight, if you listen closely, you can hear bells jingling and the faintest of mystical chants like...

- "Pass good cause eviction laws!"
- "Housing is a human right!"
- "Hey hey! Ho ho! Capitalist greed HAS GOT TO GO!"

As a landlord, the possibilities are endless! Continue the toy making tradition, keep the elves employed, and renew their cottage leases at the same low rates!

Or: reskill the elves to work in your wellness center as acupuncturists! Raise their rents 8000% and color their rosy cheeks white!

Even better, start completely anew! Demolish the tiny houses! Re-house the elves in knitted stockings and shove them on a berg heading south! Based on Arctic currents this time of year, they'll either reach the New Siberian Islands by mid-April or be gobbled up by starving polar bears!!!

ACT NOW! WON'T LAST! HOP IN YOUR AIRBUS A380 TODAY!

LISA PERTOSO is a satire writer and improv performer based in NYC and the Hudson Valley. Her work has appeared in McSweeney's, Insider, Glamour and more. She owns zero real estate but does occasionally burn a Hygge candle.

Secretary of Transportation Pete Buttigieg Motions for Polar Express to Be Absorbed Into Pentagon Budget and Weaponized for Military Use | LIZ WIEST

WASHINGTON, D.C. – In a whimsical decision inspired by either the true meaning of Christmas or bloodthirsty geopolitical domination, 19th Secretary of Transportation Pete Buttigieg has motioned for beloved Christmas locomotive The Polar Express to be weaponized for active deployment by the United States military.

“The train will operate relatively similarly to how it was before,” Buttigieg had his Gen-Z intern tweet on his behalf. “But instead of belief in Santa Claus, the train will now only make stops at places with unwavering belief in the Democratic Party.” Since this action would seemingly limit access to California, New York, and wherever Eric Adams is living these days, *Functionally Dead* set out on the case to get some answers.

Despite our normal policy of avoiding any conversation or interaction with this nation’s armed forces, we had our team of journalists ask representatives from the Army, Marine Corps, and Air Force how they felt about this shocking announcement. “We were initially in a bit of an uproar,” a Marine Corps representative told us, “but we came around to it once Pete assured us we could use the Hot Chocolate dancer guys as target practice.” Since this revelation, the social media teams for each branch (since having those is normal now) have been retweeting constant updates of the Express getting decked out with revolutionary surface-to-air white phosphorus missiles, with captions such as “Helllllllll yehhhh boi” and “You mess with the bull you get the HORNS!!!”

Some in the general public had concerns about whether the militarization of The Polar Express was the best use of their taxpayer dollars, as well as if their children would still receive Christmas presents on time. We

attended the White House press conference to help clear up any confusion.

“I don’t have much use for those tickets. I ride for free. Oh yeah yeah, I hop aboard this rattler any time I feels like,” President Joe Biden said, in a rambling statement that indicated to us he was either taken off or recently put on new medication, “I own this train, it’s like I’m the king of this train, yeah in fact I AM THE KING OF THE NORTH POLE!” he continued, until everyone realized he was just quoting the movie verbatim.

When asked whether the conductors would at the very least be unionized, *Functionally Dead* was informed that those logistics were still being ironed out at this time, but we were assured that all of them would be legally required to talk like Tom Hanks.



I Read This Holiday Zine Cover to Cover and the U.S. Is Still Funding Genocide. What Do I Do Now?

| DAN LoPRETO

“Before, I used to say that [Gaza](#) is an open-air prison. Now I say Gaza is an open grave... You think people here are alive? They are zombies.”

—[Wafa Elsaka](#)

OUR FUNCTIONALLY DEAD PRESIDENT is shaping the world into his own image. Here are resources, places to donate, and ways to participate in order to join the hundreds of thousands around the [world](#) who are fighting back.*

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Participate:

[Jewish Voice for Peace](#)

[Global Shutdown for Palestine](#)

[Contact your representatives](#)

[Join a local protest](#)

[IfNotNow](#)

*shout out to [Anti-Racism Daily](#). I found some of these resources in their [newsletter](#).



Vampire Therapy

| Brady O'Callahan

**There's Only One
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The Nice List!**

Have you been such a good little boy or girl? Even if your driver's license might not agree? Worried Santa might pass you by this year? There's never been a better reason to try VAMPIRE THERAPY, the simple young blood transfusion procedure that slows and could possibly even reverse the process of aging.

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So make your list. Check it twice.
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**WARNING: The Surgeon General
is being a total bitch about this.**