

Simply having a macabre Halloweentime.

- 2 On This Indigenous Peoples' Day, We Remember the Caricatures Our Kindergarten Teachers Taught Us //BRADY O'CALLAHAN
- 3 How to Introduce Abolitionist Politics to the Bedroom, Because You've Been a Bad Girl and You Need to Be Reintegrated Into Your Community Through Restorative Justice //NAT ROBERTS GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 5 Success! Democrats Finally Have the Votes to Give Americans a Tax Credit for a Digital Download of Sorority Boys //MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN
- 6 Late-Stage Capitalism Halloween Costume Generator //THE FUNC DEAD HEADS
- 7 Sure I'm a QAnon Enthusiast, but I'm Trying to Put Myself in the Satan-Worshipping Child-Sex Predators' Shoes //CHRISTINE McMAHON GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 9 Cuomo Discovered Attempting to Form Shadow Government from Basement of Madison Square Eataly //JAMES DWYER
- 11 5 Tips to Forget Your Therapist Is Just a Cog in a Capitalist Hellscape //LIZ WIEST

13 💀

- 14 PAID ADVERTISEMENT: The CSPAN Horror Show Saturday //BRADY O'CALLAHAN
- 15 The New York Times Backs Yet Another Endless War (to Kill These Bugs) // DIANA KOLSKY
- 16 Joke's on You: I Was Bullied for Having Gigantic Hands, Now I'm a Millionaire Who Treats His Employees Really Badly //TIM DUNK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 18 Your Drone Strike Killed Innocent Afghan Civilians? Don't Worry! It's No Biggie! //MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN
- 20 What Do I Do Now? //BRADY O'CALLAHAN



ON THIS INDIGENOUS PEOPLES' DAY, WE REMEMBER THE CARICATURES OUR KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS TAUGHT US //BRADY D'CALLAHAN

THIS MONDAY, OCTOBER 11TH, we're honored to be celebrating Indigenous Peoples' Day here in America. No longer will we set aside a day for the incredibly problematic colonizer Christopher Columbus, who ushered in an era of white supremacy, Indigenous culture erasure, and genocide. Instead, we will take 24 hours to mostly remember the caricatures of Native Americans our kindergarten teachers taught us.

We'll be honest—we thought the name change was going to be enough. But now it seems like honoring the vast and diverse cultures and traditions of America's Indigenous populations is going to take a lot of listening, reckoning, and direct action. That sounds like a lot of work for a holiday. We mainly thought it was going to be teepee and headdress crafts in schools, but now, as we understand it, that's distasteful and unrepresentative of a whole swath of Indigenous Americans.

Sorry. The best we can do right now is probably a Sacagawea Google doodle.

We had no idea you might want us to work to protect Indigenous communities and actually prevent environmentally disastrous oil pipelines from destroying Native lands. We understand that Water Protectors are being charged as domestic terrorists as American forces commit war crimes against them to protect fossil fuel interests. We just thought this was more like a history thing (even though we admittedly don't really even know much about that). The day used to be devoted to a literal rapist, so at least we're getting better? Can't that be enough for this year? If you want us to do any more work, there better be some booze involved. Those Mexicans knew what they were doing with Cinco de Mayo. I *never* miss a Cinco!

We were initially really excited to collaborate with SHEIN to offer cute Native-inspired outfits as a sort of fun Monday sale to get ready for future Coachellas. I guess we're not supposed to do that? You're saying that we should buy from and directly support Indigenous artisans with a vast knowledge, appreciation, and skill set for their traditional crafts? Is that really even an option?*

Look, we remembered to call it Indigenous Peoples' Day this year. Last year we just plain forgot! We could always go back to celebrating the genocidal rapist if this is going to be a whole deal. We don't care. Do you?

Maybe then we can all just agree that changing the name of the day was enough and celebrate by remembering the cartoonish iterations of Indigenous Americans we learned about in school, cartoons from the 1940s, and incredibly racist sports team mascots. To do anything else would be hard.

*It is an option, actually. Check out What Do I Do Now? (p. 20) for some recommendations.



HOW TO INTRODUCE ABOLITIONIST POLITICS TO THE BEDROOM, BECAUSE **YOU'VE BEEN A BAD GIRL AND YOU NEED TO BE REINTEGRATED INTO YOUR COMMUNITY THROUGH RESTORATIVE JUSTICE**

//NAT ROBERTS GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

LET'S GET REAL, LADIES: Just when you thought you had your sex life figured out, a massive shift in public consciousness came along and completely changed the game. Now, those fuzzy pink handcuffs look less like a cute kink and more like a reminder of the 2 million Americans behind bars. How can you and your partner get each other off without reproducing the carceral state in bed? With these 8 tips, you'll be ready to fuck reform and abolish horny jail for good. >>

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

When shifting from a punitive to a restorative framework, changing your vocabulary can be an important first step. For example, instead of punishing that pussy, beg your partner to name and shame that pussy for the harm it's done. Do you like that, you little unionized sex worker?

TOYS R US

A whip? Uh-uh honey! Corporal punishment only perpetuates the cycle of violence. Instead, hand your man a clipboard—he's your caseworker now. You can look forward to lots of *steamy* meetings to hold you accountable for your actions. If you really want to turn up the heat, try using a pair of bolt cutters to permanently decommission any restraints you have lying around. *Nothing* is sexier than liberation.

EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM

Early intervention is key to prevent atrisk scenarios from escalating into crimes. Applying that logic to your libido, it's important to dance the horizontal tango the minute you and your partner feel like it. Any delay risks your horniness getting redirected into harmful actions like writing poetry, composing music, or painting.

HIT THE BOOKS

If reading is sexy, reading *in bed* is down right sinful. Try reading aloud to your partner—you'd be shocked how much you can turn her on without even touching her. Excerpts from Anaïs Nin and Sappho set a sensual mood, but *Are Prisons Obsolete?* and *Golden Gulag* will inflame more than her sense of justice, if you know what I mean (she'll squirt).

THREE'S COMPANY

To really kick your carnal life into gear, it might be time to bring a third person into the boudoir. Specifically, someone you've hurt. While you and your partner are getting down and dirty, they can confront you with the consequences of your actions and share how your crime affected them. This victim-centered approach is sure to get you wetter than a slip 'n' slide in Atlantis.

DOLLARS AND SENSE

Of course, in order to be effective, abolition has to extend beyond prisons and uproot the structures that create crime in the first place. In short, if your partner makes more money than you, you should radically redistribute that wealth. If she's pulling down six figures at a tech start-up, help yourself to a few twenties from her purse, comrade!

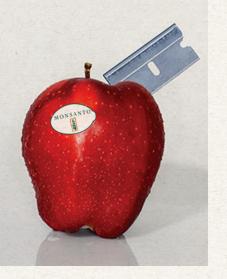
IT TAKES A VILLAGE

In order to preempt crimes before they occur and ensure yourself a boatload of orgasms, it's important to feel rooted in a loving and supportive community. Get together with friends, family, and neighbors to talk about how horny you all are. Foster a deep sense of connection through your shared experiences of needing to bust a nut so bad.

I LOVE YA, TOMORROW!

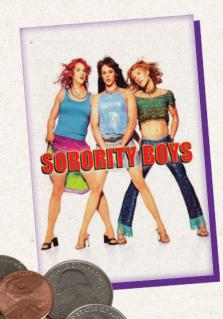
When inmates in Hawaii were asked to write out a plan for their lives after release, researchers recorded a markedly reduced rate of recidivism. By providing prisoners with something concrete to look forward to, these plans broke the cycle of harm. So talk to your partner about how you plan to reenter society after fucking.

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



SUCCESS! DEMOCRATS FINALLY HAVE THE VOTES TO GIVE AMERICANS A TAX CREDIT FOR A DIGITAL DOWNLOAD OF SORORITY BOYS

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN



WASHINGTON, D.C. – The mood on Capitol Hill this week was that of jubilation. After a ten year battle, Democrats finally secured enough votes to pass key legislation granting Americans a tax credit toward a digital download of the 2003 comedy *Sorority Boys*.

"It was a long, hard road, but help is finally on the way," Senate Majority Leader Chuck Schumer said in a statement on Wednesday. "Every American working more than 40 hours a week will now get to pay slightly less in taxes when they download an MP4 of *Sorority Boys*." He went on to acknowledge that the website, sororityboys.gov, is a little buggy, but that they're "working on it."

Democrats announced their victory at a press conference in the White House Rose Garden. Dozens of activists (all of whom work for, are related to, or just plain are *Sorority Boys* actor Harlan Williams) joined Democrats in the celebration.

"This is a win not just for the Democrats, but for the *Sorority Boys*-loving American people," Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi said. "Yes, we may have given up on raising the federal minimum wage, but now it's slightly cheaper to purchase a digital download of *Sorority Boys*. And for those of you who plan on buying a copy of *Sorority Boys* every hour you work from now on, we actually kind of did raise the minimum wage if you think about it. That's just good politics."

A reporter with The Intercept, who did think about it, was escorted from the premises and had their press badge revoked when they attempted to ask a question. "We only control the executive and legislative branches," the Speaker added. "We're doing the best we can."

"Some so-called progressives are claiming that the *Sorority Boys* tax credit is useless, as digital downloads aren't really taxed that much," Senator Klobachaur said. "And to them I say, talk to the Latinx people in my district, for whom seventy-five cents refunded to them the following year is the difference between putting extra packets of honey mustard from Chick-fil-A on their kitchen table."

After the tax credit received negative backlash on social media, President Joe Biden acted swiftly in booking the Vice President on *Real Time with Bill Maher* to address the nation's concerns. "A question I hear a lot is, 'Are you guys cynically offering these worthless gestures to distract from the real, material aid you neglect to fight for time and time again, or are you just plain stupid?" Vice President Kamala Harris said. "And I resent that false dichotomy. We're Democrats—we can be both."

As part of the compromise to push this tax credit through, Democrats have agreed with Republicans to default on Social Security, eliminate taxes on stock dividends, and make it illegal to sue a small business. In addition, all digital copies of *Sorority Boys* will be loaded with NSA software backdoors that will use your CPU cycles in machine learning program that teaches military drones to recognize the different kinds of Muslims they're bombing.

Late-Stage Capitalism Halloween Costume Generator

AHHH, IT'S THAT SPECIAL TIME OF YEAR! That's right, folks. All Hallows' Eve is upon us, so carve those pumpkin spice lattes, don your favorite ghoul garb, and contract god knows what COVID variant while bobbing for genetically engineered apples in your pals' apartment the night before they're evicted. But what to wear? Use our handy Late-Stage Capitalism Costume Generator below for this year's most cutting-edge and macabre regalia!

 Trick-or-treat! It's me, (Sun Sign)
 (Day of the Week You File for Unemployment)

 and I am here to
 (Fave La Croix Flave)
 Beer me!

Sun Sign: *Adjective*

CAPRICORN - Dead AQUARIUS - Israeli-backed PISCES - Boston Analytics' ARIES - Woke TAURUS - Aetna's GEMINI - Holographic CANCER - NYPD LEO - Delta-variant VIRGO - Supreme Court nominee LIBRA - Accidentally Based SCORPIO - FDA-Approved SAGITTARIUS - CodeMonkey



Day of the week you file for unemployment: **Proper Noun**

SUNDAY - Joe Biden MONDAY - Elon Musk TUESDAY - Debra Messing WEDNESDAY - The Bush Dynasty THURSDAY - Robot Dog FRIDAY - Dan Crenshaw SATURDAY - Meghan McCain THEY WON'T LET ME ANYMORE -Nestlé I COULD NEVER GET ON UI -Blue Check Showrunner I'M INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY, LOL -Gal Gadot

Fave La Croix flave: Verb

PURE - Suck your blood LIME - Escort you to DAVOS PAMPLEMOUSSE - Sell you crypto TANGERINE - Put my dog to sleep LIMONCELLO - Invite you to be a contestant on The Activist HI-BISCUS! - Sell you WMDs **COCONUT** - Bust your union MANGO - Drill your pipeline **APRICOT** - Talk about the temperature at which steel actually melts **PEACH-PEAR** - Livestream my bare feet on Twitch BERRY - Tweet at Congress, "the time to act is now" **ORANGE** - Take away your gun rights **PASSIONFRUIT** - Defend a billionaire **RAZZ-CRANBERRY** - Solve a TikTok murder case 👽

SURE I'M A QANON — ENTHUSIAST, BUT I'M – — TRYING TO PUT — MYSELF IN THE SATAN– – WORSHIPPING CHILD-SEX — PREDATORS' SHOES —

//CHRISTINE McMAHON GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

I'm not your average QAnon guy.

When I want to learn more about an issue, I don't just read a 4Chan post or two and call it a day. I do exhaustive research by reading dozens of 4Chan posts with multiple viewpoints on the evils of liberals and their gene-altering immunizations, sometimes until 2:00 a.m. I like to see the issues from all possible angles, ranging from the right-wing perspective, to the alt-right perspective, and even the Neo-Nazi perspective.

Right now, I'm excited about Trump's upcoming inauguration (rescheduled date TBA), because he'll finally bring murderous, Satan-loving elites to justice. On the other hand, I sometimes worry that I'm blinded by my own prejudices.

What if I'm completely wrong? What if murderous, Satan-loving elites are the best thing for our country right now? I mean, I was raised to believe that slaughtering children and harvesting their blood was bad, but liberal rapist cannibals might have a negative view of me, too.

Maybe they think it's weird that I don't enjoy the blood of babies

but instead prefer instant mashed potatoes. I heard that liberal rapist cannibals eat only "real" mashed potatoes with their human sacrifices. It might be Australians I'm thinking of, but my point is: something that seems normal to *me* might seem bananas to someone from a different culture (read: a rapist cannibalistic one).

You know how we think Canadians have a funny accent, while Canadians probably think Americans are the ones whose accents are funny? Well, Canadians grew up not knowing that America is the greatest country on earth, so we cannot fully blame them for their ignorance. I think we can learn something from the Canadians, or we would, if we could understand those ridiculous accents coming through their maple syrup-drenched mouths, eh? Haha!

Molesting children and then making their fear hormones into a psychedelic drug to be used in frenzied orgy rituals sounds repugnant in my worldview, but maybe I could look past our superficial differences if a member of the baby-eating liberal elite had a good economic plan or a better idea for healthcare. As a >>

>> long-haul trucker, I drive interstate a lot, and it would be great if someone fixed the roads. And if you need the adrenochrome of a newborn to get off your ass and fill in some potholes, who am I to judge?

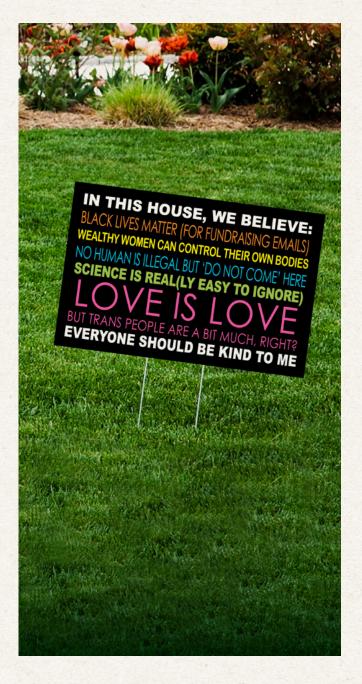
There must be some logical reason people choose to align themselves with the Hollywood child-sexual-assault cabal. Maybe the combination of pizza and child-flesh in the secret basements of restaurants is delicious. (I know I sure love pizza, and that's half the equation.)

Maybe it's the funding for education that they like. Or maybe it's the sense of camaraderie they get when they commit heinous acts alongside such comedy legends as Ellen DeGeneres and Tom Hanks. That Ellen is a stitch.

Of course my Q friends and I are all buying tickets for President Trump's second inauguration, and it's going to be epic, but sometimes I wonder what it's like to be on the other side. Will the Godless, child-murdering liberals genuinely believe an injustice has been done when their Antichrist is deposed? Will some good ideas perish with the death of their iniquity?

My friends laugh at me when I talk this way. They say I'm nuts for trying to empathize with the deranged, immunization-altered pedophiles. And sometimes I do wonder if I'm slipping, but in my advancing age, I can't help but wonder if it's time to reach across the aisle and chug some baby blood for the greater good of our glorious nation.

Raised in an underground house on a pig farm, Chris Eno McMahon is an erstwhile teen bride, PTO president, and Homemaker of the Year for the state of Michigan. Look for her work in Weekly Humorist, Points in Case, Jane Austen's Wastebasket, The Belladonnas, The Haven, and Little Old Lady Comedy. She's currently enrolled in an MFA program and living with her family in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.





CUOMO DISCOVERED ATTEMPTING TO FORM SHADOW GOVERNMENT FROM BASEMENT OF MADISON SQUARE EATALY

//JAMES DWYER

SINCE RESIGNING AS THE GOVERNOR of New York this past August amidst multiple credible sexual harassment allegations levied by current and former staff, Andrew Cuomo has largely stayed out of the public eye, leaving many to wonder what he's been up to. After an investigation spurned by an anonymous tip sent to *Functionally Dead* on Signal, we can now confirm exactly what Mr. Cuomo has been doing with his spare time: attempting to form a shadow government in the basement gelato freezer at Eataly's Flatiron location.

The first sign that something was amiss at the Italian version of Ren Faire came when Head Gelato Boy at Eataly Dale Simp noticed they were running low on stracciatella on August 24th, the day after Cuomo's resignation. "I went down to the gelato freezer, and when I opened the door, I saw a guy who looked a lot like Andrew Cuomo standing over a map of the State of New York. >>

>> I thought he was a lost tourist, so I just told him the bathrooms were upstairs and ignored him."

Dale, however, said the situation immediately became uncomfortable as the man demanded a selfie and revealed himself to be the former governor, saying"this is just like when people saw Hillary here after she lost, right my guy? I've always said Eataly is my Chappaqua. You should post this in Pantsuit Nation on Facebook." Dale took the selfie and told no one about the incident.

"I don't really get paid enough to have to be responsible for discovering this freak in our basement."

Celene Donkers, Head Panini Monger at Eataly, came across Mr. Cuomo for the first time while looking for mortadella on September 5th.

"The walk-in where we keep the mortadella is next to the walk-in gelato freezer. While I was in the walk-in, I noticed a man in the vents telling me to come help him in the gelato freezer. Against my better instincts, I walked over there to find Mr. Cuomo with a giant desk, an American flag, and a sign above him that said 'Office of the Governor of New York' that looked like it was written in feces."

It was at that point that the Governor tried to recruit her as his Chief of Staff.

"I told him I didn't want to work for him. He told me he'd settle for a 'buttock massage' instead," Donkers recounted to *Functionally Dead*.

In recent days, Mr. Cuomo has grown more brazen, having been sighted near the Cannoli e Bombolini counter trying to convince tourists to join him in "the Resistance Italiana" in the gelato freezer. "I just wanted a cannoli, and all of a sudden this guy who looked like Andrew Cuomo but smelled like rotten manchego is asking me if I 'know computers' because he needs a computer guy for his team," Staten Island native, Ferry di Stella tells us.

Not everyone was alarmed by the feral Cuomo's solicitations.

"I've been working as his Chief Strategist for three days out of the gelato basement," said Rick Stibbens, a 42 year old former staff member on Pete Buttigieg's failed bid for president. "We hope to be finished staffing by the end of September. Then we can launch our shadow bid for rightful control of the state of New York. It may not work out, but if there's one thing I learned working for Mayor Pete, there are no consequences in politics for hitching yourself to a maniac."

Functionally Dead reached out to Eataly for comment. They released the following statement in response this morning:

"We had no idea that Mr. Cuomo was attempting to run a shadow government by himself out of the gelato freezer at our Flatiron location. We are working with Mr. Cuomo to safely remove him from the premises and repay us for the damage to the gelatos. This is a delicate process that may take some time. We ask that any customers or staff who come into contact with the former governor during this time do not take a selfie with him. He can't last much longer without attention, and we're hoping that if no one gives him any, he'll eventually move on from the walk-in to an environment that can sustain him, like a paid political analyst position at MSNBC."



5 Tips to Forget Your Therapist Is Just a Cog in a Capitalist Hellscape

//LIZ WIEST

LIVING THROUGH MAJOR HISTORICAL EVENTS on top of the already out-of-whack chemical imbalance in your brain got you down? Are you also someone who just can't shake the feeling that the US mental health system arose under dubious

conditions and was never intended to actually heal its people? If so, here are a few *Functionally Dead*-approved ways to help you forget the fact that your therapist is yet another cog in the ever-adapting world that is late-stage capitalism (that is, if you're lucky enough to have access to mental health resources in the first place! Hehe <3).

1. Make Yourself a Content Creator

Determining the value of a product can be tricky with something as subjective as therapy, but if you never run out of problems, then you will always be sure to be getting the most bang for your buck! Make it a SMART (Specific, Measurable, Achievable, Realistic and Timely) goal to get out there and stir up enough chaos in your life to avoid any diminishing returns.

2. Avoid Tik Tok

Speaking of content creators, avoid this app at all costs. Its algorithm will have your FYP diagnosing you quicker than a fair amount of professionals will. With all the other therapists giving their free, very pointed advice, you'll be spiraling in no time!

3. Don't Save Their Number in Your Phone

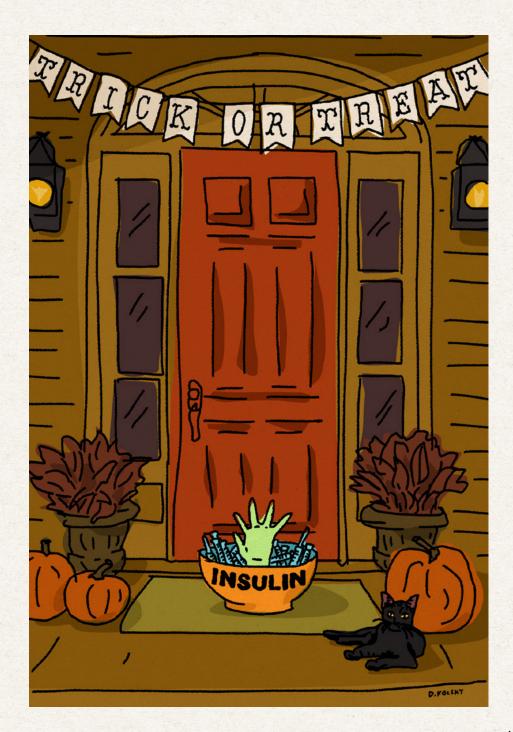
Now that our contacts sync to every app, you don't want to possibly risk seeing your therapist on social media, reminding you that they are also a real person the system is exploiting, too. I found out mine had a breakdown and actually quit being a therapist via a very intense Insta post, so the suspension of disbelief is *vital* here! Plus, won't it be a funny inside joke to constantly ask, "New phone, who dis?" every time they try to reach out and schedule with you? >>

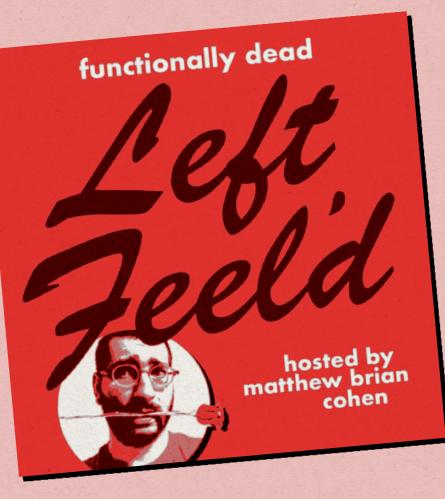
4. Tocus on How the Hell You're Going to Pay for It

You're privileged enough to have mental health access, for now. But this is America, baby! There are innumerable factors that could change that at the drop of a hat. And if you got used to Telehealth over COVID? Ha! Forget about it. Your insurance company said that was soooo 2020. You'll be so busy arguing with them about your coordination of benefits for any number of reasons that you'll totally forget about the role of your therapist for the time being.

5. Just Go for a Run or Something

Your annoying anti-vax cousin on Facebook insists this is the same thing as therapy, right? Why not give it a try! Literally therapist-free therapy! And if physically and metaphorically running from your problems can't help you, well, good luck out there!





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

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.

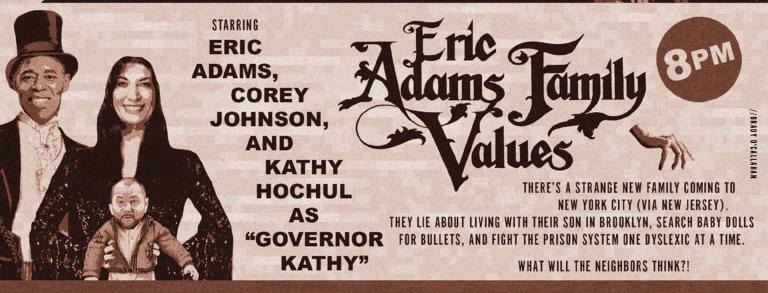


JOE BIDEN DIANNE FEINSTEIN STARRING **KAMALA HARRIS** TUS

6PM

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Dilleventer antes and antists Unit Columnation at a particulation of the second PRESIDENT BIDEN LIT THE BLACK FLAME CANDLE, RESURRECTING A CRUMBLING INFRASTRUCTURE, GLOBAL PANDEMIC, AND IMPENDING CLIMATE APOCALYPSE. WILL HE BE ABLE TO DOUBLE BACK ON HIS CAMPAIGN PROMISES AND BURY THE STORY BEFORE SUNRISE (MOVEMENT GETS MORE NATIONAL MEDIA ATTENTION)?



THE FATE OF A NATION HANGS ON THE LIFETIME APPOINTMENT OF NINE DECREPIT INDIVIDUALS. YET SOME SINISTER, UNWORLDLY FORCE IS KEEPING JUSTICE BREYER FROM RETIRING AND SECURING A SUITABLE REPLACEMENT. IS IT RBG BACK FROM THE ETHER TO ASSURE THE TRAGIC MISDEED OF HER LIFE RETURNS TO PLAGUE A NEW GENERATION? OR DO ALL THESE JUSTICES CARE MORE ABOUT THEIR OWN EGOS THAN VOTING RIGHTS AND LEGAL ABORTION?

RUTH BADER GINSBURG

PM

STEPHEN BREYER

STARRING

IURU



CRUNCH, CRUNCH! The *New York Times* is once again hopping aboard the war train—another Iraq, you ask? Afghanistan again? Surely not China...? War, war... hmmm... Cold? Drugs?! No dear reader: been there, done that. Not to be accused of joyriding said death mobile over well-trodden tracks, the *Times* is throwing its full-throated support behind a new kind of battle: one forged against the <u>Spotted Lanternfly</u>.

In classic fashion, the Paper of Record demonstrates remorse in their bloodlust, making their genocidal support more palatable for its swath of liberals who cloak their self-serving brutality in a vegan mink stole of decorum. *The bug is so beauti-ful*, they opine, *so exotic*. But just like the Muslims born on mineral-rich land, these living beings must be eradicated simply for existing. Sorry guys... wrong place, wrong time.

But this time, it's not the Gray Lady's gray lady Judith Miller leading the charge—it's someone else (I can't see who since I refuse to pay for a NYT subscription). But this paywall, dear reader, won't stop *Functionally Dead* (a notoriously free publication) from asking the hard-hitting questions: who is the real enemy here, and what are they trying to distract us from? Mayhaps the rag intends to give the Libs something to do, since controlling all branches of government isn't enough to protect abortion rights, raise wages, and garner healthcare for the masses. The powers that be would prefer us stomping bugs to building a mass organized labor movement—why strike for racial, economic, and climate justice when one can merely strike a winged creature with their boot?

"Invasive species," they are labeled. Well we've heard that before, haven't we? They're coming to take what's ours, but they're not going to get it. The *Times* even aims to enlist civilian New Yorkers into the War on Bugs, inviting them to stomp out any Spotted Lanternfly they come across, from the Brooklyn Bridge to the Apollo Theatre, from the Coney Island Cyclone to that weird structure everyone keeps throwing themself off of on the West Side. *Gaze at its beauty; ponder its journey; end its life*. Crunch, crunch! Not since 9/12/01 has the city been so united in its passion for blood.

And only when the streets are lined with the polka-dotted corpses of the enemy, will we look back and wonder at the weak case put up against the Fly. Did the *Times* do them justice? Was their reporting cloying, spotty, and rife with editorial inaccuracies? Should we have asked more questions on behalf of those Spotted beauties whose blood runneth down Houston Street? Is this country a death cult ever goose-stepping into the hellfires of late-stage capitalism? *Are we next?* But there's no time for that, dear reader, for they will already be dead.

THE NEW YORK TIMES BACKS YET ANOTHER ENDLESS WAR (TO KILL THESE BUGS)

//DIANA KOLSKY





JOKE'S ON YOU: I WAS BULLIED FOR HAVING GIGANTIC HANDS, NOW I'M A MILLIONAIRE WHO TREATS HIS EMPLOYEES REALLY BADLY

//TIM DUNK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

MY NAME IS MICHAEL FREELEY and I'm a big-shot (very rich) CEO of a company I own.

You may be surprised to read this, but when I was a teenager, I was depressed and self-conscious, made to feel bad about myself and my horrifically large hands. Ten years later, with nothing more than hard work and a small* loan from my father, I've been able to transform myself into a millionaire. That's success.

The bullying was bad. When I was in middle school, people would write rumours about me on little notecards and slide them into the school suggestion box. Our principal Mr. Buckley didn't understand jokes, so he would read all of them outloud at school assemblies.

Once per week I'd be subjected to Mr. Buckley earnestly reading things like:

"Suggestion: get Michael Freeley to stop swimming at the lake because his massive hands keep displacing so much water that houses get submerged."

"Comment: Michael Freeley's hands

are so big, when he asks for a handful of raisins, he means 40,000 of them."

"Complaint: I saw Michael Freeley trying to get a book out of the back of his locker, even though his humongous hand couldn't fit inside. Was real disturbing to watch. I puked afterwards."

Hearing this sort of thing hurt a lot.

It got to the point where every single suggestion in the box was a joke about me. Effectively, the school had a designated half hour every week where the principal >> >> would deliver roast jokes about me with a concerned sincerity. There were so many hand-job jokes, I lost count.

I think we can all agree I've had one of the most difficult lived experiences of all time.

Now I'm the CEO of a company that sells little novelty hats for ants for people who own ant farms. We're called Army o' Hats. Are you a Yankees fan? We sell tiny Yankee snapbacks—you could buy 40 of them and glue them onto the heads of the ants in your ant farm so that when you look at the ant farm, it's like you're watching the Yankees, or ants that are all fans of the Yankees. It's a very successful business.

My employees are like ants, running around the factory, completing inconsequential tasks. It's amazing how much power you have over people when you control their paycheck. You can make them do pretty much anything. They'll show up to work even if you say the thermostat's broken and turn the heat up real hot.

Recently, I've been putting in fake orders for ornate hats to my company. Hats like those guys from the trade federation in the *Phantom Menace* wear. I tell my employees they'll have to work overtime because the client has a hard deadline. When they ask why a client would have a hard deadline for ant hats, I pretend to not hear them. They know the company's motto, which I force them to chant before every shift: "hard work builds character bigger than the boss's normal-sized hands."

If I could, I'd never let employees leave the

ant hat factory. I'd board up the doors and windows and watch them make tiny hats forever with their tiny hands (compared to me). As leading companies like Amazon make global strides towards eroding workers' rights, this dream gets closer and closer to reality.

Every day I wake up happy and drenched in sunlight. I roll out of bed and rub a gallon of luxury moisturiser onto my gigantic hands. I get to work and look out over my sea of workers, frowns on their weary faces.

A few months ago, I bought the school I used to go to my factory and gave him a new job. Every week, I gather the emplo-

ees for a keynote, and at the end, I have Mr. Buckley read from the suggestion box. Every single suggestion is written by me about how normal my hands are. I dock the pay of any employee who doesn't murmur in agreement.

Anything can be achieved through hard work.

*8 million dollar

Tim Dunk is a comedian from Sydney, Australia. He is loved by all and has never felt a negative emotion e.g. loss. Find him on Instagram: @rip_timdunk or Twitter: @timdunk1



Ghost of Halloween Present.



500

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

IT TAKES A BIG MAN to admit when he f'ed up, which is why I, an Afghan citizen, have to give the biggest of ups to US General Frank McKenzie.

In case you haven't heard (I don't blame you Americans who haven't—news about Afghanistan is so last month!), General McKenzie said that a recent drone strike near Kabul airport, which killed 10 innocent civilians, including 7 children, was a mistake. He then went on to apologize to those of us, including me, who lost a family member or loved one in the errant attack.

Apology accepted!

It's all good, dude! We all mess up sometimes, especially when we're doing things like bombing a country we've officially ended a war with. But hey, shit happens! No use crying over spilled milk, or spilled children severed at the torso. >> >> We all know that you only had the best intentions, and that's what matters. Yeah, it's a bummer that I don't "have a child anymore," but it's truly no biggie. I can just have another one! Not with my wife, who has bladder cancer due to toxic burn pit exposure, but for sure with someone. No harm, no foul. Well, I guess there was technically *some* harm. But not to anybody white. So the foul here is minor, like a double dribble.

Honestly, I feel more bad for *you*. You're probably pretty embarrassed by this whole thing. I mean, you killed a whole bunch of people for no reason! Talk about egg on your face. If you did this in America, you'd get twenty-five to life! I bet you're really glad your little goof up happened in Afghanistan. Otherwise, this could've been a lot worse. For you, I mean. Me? Your drone strikes eviscerated my child so bad that bits of her flesh got stuck to the walls of my house (this really happened!). But don't beat yourself up. It was time to renovate and repaint, anyway.

Your drones are OK though, right? That's what I'm really concerned about. I wouldn't want anything to happen to your precious death robots. You guys put a ton of time and money in so those steel angels of death could systematically slaughter my people, and I'd hate for this big ol' boner to flush all your hard work down the drain. If you'd like to invoice me for any drone damage, please feel free. It's gonna be hard to reach me because you keep wiping out my country's basic infrastructure, but keep trying. I'll keep an eye out! It'll be the left one, since I lost vision in my right eye after a Marine clubbed me over the head with his MP5.

Between us bros? You don't even need to apologize. I totally get it. If we didn't want to get blown to bits, we shouldn't have been existing in a country that has natural resources you want to steal. We knew the risks when we were arbitrarily born here. So seriously, don't even give the senseless, unjust killing of my friends and family a second thought. If my three year old daughter were still alive, she'd tell you the same thing. And for all we know, she could have easily grown up to be a member of ISIS-K. So maybe, just maybe, this was all for the best.



www.YoureNotSafe.net

I READ THIS ZINE, AND AMERICA STILL HASN'T DONE ANYTHING TO HONOR OR PROTECT INDIGENOUS PEOPLES What Do I Do Now?

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

AMERICA'S LONG HISTORY OF IMPERIALISM and cultural genocide continues despite a <u>slowly adopted holiday rebrand</u>. Indigenous homes were stolen, and now Indigenous Americans make up <u>5% of the country's unhoused population</u> (despite making up 1% of the total population). Indigenous lands were polluted and <u>sacred sites destroyed</u>, and now <u>Water Protectors are being arrested</u> and brutalized for demanding climate justice. Indigenous cultures were suppressed, and now a country that was home to around 300 Indigenous languages will likely only see <u>20 remain by 2050</u>. Here's a few small ways you can combat this unforgivable cultural erasure:

SUPPORT INDIGENOUS CHARITIES

<u>FIRST NATIONS DEVELOPMENT INSTITUTE</u> - "First Nations Development Institute improves economic conditions for Native Americans through direct financial grants, technical assistance & training, and advocacy & policy."

THE REDHAWK NATIVE AMERICAN ARTS COUNCIL - "The Council is dedicated to educating the general public about Native American heritage through song, dance, theater, works of art and other cultural forms of expression. The council represents artists from North, South, Central American, Caribbean and Polynesian Indigenous cultures."

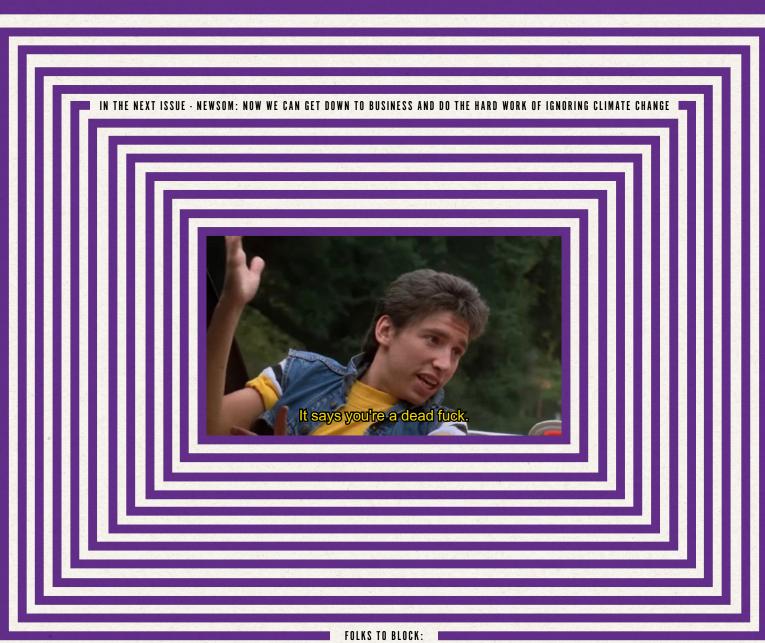
SUPPORT INDIGENOUS ARTISTS

NATIVE VOICES AT THE AUTRY - "Native Voices at the Autry is the country's only Equity theatre company devoted exclusively to developing and producing new works for the stage by Native American, Alaska Native, Native Hawaiian, and First Nations playwrights."

SUPPORT INDIGENOUS ARTISANS

<u>GINEW</u> - "Using meticulously sourced materials, we incorporate elements of our Ojibwe, Oneida, & Mohican heritage to express a contemporary Native American voice through our premium apparel and accessories. Ginew is Native-Americana, fusing Native American and enduring styles."

EIGHTH GENERATION - "Eighth Generation is a Seattle-based art and lifestyle brand owned by the Snoqualmie Tribe. Eighth Generation provides a strong, ethical alternative to 'Native-inspired' art and products through its artist-centric approach and 100% Native designed products. Our Inspired Natives[™] Project, anchored by the tagline 'Inspired Natives[™], not Native-inspired,' builds business capacity among cultural artists while addressing the economic impact of cultural appropriation."



//ANDY BUSTILLOS//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN//JAMES DWYER//PATRICK KEENE//MAX KNOBLAUCH//DIANA KOLSKY//DAN LOPRETO// //tim mahoney//cathryn mudon//brady o'callahan//sean o'reilly//priya patel//rosie whalen//liz wiest//