

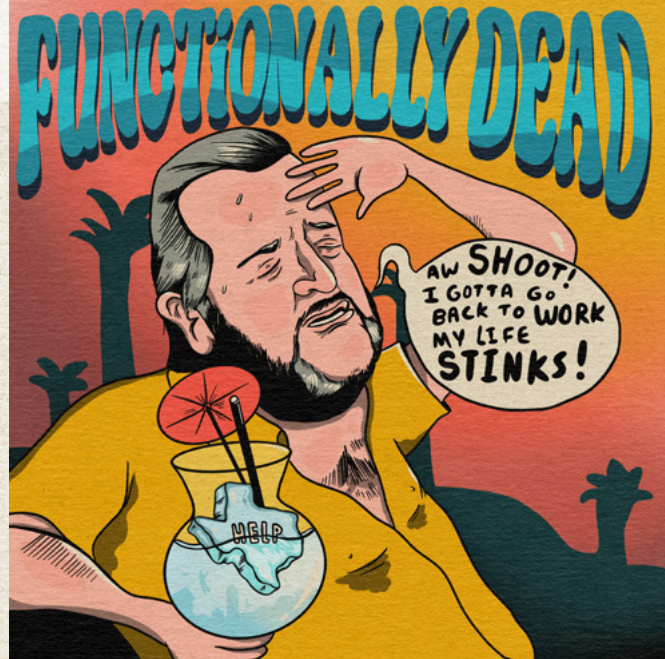
FUNCTIONALLY DEAD



FEB. 22, 2021//
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COVER ART BY AKMAL TAJIHAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR, @UgkyStinkyBad



A Plea from BrooklynSon_Defiant!, Son of BrooklynDad_Defiant!

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN



MY NAME IS BROOKLYNSON_DEFARIANT! Some of you might know my father, BrooklynDad_Defiant!, from his time as a Donald Trump reply guy on Twitter. Sadly, all is not well in the _Defiant! home. This past year has been tough on us all, but it has hit the _Defiant! family especially hard. The COVID-19 pandemic certainly affected our household, but Trump's lifetime Twitter ban has shaken Casa de _Defiant! to its core. Since the Orange Man (as us _Defiants! not-so-affectionately referred to him) left Twitter, my father hasn't been able to bring home enough memes to feed us content-starved children. Late at night, I'll catch my father using the Wayback Machine on the Internet Archive just to read Teflon Don's old tweets. He's made several fake accounts claiming to be Trump and immediately started replying to them as himself, but all of them were quickly shut down. I told him if he needed me to, I would start a fake Trump account for him to reply to, but that only made him break down and cry.

On top of all that, my mother, BrooklynMom_Defiant!, had to quit her job retweeting Ezra Klein articles to take care of my sister, BrooklynDaughter_Defiant!, full time. You see, BrooklynDaughter_Defiant! has special needs, what with her difficulty >>

>> making posts on social media and all. Doctors say that kids her age should be able to clearly explain how the Trump administration is like Slytherin house, but BrooklynDaughter_Defiant! is struggling to even correlate Donald Trump's behavior to that of Lord Voldemort's. As such, her account only has thirty-two thousand followers, putting her way behind the rest of the kids in her school, the Brooklyn Academy For Arts and Posting. There are specialists who can help, but the insurance my father got through releasing an adult picture book called *The Liddle'est President* doesn't cover it.

I don't want to beg. My father always told me "if you ever need something, you don't take charity—you make a half-hearted Patreon and start charging for your posts." It may sound weird to you, but that's just how I was raised. I come from a proud family of posters. I'm a third generation poster child. My parents grew up around the corner from each other, in the same Brooklyn neighborhood of Brooklyn. Back then, it was one of the only poster neighborhoods in New York. People would come from all over the five boroughs to get their tweets from us, because they knew they were the best. They say it's the water here that makes the posts so good, but really, it's our love of posting. The art of posting has been in our family for generations. My great great grandfather, BrooklynAncestor_Defiantino!, came through Ellis Island from the old country way back in 2005. As you can probably tell, they changed his username. They did that to all the poster immigrants at the time. But that meant he had no way to go back to his old posts, so it was hard for him just to even lurk. He had it really tough. While posters nowadays are celebrated for their contributions to centrist think tanks and fledgling reboots of children's cartoon shows, posters back then faced a lot of discrimination. It wasn't uncommon to see signs like "Posters Need Not Apply," on social media stores. That's why a lot of posters moved out west to California. If you ever wondered why so many posters are in Hollywood, that's why.

But I digress. The _Defiant! family stayed in Brooklyn and made their own way, creating posts that appeal to every Resistance Lib while still staying true to our posting roots. And we still get together every Sunday at my grandma BrooklynMeeMa_Defiant!'s

house for a traditional posting meal of pork rinds, a half-eaten Subway sandwich, and room temperature black coffee. And everybody's there: my uncle, BrooklynUncle_Defiant!, who runs the Gushers Twitter account. My second cousin, BrooklynCousin_Defiant!, who just graduated top of her class at Bronx Post Science. She's going off to take a Posting MasterClass from Elon Musk in the fall. My older sister, BrooklynOldestDaughter_Defiant!, married Seth Abramson and just gave birth to their first kid, BrooklynNiece_Defiant!. Those Sunday dinners are full of a lot of laughs, but more importantly, a lot of love.

Oh right, my plea! Sure, sign up for our Patreon and donate to one of our dozens of GoFundMes if you're reading this, but more importantly, if you over at Twitter insist on upholding my ban over my repeated DMs to prominent leftist women asking for sweaty feet pics, you won't just be losing one of your site's top accounts... you'll be breaking up a family. 🤖



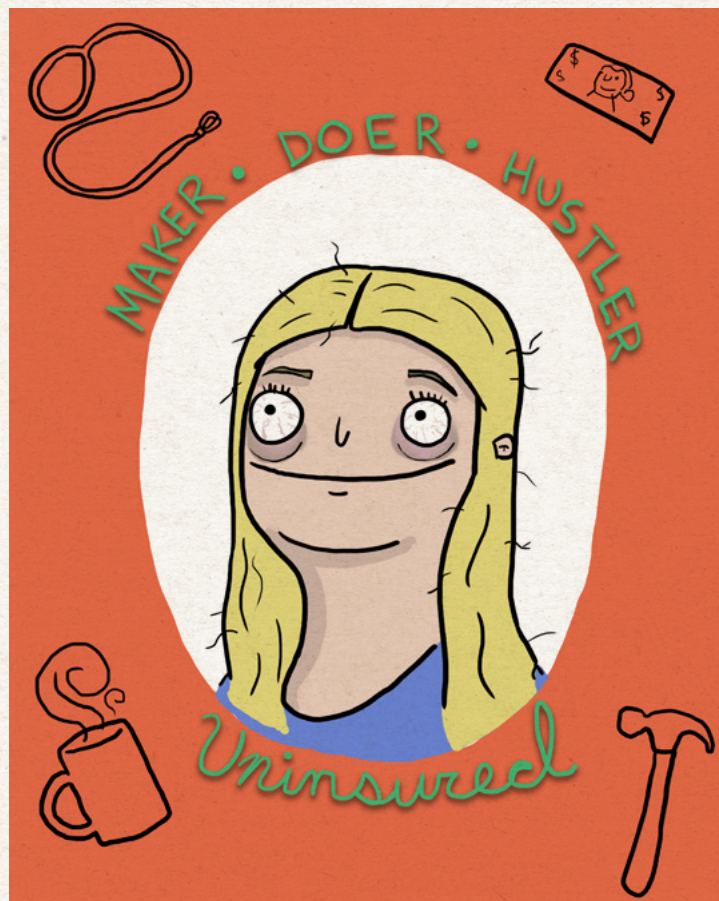
I'M A PIECE OF SHIT BECAUSE I ONLY HAVE SIX SIDE HUSTLES

//CAROLINE COTTER GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

LET ME START BY SAYING that no one hates me more than I hate myself*. There are many reasons why I'm a worthless piece of dog stink, but the biggest and most embarrassing one is this: *I only have a mere six side hustles.*

My life's goal is to be the Queen of Productivity. This means becoming a multi-millionaire at 21 and retiring as a billionaire by 25. I really must commit to the #productivity and #hustlelife. However, I'm currently failing to do this because of the embarrassingly low number of side hustles I have, which again, is only six.

Free time is a sign of weakness. Everyone should be using every spare second of their lives to make money. One time, a few years ago, I had 30 free seconds, and I immediately felt guilty. During this time, I started to hear my own thoughts, and even started to question the point of a capitalist society. Believe me, this made me hate myself even more. Thoughts are toxic like that. I had just wasted time and didn't make a cent! I swore to myself that I would never let it happen again. That's when my side hustle life was born.



//MAX KNOBLAUCH

Every day, after waking up at 5AM and wasting seven seconds chugging a bottle of Soylent-flavored Soylent, I get straight to working my day job. I toil a meager 75 hours a week as a Digital Fake Strategist for a website that only exists in theory. I landed this crappy job thanks to my college degree. I graduated with honors from a prestigious college (let me give you a hint: It starts with an "H" and ends with "olumbia"), then went on to get my masters in Internet. I did all of this during my junior year of high school. While other teens were smoking Mary Jane cigars, I was hustling on all sides: cha-ching! >>

>> Since I barely scrape by on a high six figure salary, my side hustles are essential to support my pathetic existence. My first side hustle is creating content. I do this across all platforms you've heard of and especially the ones you haven't. I actually have a big following on the Dark Web, which freaking rocks. The videos that get the most views are the ones where I'm unboxing kid's toys that aren't mine. I monetize the shit out of it. I get a lot of complaints in the comments that my audible crying and screaming to myself about what a piece of shit I am is distracting, but it's my content and I will create it however I want to!

I also work as a driver for Uber. I don't make a lot of money from this, but I do it because I love the politics of the company so much. They don't give a flying fuck about any of their gig workers, and that really resonates with me, because if I haven't made it very clear by now, I hate myself, or I would if I had time for that. This job also saves me precious time because I take 14 second micro-naps in my car. I read somewhere that Elon Musk does this in his Tesla, so I freaking do it in my Kia.

Walking dogs is another side-hustle that I force myself to do while I'm on my grind. I hate dogs, but I love the power I feel walking another living being on a leash. I have only done this once, but call me Burger King, because I'm loving it.

I also own a small business selling my own line of toilet paper through Instagram. Each square is unethically sourced by

stealing them from the Goodwill donation box outside of my apartment. It also makes your ass bleed green when you use it. I inflated the cost of the product about 5,000%, and it's making people mad, which makes me happy. Or, I think it would, if I were able to feel anything other than "I'm a piece of shit." Is that a feeling? I don't have time to look into it.

EVERY NIGHT, I LOCK MYSELF IN MY BATHROOM FOR A MINIMUM OF ONE HOUR, STRIP DOWN ABSOLUTELY BUCK NAKED, AND STARE AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR UNTIL I START TO CRY. I EARN A DOLLAR FOR EVERY TEAR.

The next side hustle is, of course, my passive income stream: the stock market. I watched about five minutes of a YouTube video and read half of a Reddit post, so I am an expert. I used my inheritance to buy whatever stocks seemed funny, and I'm finally making the tiniest amount of money. The income is barely enough to cover my rent. I currently live in a big ass penthouse that is in the basement of a former Trump Tower. Not every penthouse is high in the sky, my friends. It's fine for now, but I'm looking to upgrade as soon

as I start to believe that I'm a worthwhile human being. Dubai, here I come!

My last and absolute favorite side hustle happens to also be my newest. Every night, I lock myself in my bathroom for a minimum of one hour, strip down absolutely buck naked, and stare at myself in the mirror until I start to cry. I earn a dollar for every tear. Where that money is coming from, I'm not sure—it just appears biweekly in my mailbox—but I can already tell it's going to be an awesome source of revenue.

After I'm done hustling for the day, it's 4AM and time to go to bed for the evening. For that quick hit of personal connection, I kiss my Fatheads of Mark Zuckerberg and Tim Ferriss goodnight. Then I slip into my sensory deprivation tank and get a lazy person's full hour of sleep before I do it all again the next day. I can't wait until I make enough money to be a worthwhile human being and find happiness :) 🙄

*If you're worried I wasn't being productive when I wrote this, don't be. While I typed, a man named Ham was photographing my feet for \$\$\$ on the Internet

Caroline Cotter is a Los Angeles-based actor and writer. Unfortunately she's on Instagram @cotterpoop

STUFF THAT SHOULD BE FREE



HEALTHCARE



PALESTINE



COLLEGE



BRITNEY



Medicare & Medicaid to Be Replaced With One Bottle of Benadryl That Everyone Has to Share

//JAMES DWYER

CHANGES ARE COMING TO THE ALARMINGLY popular Medicare and Medicaid programs! We here at the Office of Management and Budget thought it imperative to deliver news of the exciting changes to these programs you all seem to feel entitled to. In recent years, people like myself who are paid to call themselves experts on healthcare have expressed concern over the fact* that there is a looming budgetary cliff due to these programs being **underfunded** too expensive. There are plenty of unhelpful skeptics wondering “why don’t we close tax loopholes for corporations,” “can’t we institute a wealth tax,” “are you saying ‘fact’ or ‘fact’?” However, we’re not here to answer questions, listen to people, or to make friends. We’re here to offer what we at OMB call “coolutions.” Coolutions are cool solutions that we crafted all by ourselves (with minor help from the crack team of 19 year old interns we hired whose parents happen to be important judges, pharmaceutical CEOs and ThanoCapitalist** entrepreneurs). After many long, tax-payer funded nights, we’re proud to present our first coolution:

We are replacing Medicare and Medicaid with one bottle of Bendaryl that everyone has to share.



>> From now on, instead of having to deal with terrible inconveniences like going to the doctor, getting your prescriptions filled at a pharmacy, or not dying, you can simply rely on one solution for everything: a single bottle of Benadryl that everyone has to share. Did you break all of your ribs falling off a cellphone tower while training for your Verizon technician job and get fired for recklessly not understanding the safety rules no one taught you? No need for expensive surgery! Now you can simply wait on line for a sip of the Benadryl that everyone has to share. Catch diabetes at the swap meet? Guzzle that thick pink once it's your turn! Cancer? Who needs chemo when you can Dryl the tumors away (if there's any left in the bottle)!

This is a massive change, and I know what the biggest question on your mind must be right now: where exactly is the one bottle of Benadryl that everyone gets to share? Great question! The bottle is conveniently located at the Walgreens on Pass Road in Biloxi, Mississippi. All you have to do is get on the line to the Walgreens (the Benadryl line) and wait your turn. Be sure to check the slick, new Medicare website at Walgreens.com/onebottle to see where the end of the line is today! We recommend bringing several changes of clothes, a portable toilet, and enough food to last for two weeks. If you starve to death in line, well, it sounds

like you weren't as sick as you thought you were, because you died of starvation instead!

There will be those who say "this is inhumane," but you know what's *really* inhumane? A program that forces people to go to the doctor when they're sick, a program that loads people up with prescriptions they're too poor to deserve, a program that is anemic because the government chooses not to fund it because it simply would be un-American to let everyone live! We're proud of the work our teenagers have done to help us carve this brilliant new path forward for the Medicaid and Medicare programs in America. If you have any other questions that weren't answered in this pamphlet, please disregard them. That's all the coolutions we have for now, but rest assured, more coolutions are on the way at the newly renovated Office of Management and Budget (hint: we've traded in our committee for a TikTok account)! 🤖

*Fack: noun: fack; plural noun: facks

a statement that is peddled as truth to fit the narrative that benefits me personally... and everyone else!
"The fack of the matter is, I'm right."

**Capitalists who believe we should assemble the infinity stones to eliminate SNAP

Choose your favorite caption below, write it down, and burn it!

- 1. Heeere's Nancy!**
- 2. Good Morning, Texas Morning**
- 3. All talk and no change makes Nance an ineffectual Representative**
- 4. Blue New Dream**

CAPTION THIS!



// ROSIE WHALEN

I ONLY HAD TWO HOURS TO DESIGN GOOD PILLOW'S LOGO AND IT FUCKING SUCKS :(

//DIANA KOLSKY



I WAS SO STOKED TO see the Good Pillow guys put out a call for a graphic designer. Art for good? Sign me up! I have a ton of experience with branding and logos, and I've been a huge fan of David Hogg's activism ever since Parkland. But I am sad to say I think this Good Pillow logo fucking sucks. It's the worst project I've ever worked on, and I am ashamed to be affiliated with it.

I usually charge a flat rate of \$750 for a preliminary consultation, five to six logo design variations with three rounds of edits, and the option for additional tweaks if needed. Sometimes genius strikes fast, but landing on the perfect icon for a nascent brand often takes some time. That's why I was so... surprised to hear

that David and William wanted a logo within two hours for \$200. Unorthodox for sure, but that's innovation, I guess.

I DM'd William and was shocked that he replied in under one second. That guy is ONLINE. He sent me a lo-res image via Twitter DM with the text "fucking fix it," and also reminded me with the angry face emoji that "the clock is ticking." I replied with some basic questions about brand vibe and target market, and he all-caps screamed that he had a call in twenty with Fred and Robert Durst to discuss an ad campaign called "Two Dursts, One Pillow," so I got to work.

I honestly did the best I could, but the end result is one of the worst designs I've ever seen in my life—too clean to be lo-fi, too shitty to be camp—it's a fucking mess. Multiple garbage fonts, poor spacing, sooo many colors... I honestly don't think taking a digital Flowbee to Microsoft Paint would yield worse results. I tried to make what they sent me better, keep the spirit of the graphic but tighten things up, but they were dead set on using a smiley face emoticon IN THE LOGO:



I never even sent them the final file—they literally tweeted out a screengrab of a screengrab to over 100K of their boomer >>

>> followers. I begged David and William not to mention me in regard to the company's graphics, but they assured me I'd "blow the fuck up" after this. I want to die.

The only saving grace here is that I don't *think* their pillow company really exists. Despite all of the panicked tweets begging for manufacturing tips and capital, they don't seem to be that experienced or organized? I am still getting frantic Twitter DMs from William, who obviously has me confused with someone else:



I asked William where to send my invoice and he DM'd me that I am very lucky because rather than a cash payment he is promising me one-millionth of a stock in the company. :(🤡

The call is coming from inside the building.



NEW AMAZON WAREHOUSE EMPLOYEE BEFF JEZOS ASKING LOTS OF QUESTIONS AT ALABAMA UNION VOTE

//KYLE EWERT GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

IN BESSEMER, ALABAMA, AN UNLIKELY union vote is taking place at a warehouse operated and owned by Amazon, a company notorious for its history of quashing any attempts to organize. Many workers there seem supportive of the effort to unionize, but some, such as new hire Beff Jezos, proudly make their anti-union sentiments known. This reporter decided to take a trip down to Bessemer to interview Amazon employees to get the real scoop on the historic union vote.

Pulling up to the warehouse, I noticed a handful of workers standing outside with pro-union signage, but I immediately found myself distracted by a man nearby who looked remarkably like Jeff Bezos, but with one key difference: this man had a full head of blonde hair styled in an aggressive middle part. As I spoke with some of the pro-union workers, that perfect coif stayed with me.

Marnie Holcomb, a 41-year old mother of two, started working here at the beginning of the pandemic because she lost her former job in retail. When I asked her why she wants to unionize, she said “They monitor our bathroom breaks to ensure we don’t take too much time away from work. There is no dignity in that. We’re fighting for a dignified work environment that also pays us what we deserve.” Several employees on the street with signs echoed this sentiment, but the image of the toe-headed butt cut from earlier returned, and I felt >>



//MAX KNOBLAUCH

>> compelled to ask Marnie about the well-coiffed gentleman.

“Oh, you mean Beff Jezos?” she asked. “He started here a couple weeks ago. Have you SEEN that hair? It’s like an albino lion’s mane. Seems to not like the idea of unions very much, though. I thought he might be Jeff Bezos, but that hair is *so good* and Jeff Bezos is famously bald.”

I was intrigued, so I hustled over to Beff Jezos before he entered the warehouse. As I got closer, it became clear that this man resembled Jeff Bezos in every way, save for the lushious mop atop his dome. When I asked how he came to work at this warehouse, he said “Me? I was driving my Maserati- err....Mazda by one day and saw the sign saying that Amazon was hiring. Who wouldn’t jump to work at the most innovative company in the world? I was born and bred in Bessemer, Alabama... can’t you tell by my impeccable Bessemer accent that I in no way learned from the world’s best dialect coaches?”

Beginning to grow suspicious, I asked Mr. Jezos how he felt about the push to unionize. “That would just hurt employees. Personally, I’m pushing for Amazon to *help* workers by supplying them with microdoses of cocaine and anabolic steroids so we can achieve peak productivity, but I guess that’s ‘illegal’...for now.” He laughed as he walked into the warehouse, gripping his beautiful blonde hair as if trying to keep it from crawling away.

I returned to the pro-union side and asked 36 year-old Amazon warehouse employee Troy Kermit if he had heard any other outlandish claims from Beff Jezos. “Oh yeah, that dude is going around handing out diapers saying things like ‘I heard LeBron James wears these in the gym to maximize productivity and look at that guy’s career!’”

David Nichols, an Amazon delivery driver, said Mr. Jezos put a “feed bag” in his truck to entice him to skip lunch. “The feed bag just hung from my rearview with a spout for me to suck the grey mush out of on the bottom. I was like ‘No, thank you.’”

The appearance of Beff Jezos at the Bessemer warehouse seemed coincidentally timed to the announcement that Amazon CEO

Jeff Bezos would be stepping down from his role, so I waited for Mr. Jezos to exit the building to ask some more questions. That evening, as many Amazon workers were leaving and looking exhausted from a long day of work, Mr. Jezos emerged as though fresh from a nap. I asked him what his role was at the warehouse, and he said he was brought on as an Efficiency Analyst. “Did you know the human heart generates a remarkable amount of energy? With just a few slightly invasive implants, we could power this entire warehouse from our own employees’ hearts!”

I finally asked: “Mr. Jezos, you look remarkably like Jeff Bezos. Are you the Amazon CEO?”

“Me? That’s ludicrous!” Beff replied. “That guy is b-a-l-d bald. I have a full head of real hair and always have!” His claim was hard to refute, as the hair looked as though it had been living a very full life, but I persisted. “Mr. Jezos, pardon my frankness, but you’re rich beyond reason and this hair has some kind of magical property no other set of hair has ever had upon me.”

After 10 seconds of uncomfortable silence during which all workers at the facility around me appeared to freeze, Mr. Jezos chuckled, and the workers resumed their tasks. He continued, “if you don’t mind, I have to be going. As you can see, I’m leaving quite fulfilled by my non-union job.”

I left that day with a feeling of hope for the Amazon workers who were fighting tremendous opposition from their employers and also with a great deal of concern for the possibility that Jeff Bezos was masquerading as an employee at the plant. The strength of these workers’ collective action could change the lives of so many. As for Beff, I received a follow up email apologizing for how he handled my questions. He invited me to a one on one interview in a secluded patch of woods off the interstate to touch his hair. I will report back tomorrow with a detailed description of those luscious locks. 🤩

Get more from comedian Kyle @kyleewert

functionally dead

Left Feel'd



hosted by
matthew brian
cohen

A lot happened
this week—
Let's see how
the *Left Feel'd*
about it.

Topic of
the week:

**GOV.
CUOMO**

Hey, while you're reading this, you could be listening to *Functionally Dead's* new podcast, available to our \$5 tier Patreon subscribers... click below to check it out.



[OUR PATREON](#)



LET'S LEAVE BEHIND THE MORGAN WALLENS

Country Music Doesn't Need Racists, So It Needs to Stop Promoting Them

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN



COUNTRY MUSIC HAS A RACISM PROBLEM. This is a statement with which most people would likely agree, but do so with a readiness to leave the entire genre behind, as if the issue were inherent to the music. It's understandable, but unacceptable. Country music has a rich history of Black artistry that deserves its place in the canon of American roots music, but the country music establishment has to take the first steps. The art has been there since the very foundations of country music were formed—and will continue to be there—if only we make room for these artists instead of racist wastes of airplay like Morgan Wallen.

The problems with country music began as and remain institutional, like all systemic issues in our society. Black and white artists were making essentially the same music in the 1920s when record companies decided to distinguish them with the genre labels of “race records” and “hillbilly records”^{*} for Black and white artists, respectively. The distinction drove a financial, artistic, and opportunity gap between these groups that became self-perpetuating as the music industry favored white artists again and again. While Black musicians were making artistic strides, record exec-

utives were finding white artists who could co-opt the sound to make it more palatable to white audiences (e.g. Elvis Presley), a trend which continues to this very day (e.g. Iggy Azalea).

Country music began as Black music, and it continues to be Black music. Country music started with Black fans, and it continues to have Black fans. At its best, country music communicates a beautiful tradition of American working-class stories that are universal. Musically, country music is just as indebted to Mexican, African, and Indigenous traditions as it is Scottish and Irish.

So when Morgan Wallen says the n-word and is “suspended indefinitely” from his label, but country music fandom responds by radically increasing his album sales, what message does that communicate to Black country music fans and creators? Not one that the soul of country music supports, and certainly not one that any of your country music heroes (Merle, Willie, Johnny, Dolly, Charley) would ever get behind. Country music needs to move beyond the Morgan Wallens. Country music needs to lift up Black creators and embrace this rich tradition. >>

HERE'S A FEW BLACK COUNTRY ARTISTS WORKING TODAY THAT YOU CAN AND SHOULD SUPPORT.



JAKE BLOUNT: Jake Blount is an incredibly talented banjoist, fiddler, storyteller, and LGBTQ+ activist. His debut album [Spider Tales](#) is a masterwork of the traditional string band sound. In his own words: “This album came out of a desire to tease out the sort of anger and demands for justice and resentment that I see simmering in the Black traditional music canon throughout history.”

VALERIE JUNE: Valerie June is a Memphis, Tennessee, songwriter who has developed a stellar reputation for blending country, folk, electric blues, and cosmic soul into a single sound. Her 2017 album [The Order of Time](#) is a gorgeous, infinitely fun exploration of sound and genre. You can look forward to new music soon, too, as Valerie’s [new record](#) is slated for release on March 12.



DOM FLEMONS: Dom Flemons is, quite simply, prolific. He’s known as “The American Songster,” as his repertoire covers over a century of American popular music. He was a founding member of the [Carolina Chocolate Drops](#) (along with fellow prolific and incredible artist [Rhiannon Giddens](#)), and has since released a number of solo records under his own name. His 2018 album [Black Cowboys](#) seeks to remind and reassert the importance of Black people in the history of cowboy culture and music.

MICKEY GUYTON: If you prefer your country music on the contemporary side, you’ll love Mickey Guyton. This Texan’s career is particularly interesting in that her music fits in incredibly well with the major players in modern popular country music, but she still struggles to see near the same radio play. All women in country music have a similar issue, but Mickey’s struggles have in no uncertain terms been considerably more difficult as a Black artist. Her incredibly beautiful and poignant song [“Black Like Me”](#) explores her experience as a Black woman in a racist America. If country music is serious about addressing its racism issue, it can start by making this exceptional artist one of its biggest stars.



*For more on this, check out the stellar essay about the relationship of country music with white supremacy by Karen Pittelman, [“Another Country.”](#)

NEERA TANDEN GOT DRUNK AND TWEETED ABOUT THE SNYDER CUT

//THE FUNCTIONALLY
DEAD HEADS

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 1:07AM: Vampires have more directing talent than @zackSnyder #justiceleaguedirectorscut #xanaxandwine

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 1:12AM: : 4 hours?! That's literally how long it takes me to answer a straightforward question. This mess of a movie is going to be #toolong and #fuckingstupid #snydersJL

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 1:13AM: Maybe I've "never seen" a movie. So what? Hollywood is leftist propaganda and I'm with her #Imwithher #strongertogether #xanaxstrong

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 1:17AM: This movie still looks worse than Iraq after a good carpet-bombing but... I'd let Darkseid put it in. #LemmeSeeThatDick #xanaxandchill

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 1:18AM: !!,

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 2:01AM: I don't know if it's the third bottle of Merlot I'm drinking but since when is Ben Affleck Batman?

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 2:16 AM: Trying to make something that was popular 4 years ago a thing in 2021? Am I talking about the Snyder Cut or BERNIE SANDERS? Hold on I think I bit into my wine glass

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 2:24 AM: The roof of my mouth is all scraped up FUCK

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 2:25 AM: I'm horny. Might switch over to 300. Sometimes when I c*m I scream "This is Sparta". Will delet later.

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 2:26 AM: yeah my mouth is filling up with blood. Is there a WikiHow I can read?

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 2:27 AM: Wait... Leto is in this? Now I'm interested. #WhySoXanax

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 2:30 AM: I think I'm going to need dental surgery. Can't wait to explore the marketplace to find the right Bronze plan for me #grateful

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 2:57 AM: this website is more poorly thought out than the DC cinematic universe lol I WENT THERE #justiceleaguedirectorscut #xanaxkillsthepain #snort

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 3:13 AM: can glass in your mouth go to your brain

@neeratanden - 2/14/21 7:46 AM: Just woke up from the ER. Glass has been #removed. Doctors mad I'm #tweeting after surgery. If they didn't put me under I could have watched the entire #syndercut lol 🤖

Butterfly Effect: Winter Blizzard Uri Originated from a Single Drop of One Woman's Piss

//CAROLYN EGAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

WE ALL KNOW HOW THE old saying goes: one careless woman's piss in Brooklyn is another man's devastating blizzard that spreads across half of the continental United States.

February 14, 2021 — Amber Sulemeyer began her Wednesday like any other: by using the bathroom. She thought nothing of it after the flush, logging on to her computer to begin her workday as a social media manager's apprentice for Bed Bath & Beyond. Little did she know that one of her evaporated drops of piss from the morning's liquid dump would escape into the atmosphere and become the catalyst for the formation of one of the largest blizzards to hit the Southwest in decades.

"It's rare, but sometimes the butterfly effect can result in what appears to be an act of god," Princeton professor and chaos theorist Kathy Butthaul explains. "We don't usually see the nonlinear phenomenon in action—the path has to fall into place just perfectly—so yes, I'm very excited for this piss blizzard."

Sulemeyer claims that she never intended to start a blizzard. "I thought, at worst, I would have a hard time sleeping," states Sulemeyer, on her decision to have a Pepsi Free at 12:30AM the night before. "If I had known it would result in so much damage, I guess I would have held off on the late-night soda? But honestly, how's a girl supposed to know her pee can do that? I don't really understand how it was traced to me, but everyone seems to agree that it's my fault."

Many believe the social media apprentice should be charged for her involvement in the storm, which caused the cancelation of over 2,000 flights, shut down 167 COVID vaccine sites, and led to the collapse of the entire Texas power grid.

Tony Lombarto, a wealthy resident of El Paso who crashed his car driving in the storm, said that he believed Sulemeyer should be held responsible. "I can't believe that's even a question," stated Lombarto. "That storm is the reason my brand-new Chevy Ultra got totaled. I'm lucky I'm >>

>> even still alive.” When asked why he was out driving in the storm when local news channels were urging residents to stay at home, Lombarto retorted “because I got bored of watching TV and wanted to get Swedish Fish from CVS. No piss storm is gonna stop me from my red sugar swimmers.”

Lombarto was one of the lucky ones to escape relatively unscathed from this hazardous storm. In Oklahoma, 17 people were hospitalized while participating in a 10K charity run. When asked why the event was not postponed due to inclement weather, race organizer Charlie Frez, age 9, said that she thought running in the snow would “be more fun,” but that she now regretted her decision, especially given the possibility that there was a trace of human piddle somewhere in that snow. The race ended up raising over \$250 for local charity “Bats Without Wings.”

Sulemeyer’s piss-blizzard left Texas with prolonged sub-freezing temperatures, leaving millions without a way to heat their homes. Texas Senator Ted Cruz said that the situation is “as serious as being a dad to two cold daughters who want to go on a trip.” When asked how he would be helping the state recover from such widespread disaster, he stated that he was “in the process of booking flights for every citizen of Texas to fly to Cancun.” Cruz was asked how he would pay for these flights and he confidently stated “Mexico will pay for it.”

Some, however, were glad Sulemeyer’s evaporated urine resulted in the massive storm. Trevor Sultz, the 50 year old owner of “Trevor’s Toboggans” in Southern Texas, stated that the storm had resulted in a huge uptick in sales in what was otherwise a very slow year for his business. “If there’s no snow, you can’t toboggan. So whenever it snows, I’m happy. Even if it kills a thousand people,” said Sultz. When asked how many toboggans he sold due to the massive storm, Sultz confirmed excitedly that he had sold eleven, and that he hoped word-of-mouth would inspire even more customers to try “travelling by tob.”

While winter storm Uri certainly brought its hardships, many American families were able to make the best of it. Pictures of children sledding and making snowmen were posted from sea to shining sea. They certainly have Amber Sulemeyer to thank for their winter frolics. While she may feel as insignificant as a 26 year old woman in a city of millions, sometimes all it takes is a single late-night soda binge to change the world. Sulemeyer has shown us that we each wield more power than we realize. And it all may lie in one single drop of piss. 🍑

Carolyn Egan is a NYC-based comedian and writer, formally known for her one show on UCB's Harold Night. Find her on Insta/Twitter/TikTok @carolyneegs

DevitoCoin


“The future of Crypto is DevitoCoin, a cryptocurrency we started as a joke after a night of doing whippits at a strip club til two of my brothers died.”



“Tesla is investing 1 Billion Doge in DevitoCoin.” -Elon Musk

“We are proud to be the first beef jerky you can purchase using DevitoCoin.” -Slim Jim

“I don’t know who did this or why this is happening.” -Danny Devito



THE PARKLAND KIDS WHO DIDN'T START A PILLOW COMPANY: WHERE'S THEIR FUCKING HUSTLE?

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

AS YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD, gun reform activist and March For Our Lives co-founder David Hogg has announced that he is partnering with a twenty-six year old BitCoin miner to start up a pillow company inspired purely by the act of trolling MyPillow CEO Mike Lindell. Something about this felt deeply wrong to me, and after a few days of soul searching, I finally figured out what it was. David Hogg is the only Parkland survivor thus far to start his own business. To the other Parkland kids, my only question is: where's the fucking hustle?

Sure, yes, some of you are 20 years old or younger, but you've had a lot of time between the school shooting you endured and now to get your act together and file for an LLC. Where's the drive? David Hogg courageously pivoted from being a gun control advocate to a captain of industry in the lucrative politically-themed pillow marketplace. What's stopping you all from doing the same—shame?! Please. It's time to make something of yourselves, Parkland survivors. Take it from me, a guy who leveraged his paralysis from a botched home invasion into a successful stint with Amway: you do not want to let this opportunity pass you by. Otherwise, you're going to have to go through another high-profile tragedy just to get back to the same level of heat. Going through such a highly-publicized and deeply tragic shoot-

ing can do more for your business than making the Forbes 30 Under 30 list, and you don't even need to get an MBA! If you're not incorporating, you're taking all the publicity from not getting killed in a school shooting and flushing it down the cash toilet. You know how many people would kill for this kind of profile? I would gladly cower under my desk while someone rampaged through my school with an AR-15 if it meant I could get Alyssa Milano to sign on as a brand ambassador for a company that doesn't exist yet. God has given you a great opportunity to build a business off the blood of your classmates—don't throw that away. I get it. What those kids went through was terrible, and the last thing they need is some weird adult with an unhealthy fixation and too much free time telling them what they should do. But one of them had the gall to criticize Hogg for cashing in. He even called Hogg a grifter! If using your platform as an activist to make a quick buck off of a product you've admitted you can't even reliably manufacture is a grift, what has the world come to? David Hogg's entrepreneurial journey is a story as old as time—survive an all-too-common deadly mass shooting, become a gun control activist to help prevent future school shootings, and then immediately start a pillow company when you realize Democrats don't give a fuck about changing the gun laws. Sorry, does David Hogg not have a right to earn a living? Does he not have a right to monetize the anger and grief people are feeling over these preventable tragedies? You're trying to tell me that all of a sudden it's morally wrong for someone with absolutely zero track record running a business and no previous experience in the field to promise the moon about a product that doesn't even technically exist? I guess Elizabeth Holmes is a villain in your mind, too. What do you want this Harvard undergraduate to do, starve?

It just breaks my heart to see these Parkland kids content to live normal lives when they could be out cynically exploiting their accidental fame to become the liberal version of Mike Lindell. That's the real tragedy of Parkland: a failure to brand. I don't even know some of these other kids' names! Do they not have a PR person? A LinkedIn account? Have they even written an eBook? Hosted a talk about the intersection between charity and marketing on Clubhouse? Gosh, millennials are so lazy, even when they aren't actually millennials. 🙄



AS A SERIAL KILLER, I MUST SAY, YOU ANTI-MASKERS ARE SUCKING THE JOY OUT OF KILLING

//RIEL LEWIS GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

THANKS IN LARGE PART TO the work of anti-maskers, the COVID-19 virus has killed half a million people in the United States alone. I've personally killed three. We're not on an even playing field, but that doesn't stop me from having an opinion on the matter. In fact, I would argue that my opinion should be highly valued here. Quality, not quantity, is the name of my murder game. Sure, anti-maskers are killing people left and right by spreading COVID out of some misguided appeal to personal freedom, but what about my freedom to kill with artistic expression? I'm in my prime—I've got six or seven victims left in me (not literally inside me, it's important to clarify in my profession), and any serial killer worth his moniker (not these anti-mask fools) knows that it's about the macabre journey, not just the murder-count destination, with which we artists are concerned.

All I'm saying is that when I was trying to become a serial killer, I actually had to work for it. I didn't have some highly-contagious pandemic to help me out like these lazy anti-maskers do! I'm talking four years huddled over a library table devouring (not literally, clarifying again) every book on both serial killers and hygiene (they say cleanliness is close to godliness—probably as close as I'll get—but it's also the closest to never getting caught via some egregious DNA mistake). I even practice-stalked people and made a vision board for my killer aesthetic. But these neanderthals get to rack up their body count by simply forgoing some societally agreed upon face fabric? Oafs!

Trust me, you'd rather be killed by me than by some anti-mask idiot screaming at you inside of a Target. My kill rate per minute might be way lower than these anti-maskers, but my methods >>

>> are far more inventive. They write newspaper articles about me. I'm the subject of a Dateline. Wouldn't you rather stand out than be one of the faceless, nameless dead bodies who passed away from COVID, crammed into a Wawa truck because the morgue is full? Don't you want the glory? The fame? The one-liners from Keith Morrison?

To my fellow serial killers out there who are foolish enough to be swayed by these anti-maskers: be practical. It's infinitely harder for cameras and failed victims (don't ask) to recognize your face. I've been stalking my next victim in the grocery store for the past few weeks, something I wasn't able to do previously for fear of facial recognition by future witnesses (little tip for serial killers: focus more on the potential witnesses than the victim; you can't testify from the grave). Also, I haven't seen much chatter about this on the serial killer message boards I frequent, but stalking can leave you outside for hours in the cold, and that air will dry your nose out fast. When I got a sudden nosebleed during my first kill, it ruined the magic, so mask up and Neti Pot a few times per week.

In my profession they advise against bragging, especially before a kill, but my next victim is sadly one of the non-mask wearing variety. I'm not going after them because I hate their politics. It's just that if you can't follow simple mores, like keeping a slip of cloth over your nose and mouth, it indicates that you don't understand how things work. It's like all those idiots on my kill table who beg and plead and offer me tens of thousands of dollars to let them live. Get real—that money is financing my California roll addiction (my favorite snack after a "job"). What can I say? I don't kill for the money. I truly love the work.

If there's one thing I'd like the maskless set to take away from this article, it is this: I need you to stop. You think you're having fun and reclaiming your freedom but I promise you, this is the most boring and uninspired way to go about killing people, which I assume must be driving you. It's the only obvious conclusion. Let me take care of it. I promise, we'll all be better for it. 🧟

Find more from Riel Lewis on Insta @betterlivingthrusarcasm, and check out betterlivingthroughsarcasm.wordpress.com

March Horoscopes

SAGE CAREER ADVICE FROM ME, MALIA OBAMA, A PERSON WHO HAS BEEN HUSTLING FOR LITERAL WEEKS

//CATHRYN MUDON



HBD, Pisces! (Feb. 19 - March 20)

AS THE ASTROLOGICAL YEAR COMES to a close, we are here to celebrate our starry final act, gorgeous Pisces! You've been swimming upstream for a year now, and you're due for some much-earned R&R. The incessant grind can wear us all down. I've been hustling for literal weeks, so trust me, I get it. But with the sage career advice I'm about to bestow, you'll be asking yourself why *you* didn't have ultra wealthy powerful parents make it possible to land *your* dream job at 22. But don't sweat it—even if you're 24, heck, 27 even, my advice is going to glam up your professional dreams into reality! First and foremost, Pisces, no more free work. No more favors. No more blind writing submissions. Nada. Not because you're afraid to put in the work—and this seems obvious—but from a simple strategic viewpoint, it's literally impossible for the showrunner to know who your parents are if the submission is blind. If you *absolutely* must do one, I'd recommend nesting a hidden encryption, say, using the first letter of each line. For example, H-I-R-E-M-E-J-O-N-S-T-E-W-A-R-T-M-Y-D-A-D-I-S-O-B-A-M-A. Or something. Get creative, Pisces. It's your forte, and 2021 is your year, water baby!! >>

//SIGN ART BY MAX KNOBLAUCH



Aries

Imposter Syndrome • (Mar. 21 - Apr. 21)

Powerful Aries, you're a leader; you're a fixer, and you get shit done. But imposter syndrome is something we *all* struggle with, especially if you're a 22-year-old who finds yourself in a role you neither earned nor deserve. Here's what works for me when I'm haunted by the thousands upon thousands of more deserving, more talented, harder-working people whose seat I am in—especially Black women and under-represented voices who have infinitely more valuable contributions to make to art than I'll ever have. First, I find my breath. Then I exhale a long, satisfying *eat shit, suckers*. As if you wouldn't do exactly this if you were me. GTFO.



Taurus

Squash Self-Doubt • (Apr. 21-May 21)

No one knows better than you, musical, artistic Taurus, that being a creative is not for everyone, and sometimes you just have to get out of your own way. I know for me, there have been SO many times the voices of self-doubt in my head just would not go away. Like, the time I was worried about not getting the Lena Dunham internship that I knew I was going to get. Or, the time I was sick with worry about not getting the Harvey Weinstein internship I knew with absolute certainty I was going to get. So trust your gut!



Gemini

Don't Take It Personally • (May 22-June 21)

I know how deeply you feel things, sweet, emotional Gem! So this is such an important perspective the next time you happen to find yourself the recipient of viral, justified rage: it's not you, it's America. Look, I'm not an idiot. Are people upset I was given this job? Yes. Have mediocre white men been failing upward since the beginning of time and no one blinks an eye? Yes. BUT is there a more exquisite crystallization of the cruelty and injustice of these hell times we live in than me getting staffed on an Amazon show? No, no there is not.



Cancer

Write What You Know • (June 22 - July 22)

It's the year of the Ox, so grab 2021 by the horns and use those connections, crabcakes! Obv “write what you know” was like a thing in Freshman Creative Writing at Harvard, but I think better advice is to write who you know. And for me, that's Beyoncé. Literally, we're low key friends even though she's mad old. So it might seem like I beat out thousands of unemployed actual writers for this job—WGA benefits, pension, the whole thing—but what if I told you that NOT ONE of the real writers who submitted (I didn't “submit,” per se, full disclosure) knows Bey? I was actually pretty blown away by that when the EPs told me. But the lesson here? You never know who is gonna give you that competitive edge for your dream job.



Leo

Hustle, Hustle, Hustle • (July 23- Aug. 23)

If there's one thing we Leos have in common, it's the confidence to follow our dreams and preserve—for weeks if necessary. It's just like postal workers say (are they still a thing?), “neither rain, nor snow, nor heat, nor gloom of night” can keep us Leos from completing our appointed duties. Trust me, there are going to be hard days. My first one was last Thursday. It was brutal. I actually think if it weren't for my cosmic, inner fire that I would have given up this whole TV writer thing days ago. So remember, it's always darkest right before Amazon execs randomly give you a rad job.



Virgo

Don't Be Afraid to Ask for Help • (Aug. 24 - Sept. 22)

Sensuous, earthy Virgo, you're organized, you mean business, and you aren't here to apologize. But always remember—even if your dad happens to not be one of the most powerful living beings on the planet, you can still use whatever wealth and connection he does have to invite all kinds of opportunities that would never exist within the limits of your own ability and socioeconomic standing. But remember—it >>

>> has to feel organic! Make sure to prep your dad a year or so out, and have him bizarrely oil the wheel in corporate streaming so that your presence in that space feels less jarring. In just a few months, you'll turn "aren't you that President's daughter?" into "aren't you that Netflix executive's daughter?" And that's a way more fun place to be. Trust me.



Libra

Know Your Worth • (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23)

Libra, you're always torn between options, indecisively weighing each with deliberation. So let me make this one easy: follow the money, honey. Normally for an artist to go from, say, biting underground satirist to establishment mouthpiece takes *years*. Just look at Colbert. But guess which side the big bucks are on, folks? Daddy's side. So why waste years of your early career "speaking truth to power" when you can just start on the money side churning out feckless dreck?



Scorpio

Find Your Tribe • (Oct. 24- Nov. 22)

Divine Scorpio, this year has been an isolating one, so it's more important than ever to cultivate connection and community. Like so many creatives will tell you, the friendships forged in early creative circles—years shared grinding your teeth in the big city, eating ramen every night, having three, four side hustles just to make rent—those were the most formative and turned out to be integral in getting that first big break. OR have a parent who's one of the most powerful oligarchs on the planet. I mean, if he was able to decimate Bernie Sanders' presidential momentum in a single phone call... uhhhh, he better be able to get me staffed on an Amazon show, ya feel me!



Sagittarius

Ignore Your Demons • (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21)

Send those demons back to hell, fiery Sag! You know the ones. Those haunting questions deep in your gut that whisper in the dark, lonely hours of the night... nagging, relentless... "is it—is it possible my pitch was actually the least funny in the room yet received roars of soulless obligatory laughter from everyone at the table...?" Uh, guess what? It doesn't matter. What are they gonna do, fire you?



Capricorn

Punching Up • (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20)

You get it, Capricorn, you're the zodiac's comedian! This is more comedy advice, but I think it applies to all careers. It's really important when you're a professional television writer, like me, Malia Obama, to keep status in mind for your story and joke structure. I won't get too into it because I don't understand it. But suffice it to say, no one wants to see stories where the underdog loses out, can't catch a break, or is the punchline. Meanwhile, the hundred-millionaire neoliberal power couple does everything in their power to make sure the status quo is preserved, wealth inequality is codified for my entire generation while capitalism destroys the planet. Save punching down for your SNL packet; they love that shit.



Aquarius

Do What You Love and You'll Never Work a Day In Your Life • (Apr. 21-May 21)

This advice really resonates with me because I have, in fact, never worked a day in my life. It's just so true. It's weird to me when people take all kinds of gnarly jobs that clearly make them miserable and pay like next to nothing. Like, of course you're miserable making coffee all day for what, \$40, \$50 bucks an hour? I'd be miserable, too! Ummm, ever tried following your bliss? ☹️

I READ THIS ZINE, AND I'M STILL LIVING IN A FAILING STATE. What do I do now?

//DAN LOPRETO

Roughly 14 million people in Texas currently do not have access to safe drinking water. As people freeze to death, Jeff Bezos is making on average \$321 million per day. These disparate facts exist within the same reality in a country that many are calling a failing state. Here are some organizations to check out.

TX MUTUAL AID DIRECTORY

The Texas Sunrise Movement created a directory of mutual aid groups in the state by city.

HOUSTON FOOD BANK

“Every dollar donated to the Houston Food Bank provides the equivalent of three meals for an individual.”

FEED THE PEOPLE DALLAS MUTUAL AID

“We are a mutual aid organization that strives to educate, lift up, and provide the families in our local Black & POC community with the resources and essentials to survive.”

PARA MI GENTE

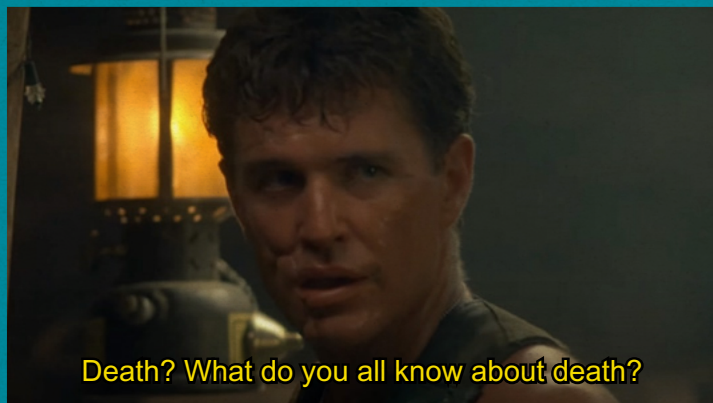
“A San Antonio-based mutual aid group that is providing groceries, emergency housing and other supplies.”

CASA MARIANELLA

“An Austin-based organization aiding immigrant families by providing shelter, medical resources, food, clothing and more.”

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

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: BIDEN TAPS ANDREW DICE CLAY AS ACTING DIRECTOR OF ICE



Death? What do you all know about death?

FOLKS TO BLOCK:

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