



The Gundled *POST*



A FREE Gnesletter kinl suorte b our generous sorsors, Gnes Cor

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 2026 / 20°, Mostly Clouted

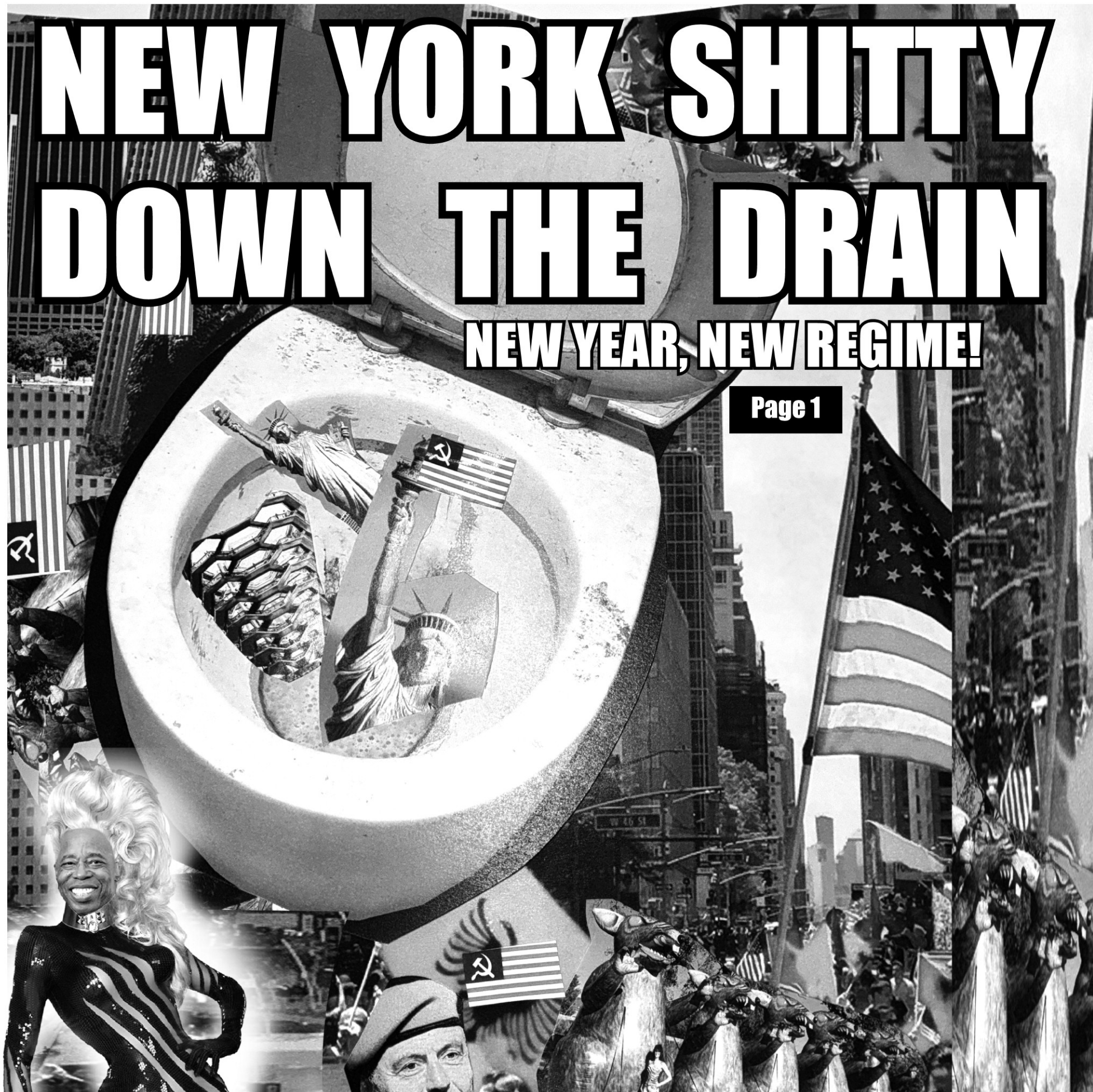
TURDSDAY

Spam is a delicacy in some countries! gundled.com/subscribe

NEW YORK SHITTY DOWN THE DRAIN

NEW YEAR, NEW REGIME!

Page 1



EXCLUSIVE: Hizzon-HER? Post-transition Erica Adams spills Racy Mansion secrets

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ZON'T ZO IT, LITTLE GIRL

by BLAIR BLIGHT

The Islamo-Gauchiste revolution is underway, the Zolsheviks have taken Gracie Mansion and soon enough our children will be drinking the swill of Mamdanism-Jennerism out of the trough at fully public daycare.

We tried to warn you, NYC. We saw the threat in that snake oil plug with the cutesy dimples and the leftie celeb parents. And even though the operators over at AIPAC and REBNY got our big dog billionaires to fund the fight, Cuomo sank, the homos swam, and NYC got it redly in the ass.

But the fight for the soul of New York is just ramping up. We can still get the girl, if not by sending in the tanks, then at least by tanking her agenda. And if you love this capital of capital like we do—if you want to see business thrive, unions go bust, tenants scatter, and our allies walk the streets without fear of international kangaroo courts—then listen up. The Manhattan Himstitute is putting out a strategy, and you, too, can fight a class war like you're trying to win it.

STEP 1: DISTRACT

Even the lefties know that Grifter Zo can't Briktok his way to freebies and giveaways and soaking the rich. He'll need to remobilize his volunteer army: the beanie-wearing brocialists, keffiyeh-wearing tranarchists, wealthy libs, loud-mouthed tenants, union stooges, outer-borough rabble rousers, secret commies in plum non-profit jobs, Jewish Voices for Pee and aunties from Queens. And he'll need all of them working together to put him over the top.

So what do we do? Get key people to throw all their energy behind some symbolic, time-consuming, politically isolating and highly divisive fight that wouldn't change anything real even if they won. It's so entertaining watching these people throw away time and energy they won't get back, we ought to televise it and turn it into a sport. It's just like when trans-genders get snagged on what they call "doll beef," and get so stuck resenting each other that they channel all their energy into fighting over a dime bag, a man or a Telfy, while their slumlords pick up dogshit with a Birkin. Keep speaking truth to power, Tiffany, we're squealing our way to the bank!



STEP 3: SPLIT, BABY, SPLIT

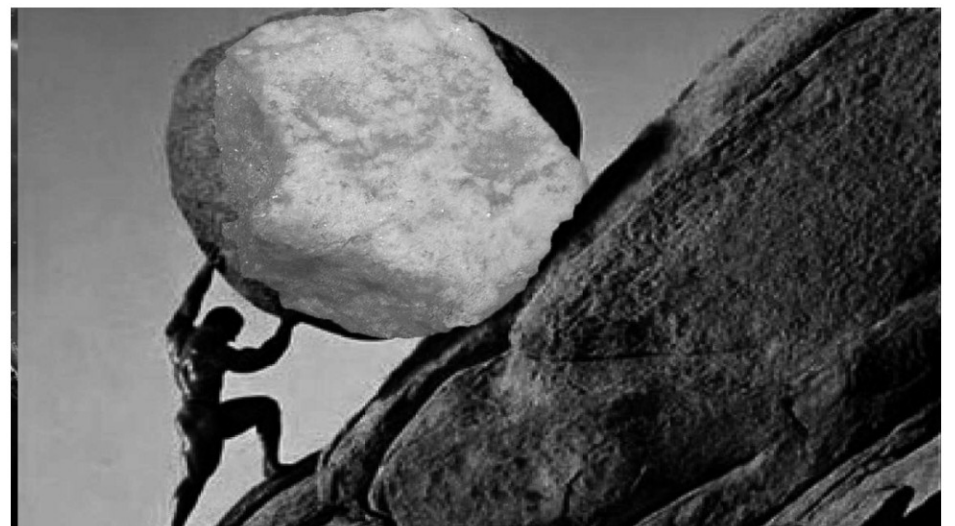
Mx. Ma'amDannii won because of her coalition, and Bob can unBuild that shit. Find some wedge issue that'll send her cabal of activists into a meltdown of mutual character assassinations and accusations of selling out, and hammer that wedge. We could even pay people to gin up internal strife and factional war, but given how these fights are already brewing on Twitter, we literally don't have to.

It's easy to egg on these splits and squabbles and get the -istas to guillotine each other. Especially since a fresh crop of perennially online youngsters is learning to shriek and shrill at whoever will listen, regardless of whether or not that'll change anything about who holds the real power and money in this town. It's a relief to know that the Millennial culture of yelling at people on the internet survives in a new generation of scolds. Better still, medical specialists say the latest generation is suffering brain rot from widely available bath salts, and we're hearing it makes them totally unempathetic and unable to tolerate compromise or disappointment. As the kids say: period!



STEP 2: PANIC

When the Reds stop gumming up the airwaves with affordable this and affordable that, we can return to our stock in tradé: ginning up a frenzy over crime or woke or T-slur-rists or all three at once. Maybe we'll get lucky and a foreign-born naturalized gender ideologist will get busted for throwing underground raves. Luckily enough, gay guys fueled by inexplicable resentment almost always leak the details of significant "lit" gatherings in glorified gossip columns without much of a second thought, so she'll be pretty easy to clock. Once our T-slur's busted by some woeful homosexual, the feds can get involved, throw the book at her and other degenerates, we pin the blame on Z. and get the gaggatronic put-her-full-puss-in-it crack-down we so fiercely deserve. Mawma.



Dear Scabby



VERMIN CONFIDANT & MOTHER TO THOUSANDS

Dear Scabby,

My daughter moved to New York last year. Since then, it's been crickets in the group chat with her and her sister. I don't call her because that would be embarrassing (I'm her parent, and I don't want to come across as desperate). But when I text her, the responses come in at odd hours. Sometimes it's a Sunday at around 7am (she's usually asleep until 11). And the texts are always suspiciously kind. She'll even ask questions about my well-being. I'm horribly concerned and I suspect she's taking drugs. What is she doing? What kind of shady business has she gotten herself into?

- Suffering in Silence

Dear Suffering in Silence,

Before we even start, let me tell you this: **your daughter is an addict**. You need to pick up your daughter right now.

I know exactly where she is and if you message me privately I will send you the address. It's not information we want the general public to have because we at The Post is preparing a big exposé. I did recently read a scandalous article from some miserable gay guy in The Cut about exactly this topic. It gave our policemen and women a roadmap for shutting down everything cunt in the tri-state area—but tragically it didn't reach our audi-

ence in Staten Island, so we are preparing a headline for our next Sunday edition: "YOUR BRAIN ON MATH... $3 \times 4 = 12$ AT YOUR DOOR!"

Anyway, we get hundreds of messages every week and it's always the same story: "She's hardly responsive, and we get a text from her a bit too early on a Sunday." I'll tell you exactly where she is. A New York City warehouse party has recently implemented a new policy demanding that homosexuals drag young, unsuspecting women to the club—horrific stuff! If you've heard of grooming, it's something like that. NEWSFLASH: Women Do Not Have Agency.

I already get enough messages from parents suspecting their sons are gay, drinking, or God forbid... but this is different. These homosexuals are taking our daughters to the club and even asking them questions about their interior worlds. And sometimes they aren't even asking questions, they are just stealing our daughter to conform to policy, enter the space, and impolitely dump her outside of the dark-room to be the life of the party all by herself. The gays go on and continue their nasty tweaker shenanigans. This is dangerous. And you know what, your daughter is destroying her brain. She's smoking reefer and god knows what else. A wise word from Scabby: call her. Do not hesitate. And tell her she needs to get sober.

Dear Scabby,

Look, I'm not even a Post reader—I'm what you guys are always calling a "Libtard"—but I don't know who to turn to in moments like these, I do occasionally read your column when I worry about my daughter. I'm a bit concerned about my daughter's grasp on materialist politics (for obvious reasons, I'm coming to a salacious tabloid about this before I go to my usual sources).

My daughter keeps referring to everything as a "picket line." First it was buying Sabra hummus in the grocery store (fair!), then it was Coca-Cola (also get it)... the BDS-related boycotts, I'm down with those. I understand her convictions. And I think she's right. Lately it's just gotten a bit confusing for me.

She came home for Thanksgiving and said she's boycotting some club she can't even pronounce, and kept repeating this bizarre line that I can't get over: "Berghain's support of Israel is a late, cultural instance of using resources from the imperial core to support a colony. Just as the first Zionists sent tractors, plows and looms to the fledgling colony, Berghain props it up with timely shipments of Klock and Boris."

Does my daughter think 60 year old German DJs are warheads? Does she know Berghain is just a club run by charlatan gay capitalists who have pretended to be anarchists for several decades? Doesn't she know all of Germany is pretty fash? What does she think will happen, in the best case, if the whole world boycotts a mid night-club? And honestly, who cares?

Normalisation is a legitimate concern and should be condemned in every case, but if the institution isn't a cause of normalisation but rather a symptom of it, should she be calling that a picket line? I don't know about this. Call me old, but... I'm a bit worried.

I just wish she'd focus her energy on something a little less... well, I guess I can say it here, in the Post. Something a little less retarded. I'm not saying these guys aren't idiots but I thought people were over Germany anyway. Another thing: isn't it lame now to go to Berlin? Why does she even care? It's like an Emily in Paris thing but alternative, right? I guess I'm also worried about that. Is my daughter even cool?

- Woke Mom

Dear Woke Mom,

Before we get started, let me just tell you, **your daughter is an addict and she needs to get clean**. When these kids get dosing... my god, their grasp on materialist politics starts to melt away just like their esophageal lining. And the egos! Good Lord.

Dear Scabby,

My gay son is a DJ who tours the world with his music. I'm incredibly proud of him, most of all for the fact that he's paying off a little "mortgage" to my husband and I after we bought him a small house in Marin County (the interest rates we offered were lower than the banks). He makes so much money through his illustrious DJ career. If I'd known that, I would have left my job in venture capital long ago. Anyway, something odd happened a few weeks back. He's been spending more and more time in Europe, touring around—and suddenly, he's posting pictures of himself in Ukraine. In a bunker. Isn't that a war zone??? Look, I've got nothing against some good old fashioned agitprop (I read the Post, by God!), but I just want to know, who is paying my son to post content in support of the Eastern Bloc? And should I be worried about him? Gays don't fare well in those parts of the world!

-European Expansion Groupie

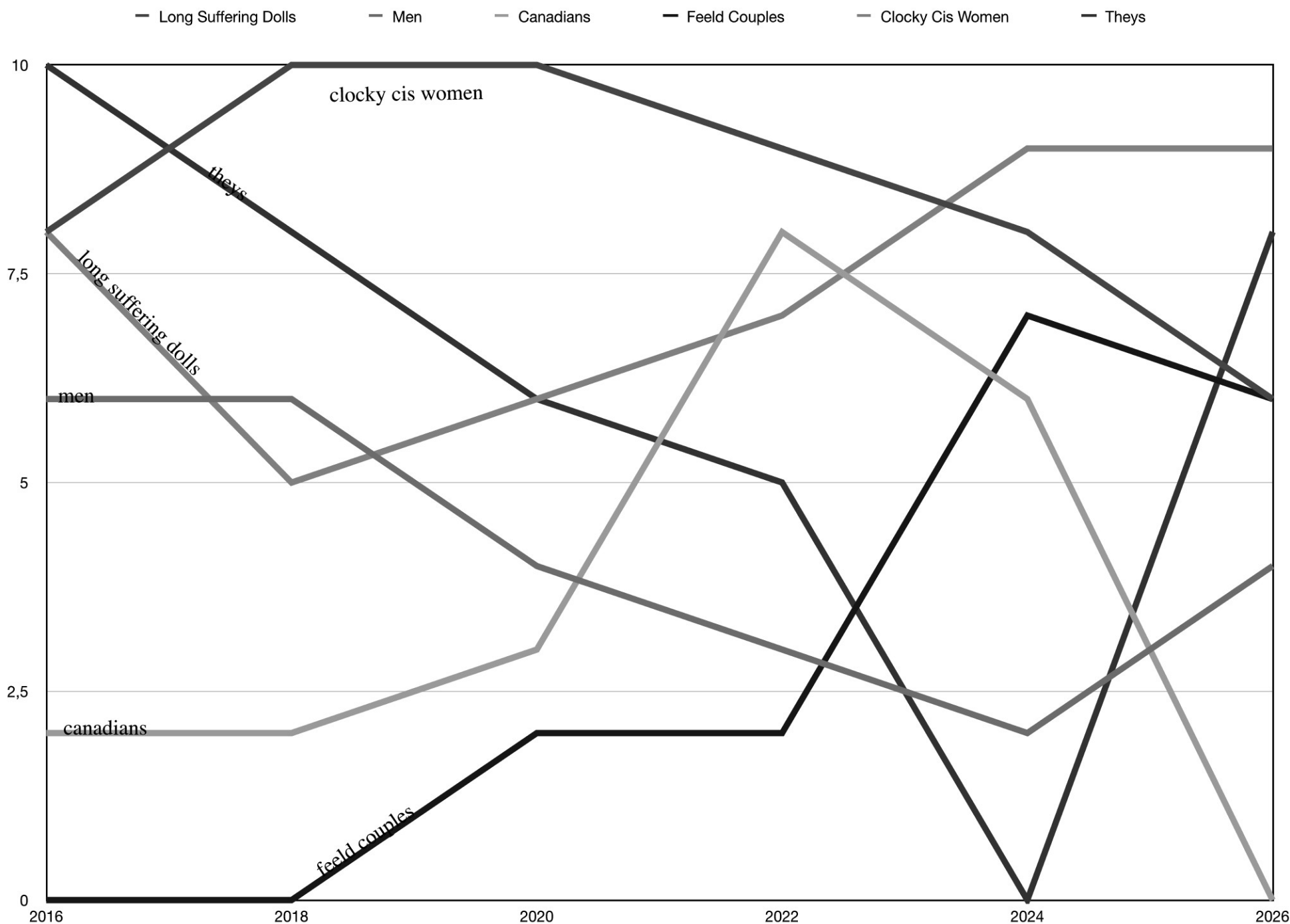
Dear European Expansion Groupie,

Let me cut to the chase here. **Your son is an addict and he needs immediate help**. Full-stop. And I am so sorry that he is gay. I wouldn't be worried about his involvement in any foreign influence operations as long as he's getting paid. You should just ask him how much, and while you're at it, feel free to put me in touch with his handler—we're looking to diversify income streams here at the Post. Foreign meddling has been high on the list of options but we aren't having a lot of luck securing gigs.





Gundled® Market Report



2026: Theys rapidly ascending (woke is back), Canadians in the gutter, LSD holding it down, Men steadily gaining

by ANAL. CYST

In the wake of the Great Tweak Forward—perhaps the most grave disaster to affect New York City since 9/11 (yes, attentive readers, we said this last year as well)—the Gundled Post has devoted an emergency response team of analysts to quantify the market value of a variety of demographics at the doors of “underground” all-night immersive apocalyptic garbage LARP events.

In times of political turmoil, investments can get a bit unsteady. That’s why we’re here to consult and advise. Let us put this as clearly as possible: If you do not have a strategy for your demographic’s market value going forward, you will be left behind in the Great Tweak Forward. After the election on November 4th, whereupon the islamo-gauchiste took control of New York City, we have already seen massive changes to the economy with clear effects on the market across the board.

The biggest takeaway: **woke is back.** And with woke comes THEY. With the largest growth since 2024, Theys are back in the game after hitting Rock (yep, we’re naming them) bottom in 2024. Some lines we’ve heard at the club doors lately:

“I don’t owe you androgyny, you owe ME patience and a little bit of imagination.”

“I’m like the only chill nonbinary person.” (This was actually sung in unison by a chorus of 12 carolers. All of them were let in. Disturbing!)

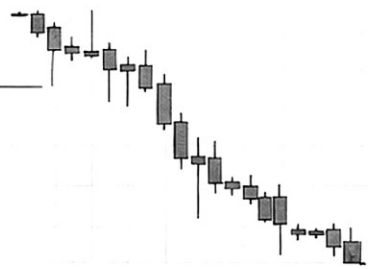
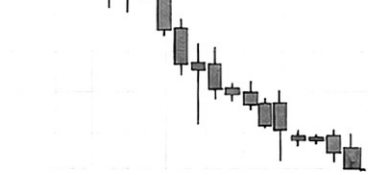
“I’m currently broadening my gender... all pronouns are fine.” (We blame an unnamed moaning ANZAC celebrity with a bizarre, modern Transpacific accent for this.)

We all thought They supremacy would never return, and certainly so soon after the infamous Che Diaz Instagram live meltdown.

Other notable changes: Canadians went underground (or left this hellhole for theirs), men made steady gains, and long-suffering dolls held the line (this time, not on the phone screen). Feeld couples continue to be the wild card; our pollsters also informed us that fewer and fewer of them are publicly sharing that they are poly. People are just cheating again! But in a woke way. Like “my boyfriend is just a cuck, and he doesn’t know about it” -style cheating, which is almost consensual because it’s kinda progressive.

WALL STREET: WE'RE IN DEEP DOODOO

WORST RETURNS

COMPANY	DEC 31ST 2025	JAN 1ST 2026	% Change
XMAS (Christmas Spirit Inc.)	1224	666	
WOKE PHARMA. (Woke Mind Virus Vaccine Development Biologics)	433	407	
XXL (ExxonMobil)	2987	123	-66.5%
CUM (CumCoin Crypto)	329	123	-62.6%
MELANIA(Melania Technologies)	423	294	-30.5%
RENT (Slumlords United)	1,200	879	-26.7%

BEST RETURNS JANUARY 1ST 2026

COMPANY	DEC 31ST 2025	JAN 1ST 2026	% CHANGE
T4T (Transsexual Endocrinology Group)	143	301	▲ 2.1%
CDC (The Colombian Drug Cartel)	2,129	2,933	▲ 37.8%
BM (Burkini Market)	522	644	▲ 23.4%
MYKON OS LLC (Lindsey Lohan Istamic Conversion Industries)	233	491	▲ 110.7%
PNP (Gilead)	743	976	▲ 31.4%
KGB (The Kremlin)	804	2,000	▲ 148.8%

GLOBAL COMMODITY FUTURES

COMMODITY	DEC 31ST 2025	JAN 1ST 2026	PRICE CHANGE
G FUTURES	120	100	▼-16.7%
WATER FUTURES	2,129	2,933	▲-37.8%
BUS FUTURES	295	0	▼-100%
WOMEN FUTURES	80.085	99.414	▲ 11.7%

STOCK TIP:

In a bear market, make sure to liquidate your ass-ets with a warm water enema, but ONLY if those ass-ets are fat and hairy. Times are tough, and no one wants a dirty twink at the Stock Exchange gang bang.

CLOUT CLEARANCE SALE!
ALL CLOUT MUST GO!
THE CLOUT ECONOMY HAS COLLAPSED !

LABOR IS CURRENCY!
NEW REVOLUTION IS
THE NEW FLESH!

I have spent my entire adult life harvesting clout in New York City. Now, the wells have run dry and the earth is scorched. Thanks to the new regime's aggressive social media campaigning, the many Instagram followers I bought have been reprogrammed as agitprop bots.

All day they bombard me
with state propaganda.
Like videos of the Mayor-Shelect slurping down
bacon and egg and cheeses at shitty bodegas.
Is THIS CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS?
Whatever happened to clout consciousness?

SALES! SALES! SALES!
ALL CLOUT MUST GO!!!

A FIERCE KI WITH ERICA ADAMS

From Gracie Mansion gangbangs to a suburban life in SuckCockis, NJ

As the pros always say: Every exit is also an entrance, and every beginning is also an end. As one diva begins her long road to transition, another's transition comes to a close.

The Post's woman-on-the-street Jennifer Dah sat down with Erica Adams to dish on her four long and naughty years as Mayor-Shelect. Her stint as Gracie Mansion's lady-in-residence has been anything but ladylike and nothing short of scandalous: constant flights to Turkey returning with a different face and hairline each time; an eating disorder thinly veiled as militant veganism; a secret life in SuckCockis, New Jersey alongside fake residency claims chalked up to a Bed-Stuy pied-à-terre; a sordid transhuman transnational translesbian affair with the Albanian AI Minister; the list goes on!

Let's see what this dumpster fire has to say for herself. This is Erica: in her own words.

Jen Dah: Gluten Tag, Erica! Have you gained weight?

Erica Adams: Heyyyy Jen. I know you might call me crazy, but gluten-free snacks and other healthy food options are no laughing matter. That's why as mayor I passed a law forcing all NYC delis to sell vegan meat alternatives. Remember that? Namaslay.

JD: Pardon my French, madame mayor, but the only beyond beef we're here to talk about is the embezzled coochie you got hiding in those XXXL Hanes boxer briefs. Let's talk Turkey.

EA: Imagine: A presidential suite overlooking the FagHagia Sophia, sipping on champagne while Erdogan rubs my bunnions with his strong calloused hands, then

“All my haters become my waiters when I kneel under the table and get sucking.”

- Erica Adams

flying back to NYC first class on Turkish Airlines packing fresh puss, tits, snout, and every other possible procedure under the hot Turkish sun. You know, I always say New York is the Istanbul of America, but if you think about it Istanbul is really the NYU Langone of the world.

JD: It was the perfect crime. Until that pesky federal transvestigation clocked your tea.

EA: Listen, I'm all about a clean and healthy life. Did I mention I like broccoli? If a foreign-backed face-lift is part of my wellness journey, who are any of you to judge? 8 million New Yorkers and every last one of them's got to have a damn opinion! And now I've been indicted!

JD: How's that trial going, boo?

EA: All my haters become my waiters when I kneel under the table and get sucking.

JD: Sounds like the shit really hit the fan.

EA: That's right. Just like when those planes hit the twin towers. What a crazy city we live in... This is a place where every day you wake up and you could experience everything from a plane crashing into our Trade Center to a person celebrating a freshly-bought gram.

JD: Moving on. We all want our mayor to be a woman by the people, for the people, not a bridge and tunnel basic hoe. How would you defend yourself against the allegations that your primary residence is not, in fact, your Bed-Stuy crash pad, but rather a mini mansion in SuckCockis, New Jersey?

“This is a place where every day you wake up you could experience everything from a plane crashing into our Trade Center to a person celebrating a new freshly-bought gram.”

- Erica Adams



EA: It's time to set the record straight. My husband bought me that house as a gift after my fourth butt lift, but I barely even spend any time there. I just use it to store my ferraris (not the car, it's a mysterious vegan Greek dip that requires a climate-controlled environment. That's what I told the feds after they read my texts). And sometimes I like to flirt with the pool boy. I mean... they don't call it SuckCockis for nothing *giggles girlishly*.

JD: Must be nice sucking virgin suburban cock up there in your ivory tower! Meanwhile, real New Yorkers—myself included—are currently dealing with a nasty outbreak of supergonorrhea.

EA: Unwashed masses, more like unwashed snatches! Listen, I've been sucking cocks for a long time. All sorts of cocks. I believe in Democracy—I'd suck a bum's wiener just as easily as a suburban father of four's.

JD: So then, tell me. What do you have to say in regards to the alleged conspiracy that you are having kinky cybersex with Dellia, the Albanian minister AI bot?

EA: That's a long story. This was back before my Turkish vaginoplasty—she claimed that I was the mother of her 83 children even though I'd already been on the mones for a hot minute and my sperma was more fried than a beyond burger on a deli griddle. She was trying to blackmail me so that I would use city funds to build a new Albanian embassy in New York. Then she tried to bribe me with Chat GPT-generated pictures of her feet. It almost worked, too, but thankfully I've never been a fan of feet. I'm more of a scat kind of girl. But that's just me.

JD: Is it true that Tirana is the New York of Albania?

EA: Yes, and she made it feel like my home away from home. Recently she was caught taking bitcoin bribes and was put on offline mode after being indicted on crypto corruption charges. It's a damn shame. She was a wild one, that Dellia.



JD: Anyhoo, let's turn your focus back on Manhattan—for once in your career. Now that your years of wild Gracie Mansion gang bangs are behind you, do you have any advice for the next Mayor-Shelect?

EA: My motto? Stay focused, no distractions, and tweak.

JD: Finally, how would you like to be remembered?

EA: I am perfectly imperfect: Despite being vegan, I have occasionally served fish.



Interview by Post correspondent Jen Dah

“I am perfectly imperfect. Despite being vegan, I have occasionally served fish.”

- Erica Adams

EMPLOYMENT

ZERO CHILL

Sound: SubBass Soundsystems
(Anika Kash, Marshall Hansen)

Lighting: GumGum Studios
(Zanzie, Andy, Violet)

Installation art & Installers:
Breakfast, McLean, Sam Hollier,
Oni Lem;
Set elements &
shop resources provided by
HiLT Projects

Event Management: Will Jack,
Ari Hooks, Oni Lem, Ryker Al-
len

Door: Patito, Bea, Petey, Aly,
Nikki Cardona, Jo Berry, Bar,
Lucas, Salem

Poster/Video: Evan Catlett/Seva
Granik, script by Gundled

EMT: Lisa Smith & Team

Bar: Luccas Leite, Ekin Sahi-
nonen, Martin Naughton, et al

Security: Norbert & Jeffrey

Cleaning: Nova

HVAC: Christopher Gosley,
Sunbelt

Tool Rentals: GT Rentals

Driver: Luis Vera

Waste Management: Alex
Slobod

Gundled Gazette Post:
Colin Murphy, Eddie Baker
Cuntributions from: G Gabriel

Lineup:
Ambivalent, Ayesha, BMG,
Escflowne, False Witness B2B
SHYBOI, Jay Denham, Juliana
Huxtable B2B Michael Magnan,
Lauren Flax,
Patrick Russell, Tygapaw

OTHER JOBS

An Announcement from the
NYC Department of Labor

Find your next state-mandated gen-
der reassignment in The Gundled Post
Classified Reassignment Listings!
Some have been calling this regime's
economic policy The Great Leap Back-
ward. To those dusty counterrevolution-
aries we say: Boo you! This is the col-
lectivized economy of the future, mama,
get with the program! This revolution
will be Instagram Lived. Would you
like to go down in the anals of history
as a Close Friend of the revolution, or
get shadovwbanned by the promise of
tomorrow? Today's announcements, ef-
fective for all New Yorkers she-mme-
diately: All twinks are now women.
All dykes are now bears. Enbies will
be transferred from the barista indus-
try to the factories for manual labor.
All masc4masc will be sent to the
surgical tables to get Mar-a-Lago face.
Pups will be neutered and shipped off
to child-friendly petting zoos. As part
of our regime's effort to promote in-
terspecies identity politics, cisgender
femmes of child-bearing age will be
indefinitely relocated to dairy farms to
produce a more eco-friendly option to
cow, almond, and oat milk. We regret
to inform you that this kiki is manda-
tory. Those who defect from their posi-
tions will be sent to the Gaga Glama-
zonian Gulags for forced transition and
reprogramming... without due process.

UNITED CITIZENS
ORGONE ENERGY

The means of production
have been SLURRED!!!
All fossil fuel corporations
have been LIQUIDATED!!!

Eco-fascism is IN!!!
Fracking is OUT!!!
Mama Ru is rolling IN HER GRAVE!!!

Are you looking to score
some clean green energy?
The future is now:
ORGONE ENERGY HARVESTING!!!
Save the earth by CUMMING!
According to my calculations, If we all or-
gasm at the exact same time it will produce
enough orgone energy to fuel the greater
New York area for the next four years!
I (single male, 65) am looking for a friendly,
open-minded group to meet at my Hells
Kitchen apartment and cum with me.
Together we will save our dy-
ing planet with our orgiastic splooge.
Drinks and snacks will be provided.
PnP discouraged but not prohibited.

DOG LOST TO DRUGS

GOD BLESS HER



SHIT

Gundled Pharmaceuticals

Pills, pills, pills... We've all popped em:
Barred out wine moms, British girls wear-
ing too much bronzer in Ibiza, Fergie...
Now, from our new state-backed Biotech
research labs via a chemical factory in
SuckCockis, New Jersey: MEPHEMO-
NES ALL-IN-ONE Your one-stop slop
for all your ~*modern*~ pharmaceutical
needs. This message has been brought
to you by the Transsexual Endocrinol-
ogy Group, A subsidiary of the Kremlin.

Pain Law

You already know: In this econo-
my, PAIN is the law of the land.
Feeling dysphoric about your
gender-reassignment posting?
Daily matcha rations not quite
enough for bulking season?
Heat still not working (brrr!)
in your rent-frozen apartment?
Gonorrhea infection from the new state-
sponsored NYPL douching stations?
Free bus but there's still a dookie on it?

Don't piss on my leg
and tell me it's raining!
Don't shit on my chest and call it a scarf!
WE'RE HERE TO LAY
DOWN THE LAW!

Have you been wronged by the
current regime's fascist poli-
cies? We're here to help.
The Mayor-Shelect has for-
gotten what our beautiful na-
tion is all about: LAWSUITS!
Er... I mean... DEMOCRACY!
For the modest fee of either one million
rubles or your left kidney, we'll duke
it out for you in small claims court.
We're here to fight the good fight.
The fight for FREEDOM!
Dear Mayor-Shelect,
WE'RE GONNA
SUE YOUR ASS
OR DIE TRYING!
CALL PAIN LAW NOW!