

VOL. XI



FUNBITS

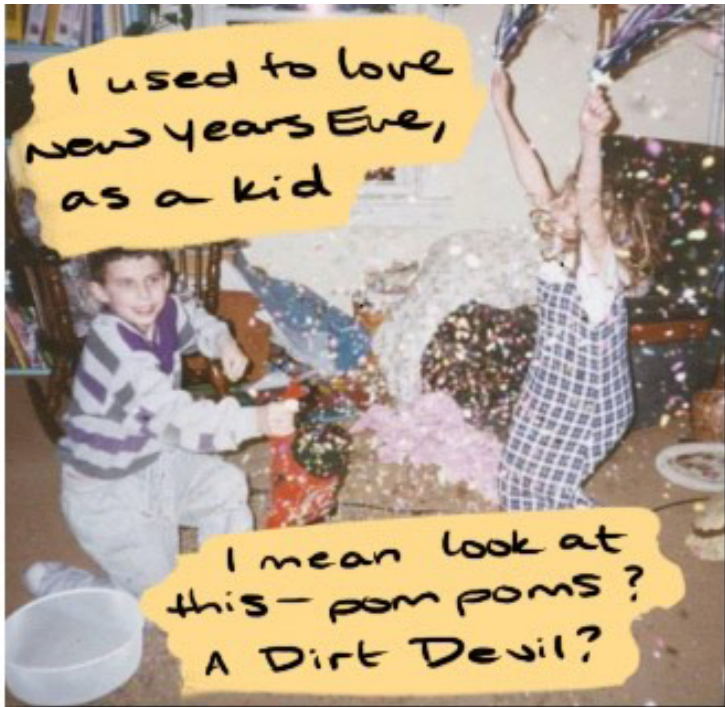
Funbits Vol 11

The Grief Edition

MAY 20, 2024

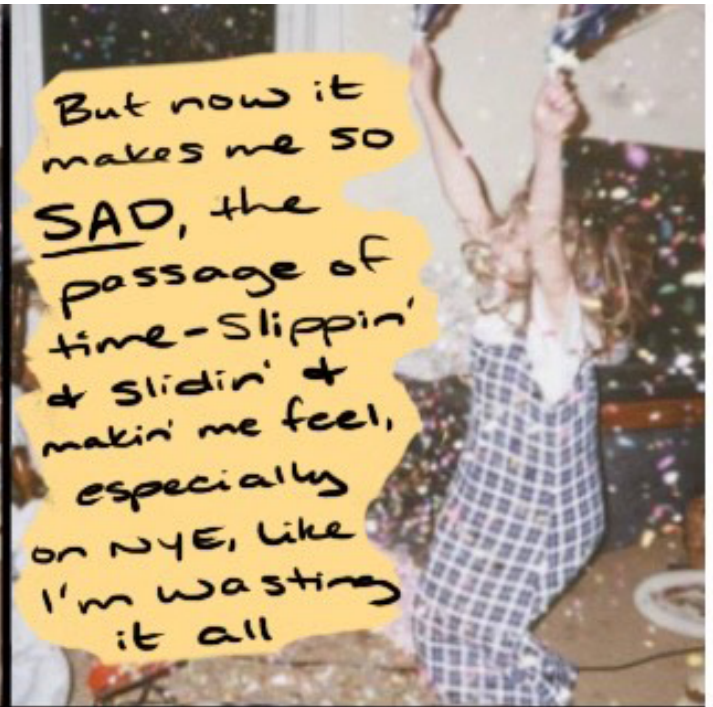
| | | |
|---|----|------------------|
| 1/1/97 | 3 | Jessie Mitchell |
| Allison Asbury's Obituary | 4 | Julian Jones |
| Lua Darger's Obituary | 6 | Erin Summerlin |
| Andrew Eaton's Obituary | 8 | Vi Nguyen |
| An anonymous, unpublished and unsolicited "obituary" for "Audrey Ference" | 9 | Jessie Mitchell |
| Julian Jones Obituary | 10 | Audrey Ference |
| In Loving Memory: Jessica Marie Mitchell | 11 | Andrew Eaton |
| Vi Nguyen Obituary | 12 | Lua Darger |
| What Happens After We Die | 13 | Andrew Eaton |
| In Loving Memory of Christine Erin Summerlin | 16 | Allison Asbury |
| Lauren Summerlin Obituary | 17 | Lauren Summerlin |

Cover Art Erin Summerlin
Funbitszine.com design Allison Asbury



I used to love
New Years Eve,
as a kid

I mean look at
this - pom poms?
A Dirt Devil?



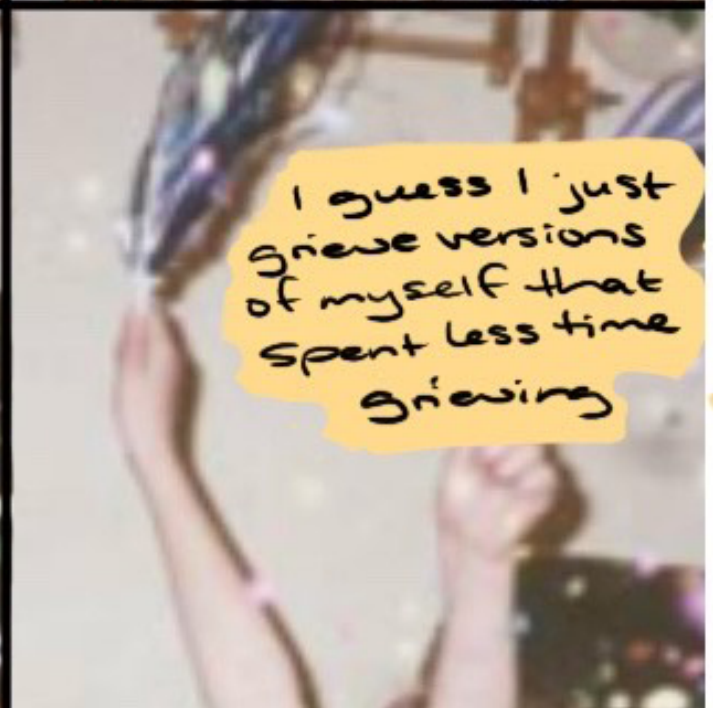
But now it
makes me so
SAD, the
passage of
time - Slippin'
& slidin' &
makin' me feel,
especially
on NYE, like
I'm wasting
it all



Look -

I'm not out
here mourning
every single
year that
goes by

Some of them
are trash



I guess I just
grieve versions
of myself that
spent less time
grieving

Allison Asbury Eulogy

Allison Arden Summers, née Asbury, beloved wife, dog mom, daughter, sister, and friend to many, passed away on July 4, 2024. Allison was born in Orange, Texas on April 2, 1990 to parents Kim and Eddie. As a child, Allison was known for her love of playing outdoors and being a friend to all, especially animals. After graduating from West Orange-Stark High School in 2008, Allison attended The University of Texas where she studied Journalism and interned at Study Breaks Magazine. UT is also where Allison met the love of her life and best friend, Shane Summers, though they kept their relationship secret for several years. On November 24, 2011, their relationship became public when they confessed their love to each other in front of friends after the Longhorns defeated the Aggies 27-25 in the final scheduled annual meeting of the rivalry game, "The Lone Star Showdown." The two have been inseparable since.

After graduating from The University of Texas in 2012, Allison and Shane settled down in Austin and made a name for themselves. Allison's name, however, was soon-to-be associated with felony bank fraud charges, so the two decided to move to London, England to pursue other interests. While in pre-pandemic London, Allison loved entertaining friends, eating delicious non-British food, and visiting parks, museums, and other countries. In pandemic London, Allison loved staying at home in her pajamas while working remotely and watching classic British television shows such as "Naked Attraction" and "The Sex Clinic." After establishing that they had had enough, Allison and Shane decided to move to Denver, Colorado where the couple most recently resided.

Allison loved helping others, volunteering, and charitable work, which included helping animals at the Austin Humane Society, helping nature with Volunteers for Outdoor Colorado, and helping friends who get blackout drunk at 4th of July parties in England. Allison was also an accomplished professional who worked her way to the top in the field of UX/UI and Interactive Design by working for such prestigious companies as Blackbaud, Dunnhumby, Salesforce, Workday, and CEC Entertainment, the parent company of every American child's favorite family entertainment center and restaurant, Chuck E. Cheese.

Allison was forever young at heart. She enjoyed traveling, seeing new sights, participating in new experiences, and playing Bingo. Allison never met a stranger. She could carry on a conversation with anyone, at any time, about anything. Allison's heart was filled with love for her family, especially her dog Biscuit and her husband Shane. She loved "entertaining" at family and friend get-togethers, where her home would be full of family, friends, food, fun, and/or much laughter.

Ms. Summers tragically passed away this past Thursday while vacationing in Lake Tahoe for 4th of July festivities. Ms. Summers, who was deemed sober at the time, was involved in a head on Sea-Doo jet ski collision at 4:34 PM. The other person involved in the incident was identified as Gladys Merriem Griswold, age 78, who was visiting from The Villages, Florida. Though Ms. Griswold survived the incident unscathed, her friends reported that she consumed well over the legal blood alcohol limit for operating a motorized water recreation vehicle. When asked how that could happen, Sgt. James Davis of the South Lake Tahoe Police Department said, "It appears that during the Sea-Doo jet ski accident this past afternoon, Ms. Summers and Ms. Griswold somehow switched bodies in some type of 'Freaky Friday' scenario." Sgt. Davis continued, "While Ms. Summers' body was quickly recovered, tragically, the body of Ms. Griswold [sic] has yet to be found. Search and rescue efforts will continue into this evening until the divers get hungry." Ms. Griswold, who now resides in Ms. Summers' body, has traveled back to her Florida retirement community to "live out her remaining years." When asked about last week's tragedy, Ms. Griswold (who looks like Ms. Summers now) said, "It's a sad shame for a young life to be cut so short. My thoughts and prayers go out to her family and loved ones." When asked what she will do for the rest of her life in a younger body, Ms. Griswold replied, "I'm going to stay in The Villages. All of my dear friends live here. I've also replaced Betty as the youngest person here, and I can't lie, I like the attention." The Tahoe District Attorney and legal authorities are unaware how or if they can charge Ms. Griswold due to her blood alcohol level being negligible after the body switch. Ms. Summers' conscience was 34.

Allison is survived by her husband Shane, her dog Biscuit, her mother Kim, her father Eddie, her brother Carson, and a large community of friends. An empty-casket funeral service to honor her life will be held at 7:00 AM, Saturday, July 13, at Red Rocks Amphitheatre in Morrison, Colorado. Allison's "burial" will take place one week later at 4:20 PM, Saturday, July 20, in Orange Forest Lawn Cemetery in Orange, Texas. In lieu of flowers, the family requests memorial tributes be directed to the "Allison Memorial Cabin" fund which will help build a cabin in the woods where Shane and Biscuit would like to live out the rest of their lives.



Allison Arden Summers' Spirit/Essence/Conscience/Soul, 34

Gladys Merriem Griswold's Body, 78

During the Sea-Doo jet ski accident it appears Ms. Summers and Ms. Griswold switched bodies in some type of 'Freaky Friday' scenario



In Loving Memory

Lua Darger

1990 - 2090

Badass, Mother, Grandmother, Peer, Mentor & Friend

Lua Darger entered eternal rest after having too good of a time on her 100th Birthday - February 9th, 2090 on Planet Mars, U.S. Zone 1053. She went to bed on her 100th birthday after a day of drawing, drinking many delicious lavender iced lattes, buying pens, petting nice cats, seeing real friends, and taking a walk. Lua insisted on walking outside even though it was very cold at -150 degrees. "She's a wild bird," one of her friends told us. Doctors believed Lua's warm heart kept her alive until 10 pm that night when her body temperature dropped too low.

Lua was born on February 9th, 1990 in Miami, FL. She started drawing at a young age and pursued that passion for the rest of her life.

After moving to Austin, TX, Lua began tattooing and continued following her dreams of illustrating. In 2026, the New Yorker published one of her comics. She went on to publish three illustrated novels about her life, lessons in love, and lessons in motherhood.


Lua gave a famous speech at Austin Community College, where she graduated with her associates in Graphic Design. "Change the world by being yourself," are some of her famous quotes. After the speech, Birdie Willson (world-renowned women's mental health expert) was moved to work with Lua to create a nonprofit that offers free therapy and focuses on supporting women in every stage of life.



In 2050, Lua and her family were asked by Ms. President Gerudo to join the Mars Citizen's Project, and facilitate experiments with female astronauts. Lua was awarded for her work with not only the scientists on Mars, but also with the civilian community and given the Mars Peace Prize in 2057. Lua and her family were presented a statue commemorating her work in 2073. You can view this statue at the Darger Art Institute in sector a420 in U.S. Zone 3250.

With the great success in her work, Lua spent the rest of her life raising her son, her grandchildren, giving back to her community, creating safe spaces for women through her nonprofit work, making fantastic playlists, facilitating many civilian debates on planet Mars and tattooing her way through the galaxy. Lua is survived by her son, Topher, and preceded in death by her husband, Christopher. Lua's body was donated to science and is being used to study creativity in women, mental health, and the cure for cancer. Scientists believe they are close to the cure with Lua's blood.





Andrew Eaton, celebrated writer, filmmaker, and all-around eccentric, who somehow snagged a New York Times Best Seller in 2027 for his wildly unorthodox novel “Cosmic Belly Dancer,” was officially pronounced dead by the diligent New Zealand National Forensics team on Sunday. After a valiant four-day search of the Southern Island waters, his body finally decided to make an appearance. Eaton was 48, though he often claimed to be perpetually 39, much to the annoyance of his friends and the amusement of his fans.

The cause of death was a collapsed lung while free diving off the Abel Tasman National Park, because Eaton always believed that breathing underwater was for suckers. His sabbatical, originally intended to be a year of introspective solitude and dubious nautical adventures, was cut tragically short as he attempted to circumnavigate the globe on a whim and a rather suspect-looking sailboat. He kicked off his journey from Baja California in Mexico, setting sail with the enthusiasm of a man who had watched “Pirates of the Caribbean” one too many times.

Eaton is survived by his ever-patient partner Carly, who often questioned his life choices but stood by him nonetheless, and his three feline overlords, Bubbles, Baldwin, and Earl, who have now been promoted to full-time rulers of the household.

His funeral will be a low-key, intimate affair, just as he never wanted. Close family and friends will gather to celebrate his life, share ridiculous stories, and likely argue over whether he should be cremated or simply launched out of a cannon, per one of his more bizarre last wishes. The final decision remains up in the air, but his ashes (assuming the cremation goes ahead) will be ceremoniously scattered into the Pacific later this week, ensuring he continues to travel even in death.

In lieu of flowers, mourners are encouraged to donate to the “Save the Cats from Free-spirited Writers Foundation,” an organization dedicated to the care of pets left behind by adventurous, yet somewhat irresponsible, creatives.

An anonymous, unpublished and unsolicited “obituary” for “Audrey Ference”

Audrey Ference, as she called herself - somewhere between 21 and 55 and maybe a Taurus? - died on March 2nd in Fairfield, CA. I didn't know her very well, to be honest - but here we are. I figured they'd gloss over this stuff in the official obit, and people oughta know.

She was born in Boston, I think - said her parents' names were Michael and Cindy, but I'm not sure I believe that. You gotta take everything with a fistful of Lawry's Seasoned Salt.

I met her at a truck rally - she just waltzed right up from across the street and asked what all the honking was about. We figured she was a Karen type, coming over to scold us - but when she got into the headlights we saw she was *smiling*, all crazy. Said she just wanted to honk some horns, if that was cool? And that's where it started.

Where it ended? You probably won't believe me, but there's a police report and everything. Probably some new protocols at the Jelly Belly factory, too.

Audrey was on the road with me for a few months before she told me her plan. Turned out she had this obsession with Ronald Reagan. And not like, a super fan kind of obsession... more like she wanted to destroy his memory and every trace of hero worship that still exists in this country, starting with one of those nutso jelly bean portraits. She had her sights set on the Fairfield, CA factory - so I agreed to help and took her there, against my better judgment. Had nothin' better to do.

I wasn't inside when it happened - had only agreed to be the getaway driver - but something must've gone way sideways. I heard she got the portrait down (good for her!) but then somehow ended up in vat of candy slurry - and that was it. They couldn't get her out fast enough. Willy Wonka meets Oceans Eleven with a sad ending.

But hey - most people die of heart disease or cancer, so at least she beat those odds.

RIP, Audrey - if that's even your real name.

Julian "Jules" Jones



On Friday, September 13, 2086, beloved friend and husband Julian Jones passed away at his hundredth birthday party, surrounded by loved ones. He was crushed to death by an avalanche of legos, insisting he wanted to die “on his own terms.” The crushing machine was his most elaborate creation to date, a horrible-yet-elegant melding of form, function, and pointy little plastic edges.

Julian lived a life defined by love, laughter, and being a chill dude. After winning the lottery at 45, he retired from teaching to travel the world. Eventually, he and his wife-slash-best friend Lauren Summerlin settled down in Fiji to hike, frolic in the waves, eat nice food, and smoke that devil’s lettuce.

Known for having “the body of the 30-year-old, but not like in a sexual way” and his prowess at the piano, Mr. Jones often credited his late-in-life virtuosic ability on the keys to spiritual guru and former actor Shia LaBeouf.

As stipulated extremely aggressively in his will, this obituary is legally required to include the following anecdote:

“During Navy boot camp, we had to provide a urine sample. We had all been awake for over 48 hours straight. When the drill instructors told us to drop our drawers, I dropped them all the way to my ankles. I was only supposed to drop them half way or enough to provide a sample. They yelled at me. (though I imagine they had a good chuckle with each other afterwards...)”

Mr. Jones was the son of Randy and Rachel Jones and brother of Jeremy and Jennifer Jones. He is survived by his wife Lauren and their dog Ladybird XVI. In lieu of flowers, please make donations to the Somehow We Fixed Climate Change in the Last 50 Years So It’s Actually Not Awful to Have Lived to 100 Fund. Services will be held next Thursday at Legoland Fiji.

In Loving Memory: Jessica Marie Mitchell

Jessica “Jessie” Marie Mitchell, a Philadelphia-area artist, died tragically on January 28 in Riegelsville, Pennsylvania. She was taken too soon at age 33.

She lived her life just like she approached calls with friends and family: with reckless abandon. While swimming in Lake Nockamixon, Jessie cut her foot open and left herself exposed to an extremely rare parasite. Bravely refusing a band-aid, Jessie was rushed to Riegelsville General Hospital, where doctors successfully managed to remove the parasite and seal the wound before infection could set in. But in a tragic turn, the attendant surgeon absent-mindedly left a synthetic glove inside her foot - a senseless and entirely preventable oversight that validated Jessie’s long held anxieties about falling victim to medical malpractice. She died of shock hours later, leaving behind a sink of unwashed dishes.

Born in Aurora, Colorado, Jessie dedicated her life to making things weird. She briefly considered a career as a pilot after high school, but instead found her place was on the ground as an accomplished visual artist. Jessie’s most recognizable work is her cartoons, where she exhibited a sharp satirical wit in humorously skewering the absurdity of modern life. Honestly, it’s really good stuff.

Now, she’s famous. Not for her visual art, rather, for her music. Though not her primary vocation, Jessie had the ability to conjure songs for every occasion, improvising the music and lyrics on the spot. One such song, about not doing the dishes - was secretly recorded by an anonymous eavesdropper and, after her death, was shared on social media in tribute to her memory. The song, “What is Wrong (With Youuuuu),” became an overnight sensation; its catchy refrain and the publicity around her death helped send the track to the top of the charts. It has already been downloaded 142,000 times, received 17 million streams, and been re-recorded in over a dozen languages.

Jessie wasn’t fully appreciated or recognized while she lived, so her posthumous fame seems poetically just given she accepted her friends as they were, and whatever they were capable of giving. She is greatly missed by her peers who lament not having expressed the praise she deserved when was alive -- except for the little girl at the community pool where Jessie swam laps who would always shout encouragingly, “I believe in you!” That girl knew.

A memorial service will be held in her hometown of Riegelsville on February 29, followed by a funeral procession to the Union Cemetery that will pass through the town’s one stoplight. Residents in the Riegelsville metropolitan area should expect traffic delays up to 2-3 minutes more than usual that afternoon.

She is survived by her parents Debbie Jo and Donald Wayne, Jr., brother Nathan, and two best friends on WhatsApp (maybe they’re European?). She is also survived by her partner who remains fiercely independent and continues to watch Love Island in her memory.

In unrelated news, visitors to Lake Nockamixon have reported sightings of a young, sunburned, ethereal female figure lounging on a pier, drinking canned beer and eating ice cream. While these reports can’t be corroborated, this activity bears an uncanny resemblance to what the deceased once described as a “perfect day.”



visitors to Lake Nockamixon have reported sightings of a young, sunburned, ethereal female figure



On Monday, January 15, 2024, Vi Nguyen suddenly left this earth and transitioned to the Great Beyond. She passed away peacefully in her sleep as she predicted she would. Vi always talked about how she wanted people to know the exact details of her death, as that would help them more readily accept it, grieve and move on. Vi passed away from a heart attack while she was asleep in her bed at her Washington DC home (the same bed where she claimed to have experienced “the most embarrassing moment of her life,” on her wedding night). She is survived by her husband, Jonathan and their two children, Twin 1 and Twin 2, her parents, Son Nguyen and Thanh Hoang and her siblings, Doan Quynh, and Andy.

She will always be remembered for her beautiful photography and her love of sleeping in, drinking coffee, taking the pups on a hike, picnicking next to a lake, camping and cooking over an open fire. I personally, will always remember her for her bravery—how she never rehearsed what she was going to say before making a phone call. I wish she would have left me her bravery instead of her old camera in her last will and testament. Oh well.

Vi felt like she no longer had a hometown and requested to be cremated and to have her husband spread her ashes in their favorite hiking spots. She wanted her spirit to simultaneously live on in nature and to be able to pinch his butt every time he hiked their beloved trails.

In life, Vi had no regrets except maybe that she didn't prepare Jonathan enough to live a life without her. How will he do the laundry now??

Vi we will all miss you and hope to see you again sometime, either in this realm as a ghost or on the other side when we are all ghosts.

Hope you are resting in peace, we love you.

What Happens After We Die

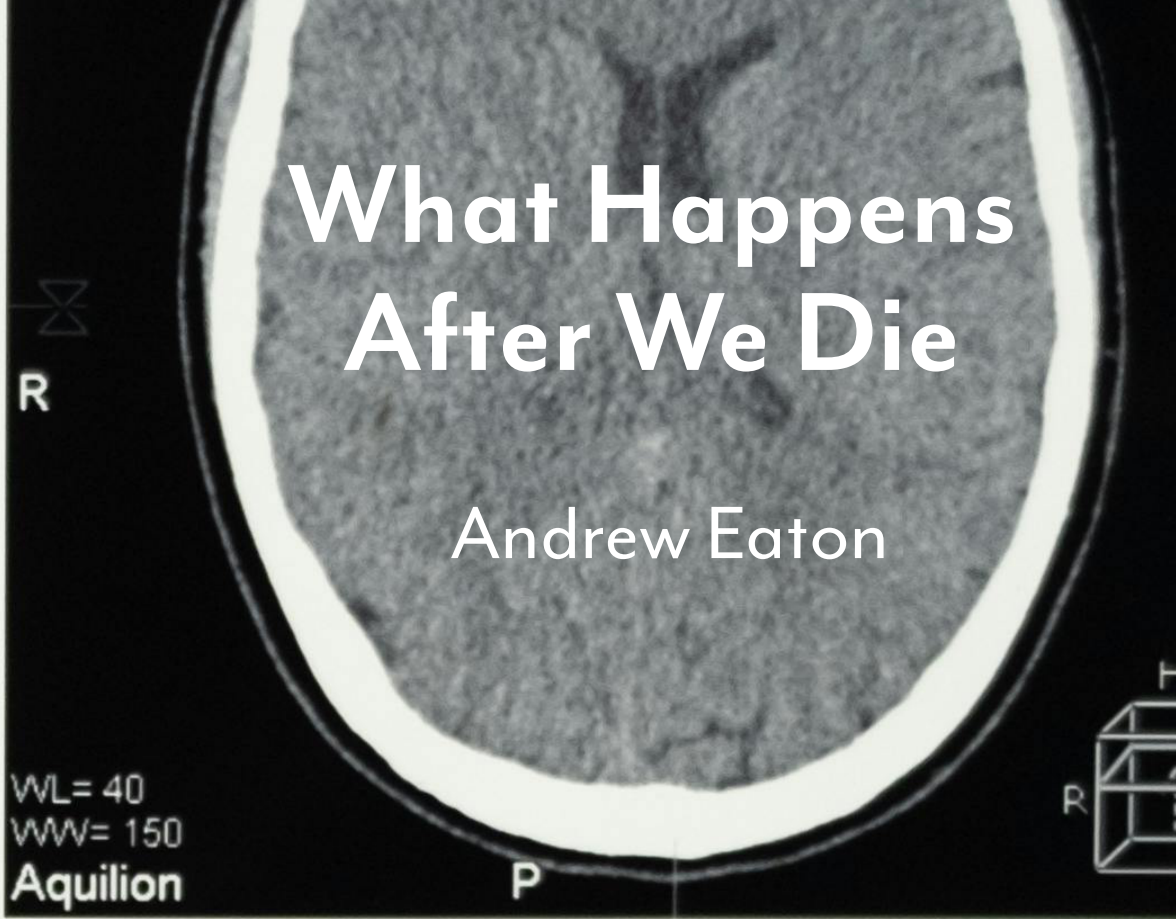
Andrew Eaton

WL= 40
WW= 150
Aquilion

VA O. S.
20:36:857
// 225mAs
5s/0.4mm
HP21.0

829
(205 82)
608: 3: 10651
2.0mm

EGOROVA
2010-11-05 13:20
120kV/ 2
0.75s/



It remains the biggest unanswered question and mystery of the human condition: what happens to our consciousness after we die?

People who survive near-death experiences offer us the closest thing we have to a firsthand account; these survivors claim to have seen visions of bright lights, lights at the end of tunnels, or feeling the sensation of floating above their own bodies.

While these reports offer tantalizing glimpses of what our final moments may look or feel like, it's important to remember these accounts are only descriptions of what it's like to approach death and come back from it - they are not conclusive accounts about where our consciousnesses go when our physical bodies die and remain dead. Therefore, these anecdotes can only provide a glimpse of the journey, not the destination.

But new findings published by researchers at Massachusetts Central University shed light on what might happen to us. In studying a sample group of individuals in their final moments, scientists were able to stimulate and briefly prolong the brain activity of the subjects after they were pronounced dead, allowing them to tap into and monitor what the subjects' brains were perceiving. Here's a look at what some individuals experienced.

The most surprising revelation was that, for most subjects, they experienced what constitutes an afterlife. And not necessarily the same one.

Test subjects seemed to recognize an afterlife that corresponded with the one they believed in when they were alive. Subjects who staunchly believed they would not go to an afterlife when they died did not see one. These individuals registered the extreme sensation of nothing, an absolute crushing blackness - not unlike being in a sensory deprivation chamber.

While this sounds like the least desirable way to spend eternity, there was one outlier in this trend: the inferior frontal and temporal brain areas of one atheist subject registered hearing Tom Cochrane's "Life is a Highway" playing on infinite loop.

For the religious, the afterlife adhered more closely to what the subjects expected.

The fusiform face area of Catholic subjects recognized the likeness of St. Peter standing in front of wrought-iron gates. The brain activity extended long enough in one individual that researchers were even able to parse out some of the exchange between the subject and the Christian apostle, who explained that Heaven would be placing qualified candidates into eternal vocations in accordance with their skills. The brain activity in this subject terminated shortly after St. Peter asked them to describe their experience working with Microsoft Excel.

For Hindu and Buddhist subjects, many experienced a sensation of becoming reincarnated as an animal. Much to their disappointment, the subjects did not get to choose which animal they came back as. "Lots of squirrels," commented Dr. Debra Stitz, the neuroscientist heading the research team.

Some subjects appeared to repeat their life exactly how it started (as a baby), but because newborns can't form long-term memories and have undeveloped cognitive abilities, the subjects were unaware they were getting another shot at their lives.

For the decidedly agnostic, things were more varied.

"It remains the biggest unanswered question and mystery of the human condition..."

The most reliable insights came from subjects who surveyed as experiencing endophasia, or an inner speech narrating their thoughts, when they lived.

One such subject observed, “It turns out we don’t choose the path we walk in life. No, that path is laid out for us by the same ancient aliens who built the pyramids.”

Another remarked, “Finally, some peace and quiet from everyone’s goddamn thoughts and opinions.”

The inner monologue for most male subjects fixated on the regret of not clearing their internet browser history before dying.

Several Gen X subjects entered surreal afterlives that scientists initially thought were figments of their imaginations - except that the depictions looked vaguely familiar to one researcher. “Thanks to their loved ones, we were able to determine these subjects were stepping into afterlives that resembled the cover art of their favorite prog rock albums,” concluded Stitz. “Tarkus, Pawn Hearts, Gazeuse! – none of us had ever heard of these albums, so we had no context for what we were looking at. There was some really obscure stuff that goes for thousands [of dollars] on Discogs.”

Some subjects were given the option by a personification of Death to go back and haunt their former residence for a finite period of time. This appealed to many of the young and elderly subjects, though it came with the caveat that the haunting period would be rendered void and their soul forfeit should they be successfully exorcised.

“The mechanics of the deal were pretty straightforward,” added Dr. Thomas Von Norwick, a neuropsychologist. “But there was a bit of a language barrier, as Death only spoke Swedish and most of our subjects did not.”

What if the subjects didn’t hold a strong conception of an afterlife? Expectedly, most were extremely distressed.

“We observed strong reactivity in the amygdala, in the limbic region of the brain,” explained Stitz, “particularly in those who held strong attachments to

"Expectedly, most were extremely distressed."

people they left behind. Dealing with the trauma of death and trying to comprehend their own existence sent them to a very dark place for a while.”

But then, something would happen.

“After experiencing the terror and grief of their own death, a sort of transformation occurred,” she continued. “It was like a veil had been lifted, because their occipital lobe processed images better than it did when they were alive. And in time, the subjects entered - or returned to - a semblance of the existence they remembered.”

For many, this took the form of an airport, where they would disembark from a plane and see loved ones they recognized waiting for them. There were many happy reunions (and first meetings) between generations of families and friends.

“It seems this grieving process was the only way they could pass through,” Norwick added. “Grieving became a kind of knowing, accepting, and understanding, without which the subjects would not have been able to find or recognize their kin in this place.”

While everyone experienced the afterlife differently, scientists observed one common denominator between the subjects.

“Once they adjusted to their new place in the afterlife,” said Stitz, “the subjects eventually reverted to spending most of their time looking at their phones.” •



In Loving Memory of Christine Erin Summerlin

Christine Erin Summerlin, the outdoorsy and self-proclaimed teleportation enthusiast, bid her final farewell today, slipping peacefully into the abyss surrounded by a pack of wild dogs. Born on June 4th, 1993, in Waxahachie, TX, Christine was the partner to Alex, daughter of Donna and Richard, and the slightly boujee-ier sister to Lauren and Amanda.

Christine/Erin's last few years of her life were filled with painting much-loved murals of Taylor Swift and volunteering at a survivors from projectile vomiting on Broadway support group. In her final days she received a text from Taylor Swift, inviting her for a brunch to thank her for all of her beautiful murals she painted over the years. During the brunch, Taylor confessed her true sexuality to her, making Christine's heart stop briefly, giving everyone a scare. Christine sprung back awake, and then to Travis Kelce's dismay, teleported herself and Taylor to Rocky Mountain National Park where they trail ran, paddle boarded with her dog Ruby, ate wedge salad's, and fell asleep together under the stars smoking a large joint. Travis was upset he was not invited.

During the romantic teleportation journey, a mysterious stranger appeared and admired Christine's outstanding dog-owning skills and good natured personality. Which impressed Taylor and made Christine know she could now die happy.

She leaves behind her legacy of renovated houses, Swiftie murals, and credit card debt (which her new lover/bestie Taylor offered to pay off). Her health, mind, partner Alex, family, friends, and her beloved dog Ruby were what Christine valued most. In her honor, let's remember Christine for her spontaneity, smile, and her unique ability to teleport.

She will be dearly missed but fondly remembered for her self-awareness and communication skills. Rest in peace, Christine, and may your afterlife be filled with rock-climbing, trail runs, and all the Taylor Swift songs you can think of (but specifically My Tears Ricochet).

Lauren M Summerlin

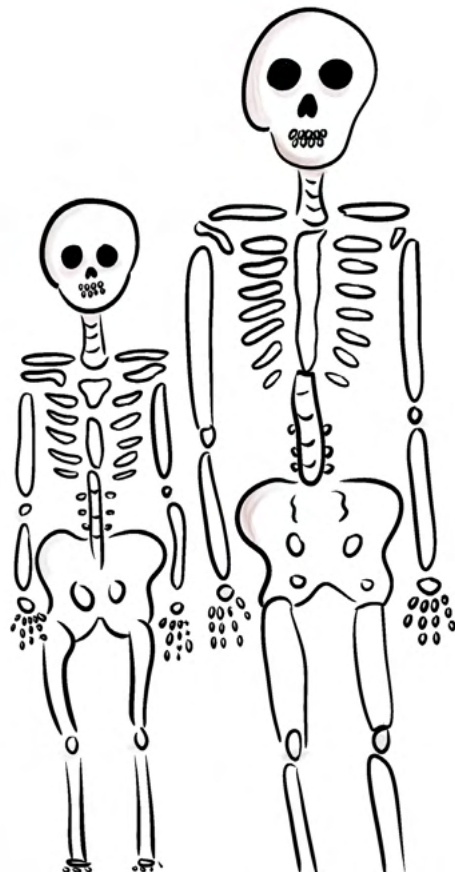
1989–2081

Lauren Michelle Summerlin, who ran 13.1 miles to no specific destination at least 60 times throughout her long life, died on February 23, 2081 at 11:30 am doing just that. The Texan turned Michigander's final act was to flip off the local news camera crew before collapsing inches away from the finish line at the Austin Half Marathon, where she would have finished first in her age category (but certainly not overall.) Lauren was 91 years old.

Lauren Summerlin was born December 27, 1989 to accountants Donna and Richard Summerlin of Midlothian, Texas. Lauren made comics her entire life, getting her start at the Midlothian High School newspaper the *Panther SCREAM* and later her college paper the *Daily Texan*. (At this time the news was printed on physical, manufactured material called paper, made from thin sheets of wood pulp.) She eventually had her work published in the *New York Times*, the *New Yorker*, and *Squirts*. She is survived by her sisters, Amanda and Christine, nieces, Alexis and Whitley, and dogs, Barky, Yips, Tucker, Spot, Chuck, Nickels, and Carpetlicker. Lauren is preceded in death by her partner of 40 years, Teacher of the Century Julian Jones. Like Jones, Lauren's body will be donated to science.

Lauren's lifetime accomplishments include seeing every single Nicolas Cage movie, getting her Master's in Fine Arts degree at age 75, fostering/housing 267 dogs in her lifetime, and of course, running – a lot. When asked if she's learned any lessons on her many jaunts Lauren said, "it's always a good time when a Missy Elliot song comes on."

If you would like to pay respects to Lauren there will be a ceremony at the Satanic Temple in Austin at 7:00 PM Friday February 28. The family asks that donations be made to the Women's Legal Fund of Texas. Alternatively, you may visit her skeleton, which will be on display at the Austin Children's Museum from March 1st through April 20th.



about us

Allison Asbury

is a UX designer living in Denver, CO. She enjoys listening to true crime podcasts, playing with dogs, traveling, and being outdoors. Her background is in UX/UI design and front-end web development. Check out her website: www.allisonardenasbury.com

Lua Darger

Is an illustrator and tattooer living in Austin, Texas. She loves all things paranormal and considers herself a medium. She's also a mom (not a cool mom) and lover of cats. You can see more of her work at luadarger.com

Andrew Eaton

is a project manager living in Alexandria, VA. He hosts the Film Club screening series for the Alamo Drafthouse. You can see more of his writing and film work at andreweaton.me.

Audrey Ference

is a writer (the boring kind, not the cool kind) living in Austin, TX. This is her first attempt at constructing a crossword puzzle, though she has a 773-day solving streak at the times (brag).

Julian Jones

is a teacher in Austin, TX. He likes hanging out with his dog and reading the news, sorta, it's kinda a love/hate thing. He is married to a VERY COOL PERSON.

Jessie Mitchell

is a cog in the machine living in Ardmore, PA. She likes large bodies of water, coffee, and chachkies. She dislikes onions, when people are only described as “nice,” and mechanical pencils. You can see more here: jsmeej.wixsite.com/seasonsnbread

Lauren Summerlin

is a graphic designer in Austin, TX. She doesn't like eyeballs but thinks mechanical pencils are okay. She hasn't seen most movies. You can view her portfolio at laurensummerlindesigns.com

Erin Summerlin (She/Her)

Is a Digital Art Director based in Denver, CO. For the past 5 years Erin has immersed herself in the world of graphic design, UX design, rock climbing, and trail running. You can find her deep in thought on her computer or out in the back country. You can view her work at erinsummerlin.com or connect with her on Instagram [@erinsummerlin](https://www.instagram.com/erinsummerlin).

Vi Nguyen

is a photographer based in Washington D.C. who wants people to feel. To feel all the feels, go to www.viwashere.com.

The proof that we don't understand death is
we give dead people a pillow.

...And why do we have the guy all dressed up
in a suit?

Is he sleeping, is he going to an important
meeting?

Is he going to nap in a meeting?

We need to decide where we think these
people are going.

– Jerry Seinfeld

Is This Anything?