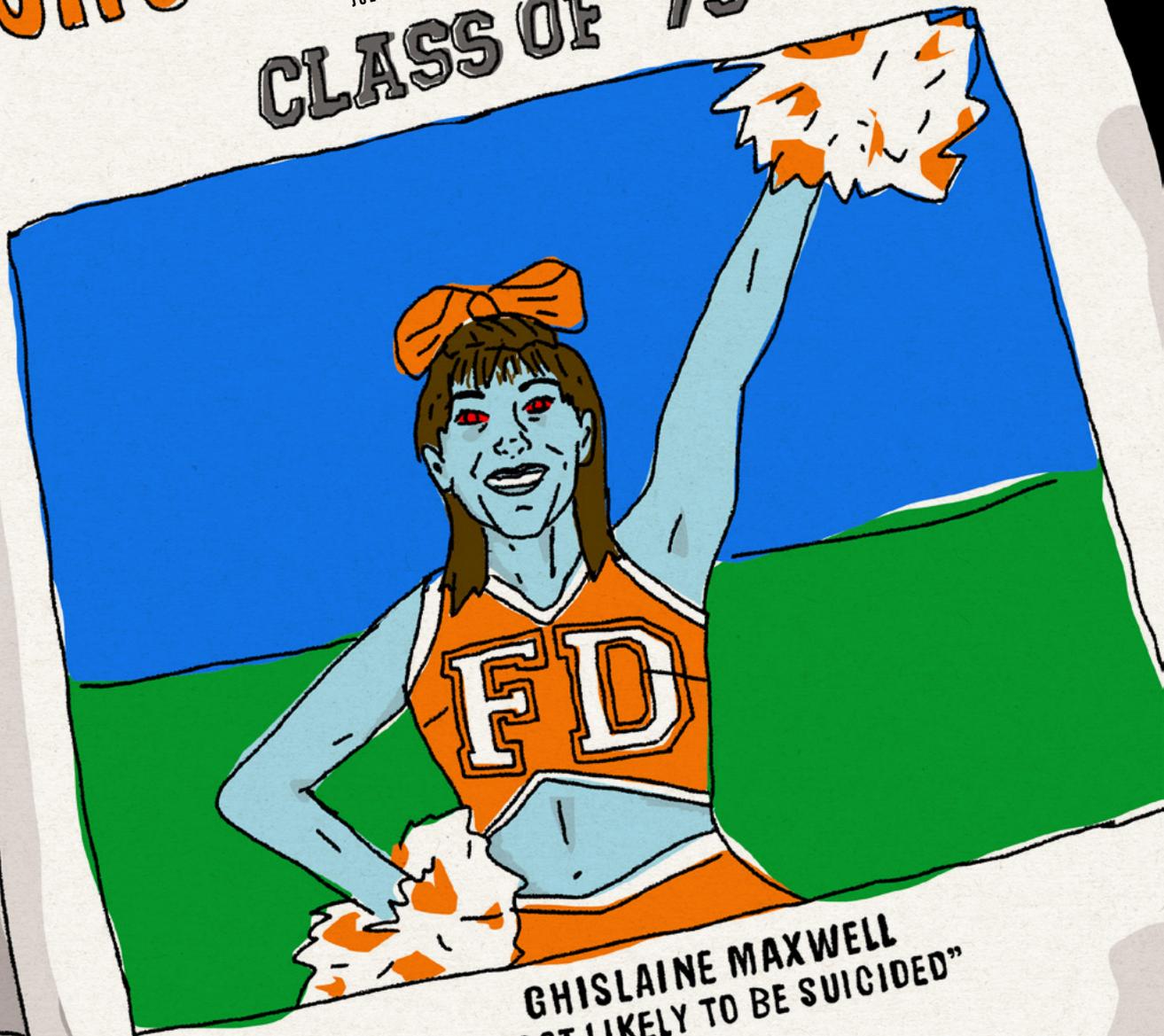


# FUNCTIONALLY DEAD

JULY 13, 2020 // VOL. II, ISSUE 2

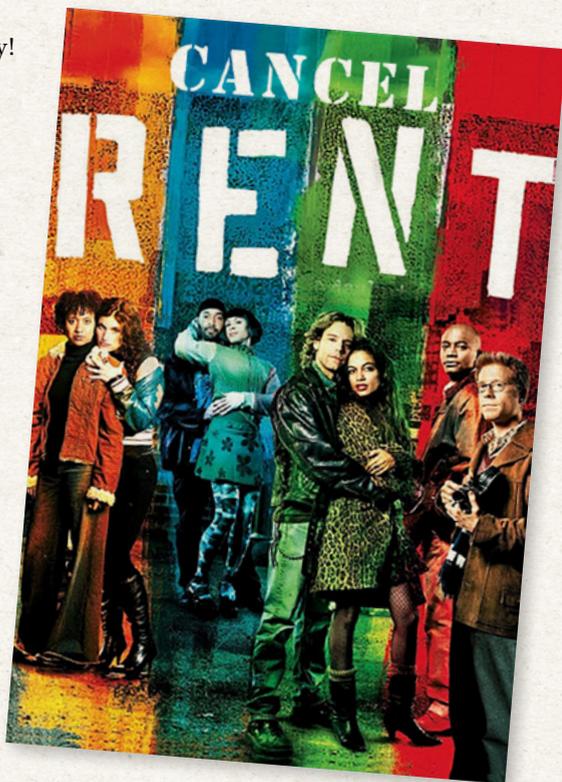
## CLASS OF '79

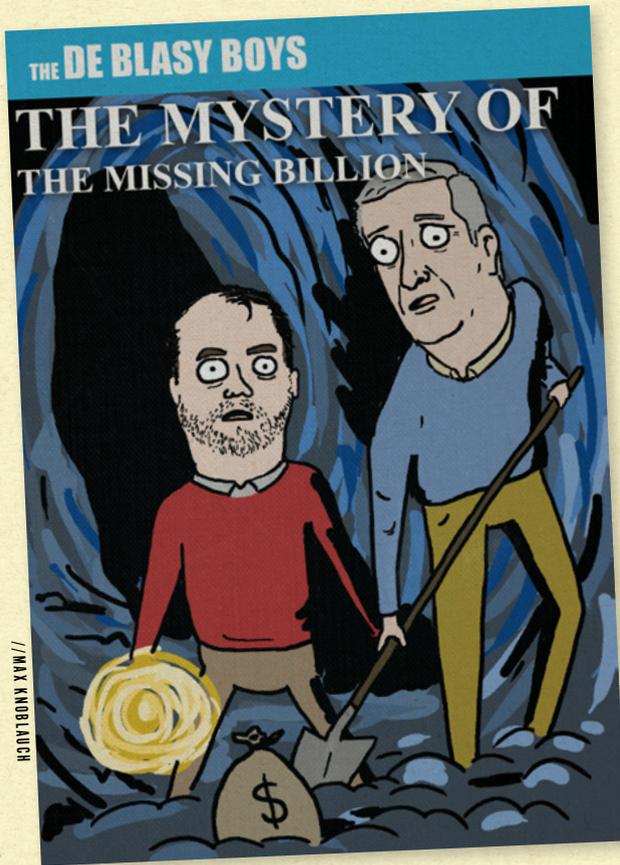


GHISLAINE MAXWELL  
"MOST LIKELY TO BE SUICIDED"

## There you are!

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//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

CHAPTER I  
*New York State of Find*

*B*ill de Blasio stirred awake and massaged his throbbing temples. Nearby, Corey Johnson rubbed his eyes as he rose from the floor.

“Some headache!” Bill moaned, as he stood and smoothed out his wrinkled Oxford shirt.

“I’ll say! What happened at that budget meeting?” Corey replied, as he put on a pot of coffee.

“Geez-o-Pete,” cried Bill, “we better figure this out quick!”

The boys realized neither had any recollection of decisions made and darted to the loose stack of files and papers on the mahogany desk in the center of the radiant mayoral office.

“A billion dollar cut!?” Corey could not believe it. “That only leaves the city’s police with 5 billion dollars!”

Bill poured himself a cup of coffee and paced around the room. “Something smells fishy here, Corey. That just doesn’t sound like us. We love those piggies! I suspect something nefarious is afoot.”

“COVID-19?” the Speaker of the New York City Council almost pleaded. Now that’s an enemy the city could rally behind.

“Maybe,” Bill replied. “Maybe not.”

“Golly, Bill, if we don’t find out what happened to the police department’s billion dollars, a minuscule population of New Yorkers will be pretty cross with us.”

“Don’t I know it, Corey! Let’s not worry about having actually done what our constituents were pretty clear about asking for just yet. Seems like we’ve got a mystery on our hands. But where to look first?”

“Boy, I sure hope we didn’t cut funding, per se, but instead merely reallocated to different departments to handle the same policing, essentially accomplishing nothing,” Corey mused.

Bill snapped his unnaturally tall fingers. “That’s as good a lead as any! Quick, Corey, to the military-grade tank!”

~~~~~

Hey everyone!

The tortured ghost of Billy Mays here.

*I've been brought back from the dead to talk to you about the AMAZING steal that is Remdesivir™! Gilead—the company that has dragged me back kicking and screaming from my eternal slumber—came under fire recently when a news report divulged that one standard 6-day course of Remdesivir™ (a previously developed antiviral treatment for Ebola that's now being tested to treat the effects of COVID-19) will cost around \$3200. Before my heart exploded, I sold my fair share of products that had terrible names, terrible marketing plans, and absolutely wretched price points, but REMDESIVIR™ is the REAL DEAL. Trust me, I'm the scientifically resurrected and deeply tormented ghoul once known as Billy Mays. THIS is the deal of a deathtime!*



# At \$3200 Per Course of Remdesivir™ We're Practically GIVING This Stuff Away!

//JAMES DWYER

## What does Remdesivir™ do? What DOESN'T it do!

- Remdesivir has the potential to reduce your hospital stay from 15 days to just 11 days!
- It provides reliably unreliable treatment for any latent ebola virus in your system!\*
- It removes ANY stains associated with COVID-19, such as thick piss, "COVID juice," Sunny Delight, blood, or odors related to your rotting corpse because you are dead from COVID-19 (or hypertension)!\*
- Integrates seamlessly with iCloud\*
- Buffs the scratches out of an any Cadillac-brand Buick LeSabre\*
- Dishwasher-safe!\*
- Microwave-safe!\*
- ANTIFA-safe!\*

\*Unproven

**But if all of these AMAZING features aren't enough for the low, low price of \$3,200 (with insurance), perhaps these FREE extras\*\* will entice you:**

Sweating, Vomiting, Sleep-eating, Wall-punching, Restless Leg, Arm, Face & Taint Syndrome, New Elbows, Brain Holes, Nasal Urination, Mono- or Dual-Ear Melt, Claustrophobia, Backwards Ovaries, Hamster Obsession, No-Toes, Paranoia, 891 types of Cancer, Satanic Semen, Lung Dysmorphia, Christmasphobia, Cold Thighs

\*\*Side effects

**So what are you waiting for?!  
Call 888-HOT-DRUG  
to get yourself a course  
of Remdesivir™ TODAY!**

PAID ADVERTISEMENT



# TRUMP WILL BE RE-ELECTED and Here's the Middle School Math to Prove It

//CATHRYN MUDON

Let me start by saying, I come to you as a humble, under-paid, over-extended middle school math teacher—I AM NOT THE ENEMY. Early in my career, I found that connecting dense math concepts to real-life applications kept my students engaged. Here are a few lessons I developed back in 2016, which I am absolutely nauseated to say I've been able to dust off to help my students understand precisely how the 2020 Presidential election will turn out.

Math is difficult, I get it! I am not *happy* this will be the outcome of the 2020 election! I am simply pleading with my students/Americans to pay attention because this is literally 2016 all over again. *Polls are not math*; they are cherry-picked pieces of corporate propaganda masqueraded as statistical analysis!! I was right then so *PLEASE GOD, SOMEONE LISTEN TO THE MATH!!!*

## 8th Grade Lesson Plans: THEOREMS

Let's say we are solving "Joe Biden ( $X$ ) will get more votes than Donald Trump ( $Y$ )" (he won't), where  $X$  is greater than  $Y$  (it isn't). Remember, in mathematics, a theorem is a non-self-evident statement that has been proven to be true, either on the basis of generally accepted statements or on the basis of previously established evidence. So let's say we cite a previously established figure:

Hillary Clinton ( $Z$ ) received more votes than Donald Trump ( $Y$ )  $\Rightarrow Z \geq Y$

We then assume Joe Biden ( $X$ ) will also receive many millions more votes (he absolutely will not), but:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{If } Z &\geq Y \\ \text{Then } X &\geq Y \end{aligned}$$

Where voter enthusiasm ( $f$ ) = likelihood of voter turnout, we know Trump received 60 million votes, which is 3 million fewer votes than Hillary Clinton, thus:

$$\begin{aligned} Yf &= 60,000,000 \\ Zf - Yf &= 3,000,000 \end{aligned}$$

We also know that voter enthusiasm ( $f$ ) for Joe Biden is 10. Exactly 10 people are excited to vote for Joe Biden ( $X$ ). That's just a mathematical fact and it need not be explained.

Because 0.0 Biden enthusiasts will volunteer or do even a minute's work to persuade undecided voters  $\Rightarrow \lim_{f \rightarrow 0} f_{10}$  will remain 10, as Limit approaches November 3.

So, if  $Xf = 10$  (and it does), then we have proved:  $10 < 60,000,000$

$\Rightarrow$  BIDEN RECEIVING MORE VOTES THAN TRUMP IS NOT TRUE.

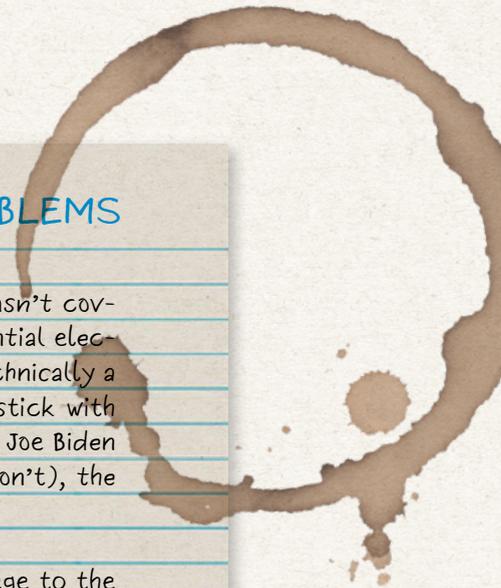
Let's break this down into simpler terms...

## 7th Grade Lesson Plans: STORY PROBLEMS

This may be confusing, especially if Mr. Kirkpatrick hasn't covered this yet in middle school Civics—but U.S. Presidential elections aren't determined by popular vote (we're not technically a democracy! I know, it's disheartening—that's why I stick with numbers and pour vodka into my coffee). Thus, even if Joe Biden were to receive more votes than Donald Trump (he won't), the popular vote is still not a relevant metric.

In middle school terms, comparing the Electoral College to the Popular Vote is like believing the boys' basketball team was going to beat Pinevale because they scored more touchdowns. Unfortunately (and I am not saying I WANTED PINEVALE TO WIN—please no more "TRAITOR" carvings on my desk), "number of touchdowns" is not a determining factor in how basketball games are won, nor has it ever been in the history of the United States. It is an irrelevant metric.

Framed another way, think of how reliably over-crowded and raucous the cafeteria is every third Friday when it's mac 'n cheese day! Capacity of the cafeteria is 350 students. Now, remember last year, when we had that salmonella outbreak from raw beef stroganoff? 58 students contracted food poisoning. Then, Stacia emailed the entire student body—483 eligible middle schoolers—to show up to demand stroganoff be taken off the menu. If 7 students joined Stacia (and they did), what percentage of the eligible students showed up? (NO ONE WAS GLAD THE MEYER TWINS GOT SUCH SEVERE SALMONELLA POISONING THEY HAD TO REPEAT SIXTH GRADE; I'm not suggesting that! Please no more dead rabbits in my teachers' lounge cubby). I am merely using predictive math patterns to illustrate that turnout is reliably higher when motivated for enthusiasm, not against fear.



Ok, here's an even simpler breakdown...

## 6th Grade Lesson Plans: BASIC PERCENTAGES

Number of times, since 1900, an incumbent President has sought re-election: **19**

Number of times, since 1900, an incumbent President has lost re-election: **5**

Frequency of incumbents' re-election = **73.7%**

Number of elections in US history in which the President lost the popular vote: **5**

Number of elections in which the President lost the popular vote in the last 20 years: **2**

Elections where the President lost the popular vote which have occurred in our lifetime: **40%**

Taking a sample of primaries from the swing states that will likely determine the outcome of the 2020 election can also yield a mathematical trend analysis. Here are the **actual figures of the 2020 Republican and Democratic Primaries** which, it's important to remember, represent many states where GOP voters showed up to cast their vote for an *unchallenged incumbent during a deadly pandemic*. It is not lost on me that my students won't be able to vote for about five more years, and even then—at an optimist outside average—53% of them won't bother to do so once in their lifetime. (AGAIN, I AM A MATH TEACHER, NOT A FASCIST, please no more swastikas drawn in blood on my Mazda):

|                | 2020 Votes Received by Trump | 2020 Votes Received by Biden |
|----------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Pennsylvania   | 934,524                      | 914,904                      |
| Florida        | 1,162,854                    | 1,077,116                    |
| Wisconsin      | 617,201                      | 581,611                      |
| Michigan       | 639,144                      | 838,564                      |
| Nebraska       | 242,032                      | 125,335                      |
| North Carolina | 747,038                      | 568,581                      |
| New Hampshire  | 129,696                      | 76,324 (Bernie*)             |

\*Biden did not rank as a top candidate in most primaries prior to the Super Tuesday consolidation

$$\begin{array}{rclcl} 4,472,489 & + & 4,182,435 & = & 8,654,924 \\ 4,472,489 & \div & 8,654,924 & = & \mathbf{51.7\%} \end{array}$$

(This figure is a low estimate. Not included are results from Ohio, Iowa, Maine, Nevada and Arizona, all of which will be instrumental in 2020, and almost all of which are guaranteed to go for Trump).

In closing, it's important that we help our students engage with core mathematical skill sets by showing real-world applications of those skills that are probably true even if... I mean Jesus Christ, *I wish they weren't true* but the math is INDISPUTABLE! Let math be wrong just this once! But it's never wrong. I fucking hate math. 🤖



## Tear Gas Reviews FROM SEA TO CRYING SEA

//DANIEL MORRIS, GUEST CONTRIBUTOR & FOOD CRITIC AT LARGE

It's hard being a food critic these days! Thanks to the COVID, all the hot new local restaurants are closed. With nothing else to do, I took to the road to sample the best these United States had to offer. Turns out, everywhere I went, local law enforcement was proudly serving up a taste of regional flavor for free in the form of tear gas straight from the war-crime canister. Here's what I found:

In **PORTLAND, OREGON**, while taking a leisurely stroll by the boarded-up shops on Burnside, I came upon a hipster cop with a handlebar mustache who helpfully pulled off my mask so I could better taste the artisan, fair-trade gas. I detected a playful coffee note before the uncontrollable vomiting set in. I had plenty of time to savor the flavor after they arrested me for being a journalist. **3.5 / 5 stars**

I never thought of **FORT WAYNE, INDIANA** as a foodie destination, but while ducking for cover, the tear gas hit me like a shot to the eye. I couldn't make out much after that violent serving, but even half-blind, I could see the pride those Indiana cops took in their military gear. Unfortunately, the flavor profile of the CS gas lacked the sophistication I've come to expect from the Rust Belt. Sure, it burned my eyes, nose, mouth, throat, and lungs OK, but they'll need more than that to attract repeat customers. **2 / 5 stars**

In **KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI**, the tear gas was just as sweet and spicy as the barbecue. I would have gone back for seconds, if not for the fact that I couldn't walk on my freshly shattered leg. Hop on down and see for yourself! **4.5 / 5 stars**

In **MIAMI, FLORIDA**, I was bouncin' in the club where the heat is on, all night, on the beach till the break of dawn. Cubano food doesn't usually bring the heat, but the tear gas in the Magic City

was *¡muy caliente!* I couldn't tell if my ears were ringing from the sick jams or the unceasing blows of a police baton to the head—actually maybe it was just the baton to the head, as it appears the clubs were closed that day after a massive resurgence in COVID-19 cases. Either way, this spicy gas pairs well with a mojito while you dodge rubber bullets on the dance floor. **3 / 5 stars**

In **PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA**, I discovered nothing goes better with a cheesesteak or a soft pretzel than a double helping of caustic gas. In an act of "Brotherly Love," the Philly police went out of their way to make sure I didn't miss a single drop of the good stuff. They thoughtfully ushered our crowd to a confined, atmospheric space before they served us "canister-to-table." Bonus points for the surprise delivery with zero warning—a truly delightful amuse-bouche! **3.5 / 5 stars**

CS gas fell out of style for a time in **MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA**, but now it's back in a big way! We all owe thanks to law enforcement in the Twin Cities for kicking off the revival of this tasty trend—after all, their callous killing of a Black man filled streets around the nation with revelers eager for a tangy lungful. Just make sure you set aside enough time for that slow-cooked Hennepin County fare! After a solid seven hours, the convulsions stopped just long enough for me to give them my highest rating: **5 / 5 stars!** 🌀



**OK.** THIS IS THE REAL STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED to me this 4th of July weekend on my summer vacation. First of all, like so many summer days, it was blazin' hot. In search of a body of water to cool off in, I stole a car from the Arby's parking lot near my mom's house and drove until I found a pond. A sign specifically said "No Swimming Allowed"—unfortunately, this is the pond where the corporation in my town that makes military-grade helicopters and tanks dumps the asbestos and rabies from all the raccoons they find dead in the breakroom. I didn't care, it was hot, and the water was cool. I have these weird marks on my skin now, and they will not stop itching. That's just the price you pay for freedom!

While I swam, I practiced my handstands. I want to get really good before summer ends! I was bad at first, but I really stuck with it and started to feel impressive. Had any of the town's children been allowed to come near me, they would have been insanely shocked at my form, grace, and balance. Too bad they are afraid of catching asthma or sudden toxic death syndrome from being too close to the pond. Their loss!

Anyway... This is where the story gets fucked up. While I was diving deep to practice my hand-standing, my head knocked into something hard. I thought it was just a car from an old-timey murder, or some evidence someone had rolled into the pond to hide from the police, but it was something much worse packaged as something much better—also, way smaller. I was able to dislodge it from the pond floor, where it had been resting for hundreds and hundreds of thousands of years. When I swam up with it to the surface and laid the object on the grass, I was in for a surprise! I opened the latch to reveal it was what I had wanted my whole life, but was never given: a real, name-brand Caboodle accessories box. "Finally!" I thought—a place to put all of my makeup and jewels.

Sadly, the story doesn't end there. God, believe me, I wish it did. When I unlatched the pastel treasure, a demon whooshed out, immediately escaping the confines of the 'boodle. I was too shocked to prevent his departure—it all happened so fast.

My parents' town is now completely, royally fucked forever. Once a demon is released onto the streets, who knows what havoc >>

>> he'll cast on the town. Frankly, this just blows. My summer! My handstands! I am 100% certain there is no way to recapture the demon. If I ever find the demon, I WILL destroy him... But I cannot put him back in my Caboodle, even if I could get my hands on him, since it's already filled to the brim. I will have to find a new dwelling for the demon because I'm having too much fun putting all my lipsticks in one little pink plastic place.

When a demon is released, it changes you. It changes the place you grew up. It changes your perspective. Everytime I rub glitter lip gloss onto my eyebrows, I think of the demon. His grotesque features. His soul-crushing beady eyes. I don't look at this town the same as I once did. How could I when I know, lurking around every corner, there is a scary pondscum-filled demon haunting everything? And it all happened on my watch.

Last week, my old friend Jimmy from the neighborhood wrote me a letter detailing what the demon has been up to. First of all, he freakin' closed down Arby's. His constant harassment and reign of terror made customers stop showing up! Where will I steal cars from now? Literally no one knows. The demon I released onto my town also connected a sludge pipeline from the one big corporation in town to drain all of their toxins into all my towns' ponds and drinking water supply. Now it's not just one green and bubbling pond—the whole water reservoir for several zip codes is WRECKED. It's basically Flint, but instead of evil corporations and local government getting together to poison citizens, it's a damn ass demon. What a nightmare!

As for me? I don't think summer, 4th of July, or I will ever be the same again. I'm on day four of my five-year prison sentence for stealing that car. I didn't know this at the time, but it was the mayor's Prius and not a Kia Sportage. Technically, she's the mayor of Arby's, but still, they have power, too. I also didn't know you can't take a Caboodle to prison, so I'm holding all my lipsticks and tiny personal belongings deep within my cavities. Everytime something drops out from between my legs, a guard informs me I've just added on another year to my sentence. If only I had dislodged a Glow Worm from that pond instead, things would be so different... gotta run—I feel a Lipsmackers sliding its way out of my asshole again. 🙄

## THE DE BLASY BOYS CONT.

### CHAPTER VII

#### *Concrete Jungle Where Schemes Are Made Of*

*B*ill barged through the heavy doors of the Bronx high school building. Corey fumbled closely behind.

"We're too late," Bill muttered through heavy breaths. The effort it took him to care about this borough was almost too much to bear.

"Empty your pockets, remove your belts and shoes, and proceed through the metal detector," a voice commanded.

"Who said that?" Corey whined.

A pudgy, rosy-cheeked man in a law officer's uniform peeked his head from behind the equipment most notably used for harassing black and brown skinned individuals in airports after 9/11.

"Oh, nevermind," the officer said, clocking the government officials' skin tone. "Go ahead."

"Jeepers, Bill, I thought we eliminated school safety agents from the NYPD's funding?" Corey asked with extreme confusion.

"Yeah, I guess I work for the Department of Education now," said the man, clearly dressed as a NYPD officer, operating invasive machinery primarily on Black and Hispanic individuals in a school, a place for children. "But nothing's changed."

"Gosh, it's all starting to make sense," said Bill with a tall smile.

~~~~~

# Karen n' Ken's

(formerly White Foods—new branding, same great taste!)

//ANDY BUSTILLOS

## Appetizers

### Say Her Name: Nachos

Say the manager's name (hint: it's on the sign) and get FREE chili crumbles on top of your nachos. Our spicy secret ingredient??: Arrest the cops that killed Breonna Taylor—did we do this right?

### F\*\*K 12 Wings

12 of our chunky spicy wings on a wet paper towel—watch out, they're so hot that this will really hurt. We don't need gas to bring tears to YOUR eyes!

### You About To Lose Your JOnion Rings

Onion rings the size of handcuffs! The only time you'll want to be under arrest... for not sharing.

---

## Dessert

### White Silence is VioLemon Meringue Pie

White, fluffy, and tart—just like Ken!

### Understand that You Misunderstand Completely the Original Movement When You Insist that Blue Lives MatTiramisu\*

Italian dessert made of womanfingers dipped in coffee and smothered in mascarpone cream.

\*You'll need to sign a waiver proving you understand why saying blue lives matter is wrong

## Lunch

### Defund The PoLeek Soup

A vegan-friendly recipe made with REAL heavy cream. Richer than your local police department!

### No Justice No Peas Soup

Ken's famous split pea. For a very limited time: 5% of sales go to the Black Lives Matter Foundation, helping bring together the police and the communities they terrorize.

### BLM Sandwich

Bacon, Lettuce, and Mayo on a bread. All meals matter, but it's lunchtime that needs our energy right now.

### Whose Streets? Our Street Tacos

Three authentic spicy Mexican tacos drizzled with Karen's secret sauce (shhh, it's lukewarm thousand island). The only ICE you'll need is in your water glass.

### Hands Up Don't Shoomami Burger

Thin house beef patty, onions, and AMERICAN cheese, because police brutality is a distinctly American problem due to our insistence on arming cops to the teeth.



Come by anytime, only open during the day because this part of Brooklyn gets scary at night.

We Kare cuz we Ken™



## THE SAMMY HAGAR PROJECT

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

**Who We Are:** a group of Audi-leasing uncles, diabetics born and raised in Philadelphia who are somehow Dallas Cowboys fans, and Subway franchise owners who cheat on their wives at Club Med who came together with one goal: get Joe Biden elected.

Much like The Lincoln Project, we are a group of Never Trump Republicans who feel the GOP has lost its way. Also like the Lincoln Project, our disdain isn't due to any of the Trump administration's policy positions or core beliefs. But where the Lincoln Project chose Abraham Lincoln as their model Republican, we chose the Red Rocker himself, Sammy Hagar. Abraham Lincoln represents an idealized version of Republican Party that never existed—Sammy Hagar represents the Republican party as it actually is: a bunch of mediocre Baby Boomers with marginal talent and inexplicable careers.

**Our Mission:** to replace Republican President Donald Trump with Republican President Joe Biden.

Trump has irrevocably damaged the GOP's reputation. When people think of Republicans now, they think of the alt right—the Nazis, fascists, Klansman, and 4chan posters—instead of who we really are: small claims adjusters with extremely sunburned necks, computer repair shop owners who only do upper body workouts because they think leg presses are gay, wood-shop teachers who are still pissed off they forgot to redeem all their Joe Camel Cash, midsize boat owners who used a PBA card to get out of three of their seven DUI's, and retirees who were banned from the mall for pulling a gun out while returning a massage chair to Sharper Image.

**Why Biden?** America is a country in crisis. A global pandemic has crippled our economy, and our empire's best days are behind us. As a nation, we are confused, defeated, and utterly unprepared for the horrors to come. Even Republicans have to admit: this is Biden's America. We don't need the kind of racist President who throws around terms like "Kung Flu." We need the kind of racist President who will talk about "stomping a mudhole in those Chinamen," before muttering, "excuse me, Oriental. Excuse me, Obama," then drift off into a made-up story about the time he won a milkshake-drinking contest at a "whites-only" diner.

You might think us foolish, but there are millions of Americans just like us—arrogant dumbasses who think wearing bowling shirts and hating our wives makes us Tony Soprano. But whatever you think of us, the Hagar Project is certainly going to have more of an impact on the election than the Lincoln Project. And though we still can't drive 55, together, we can make Biden... 46. 🗳️

## Our Team

**FRANK DELUCA** - Frank has been coaching girls' soccer for years, even after his three daughters graduated high school. He has been a vocal critic of the Trump administration and just wants to coach girls' soccer again.

**ED "THE ED MAN" DONNELLY** - Ed is a staunch defender of select parts of the Constitution. He owned several Pep Boys in Weehawken before forgetting his QuickBooks password in 2005.

**MIKE MORELLI** - An outspoken voice in the realm of sports radio call-in shows, Mike became involved in the Never Trump movement after his daughter came home from Fairleigh Dickinson and told him if he voted for Trump again, she would disown him. He has frequently blogged about how the commercials need to be the same volume as the show.

**BRENNAN MORAN** - A former competitive eater and police chief in Lodi, Brennan now works as a private detective helping men find the Howard Johnson's waitresses they flirted with that one time in '94. He still eats as a hobby and insists everyone call him "Chief."

**PETER FARRELL** - A libertarian who loves to talk about fixing roofs (but never has), Peter is part of an ongoing class action lawsuit to make the Green M&M sexier. He is disappointed that Trump hasn't completely dismantled Medicare, and is looking forward to Biden finishing the job in 2021.

**RICK PETRILLO** - A lawyer and consumer advocate, Rick successfully haggled fifteen dollars off the price of a damaged toilet at his favorite Home Depot. When he's not getting chocolate smudges on the screen of his Best Buy laptop, Rick enjoys posting photos of himself smoking cigars and drinking scotch alone.

# Weekly COVID Scoldings **FROM MY GLASS CASTLE IN THE SKY**

//JAMES DWYER

I OPEN THE CURTAINS TO MY BEDROOM WINDOW, unsheathing a floor-to-ceiling pane of Waterford Crystal that overlooks Central Park's Strawberry Fields: the exact location where John Lennon shot John Wayne Gacy. Today presents a new week in quarantine. Today also presents another opportunity to publicly scold those whom I have caught breaking social distancing rules. While I retired last year at the age of 35 from my previous life as an Anti-Wellness Consultant, I find it important to continue contributing to society in whatever way best serves my self-interests. Thus, the opportunity for a weekly public scolding fits like a glove. So, dear followers of what used to be a mommy blog, I now present my weekly report of people I have observed not practicing proper social distancing from my glass castle in the sky:

**AN "ESSENTIAL" POSTAL WORKER STEPPED TOO CLOSE TO ME** in the vestibule of my Raytheon-guarded apartment building while I was disposing my dog's wee-wee pads in the mail room garbage can. I do not like disposing of them in my flat (I say "flat" because I culturally identify as British) because I am particularly sensitive to most urines. I said "excuse you," to this letter peddler, and he said something rude about the fact that I was licking my sopping wet hands. I'll be calling 911 later today while perched like a falcon atop my Peleton to file a formal complaint.

**A PROTEST HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE, OF ALL PLACES!** Right as I was on my way to get my teeth cleaned at Bergdorf Goodman! Now, I ABSOLUTELY support any politics that allow me to absolve myself from the guilt of my deeply accidental whiteness and the unfortunate circumstances of my exorbitant wealth... but a large, masked gathering in the middle of a pandemic, when there are people out and about like myself



//AKMAL TAJIHAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR, @UGLYSTINKYBAD

who cannot wear a mask for more than 5 minutes without suffering from Hypermask Anxiety Disorder?! Now that's just ridiculous!!! Despite my displeasure, I donned my visage curtain for a few minutes, took out my iPhone XX, and lifted one fist in the air in faux solidarity as I filmed the passersby before sending it to my ex-ex-husband in the NYPD. We must honor Martin Luther King Jr by respecting the tremendous legacy of COVID-19! I was also offended by the blindingly yellow paint on the street—what even is "BLOK LOAVES MUTTER?!" (I cannot read.) >>

>> **I ACCIDENTALLY SPOTTED TWO TEENAGERS ON A SURREPTITIOUS RENDEZVOUS IN CENTRAL PARK** while I stared into the sun through my Lin-Manuel Miranda signed opera glasses and clipped my toenails over the penthouse balcony. They necked. I screamed: “Hope the kiss was worth the sacrificial slaughter of your parents,” but they couldn’t hear me, because my downstairs neighbor screamed something louder from his balcony about toenail clippings in his Waldorf salad.

**WHILE WATCHING THE CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK WEBCAM LIVE-STREAM FROM MY PANIC ROOM** as I bleached my knuckles, I caught a bike-riding buffoon zip directly past a jogger—both “sans masque.” I made an urgent phone call to longtime family friend, Coney Island socialite and original owner of the Wild Mouse, Giuseppe DiPizza, to see if he could scold them for me. After three calls with no answer, his wife Pepperoncini finally picked up and reminded me that Giuseppe had passed 19 years earlier, collapsing of a heart attack at one of my family’s West Hampton soirees. According to her, we are not family friends, but family enemies. After I finished a riveting forced sob (I was a Nashville-based actor for 3 months in 2004), Pepperoncini promised to scold the bike boy and the jogging man if she ever came upon them. I gave her my condolences and apologized for previously lying when I said I was “too sick with rickets” to come to Giuseppe’s boardwalk funeral 19 years earlier. It felt good to come clean and admit the real reason I did not attend was because I deeply fear the sand.

**(WENT TO FIRE ISLAND THIS WEEKEND. NO COMPLAINTS.)**

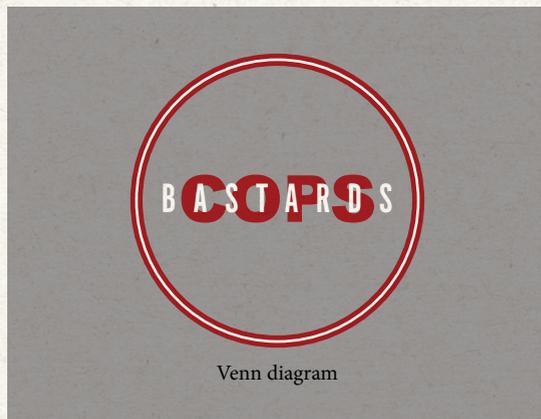
**I OVERHEARD MY NEIGHBORS ALLOWING GUESTS INTO THEIR APARTMENT.** Right next door to me, no less! The guests were saying things like, “when did he fall unconscious,” and “he’s in respiratory failure,” and “CLEAR!” I was able to hear all of this while I forced my maid (who is quarantining with me so I have someone on hand to cut my hair and delouse my vegetables) to hold me standing on her shoulders as I reached my notably tiny ear to the shared air duct. We were both shaken to our core by what we heard.

👉 You 👉 can’t 👉 have 👉 guests 👉 during 👉 this 👉 time!!! I put

on the hazmat suit I stole from NYU Langone during a donors’ luncheon, walked into the hallway with my portable karaoke machine, and proclaimed: “this is how the virus spreads.” I got a few dirty looks as my neighbor’s guests wheeled out the body bag, but they received the message.

**EVERYONE IN LINE FOR OUTDOOR PICKUP AT BLUE BOTTLE COFFEE WAS STANDING MUCH TOO CLOSE** to each other as I went for my third affogato of the day. This enraged me, so I sashayed in despite the fact that customers are not currently permitted inside. I spit in a pour-over one of the baristas was crafting to make my point. They screamed at me to leave, so I smugly retorted, “and how do you think *I* feel?” The answer was “incredibly satisfied.” But mere hours later, I came down with a fever and tested positive for COVID-19 using the rapid home-testing kit sent to me by my father, the CEO of Abbott Industries. See?! I was right to be upset! It would appear I contracted the virus just hours ago from the cluster of fools at Blue Bottle, or perhaps from those rioting ruffians! And to think I was at my anti-vaxxers daily hug-out mere hours before!

Those are my scolds for the week, as dictated to my maid. It may be a bit before you hear from me again, as I’ll be battling the coronavirus until my father can overnight me the cure. Stay safe and stay sane. 💧





//MK DOHERTY GUEST CONTRIBUTOR, @MK\_DOHERTY\_ART



# MAD (NEO) LIBS™

The World's Worst Word Game



//DIANA KOLSKY

## Slurping Obama

"I still have nothing but respect for MY \_\_\_\_\_," \_\_\_\_\_ tweeted \_\_\_\_\_.

NOUN

BASIC WOMAN'S NAME

ADVERB

It had been nearly \_\_\_\_\_ years since President \_\_\_\_\_ left office, but she still \_\_\_\_\_ to him every night. She didn't care if he \_\_\_\_\_ drones on \_\_\_\_\_ children.

NUMBER

MAN'S NAME

MASTURBATION VERB (PAST TENSE)

VERB (PAST TENSE)

NATIONALITY

## Reform, or Whatever

But if there are no police, who will \_\_\_\_\_ all the rapists and murderers? Let's not let \_\_\_\_\_ apples spoil the \_\_\_\_\_. Sure, the cops \_\_\_\_\_ Black people with impunity, but what if I want to go to the ATM at 3am? They make me, a \_\_\_\_\_ woman, feel safe.

VERB

CONDESCENDINGLY LOW NUMBER

PEJORATIVE ADJECTIVE

NOUN

VIOLENT VERB

COLOR THAT'S A SYNONYM FOR WHITE

A man was creeping me out in \_\_\_\_\_ Park yesterday, and I *had* to call the cops. They immediately \_\_\_\_\_ him with a taser and placed him under arrest. It turns out he was just \_\_\_\_\_, but like they say,

FANCY-ASS NAME

VERB (PAST TENSE)

VERB (PAST TENSE)

PITHY SAYING THAT MINIMIZES POLICE BRUTALITY

## The Earth is Healing

Even though \_\_\_\_\_ had gone out to a crowded bar last night and had drunk at least \_\_\_\_\_, he didn't think it wise to attend a protest.

DUMB MAN'S NAME

NUMBER

ADJECTIVE

FRUIT (PLURAL)

"We're in the middle of a pandemic—I could get \_\_\_\_\_! And the looting is \_\_\_\_\_. Why can't they just calm down." He rolled his \_\_\_\_\_ as he Insta'd "# \_\_\_\_\_ LivesMatter" to his \_\_\_\_\_ followers.

DISEASE

CONDESCENDING ADJECTIVE

PLURAL BODY PART

COLOR

LITTLE NUMBER

## UGG Boot Straps

I \_\_\_\_\_ my health insurance. If Medicare for All passes, I could lose it. Hey, I'm a good person! I care about \_\_\_\_\_, and give \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to charity every year.

Sometimes I think poor people just need to work a little \_\_\_\_\_. I mean yeah, my parents both went to \_\_\_\_\_, but I got in on merit (and by snorting a shit-ton of \_\_\_\_\_).

## Information Money Is Power

I'm very well-informed. I read The \_\_\_\_\_ Times, where I learned it's best to spend \_\_\_\_\_ season on \_\_\_\_\_'s Vineyard.

Send anyone with \_\_\_\_\_ straight to the guest \_\_\_\_\_ to quarantine, and \_\_\_\_\_ will nurse them back to health. She's from \_\_\_\_\_, so she's probably already had \_\_\_\_\_. I made her \_\_\_\_\_-feed my children, so my \_\_\_\_\_ wouldn't get all saggy.

## What I Wrote on the Piece of Paper I Threw into the Fire at Burning Man

I'll never say this aloud, but if I lived in \_\_\_\_\_, I would absolutely be a \_\_\_\_\_ because

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



# HUMAN RESOURCES MEMORANDUM 2020-009

//PATRICK KEENE

**Subject: Re: The Supreme Court Decision of Bostock V. Clayton County**

Date: June 15, 2020

Due to a recent Supreme Court decision (6-3, wow!), effective immediately, managers will no longer be able to descriminate against their employees based on sexual orientation or transgender status under Title VII.

Fortunately for us, our excellent team of lawyers (shout out to our trivia night champions, Lemon Tort!), has found a great workaround in the "gay panic defense." This draconian ploy is still legal in 40 states (and D.C.!), meaning that although we cannot fire employees for being gay, we can kill them... with some due diligence on your end!

Therefore, if you are considering firing an LGBTQ+ employee for obvious reasons, please see below for an alternative solution in your state/district.

\* \* \*

For offices in AL, AK, AZ, AR, CO, DC, DE, FL, GA, ID, IN, IA, KS, KY, LA, MD, MA, MI, MN, MS, MO, MT, NE, NH, NM, NC, ND, OH, OK, OR, PA, SC, SD, TN, TX, UT, VT, VA, WV, WI, WY:

Lie and say that you went temporarily insane when the employee tried to make a sexual advance (e.g. wink, nod, genital touch, horny sneeze, coffee mug caress, suggestive innuendo) and shoot them in the face with a company-provided bullet of termination.

For offices in CA, CT, HI, IL, ME, NJ, NV, NY, RI, WA:

Lie and say the employee has been showing up late. If you still want to rough 'em up, do it on your own time or at the Christmas party.

\* \* \*

Hope that clears things up for everyone. Please note that Summer Fridays start this week. Happy Pride! 🏳️

THE DE BLASY BOYS CONT.

## CHAPTER XIV If You Can Fake It Here

"Why are they angry at us, Bill?" Corey asked as he peered through the window at the sizable protests below.

"It's probably COVID," Bill answered. "I sure can't imagine what else it might be."

"I guess doing nothing just isn't good enough for some people these days."

"But that won't ever stop us from claiming a hard-fought victory," Bill agreed. The de Blasy Boys had done it (nothing) again!

~~~~~

*Want to know more about the de Blasy boys and their zany mis-adventures? Tear this order form on the dotted line and send it to CITY HALL, NYC with a check for \$1 Billion made out to the NYPD!*

\_\_\_\_\_  
FULL NAME

\_\_\_\_\_  
ENCLOSED CHECK AMOUNT (MUST BE 1 BILLION)

\_\_\_\_\_  
OPTIONAL: FAVORITE DE BLASY BOY

# COMMON SENSE: WHAT'S NEXT?

## A Good Faith Flowchart

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN



# SEX AND THE CITY

never-before-read SatC scripts  
from HBO's super secret vault

Lost Episode #3017  
"ACAB for Carrie"

//TAYGO GUEST CONTRIBUTOR  
@SUPERTAYGO



INT. BRUNCH SPOT, "THE SALTY PIG" - MIDDAY

Our four heroines sit around a single bowl of grapes.  
They're about 13 mimosas deep with no sign of slowing.

SAMANTHA

(sassily)

A cop, eh? Tell me: did he un-  
holster his weapon?

CARRIE

(embarrassed, smiling)

A lady doesn't kiss and tell.

MIRANDA

Okay, good thing there are no  
ladies here!

They all laugh at this. These are their best years.

CHARLOTTE

Be nice, guys. I happen to think  
Carrie and Officer Gunt are a very  
attractive couple.

CARRIE

No, we are. We had a great time. A  
really great time. The sex was...  
amazing, like wow. But then he...

SAMANTHA

He what? Did he read you your  
rights a bit too early?

CARRIE

No, he attacked a black man. Like,  
we were making love and he just  
stopped and... went outside and  
beat the shit out of an innocent  
man. Now, he's all over the news.

MIRANDA

(gasps)

That cop all over the news.  
That's...?

CARRIE

(embarrassed, frowning)

"Officer Hunk?" ...

(raising her hand)

... guilty as charged...

CUT TO:



**"I PUT ON A MASK AND  
LITERALLY WITHIN SECONDS, I  
AM STRUGGLING TO BREATHE."**

## *Bill Mitchell's Guide To* **WEARING A MASK**

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

### *Do*

- ✓ Make your mask out of high thread count cotton
- ✓ Use two layers of cloth when sewing your mask
- ✓ Clean your hands before putting on the mask
- ✓ Adjust the mask to fit your face
- ✓ Avoid touching the front of your mask
- ✓ Regularly wash your mask with soap and hot water, making sure it's completely dry before use
- ✓ Continue to stay vigilant and practice social distancing, even when wearing a mask
- ✓ Use a mask that covers your nose and mouth simultaneously
- ✓ Express your personality with fun designs and patterns on your mask

### *Don't*

- ✗ Make your mask out of sandpaper, fiberglass, or mayonnaise
- ✗ Line the mask with razor wire to "give yourself a jawline"
- ✗ Eat a rack of baby back ribs in the sweltering Arizona sun before giving your mask the ol' "stick-n-lick"
- ✗ Saw off pieces of your face to fit the mask
- ✗ Use your mask to pick old meat up off the ground and eat it like it's a lil' burrito (or a lil' 'rito as it's known locally)
- ✗ Rub your mask between your thighs for a "natural dampness," then roll it in the Devil's Powder (or cocaine as it's known locally)
- ✗ Assume your mask makes you strong enough to challenge your wife's high school sweetheart—sure he's got a bum leg since Iraq, but he's still swol
- ✗ Alternate between covering your nose and mouth depending on whether you're snorting or huffing the Devil's Powder
- ✗ Express yourself vocally inches away from strangers' mouths and noses

# I READ THIS ZINE, AND I STILL DON'T TRUST LAWYERS.

What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

Here are a few legal organizations doing radical work:

## National Lawyers Guild

*“The National Lawyers Guild (NLG) supports the #8toAbolition campaign, which builds on decades of work by Black feminist abolitionists to demand an end to policing and prisons, and community investment that prioritizes the lives and safety of Black people. 8 to Abolition was created by BIPOC police and prison abolitionists as a response to the reformist changes of the #8CantWait campaign that merely seeks to reduce, instead of eliminate, continuing police violence against Black people.”*

## ArchCity Defenders

*“[A] holistic legal advocacy organization that combats the criminalization of poverty and state violence, especially in communities of color. ACD’s foundation of civil and criminal legal representation, social services, impact litigation, policy and media advocacy, and community collaboration achieves and inspires justice and equitable outcomes for people throughout the St. Louis region and beyond.”*

## Community Justice Project

*“CJP engages in class action litigation, administrative law, legislative advocacy, and other forms of impact litigation to help create positive change for low-income residents of Pennsylvania. Our areas of experience include civil rights cases in housing, public benefits, employment, and immigration.”*

## Abolitionist Law Center

*“[A] public interest law firm inspired by the struggle of political and politicized prisoners, organized for the purpose of abolishing class and race based mass incarceration in the United States. Abolitionist Law Center litigates on behalf of people whose human rights have been violated in prison, educates the general public about the evils of mass incarceration, and works to develop a mass movement against the American punishment system by building alliances and nurturing solidarity across social divisions.”*

## Uptown People’s Law Center

*“UPLC was started in 1975 by former coal miners and their widows in an effort to secure black lung benefits for disabled coal miners. Over the years, UPLC grew into a full-service, community-based legal clinic. It has refined and sharpened its legal practice to reflect the changing times and the evolving legal needs of the people of Uptown and throughout the state. Its lawyers and support staff have developed strong expertise in the areas of housing law, Social Security disability income, and prisoners’ rights issues.”*

Call me, maybe it's late, but just phone moi: [functionallydead@gmail.com](mailto:functionallydead@gmail.com)  
Peep other issues at [functionallydead.com](http://functionallydead.com)

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: WE REVIEW THE HOT NEW SINGLE FROM ACAB FOR CUTIE



FOLKS TO BLOCK:

//ANDY BUSTILLOS//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN//JAMES DWYER//PATRICK KEENE//MAX KNOBLAUCH//DIANA KOLSKY//  
//DAN LOPRETO//TIM MAHONEY//CATHRYN MUDON//BRADY O'CALLAHAN//SEAN O'REILLY//ROSIE WHALEN//