

FUNCTIONALLY/DEAD



IN
ORDER
TO
DEFEAT
HIM,
HE
MUST
BECOME
HIM.

Zài jiàn, Nancy!

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Climate is an important issue. VOTE!

Would you rather die by:

☐ burning

☐ drowning

☐ lack of food/water

☐ an iceberg melting on top of you



**WE ONLY
NEED 600
MORE
TRANS
PEOPLE
AND THEN
OUR ARMY
WILL BE
COMPLETE**

//AUDREY CLARK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

GOOD MORNING, SOLDIERS. And I do mean morning. We've inserted a coded message into all children's TV shows (our standard medium for subliminal messages), which instructed all troops to read this issue of *Functionally Dead* at precisely 0800 hours local time. If you didn't receive that message, you've been burned. Stop reading right now, destroy your phone or computer, and run. For the rest of you, I have excellent news:

We only need 600 more trans people and our army will be complete.

Seriously, if you're reading this in the afternoon, throw your phone out the window. Pull all the wires out of your computer, piss into the USB port, and jump up and down on it a bunch of times. This is a foolproof way to wipe the hard drive, and we can't risk cis people finding out about our plan. Not when it's so close to fruition.

As you all know, every single transgender person on Earth is part of a vast conspiracy to overthrow all existing governments and re-make society in our image. You're probably thinking, "Yes, Audrey, I know this. We all know this. It's redundant to mention it in the letter." And you're right. But god, it's fucking fun to say. We're gonna overthrow all world governments. Violently! Geez, I can't wait.

Of course, we've run into a few problems along the way. I thought we were screwed when conservatives started freaking out about public bathrooms. I don't know how they figured it out! Yes, our original plan was that we were all going to go into public bathrooms and murder all the cis people in there. As everybody knows, public bathrooms fall into a legal "null space," not unlike international waters. As long as your gender matches the sign on the door, you're allowed to commit any crime you want. At least, that used to >>

>> be the case. Those were good times, when you could walk into the appropriate public bathroom, smoke crack, and fire a machine gun into the ceiling without a care in the world. Unfortunately, the conservatives started making those ingenious new laws, and we had to pivot pretty quick.

Then there was sports. Damn it, those clever cis people! Somehow, they managed to work out our second plan: we were all gonna get really, really good at sports and wipe them out in a brutal sports-themed massacre. Trans women would become masters of MMA and kick off the Queen of England's head. Trans men would dominate the wrestling circuit and put all the cops in some kind of good wrestling grab thingy (I'm not a dude so I don't know what those are called). Non-binary people would get really good at skateboarding and do a grind on a nuke and blow it up. Swimming would be a huge part of it too, somehow. But then the damn cis people got a clue and started talking about "biological advantages." Here's a biological advantage, you fuck: being born into a society that doesn't constantly bombard you with hatred and shame. Anyway! Dunno who ratted about the sports plan. Probably Caitlin Jenner. She may be trans, but rich people are always rich first.

Remember a few years back when Trump tried to ban us from the armed forces? Smart move, honestly. Trying to make sure we didn't have access to their military intelligence. That's why they came down on Chelsea Manning so hard, too. Cis people thought it was just because the American government is a fascist war machine. Which, yeah, sure. But come on, it's not like "U.S. military commits war crimes" was shocking news. No, they just didn't want any confidential documents in the hands of a sapphic trans woman. Too high a chance it would make its way to a member of the vast transbian polycule that stretches across the globe. As soon as one member knows something, they all know it. It's like an insectoid hivemind, except there's no rigid hierarchy because they're all subs.

Wait, I just got a report a teenager in Alberta has changed their name to Phoenix. 599 left to go. Everybody, get to work on recruiting. Trans women, use your feminine wiles. Trans men, use

your masculine wiles. Non-binary people, use your ability to walk through walls (all non-binary people have an innate ability to walk through walls).

The bigots are doing their best to wipe us out, even in the parts of the world where they have to forego outright violence. The only explanation is that they know our plan to kill them and take over the world, which is very real and definitely happening. If it wasn't, what possible reason would they have to be upset about our existence? The natural tendency of any dominant power to use a vulnerable minority as a scapegoat in order to distract people from the inherent inequality of capitalism? Don't be ridiculous. It's because they know that we're only a few hundred more trans teenagers away from global domination.

Which we are! Get excited, people.

Audrey Clark

(I'm not a general or anything, I just handle social media)

P.S. You're probably wondering if it was a good idea to send this update in an issue of *Functionally Dead*, which is publicly available for anyone to read (with early access on Patreon!). Don't worry about it. A bunch of their readers are trans anyway, and the rest of them are too performatively woke to dare do anything that could be perceived as transphobic. Or they're genuine allies. Whatever. 🧐



//AUDREY CLARK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

Audrey Clark is an actress, comedienne, and the girl version of a writer. Her stand-up show *Stinky Pig Gets Rich* is on September 28 and 30 in Sydney, Australia.

BRADY BOX™

I'M... FREE.

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

I HAVE SPENT THE LAST SIX MONTHS trying to scam my way into a worry-free future. Time and time again, I have failed. The compounding failures had me staring death in the face, and, as I reflected upon my dire circumstances, I finally saw the light.

The real box in BradyBox™ was the one I contained myself in this whole time. Well, I'll contain myself no longer. I'm destroying the BradyBox™.

I'm free.

■ HOW DOES IT WORK?

It doesn't. I placed countless limits on myself in order to achieve financial security, because I thought that would bring me independence and mental ease. A cloud-based storage box. A monthly assortment-of-loose-junk box. Beer. None of these earthly contrivances will bring you nor I any meaningful joy.

So why continue chasing the impossible? Let's break down the barriers of this serialized satirical column.

■ SO YOU DID THIS TO YOURSELF?

That's right. But you were part of this, too.

At the end of the day, we're all complicit in this rat race we call capitalism. Our hands are soaked in the blood of the hustle.

■ HOW EXCLUSIVE IS IT?

That's the terrifying part. The box of limits on our happiness we place ourselves in isn't exclusive *at all*. I encourage you to examine your own life to see how you're tying yourself down.

Let me lead by example.

■ I'M DONE WITH THE QUESTION AND ANSWER FORMAT.

I don't need it to be successful. I don't need it to be happy. I don't need it to be clear.

This column could become a short fiction piece... or a recipe recommendation! I can do anything. Or nothing. I don't need to sell a damn thing.

I hope you enjoy the rest of the zine. I really do. I'm going to go outside and contemplate how the wind shakes the leaves on the trees.

The only box is your mind. Free yourself. Join me. 🧠

DEMOCRATS WILL DEFEND YOUR RIGHTS AS SOON AS YOU GIVE US AN UNSPECIFIED AMOUNT OF ADDITIONAL POWER

//CHANDLER DEAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

WE, THE LEADERS OF THE Democratic Party, are horrified by the Supreme Court's extremist decision to overturn *Roe v. Wade*. But of course, simply being horrified is not enough. We are also alarmed, troubled, disturbed, distressed, distraught, and even heartbroken.



What must happen next is clear: Congress needs to act. And rest assured, we will do that. As soon as you elect a few more Democrats this November. We're not really sure how many we need, so maybe just make it a bunch.

You might be wondering why we have to wait until after the midterm elections to act, considering that we already control the presidency, the House of Representatives, and the Senate. But you see, we don't *really* control the Senate. Yes, technically, you've already elected 50 Democrats, but some of those Democrats are Fake Democrats.

Sadly, the Fake Democrats will never, ever vote for a single piece of progressive legislation. So this time around, we need to elect enough Real Democrats to make up for the Fake Democrats. But we can't tell you which Democrats are Fake, and also we're gonna do everything we can to re-elect the Fake Democrats until they die.

Besides, as much as we'd love to pass a landmark bill supporting reproductive rights, we'd need to abolish the filibuster to make it happen. And given the current makeup of the Senate, that's totally impractical. That's why we're pitching a much more practical solution: electing more Democrats in a midterm year when the incumbent president has a 39 percent approval rating.

Speaking of the filibuster, we'd like to address another question we've been getting: why didn't we vote to codify *Roe v. Wade* when we had a filibuster-proof >>

>> supermajority during the Obama administration? The answer is simple: we didn't *really* have a filibuster-proof supermajority, because there were *even more* Fake Democrats back then.

To the untrained eye, it may seem as though the number of Fake Democrats always grows to the exact number that keeps meaningful progress just out of reach. Cynics may claim that we benefit from fundraising on the idea that our very democracy is at stake—and never actually take action to protect it.

But that's a ridiculously irresponsible idea to spread when our very democracy is at stake. Let's stop being cynical and start taking action to protect it. *Could you spare fifteen dollars?*

Oh, and we forgot to mention, with regard to the ruling: we're also anguished, devastated, crestfallen, stunned, shocked, and shattered.

Of course, November is still a few months away, and something needs to be done right now. That's why we have assembled a task force to map a blueprint proposing the formation of a committee that would investigate the efficacy of building a coalition to examine the data about the potential outcomes of establishing a working group to consider researching the possibility of creating a panel that would issue a report summarizing preliminary findings about the prospective value of passing abortion rights legislation.

The urgency could not be higher, so we

will begin this process immediately—upon our return from summer recess.

In the meantime, nothing is off the table. We're willing to [read poems](#), [do yoga](#), and [sing "God Bless America"](#) as many times as it takes to make change happen. There is no mountain we are unwilling to climb, assuming that "mountain" means "*Hamilton* lyric" and "climb" means "dramatically read on the House floor."

We also fiercely support your right to protest. But please: do so peacefully, because violence is never the answer. To prove how much we hate violence, we are placing snipers on the roof of the Supreme Court, sending heavily-armored cops into the streets, and commissioning armed securi-

ty to protect the justices who just legalized forced birth.

Update! We just remembered a few more words that describe how we feel about the ruling. Dismayed. Shaken. Appalled. Unsettled. And most of all: speechless.

But just the opposite will be true if you show up in November. We'll have plenty of speeches. You have our words. 🗣️

Chandler Dean is a Brooklyn-based comedian and speechwriter whose work has been published in the New Yorker, McSweeney's, Reductress, and Hard Drive. But please don't hold any of that against him. @chandlerjdean

Abortion is an important issue. VOTE!

- Abortion access should only be available:**
- ☐ in cases where your wife cannot find out
 - ☐ when the pregnant person is already dead
 - ☐ if it will save a rich person's marriage
 - ☐ when the pregnant person isn't so fucking woke about it



NYC TO PUT COPS ON THIRD RAIL

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

THIS MORNING, MAYOR ERIC ADAMS revealed his plan to station NYPD officers on the third rail throughout New York City's subways.

"We have cops near the turnstiles. We have cops on the platforms. We have cops in the subway cars. The only place we don't have cops is on the third rail. That changes today," Mayor Adams said in an impromptu press conference called outside of a Brooklyn brownstone he insisted was the original Ray's Pizza. "No longer will criminals and street vendors monopolize the most dangerous part of our glorious subways. Now, who wants a slice of

Mayor Adams has made increasing police presence in New York's subways a priority throughout his term, but his plan, which he's dubbed "Blue's On First? More like Blue's on Third (Rail)," has drawn criticism from some who say officers standing on the third rail might face "electrocution" or even "death."

"The third rail carries more than six hundred volts of electricity," said Mort Mallory, an engineer *Functionally Dead* reached out to for comment. "A human being cannot survive standing on the third rail." >>

>> “A human being can’t, but we’re talking about NYC’s Finest, baby,” Mayor Adams responded, having been secretly on our call with Mort Mallory this whole time. “NYPD officers have the spirit of the city running through their veins.”

The Mayor went on to clarify that the “spirit of the city” is an all-vegan juice composed of romaine lettuce, straw, “those weird looking tomatoes” (*EDITOR’S NOTE: we believe he means green tomatoes, possibly heirlooms?*), cocaine, and “just a pinch” of raw honey “for sweetness.”

Despite the obvious death sentence it poses to every officer, NYPD’s Police Commissioner Keechant L. Sewell backs Mayor Adams’s plan wholeheartedly. “I’m all for anything that increases our budget,” the Commissioner said in a statement released earlier today. “Our meager budget is barely enough to fight the crime our officers cause, let alone the crimes done by random civilians. If the Mayor’s plan helps give us the resources we need to fight back against the growing threat of our city’s public school system, I’m all for it.”

In lieu of the danger posed by strategically positioning police officers on top of a live electrical current, Mayor Adams has issued a stern warning for the third rail. “I don’t care if it’s at Herald Square or Times Square, if any subway stop’s third rail dares to strike back against one of our officers, it will be met with the full fury of the NYPD,” Mayor Adams said in a late night phone call to our offices (he dialed the wrong number but kept talking anyway). “We’ll send in our tanks, helicopters, horses, robots... you name it, we’ll put it on the third rail,” he said. “This city will not be intimidated by any physical phenomena, let alone one as stupid as electricity. We will declare war on the third rail, and it’s a war we will win. Bottom line: putting cops on the third rail is what’s best for our city, and frankly, it’s what our officers deserve.”

When asked what he meant by the last part of that statement, Mayor Adams refused to elaborate, as it’s what he called a “political third rail.” 🗿

Gun violence is an important issue. VOTE!

Meaningful gun control includes:

- ☐ **abolishing public education so school shooters have fewer targets**
- ☐ **strict background checks mandating only white people can buy guns**
- ☐ **reopen the Boyfriend Loophole, but domestic abusers can only get those small caliber “girly” guns**
- ☐ **adding guns as a possible prize in the McDonald’s Monopoly contest**

A LEGIT MANUAL

for Millenials and Gen-Z Writers



//ELIJAH JOSHUA BENJAMIN ABAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

1. TREAT THE COMPUTER AS YOUR CALCULATOR FOR LETTERS

The keyboard is very essential—what is writing if it is not written? The Berne Convention by the historical WIPO said that expressions of ideas should be recorded and physicalized because if you just thought it, then it will fly away swiftly, like a feather. You must put everything by the ink, or else the thief will steal your work. RECORD EVERYTHING. You might want to put it in your phone where you just go and waste your life on social media. I bet your phone is an iPhone. Good for you, because mine is just an Android from China.

2. RESEARCH

You don't need to go to school. You don't need a certificate. Just peek in every hole you see and interpret everything you witness. That is the true essence of a researcher. Everything they say in school is utter bull-shit. Imagine putting your head through walls just to cite one borrowed text?

HELL NO.

Don't waste your time doing such buffoonery. Go and find money instead, or do anything that will accomplish number 1. >>>

3. SIT STRAIGHT AND BE GAY

The most delicious words will come out of you if you suck at an idea like a whore. The Life will appear in your writings if you drain it hard and let it out. Put the words in your mouth and gently lick the concepts with your fingertips. Spurt all the words with the luscious liquid of life until it becomes your baby.

4. NEVER TRUST HIPSTERS

Get over it, man: it's the 21st century. If your friend is pretending to be Kurt Cobain while wearing all black attire and goth make-up, shoot them in the head. They are carriers of the disease more deadly than COVID-19. Just never listen to them. **BE YOUR OWN.**

5. IF YOU WANT TO WATCH A MOVIE FOR INSPIRATION, JUST WATCH *TOMMY BOY*

Chris Farley is one of the greatest comedians who ever stepped foot in this world. It's too bad he's gone too soon. But hey, rewatch *Tommy Boy* to feel happy and alive when you're typing up those precious stories of your life. *Fat guy in a little coat.*



5i: INSERT, *Tommy Boy*

6. DON'T WRITE SERIOUS STUFFS. WRITE COMEDY

Relating to my suggestion above, **COMEDY** is the greatest and easiest genre. No one ever likes **CRIME** or **DRAMA** or fucked up **ROMANCE**. No one wants to be seen in public while sobbing with your nose dripping, right? You like *Breaking Bad*? It's actually a dark comedy. No kidding.

7. DISTURBANCE AND DISTRACTIONS ARE KEY FACTORS TO WRITE SMOOTHLY

It is always said that the artist's companion is silence, as said by our hero, Douglas Levinson of The Flower Power Creative. Well, sadly he is wrong. **DISTURBANCE** and **DISTRACTIONS** are necessary for powerful writing. **Bill Burroughs**, **Allen Ginsberg**, and **Karl Marx** needed some pills and booze to write the greatest critiques against capitalism and normality. Even **Moses** needed the burning bush to get what God needed to deliver to the people. Let's not forget our homeboy Jesus also boozed up to do some miracles in order for **Luke** or any of the Fab Four Bible Boys to write something called the Scriptures. **DON'T FOCUS**. It will just make you overthink and become depressed. Distract yourself. It helps. >>

8. TRUST THE POWER OF YOUR HANDS

If you feel exhausted thinking about what you wanted to write, if your eyes are shutting down from the blinking cursor, then **JUST TRUST YOUR HANDS**. Put them on the keyboard and move them gently, slowly at first, and then faster, faster and faster...

Just make sure you wash them after. A box of Kleenex near your computer table is recommended.

9. RULE NUMBER "9"

Honestly, I am getting exhausted because I don't know what to call this section, but we'll settle to call it **RULE NUMBER "9"**.

Have some rest and relax with the rhythm of your head gushing down the words you need to type. Read the *Communist Manifesto* as a therapeutic read, just like you read trashy self-help books. Nothing is more powerful and inspiring than reading the words:

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS.

10. And finally, WRITE

With all the essential shifts I have provided you to become the most pretentious writer you could ever possibly imagine in this overwhelming world, I **ASSURE YOU** that you have now developed a taste of your own to create a craft: the power of being the writer of whatever topic you want to write about and say freely.

"Why" you write is also the same purpose of "why" you eat, sleep, breathe, work and **LIVE**. These are the factors and what makes humans interesting, according to some death angels. You must remember that everything you'll write will become the most precious thing to you.

Many are fearful. Rarely do they express themselves freely. Few being stubborn and only "one" will stop you from writing, **THEM**.

Will you let them be? **NO**. Now, **WRITE**. 🐼

Eijah Joshua Benjamin Aban is a proud 9-to-5 worker for a publishing company because he currently has 3 cats to feed, and is a frustrated writer and podcaster. He's also a political activist for workers' and teachers' rights in the Philippines.

The Supreme Court is an important issue. **VOTE!**

To protect fundamental human rights, we should make the following changes to the Supreme Court:

- ☐ **Pack it... with conservatives!**
- ☐ **Only hear major cases on Catholic holidays so the weirdos will be at mass getting stigmata or whatever**
- ☐ **Abolish lifetime appointments and allow the Justices' ghosts to decide**



PRESIDENT JOSEPH R. BIDEN

November 20, 1942 - August 9, 2022

BY JOE BIDEN

//DIANA KOLSKY

AM I WRITING MY OWN OBIT? Sure am, Jack. All the greats do. And if you ain't reading it, you ain't Black. I want to say up front that no part of this ode to myself is plagiarized—something I've been accused many times of doing. But those were speeches and speeches don't count. Not in a court of law. So listen up: I'm deceased now, probably from falling off a fast bike, or maybe even from the GORP Speed Trump vaccine I swore I'd never take. I hate raisins. Too dry and not enough like ice cream. I'm sad for you all that America's 46th daddy is gone. But mostly, I'm sad for me.

My legacy lives on in each of you, in the micro plastics from all of the credit cards I created here in the great state of Delaware. If there are typos in this thing, that's on Jill, who's writing this up for me in whipped cream on her own bikini-clad body. It's *Varsity Blues* night here at the White House. So give her a break. She's a doctor, not a word doctor—I married her for her brains, not her pens. I stole her from the JC Penney's window display. I was there shopping for Arizona brand jeans. She came to life like in *Mannequin*, which is a movie partially about my life. There are a few of those, should be more. But enough about me, let's talk about myself.

President Joseph Robinette Biden Jr. was of Irish and, in a way, Palestinian heritage, but of the kind that rejects the notion that Palestinians are people if in earshot of any Israeli-looking guys. He was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Even though I left that stink hole pretty much right away, I claimed Electric City provenance every day. That's how much I love coal. In fact, and here's a fact: I wore a rust belt every day until I died from falling into an ice cream barrel. It was heavy, but I love the working people of the East. They haul coal and they take trains. *Jill, should I be switching from third person to first person like this?*

Joe hated trains though... I hate 'em. Train killed my wife. Not Jill, the other one. Fantastic beasts, those steel snakes. The kind befitting of Grindelwald himself. Gotta watch out. Try as he might, Joe couldn't eradicate trains, but he did rid the world of cancer. Cancer took his son Beau's brain. Think of how many [billionaire pedophiles Beau could have cut plea deals for](#) as the Delaware attorney general had he lived. It just about breaks your heart.

And my other son Hunter... His crack-smoking, gang bangs, and weeny pics saved the Biden Family's hide from having to answer any serious questions about the Ukraine stuff. What Ukraine stuff? Who even knows, man. I've got my hands in so many pies and up so many dresses. But I'm so proud of Hunter and his huge ice cream scoop. Thirteen M&Ms. Wow.

So, more about Joe. I graduated from the bottom of my Syracuse law school class. The bottom was small, so kind of elite—which >>

>> is why I say I graduated at the top. Top of my game. The game of life. Because I was nothing if not a proud bottom. I ran for president a lot, which is impressive. That's a lot of running. I've always been in good shape. I used to grand-stand for hours on the Senate floor. I never lost my breath screaming about entitlement reform. I didn't even know what I was saying half the time. No one did and that's the deal. Here's the point: I was a man of many words and even more ideologies. I was like a chameleon, able to adopt any position that would give me an edge. I think fast on my feet and even faster on my hands. Joe did a handstand at Jill's birthday party one year and died from falling into a well. Good thing I married a well doctor who could bring me back to life with the power of love, Lazarus-style.

I found a little state no one had ever heard of called Delaware. The name "Delaware" came to me in a dream, so I called it that. I ran for Senate and won. I was the youngest senator ever. I was fourteen. Smoothest legs you've ever seen. As a senator, Joe—I,

wrote the Biden crime bill. Me. Take a look around. All the Black fathers you don't see on the street, that's because of me. I got everyone locked up and now we're all safe, and no one dies anymore from drugs or getting hit with a lead pipe. I got all the crack off the streets and into Hunter's rehab room. Keeps him busy. He never has to go to drug court or jail, but he does have to smoke all the crack and that's a big job for a big boy.

Aside from winning the Drug War, I was known for my ability to reach across the aisle and get lots of other things done. Like with my segregationist buddy, Strom. Strom Thurmond and I reached across the aisle so hard that I jumped the aisle and sat in his lap. You could say he bused me right into Stromtown. I used to watch him slurp the white magic out of Oreos and toss the dark cookie on the ground for hours. I liked the cut of his jib. You know whose jib was bad news? Anita Hill's. I railroaded that loudmouth and got Clarence on the bench. I did that. Turned out great. >>



>> Now, I don't want to brag, but I'm dead, so I'm going to. *Ear-muffs, Jill. Well, do one ear because you still have to write this up.* OK, I was quite the hot rod in my day. Hell, I even romanced my own aide, pretty girl named Tara. Let's just say Hunter got his ice cream scoop from me but with my hands. I'm saying I got big hands, the better to grope you with. I love everyone I meet, whether they like it or not. You bring me my squash bag, you're gonna get the Sloppy Joe. That's a promise. *I sure hope there are pretty girls in heaven to keep me warm till you get up here, Jill.*

As president, I did a bunch of good stuff before I died from getting stuck in my pajamas. I got us out of the war in Afghanistan. War is bad, and I ended all of them just in time to start a bunch of new ones. We were done running opium and it was time to go, Jack. We shut down the banks and left that shambles of a country in the good hands of the Talib Kwelis. People say some babies starved, but I don't buy it. Babies are fat, the good ones are. Speaking of babies, I invented baby formula right here in America. Er, something with formula happened. I love the way babies smell. I smelled everyone I ever met. Put that on my tombstone. *Got that, Jill?*

There's some stuff I didn't do, too, like fight to stop climate change. Sadly, the climate died with Joe, but let's not let that overshadow my legacy of drilling, fracking, and laying (oil) pipe all over this beautiful nation. First Nations be damned. First is the worst, second is the best, man. That's a fact. Some say "water is life," others say ball is. And even more say Joe is dead. It's our differences that make us strong. Our strong nation lives on in every trash island in the Pacific, in every leftist government coup, in every nuclear bomb dropped on the moon. Let us rise now for the National Anthem.

I was the only president to be thrice attacked by my own dog. Man's best friend, my tookus. My dogs Commander, Killer, and School Shooter were bad dudes. Whenever I passed gas, they'd sniff it out and try to bite my ass. That's why back when I was alive, I gave the police millions of dollars to get better dogs, ones that can snap off a child's finger or blow up an affordable housing unit, no problem. I died trying to train one of those pooches to

drive a car. "Boy could my dog drive a car," I wanted to say. But he couldn't, and now I'm gone. So I can't say it. Sad stuff.

Well, don't cry for me Argentina, these Irish eyes are smiling and they're singing "Danny Boy," too. My teeth are big and fake—a gift from Pfizer—so I'll be smiling forever. I'll leave you with these beautiful words I wrote: *And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country. My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.* Man, he's good. I'm good. You're gonna miss me. —JB 🐼

The military is an important issue. VOTE!

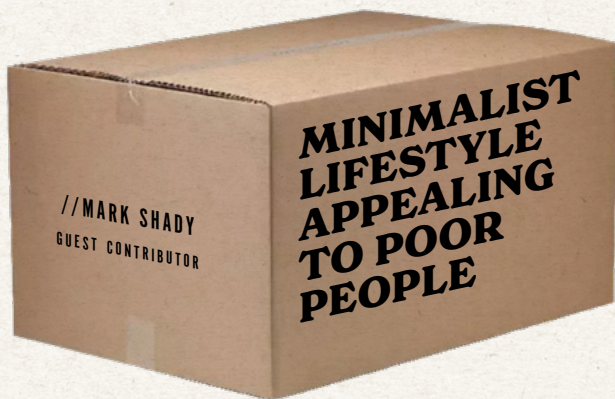
We should do wars in:

- ☐ **the Middle East**
- ☐ **Europe**
- ☐ **China**
- ☐ **South America**
- ☐ **Every U.S. city**
- ☐ **All of the above**

THINGS THAT ARE ON FIRE

- Europe (LITERAL) (BAD)
- California (LITERAL) (BAD)
- Parts of the ocean sometimes (LITERAL) (BAD)
- Civil Liberties (FIGURATIVE) (BAD)
- Me doing a tight ten at Comedy in the Park last night (FIGURATIVE) (GOOD)
- Woah-oh-oh I'm (BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN) (FIGURATIVE) (GOOD)
- Secret Service text logs from Jan 6th (LITERAL) (BAD)
- Insider tweets implying Biden's skin is slowly falling off (LITERAL) (HARD TO SAY)





ACCORDING TO A RECENT REPORT CONDUCTED by the UC Santa Barbara Behavioral Health Department, Minimalism—a lifestyle which includes very few luxuries, especially in the home—is most appealing to poor people, or those with little to no disposable income.

Poor people—members of society who have found no way of making and/or maintaining a thriving or even livable wage—gravitate to this lifestyle 15 times more than the average person (someone who has enough self-respect and confidence to make a decent salary.)

“A minimalist lifestyle doesn’t include a lot of material possessions,” said fabulously wealthy Dr. Isabella Blake-Thomas, head of the UCSB Health Department team. “That’s something that poor people immediately identify with, as they’re vastly inferior to regular people, who have upward mobility and the competence to own many material possessions, such as a grand piano or a gorgeous dining room hutch. Because poor people lack the innate skills to provide for themselves, let alone another family member or even a pet, they’d naturally gravitate to a life of deprivation—in this case depriving themselves of really cool things, like a gorgeous bed frame, or maybe some very comfortable satin sheets, or even a second or third set of those satin sheets.”

“People who willingly cling to this unbelievably pathetic lifestyle refuse to afford anything cool, except maybe a lava lamp and Christmas lights lining their white apartment walls and ceiling,” Blake-Thomas added. “God, I’m so glad I’m not poor and have money to buy stuff.”

Noted UCSB head researcher and high net worth individual Professor Carl Yearwood reported that “poor people, who, let’s face it, haven’t any sort of pride in themselves at all, will have their romantic lives deeply affected by their Minimalist lifestyle. This is because minimalists have no couch, or really any furniture that would be pointed at a TV, and thus, no way to entertain a prospective mate.”

“Why would anyone choose to live this way?” Yearwood continued, noting that “it’s not even the cool kind of minimalism with over-priced street art and possibly a fine hand-carved bookshelf that could line a wall along a long corridor which stretches all the way into a foyer with a very stunning view of an upper skylight and some sort of austere chandelier.”

The study goes on to report that minimalism can surprisingly cut down on everyday stress. “These miserable poor people are so unburdened with what they obviously can’t afford that it’s hard to imagine them experiencing any sort of anxiety whatsoever,” Yearwood added. “These people *should* worry! Their one small love seat is going to look fucking stupid in their carpeted apartment all by itself.”

Yearwood continued, “This is also another setback for poor people living the minimalist lifestyle; their lack of means and being pretty hopeless ‘have-nots’ affects many friendships. More than you might know. I mean seriously, what are you gonna do at their house, sit on their kitchen counter, and stare at your own balls? Get real. I have a home theater.” 🙄

Mark Shady is an award-winning film writer / producer with over 15 years of independent filmmaking experience. He has written and produced several independent films which have been available worldwide on streaming platforms such as Netflix, Amazon, Tubi, etc. and available on DVD throughout the US. He has worked as a video game producer for TimePlay Entertainment, where he spearheaded TimePlay Sports; an interactive sports trivia game which launched nationwide at Dave & Busters. He is also a regular contributor to satirical online publications such as The Needling and Flexx Mag.

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What Do I Do Now?

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

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So the dead just don't wanna die today, is that it?

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