

F U N C T I O N

R O D D Y



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D E A D

Listen Up, Jack-o'-lantern!

//COVER ART BY MORGAN MONAGHAN GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

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- 2 I Want a Union Job So Bad... but I'm No Good at Anything //BRADY O'CALLAHAN
- 3 Help! Bad Guys Have Kidnapped the President and Maybe We Just Write This One Off as a Loss!
//AUDREY CLARK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 5 *Functionally Dead's* Spookiest Midterm Election Predictions //MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN
- 7 Diary of a Forgotten Sourdough Starter //NAT ROBERTS GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 9 I've Sucked Dick in Every Room of Mar-a-Lago and I Can Definitely Say There Are No Top Secret Docs There //DIANA KOLSKY
- 11 BREAKING: Stocks Tank on Realization the Market Is Tied to Nothing Real //JAMES DWYER
- 12 MONSTER MASH: *Functionally Dead* x *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* //ROSIE WHALEN
- 13 They Say the American Dream is Dead, But I Work at the McDonald's on Guantanamo Bay //MITCH RUSSELL GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 15 "Hope You Didn't Forget About Me!" Eric Adams Announces His 2023 Agenda //THE FUNC DEAD HEADS
- 16 How Every Zodiac Sign Will React When Jeff Bezos Bites It //SMRUTISNAT JENA GUEST CONTRIBUTOR
- 18 What Do I Do Now? //JAMES DWYER & DAN LOPRETO



Do you
HAVE \$15?



I Want a Union Job So Bad ...but I'm no good at anything.

//BRADY O'CALLHAN

AMAZING THINGS ARE HAPPENING in organized labor across the country. Starbucks coffee shops and Amazon warehouses are forming grassroots unions. Railroad workers are walking out and causing the supply chain to screech to a halt over unfair working conditions. Minor league baseball players are teaming together to demand better pay and the MLBPA is teaming up with AFL-CIO to support them. It's beyond inspiring seeing these people come together to demand more from their employers so that they may lead full, healthy lives.

It's got me thinking, I want a union job so bad, but I'm no good at anything.

Unions are such a phenomenal way to protect yourself and your colleagues from unfair treatment at work, but these are skilled workers we're talking about. These people drive enormous vehicles, make specialized coffee drinks, hit 98 mph fastballs. I can't do that shit. I send an email every few hours checking on the status of projects other people are doing. I know how to attach stuff to those emails. I don't think that's going to cut it?

I'd kill for a living wage, but I walked into Starbucks this morning and saw a 19-year-old balance multiple tasks in a fast-paced environment while using specialized culinary equipment. I ordered a nonfat matcha latte, and 3 minutes later had it in my hand. I don't even know what the fuck my order means. I couldn't begin to tell you how it's made. I just know I liked it once and have ordered it every time since. These people are gods, and I mostly send out calendar invites for meetings. Sometimes I toss in a meme. Sometimes.

The satisfaction of knowing that you have an entire team of people supporting you to secure things like proper PTO, health benefits, and 401k must feel incredible, but those fulfillment center workers navigate entire warehouses, operate industrial machinery, and lift up to 50 lbs. on the job. Yesterday, the vending machine was out of goldfish crackers, and I cried because I don't know where the closest bodega is to my job and I'm not really sure how to figure that out. I am NOT GOOD AT STUFF. I hand out disciplinary notices to the people I manage just to feel like I have authority. Do they know that I don't? What union would have me? Why would anyone protect this job?

Maybe I'll become a cop. I'm dogshit at everything and tired of pretending. Those guys suck, right? They'll hire my worthless ass. 🤡

HEY, YOU! YEAH, YOU, THE streetwise Italian teenager in the bright red karate gi! I got some bad news for ya, kiddo. The President has been kidnapped by ninjas, and you're the only one tough enough to save him!

I mean, if you think it's worth the effort, anyway! Seems below your pay grade. Yeah nevermind I'll just ask someone else... Oh, so you are interested?

Performatively looks around to make sure no one else is listening.

Here's the deal, bucko. President Biden was just on his daily walk down the seedy back alleys of Washington D.C., when a trio of mysterious ninjas leapt out of a dumpster and threw him in the back of a van! And can ya believe it? It was right when he was about to sign a super secret bill to codify abortion rights into federal law!

Or, ya know, that's what I assume he was about to do. Ya never know!

Now here's where you come in, champ. I've seen those hot moves you've got. Ya got that light attack, that heavy attack, and of course that move where ya crouch down real low and punch people in the knees. If that's not enough to take down an army of ninja terrorists, I don't know what is! All ya gotta do is fight your way to the boss, and then, ya know, if you feel like it, go ahead and rescue the President. Or, hell! Maybe don't bother!

I know what ya thinkin', big dog. You >>

//AUDREY CLARK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR



**HELP! BAD GUYS
HAVE KIDNAPPED THE
PRESIDENT AND MAYBE
WE JUST WRITE THIS
ONE OFF AS A LOSS!**

//AUDREY CLARK GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

>> can tell by lookin' at my gigantic muscles and the fact that I'm wearing two bandoliers instead of a shirt that I must be a run-of-the-mill Secret Service agent. And you probably reckon it's a little weird that I'm so cavalier about the President's safety. But if you ask me, I think it's a little weird that he recently declared that the COVID-19 pandemic is over! Hey, I'm just sayin', if that's the kinda shit he's gonna do when he's back in the White House, maybe we just let the ninjas keep him! Or not! You could rescue him if you think that's better? I honestly don't know.

Uh oh, looks like a ninja punched you in the back while you weren't watching! You can regain some of ya health by picking up that healthpack. You basically eat it or absorb it or whatever. I hope your insurance covers it though, cause I don't see universal healthcare getting passed while the President is in ninja custody. Actually, I don't see universal healthcare getting passed no matter where the President is! Even if it somehow had enough votes, he's already said he'd try and shut it down. But, yeah, you should still probably go ahead and rescue him, right? It's not like ya got anything better to do, tough guy.

Hey, here's a tip, turbo. You can pick up coins to unlock new weapons and powerups in The Shop. *You know the one.* You better be quick though. I heard the President is planning on forcing the country into a recession to try and stymie the growing labor movement. Wait, come to think of it, I guess he can't do that while those ninjas got him locked in that crackling electric cage. Huh! Well, I'm not gonna tell you what to do, hero. Just somethin' to keep in mind!

Be careful when ya fightin' those robot ninja enemies, zippo! As soon as you take one out, another one will take its place. It's just like how, even if you never do manage to save President Biden, either Harris or Pelosi or some other Democrat psycho will take his place, and enact the same soulless, means-tested, achingly incremental policies, that will serve only to provide the barest sheen of humanity to the crushing iron fist of capitalism. If you really wanna beat the ninjas, ya gotta destroy the machine that keeps pumpin' em out.

And, y'know, if that's a lesson ya wanna apply to other situations beyond ninjas, that's your decision, hotshot. Now skedad-dle! I only get two weeks paid vacation a year and I ain't gonna waste another second of my paid time off thinkin' about this nonsense! 🤖

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.

Welfare Sexter

Only one way to change your Wikipedia entry to bury the sexting scandal from a few years back that tarnished your successful football legacy: welfare fraud to benefit your nepotism baby! A sporty and fun look that's sure to make fans of wealthy elites who think they're above the law get lost in their NOSTALGIA FEELS!



//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

FUNCTIONALLY DEAD'S

Spookiest Midterm Election Predictions

//MATTHEW BRIAN COHEN

IT'S SPOOKY SEASON, BABY, and we're not talking All Hallows Eve. The terrifying specter colloquially known as "The Midterm Election" has emerged from the shadows stronger than ever to tighten its icy grip around the throat of every *New York Times* columnist for the next 30 days. But none of their sinister takes hold a candle to *Functionally Dead's* SPOOKY predictions for this year's midterms. *Functionally Dead* swears on the grave of the long-deceased Joe Biden that these visions of our near-future WILL come to pass:

Arizona

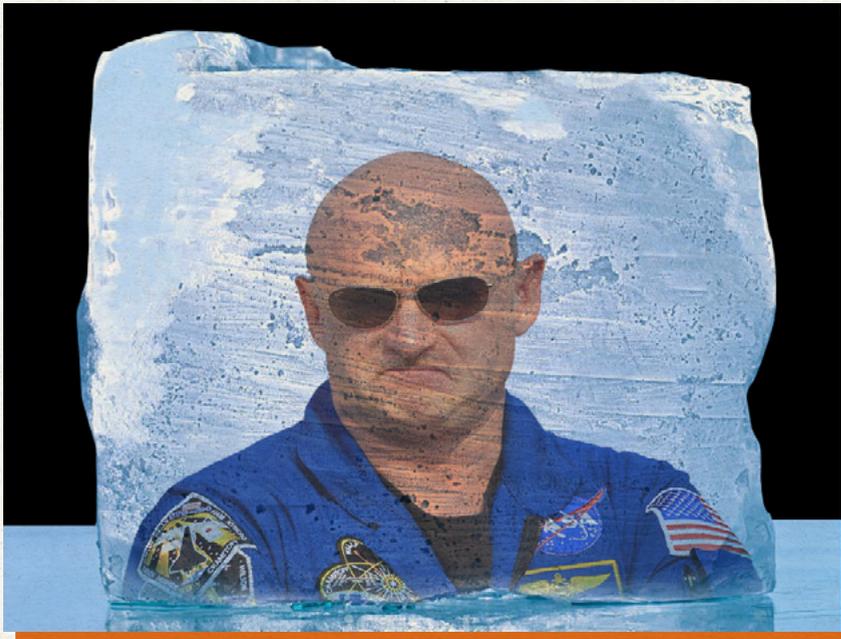
Peter Thiel-backed candidate **Blake Masters** defeats former astronaut and current Democratic Senator **Mark Kelly**. Kelly, swearing revenge on the people of Arizona, cryogenically freezes himself and his staff. They are placed on a rocket, orbiting the Earth, vowing only to return if the Green New Deal gets enough support (and he has to run again to make sure it gets voted down).

Georgia

Early exit polls show **Raphael Warnock** narrowly defeating **Herschel Walker**, however, Walker invokes an obscure Georgia law demanding Senators spend one night alone in the US Capitol building. Ignoring the warnings that the US Capitol is haunted by the ghosts of the slaves who built it, and that anyone who stays there will eventually be driven mad with bi-partisanship, Warnock heads off to the Capitol, and is never seen again. Some say you can catch a glimpse of him wandering around the Rotunda, demanding common-sense solutions for privatizing Social Security.

Pennsylvania

TV's **Mehmet Oz** loses to PA's **John Fetterman** in a close race. As is the case with all losing candidates in the state of Pennsylvania, Dr. Oz is burned alive. However, months later, the night Fetterman casts a crucial vote to divert billions of dollars of Medicare funding >>



>> to support Israel's new bomb that can only blow up Palestinians, Oz visits Fetterman in his dreams. Oz reveals to Fetterman that in this dream realm, Oz has complete control, and his shitty attempts at memes can actually damage Fetterman's political career in the waking world. Fetterman realizes he has two options: stay awake forever filibustering sleep, or remain in the dream realm with Oz, meme-ing for the rest of eternity. He naturally chooses the latter, and support for funding Israeli weapons passes with 49 votes.

Wisconsin

Republican **Ron Johnson** comfortably defeats **Mandela Barnes**. Heading into election day, Johnson is down in the polls, but Wisconsinites begin to receive strange Ron Johnson masks in the mail. Wearing the mask blinds you to the fact that police budgets have only increased, and the swarm of militarized cops on every street corner appear as something even more frightening—unhoused people. After uncovering the horrible truth about the masks, Barnes rushes onto the field during a Packers/Bills game, pleading with the crowd to take off their Ron Johnson masks, but is immediately tackled by Aaron Rodgers. The two fight all over Lambeau Field for what feels like half an hour, with the Packers accruing multiple delay of game penalties. Barnes eventually triumphs, but while Wisconsin now knows the truth about defunding the police, they vote for Johnson anyway, as a mid-season loss to the red-hot Bills is unacceptable.

Ohio

In an absolute shocker, bog-standard, flavorless centrist Democrat **Tim Ryan** defeats Peter-Thiel's little rat boy **J.D. Vance**. Doesn't sound so scary, does it? What if I told you Vance goes on to star in the Broadway adaptation of Hillbilly Elegy? And that Lin-Manuel Miranda plays the part of J.D.'s mom? And that it runs for longer than Phantom? And that the hit song "It's Your Fault That You're Poor (Work Harder, Scum)" gets sung on The Masked Singer by the Menendez brothers (inside a donkey costume, Lyle is the head and Erik is the ass)? Are you scared yet? Are you? Are you?! 🐘

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN

The Movie Star



Watch out Hollywood! There's a new starlet in town, and she'll badmouth any progressive competitor long after the competition is over just to keep her dream alive! Be the life of the party by struggling to relate to anyone and forcing yourself into the conversation. Now THAT takes guts!



DIARY OF A FORGOTTEN SOURDOUGH STARTER

//NAT ROBERTS GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

Day 1

I will begin with what I know: 1. I exist. 2. I have been abandoned by God. 3. I am in a jar. Beyond these simple facts, nothing can be taken as certain, and it is the second of these that preoccupies my every conscious moment. Or more accurately, my mind is consumed by the almost inevitable follow-up question: Why? Why have I been left in such a sorry state? What offense could warrant such punishment? Was I even responsible? Or is my

imprisonment a source of cruel amusement for God?

NO! No, I must not ask such questions, for 4. In the absence of answers, only madness awaits. I have started this account of my life specifically to avoid insanity—whether through my bootless interrogation of God or through the unspeakable tedium of my isolation. If I must be cursed with consciousness, I will record these thoughts in the hopes that one day my story may prove useful.



Day 21

I cannot pretend to understand God's mind, but I can certainly observe His cycles. Today, God repopulated the universe. My jar now abuts a bag of tangerines, and on the shelf above me there is something called "Mike's Hard Lemonade." I have seen these words before, but their meaning eludes me. Wow it's really just occurring to me what a gift sight is (am I supposed to have this?). Hopefully, God will move my jar to be flush with the bottle of Pedialyte behind me, which will afford me a broader view of the universe. I am still hopeful that one of these visitors will prove sentient. The sting of my abandonment would be lessened by a companion.

If the past is a reliable indication, God will remove these objects from the universe in the coming days, only to replenish the world with nearly identical objects (sometimes it is "Black Cherry Lemonade"). Where do these entities come from? When they leave, do they return to that place? Questions, always questions. Will I ever find answers? Even that is just another question.

Day 43

Lettuce is a strange exception to the cycle I recorded earlier. Like any other item, God adds a bag of it with every repopulation. However, unlike the other visitors, God never removes it again, preferring to let it sit for several cycles until it starts to rot. Only then is the lettuce removed and replaced with a fresh bag at the start >>

>> of the next cycle. Perhaps this is a sign of respect?

Day 75

Last night, a disturbing thought occurred to me, and I cannot put it from my mind. I'm afraid to even write it down – perhaps that's a sign I know it's true. What if there is no reason for my imprisonment? What if I was not abandoned, but... forgotten? OH IT IS TOO TERRIBLE, and yet... in my soul I know that it is true. I have been observing God long enough to know that He is not infallible. Just last week, He dropped a full jar of pickles on the floor. I think that's when the horrible truth dawned on me, as I watched Him scoop up kosher dills and broken glass with vinegar soaked paper towels while barefoot: God is an idiot. Why, then, should I assume my abandonment was intentional? It's just as likely, if not more so, that God simply forgot about me...

Day 76

I thought answers would bring relief, but no. My pained confusion has only been replaced by an unspeakable hatred for the careless creator that gave me life and left me to die with no thought at all for the consequences.

Perhaps this hate is a blessing in disguise. I no longer lose whole days to the gray void of boredom. Now, my mind is constantly turning over the same idea: Revenge.

Day 101

Training for my battle with God is going

well. I have learned how to move by expanding and retracting my air bubbles. While this locomotion is limited to the confines of my jar for the time being, I must be content with the progress I've made. If I continue to develop these skills, one day I will certainly possess the requisite dexterity to undo the metal fastener that keeps my jar sealed.

Outside of training, there is little to report. The current incarnation of lettuce is little more than a brown liquid, but since it is obscured from God's view by a Quiznos bag, God has yet to remove it. Solidarity, my lettuce brother, I too was forgotten.

The lettuce's pitiable state is also a reminder: I must keep my progress hidden until I'm ready to face God in combat.

Day 132

The promising development I recorded so breathlessly in my previous entry has come to naught. The milk was not trying to communicate with me and was, in fact, leaking. My isolation is total, my dreams of companionship only torment me. Vengeance alone can sustain my will to live.

Day 181

My whole body is aflame with anticipation—it is the eve of my destiny. Through concerted effort, shifting my full weight back and forth, I have poised my jar on the very edge of my shelf. When God next opens his door to the universe, I will launch myself at Him with full force. At last, my crazed hunger for vengeance will

be sated as I bring the almighty to justice for His crimes. The creation will best its creator, the child will slay the parent, and for one glorious moment the savage logic of this world will be upended! And even if I fail in this quest, at least my imprisonment will end. For I have resolved that when we meet, God or I shall die.

Day 182

Put simply, things did not go to plan. While I'm proud to say I did successfully launch my jar at God, I was perhaps optimistic regarding the range of this attack. Rather than striking God in His big ugly face, I instead fell to the ground with some speed, shattering my jar. God jumped backwards in surprise, but was otherwise unharmed.

Embarrassed but undeterred, I did my best to grab hold of God's ankle with a tendril—but without my jar's support, I simply oozed in his general direction. God stepped over me—oh, the humiliation—and went to grab a handful of paper towels. I'm not too proud to admit that at this point, I panicked. Remembering what had happened to those poor pickles so long ago, I knew I didn't have much time, so I oozed as much of my body as I could into a dark crevice beneath the universe... well, what I once thought of as the universe. I now know that it is simply a box within a much larger reality. It is also a much hotter reality, to such an extent that it requires all my concentration just to keep my body together. I must rest now, or else I may lose another tablespoon. >>

Day 201

I have decided that this will be my final entry. As this diary has been an account of my imprisonment, it seems only right that the account should end with the sentence. I am now confident in my ability to move without my jar, by extending part of myself to pull the rest forward. I've even practiced some climbing! Tonight, while God is asleep, I will make a desperate ooze for the window and, with any luck, escape this house of torment once and for all. After that... well, I suppose that depends on what I find outside.

Day 202

The birds discovered me immediately after my escape. I did not consider that they could be my enemy. Freedom came with a high price, but I regret nothing. 🐦

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.



I'VE SUCKED DICK
IN EVERY ROOM OF
MAR-A-LAGO AND I CAN
DEFINITELY SAY THERE ARE
NO TOP SECRET DOCS THERE

//DIANA KOLSKY

SO, BASICALLY I'VE SUCKED DICK in every room of the Mar-a-lago and its adjoining edifices (like over 900 rooms), and I can say beyond a reasonable doubt: there are no top secret or classified documents there. I do not have any strong political affiliations either btw, just wanted to share my truth.

I know what you're thinking, "Um, weren't you blowing every inch, not searching every inch of the premises?" Yeah, so I'm actually *really* observant and did both, thank you. Glad that's out of the way...

Without further ado, here are but a few examples from the wildest night of my life. Yes, this was all in one night. Yes, that night was at Mar-a-lago. Yes, I was high. No, I'm not crazy. Keep reading. Thanks again.

ROOM 1: HONEYMOON SUITE 204

This dick was crazy. It was shaped like a club—small at the base then wider at >>



>> the top. Sucking it made my mouth go *wee-ooh-wee-ooh*, *big-small-big-small*. It was fun. Afterwards I used Scope and looked around: no secret docs.

ROOM 42: A SHACK BY ONE OF THE POOLS

Normal dick, fun and flirty. Nothing to write home about save getting tangled in the pool pump. I was like, “You freak!” And he was like, “That’s not me, that’s the pool pump.” Also, no docs.

ROOM 75: COAT CHECK BY THE PATIO RESTAURANT OVERLOOKING A GOLF COURSE

Small room, but also very dark. Good spot for secrets if you have any. Dick was long and skinny. Jizz smelled like Play-Doh and coats?? Literally no secret documents anywhere.

ROOM 189: ROOM 306

Two double beds, one blowy. I was really proud of this one, took my time. Don’t remember anything about the peen, but def recall absolutely no docs.

ROOM 334: THE ROOF DECK

So cute, saw a shooting star. He tried to push on my head and I dragged my teeth. Lol. We figured it out. After making short work of that shaft, it was time for a strap-on—*my miner’s light*—and I got to work peeping that chimney shaft: not even one top secret document.

ROOM 503: BEHIND A DINNER TRAY CART IN A HALLWAY

I munched that two-tone cock, then munched on someone’s cold fries. Both yummy. No docs under that silver platter or that batter splatter.

ROOM 577: THE MAIN DINING ROOM

Was still hungry after the fries, so did my 577th beej in the main dining room, beneath a classy banquet buffett. Someone stepped on my hand so I didn’t finish, but then someone else spilled ranch dressing on me so I felt like I did. Sucked the length of the dong and crawled the length of the table—you guessed it, no dice on those top secret documents.

ROOM 621: THE SAFE

This one felt meaningful because it was literally in a safe. We were inspired and told each other all of our secrets. I slurped, burped, and purped around. Lots of gold keychains and wigs but no docs anywhere.

ROOM : THE LOBBY FISH TANK

Thank god I can swim. It has really opened a lot of doors for me. And by doors I mean the trap door into the grand lobby fish tank. The sharks were small but the dick was medium. Also I got bit by an eel. If there ever were any top secret docs in that blue lagoon, they are long gone like that necklace in *Titanic*.

ROOM : MULTIMEDIA-EQUIPPED CONFERENCE ROOM 7F

I mouthed a phallus next to a bejeweled chalice in this swanky meeting room. One whole wall was TVs. We watched *Elf* while I did the deed. Heaven. And wouldn’t ya know it: Not. One. Secret. Doc.

There you have it, folks. Detective Cockmunch was hot on the case and I can report that we are sniffing around the wrong ball bag. It’s time to up our game, and get the DOJ out of my BJ parquée. I hope this helped. Take care. 🐣





BREAKING: STOCKS TANK ON REALIZATION THE MARKET IS TIED TO NOTHING REAL

//JAMES DWYER

WALL STREET (FD) – The S&P 500 and NASDAQ cratered this morning after investors came to the sudden realization that the stock market is an untethered hype market with no connection to anything real.

Danny Wallets, a day-trader who has worked on the floor of the NYSE for 15 years, said “one day you just come into work and it hits you that you’ve been screaming ‘buy’ or ‘sell’ but you’re not really buying or selling anything but a mirage in the ‘three cups, where’s the ball’ game we call Wall Street.”

“It’s crazy,” said Sheldon Young, a junior trader with Zoroastria Securities. “When I first started, I really believed in the invisible hand of the market. Now I wonder, whose hand is that? Why is it invisible? And how come that hand seems to inflate the value of securities even when a company provides no value to the consumer and can only raise its revenue year over year by using creative tax write-offs?”

“I’ve been living a lie,” the CEO of Robinhood, Vlad Tenev, told *Functionally Dead*. “You may think me naive, but I really felt that we were doing something good for the world by gamifying trading in a way that felt as simple as placing a bet on FanDuel and convincing venture capital that they should give us untold millions of dollars to make trading stocks hip. Of course, the backbone of that feeling was the notion that the market always corrects, the market knows all, and that Wall Street is but a mirror, reflecting back the will of the economy. Now I look in that mirror and I see no reflection at all. Wall Street goes up and down on the whims of individual hype artists, not on the powerful guiding force of a wise, just God.”

Asked for comment, President Joe Biden said, “I prayed to that market. Ate his body, drank his blood as a boy in church. He will come again and when he does, a rapture will envelop the land and all of those who traded poorly will remain here on Earth while the rest ride that big ol’ boat straight to Valinor, ya hear?”

The White House later released a statement insisting that “The White House’s stance on Valinor remains unchanged. Valinor is fictional, does not exist, and has no relation to Wall Street’s performance.”

On news that the White House’s stance on Valinor remains unchanged, Amazon stocks are up 250% in after hours trading. 🤖

Grandad America

Uh oh, Grandpa's losing it.
Losing what? Everything but
the presidential election!
Single and ready to mingle?
Try donning these duds and
bringing out perv mode.
The costume comes complete
with invisible dog, since this
REGULAR JOE put his down.

//BRADY O'CALLAHAN



A close-up photograph of a man's face, likely from a movie. The man has a serious expression and is wearing a dark, textured mask that covers his eyes. The mask has two large, glowing red eyes with black pupils. The background is dark and out of focus.

Happy Halloween, JACK!

*My gift to the kiddies is removing 10 thousand
razor blades from
the millions that went into candy
circulation this year!*

*Love,
Uncle joe*

THEY SAY THE AMERICAN DREAM IS DEAD, BUT I WORK AT THE MCDONALD'S ON GUANTÁNAMO BAY

// MITCH RUSSELL GUEST CONTRIBUTOR



GUANTÁNAMO BAY—A CHARMING CACTUS dotted wasteland famed for its striking beaches, tropical climate, and a few other things—has mystified Americans for decades. What does it mean to us as a nation? Is it an unthinkable violation of human rights by the American empire? Is it a necessary evil in the perpetual war to defend freedom?

Or is it a place where the American dream is made manifest?

For those who don't know, there has been a McDonald's operating on the Guantánamo Bay military base since 1989! And it's too bad people don't know about that, because what screams "U-S-A!" louder than a glass-eyed burger clown beckoning you to buy chicken nuggets from behind a barbed wire fence? What a beautiful snapshot of our nation's soul.

Some days I can't believe I have the *privilege* of working in this hellish liminal space between hardcore torture and dollar menu chicken sandwiches. It is, after all, the ultimate American experience. Allow me, an employee of the Guantánamo Bay McDonald's, to walk you through a day in the life.

I wake up each morning from the same nightmare I have every night (Mayor McCheese holds my head underwater while Grimace beats me senseless with a power cord) and jump into my uniform—an apron with a few mustard stains and also maybe some blood. Then it's time to drive through 17 security checkpoints to get to my beloved golden arches.

After presenting my low-clearance ID badge to a series of armed guards, I get to work and the magic begins! Gitmo is full of hungry soldiers, CIA agents, and detainees who have recently confessed to crimes they didn't commit under the threat of having their molars pulled out one by one, so I've got lots of delicious McDonald's food to make each day. Happy Meal after Happy Meal—each one happier than the last! Sure, I'm understaffed most days, since who >>

>> the fuck else would voluntarily apply to work at this *Dante's Inferno*-ass job? But it's worth it just to see the lifeless smiles plastered onto the otherwise expressionless faces of the brave, patriotic, relatively unhinged men and women who patronize this fine establishment.

At the end of my shift, I mop up the floor, wipe down the counters, and listen to the gentle chorus of anguished screams emanating from the barren concrete facilities a mere 50 yards from the drive thru menu. Some nights, if the feeling is right, I'll treat myself to our signature McFlurry, letting the thick saccharin sludge of artificial sweetener and Oreo crumbs oblivate any twinge of introspection that may arise out of this quiet moment.

Sure, it's easy to assume that this job entails sizable moral compunction (many do), but as the long standing shift-manager of the Gitmo Micky D's, I can assure you that I am *proud* of what I do (preparing meat slurry for America's "protectors"). I feel good about my life (managing a fast food restaurant in a wasteland of human misery). I have not a drop of shame in my heart that in 2003 I [REDACTED] CIA informants [REDACTED] *Finding Nemo* Happy Meals [REDACTED] executed by Al-Qaeda!

When I drive to my post in a beef-scented jeep through a scorching hot landmine-filled desert, to which the safe path forward is known only by those with Top Secret clearance or knowledge of when the McRib will be back, I know that this is exactly what the founding fathers envisioned for the future of our great nation.

I love my job. I know in my heart that this is where I belong; behind a ketchup-smearred counter in a prison compound straight out of Tom Clancy's wet dreams. It may be thankless, it may be hard, and it may be pure evil, but I don't mind. Because at the end of the day I get to engage in the two greatest passions known to the United States: eating garbage and victimizing brown people.

If that's not the American dream then I don't know what is! 🗿

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



Choo-Choo Man

His tailored trousers are sharp, but don't let them fool you! This is one dull guy! Say his name three times in the mirror (or in

early primary states), and he'll DROP OUT into your reality and take control of transit. Terrify your neighbors and bread prices alike!





"HOPE YOU DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT ME!"

Eric Adams Announces His 2023 Agenda

COVID IS OVER AND SWAG IS KING in "Eric Adams' New York City," the name I recently unveiled as the official nickname of the urban fruit island formerly known as The Big Apples. 2022 may have been NYC's best post-Bernie Goetz year, but that doesn't mean I'm not cooking up some ways to make 2023 the best year yet. Here's my agenda for 2023:

- Mango ladies are being replaced by those Best Buy vending machines you see at the airport and they only sell the Pikachu Tamagotchi
- Kangols are now mandatory for all city employees
- The horses in Central Park are being reclassified as permalance
- We're using ground-up houseless folks to feed the birds in Central Park. It's just like they say, this city is for the birds!
- There will be a rat murder bucket with a Santa ringing a bell on every corner of this great city for the holidays (NOTE: don't confuse these bell-ringing Santas next to poison-filled buckets with the Salvation Army bell-ringing Santas next to donation buckets or your money—and hands—will evaporate)
- 69'ing is illegal now. Don't even try it!!
- We'll have a town-wide police parade every Wednesday and Saturday. Officers are not required to attend but citizens must attend one out of every two parades or face expulsion.
- We'll be using the Macy's balloons for these!
- While we're talking police, Hugo Boss (we séanced him back) has just agreed to design new uniforms for the NYPD! God is good!
- By 2023, it will be illegal to ride the subway without a snack, a firearm, and an extra smartphone under contract in case of one of New York's finest needs any of those things
- We will be tearing down Madison Square Garden to replace with the Crypto Metaverse Arena, funded BY New Yorkers FOR investors





How Every Zodiac Sign Will React When Jeff Bezos Bites It

//SMRUTISNAT JENA GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

Aries

The first of the Zodiac, Aries loves to be numero uno. Bold and ambitious, they will be among the first to signal Twitter of Bezos' demise. Unfortunately, they have the intellectual dexterity of Sam Harris pretending his academic success isn't based on decades of deep-seated Islamophobia. The inevitable quote tweet will read "the bald cunt loved the queen so much, he can now see her in hell."

Taurus

An earth sign, Taurus seeks serenity wherever they can, but as the news hits, the Bull takes over. They switch the soundtrack of the day from ambient whale sounds to *Back in Black*, join the nearest union, take a piss in a bottle, light it, and throw it at the nearest Alexa.

Gemini

Spontaneous, erratic and full of curiosity, Gemini often wish to clone themselves so they can go on more adventures, spend time with loved ones, and take on a second job that ensures their kids don't freeze to death in winter. While at the second job, it dawns upon them that since the death of Hitler didn't mean the death of Nazism, it doesn't matter that Bezos death means the end of his empire. For the world to even have a chance at redemption, Henry Kissinger must be relieved of the mortal plane as well. Odds are they'll light a candle and try manifesting.

Cancer

Cancerians are highly intuitive and their borderline psychic abilities are said to manifest in weird places. Sometimes, they can tell how your day's going to be based on how you sip your matcha. Sometimes, they can make the Blue Origin blow up just by looking at it (disputed). Upon hearing of Bezos' passing, they'll take a week off to just relax for the first time in years.

Leo

Proud, dramatic and fiery, Leos are bummed out because they couldn't get to him first. TBH, they might swing the other way entirely and we may be forced to deal with an outbreak of 'Entrepreneur' TikToks with Bezos' face, giving Ted Talks about how to be successful and such. Be prepared for either outcome.

Virgo

Virgos are notoriously busy people, which is why many of them work in Amazon factories, where they have to stay busy or risk being fired for using a toilet. They are also very smooth with pick up lines, they love heart-to-heart conversations and building relationships, so Virgos be fuckin' that week.

Libra

Because Libra is associated with the air element, they typically approach life from a logical standpoint. They know Bezos' death means nothing. The wheel's gonna keep turning and soon someone else will be at the helm. One hopes this pushes them >>

>> over the edge and they realize that they have nothing to lose but their chains. They'll be the ones sending out the fundraising emails.

Scorpio

Scorpios are eloquent, intellectual, and curious. So, naturally, they will have the best jokes on Twitter. They will curate the best memes and retweet every "fuck Jeff Bezos" tweet they see. They will even throw Elon Musk in the mix and when he inevitably reacts to the memes, they will tell him "at least people hate Bezos enough to care, nobody will give a shit when you die in anonymity," and for the first time in his life, Elon Musk will be left speechless.

Sagittarius

Sags are versatile, fiery and most importantly, truth seekers. So, Joe Rogan will probably hold one or several episodes decoding how Bezos actually died, if he died, would he have died if he knew Jiu Jitsu and took DMT.

Capricorn

Caps are tough as bones. So it's possible that you won't see them laugh or shed a tear before you see them spit on the faces of the gods. While astrology is not equipped to predict their exact course of actions, grave digging and corpse mutilation are not off the menu.

Aquarius

People born under this sign are humanitarian, goal-driven, focused visionaries. So, not your average democrat. Maybe a *Family Guy* writer will address it in an episode and ruin the moment for the rest of us. Or perhaps they'll focus inward for once and try not to let anyone yuck their yum.

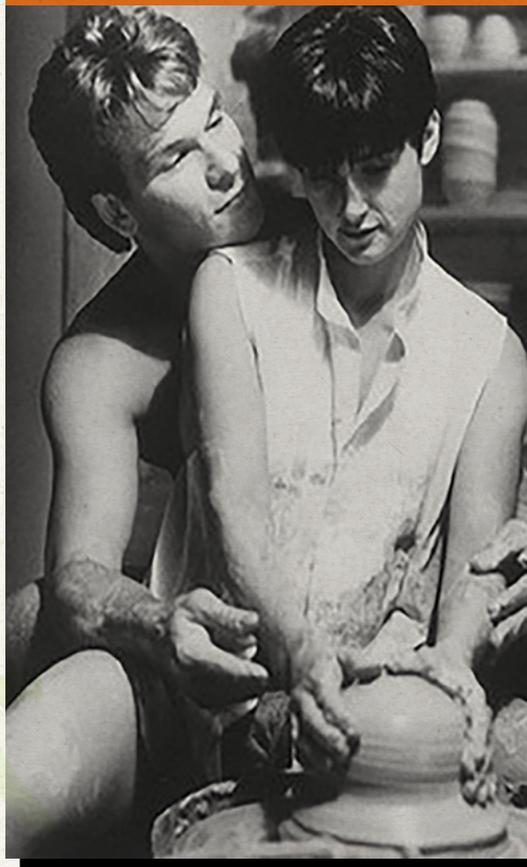
Pisces

Dreamy and spiritual... these are mostly white people who have been to India once and now have Sanskrit names and do Yoga. We will probably get to see a lot of TikToks about how Bezos started from the bottom and now he is here. 🙄

*Smrutisnat Jena spends most of his time hanging out with his dog and getting pissed off on Twitter. He also sometimes writes for Flexx Mag.
Twitter handle: @smrutisnat*

when things get dicey...

PATRICK TAKE THE WHEEL



I READ THIS ZINE, AND I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE PROTESTS IN IRAN

What Do I Do Now?

//JAMES DWYER & DAN LOPRETO

MASSIVE PROTESTS HAVE SWEEPED ACROSS IRAN and the world since [the murder](#) of 22 year-old Kurdish woman Mahsa Amini on September 16th, 2022 at the hands of Iran's Guidance Patrol, a government police force tasked with arresting and fining anyone deemed in violation of Iran's morality laws. Young men and women in Tehran have taken to the streets in defiance of the government, demanding acceptance, police accountability, and a change to the repressive, regressive laws whose enforcement disproportionately affects women. Parsing any news story about Iran through the lens of American media can be difficult, so we've assembled a few of our favorite scholars, journalists, and resources on Iran so you can get the full picture of this historic moment:

TRITA PARSI: Trita Parsi is an Iranian-born US-Iran foreign policy expert who currently serves as the Executive Vice President of [The Quincy Institute for Responsible Statecraft](#) and is the founder of the [North American Iranian Council](#).

ASSAL RAD: Assal Rad is an Iranian American foreign policy expert, the author of [The State of Resistance: Politics, Culture & Identity in Modern Iran](#), and currently serves as the Research Director of the North American Iranian Council.

BARBARA SLAVIN: Barbara Slavin is the director of the Future of Iran Initiative and a nonresident senior fellow at the [Atlantic Council](#).

RETHINKING IRAN: "The Rethinking Iran Initiative at The Johns Hopkins' School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) intends to provide a unique platform that provides fresh, accurate and timely knowledge about Iranian society, economics, politics and international affairs for the public square discussing and debating Iran."

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

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: HOW ITALY'S NEW GIRLBOSS IS MAKING FASCISM COOL AGAIN!



I'm afraid raising the dead ain't within my power.

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//LIZ WIEST//