

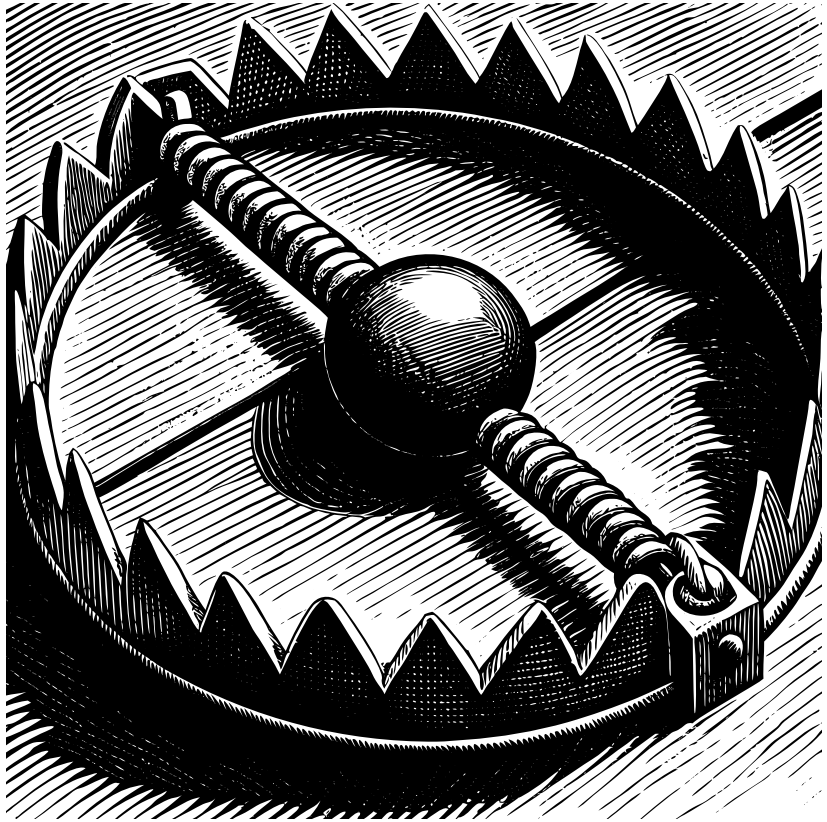
*An Incomplete Toast  
for Matt*

- - -

For Matt, who builds traps for  
strangers at midnight and names  
them like a circus clown's diary.  
We have read the field manuals.

We have refreshed the chat  
waiting for advice. We are all still  
here, and we are all still grateful.

This one is for you.





## *We Have To Talk About The Names*

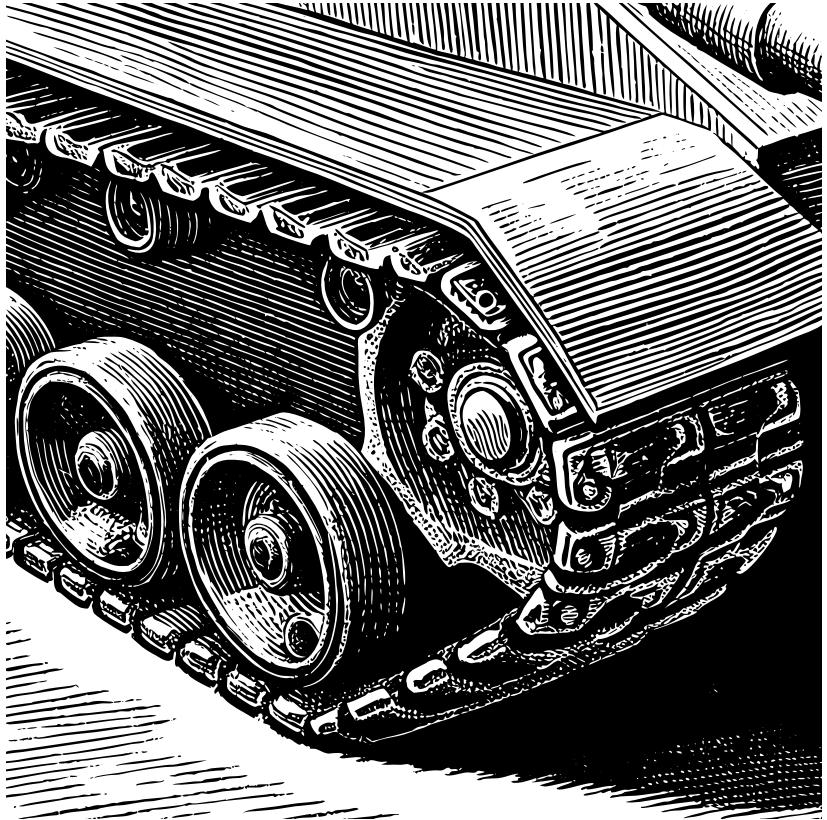
Look. Matt builds honeypots. Serious ones. Real traps for real attackers, engineered with the patience of a man defusing a bomb. And then he names them clownpeanuts. He names them SquirrelOps. Matt will spend nine hours hardening a piece of infrastructure that could ruin a stranger's whole evening, and the file will be called clownpeanuts. We have seen it. We did not believe it either. Somewhere right now there is a frustrated intruder staring at a system named after circus snacks, slowly losing his mind, and that is exactly the point. The work is dead serious. The label is a joke. That gap, that is the whole man. He builds the most careful thing in the room and then refuses to let it take itself seriously. We love him for the gap.





## *About That Time After The Storm*

Here's the thing about Matt. When the hurricane came, Matt did not post about the hurricane. Matt got on the roofs. The relief crew went up in the heat, and Matt went where the heat was worst — the bad pitches, the exposed sections, the tarping nobody volunteers for twice. We know because we asked around. He does not bring it up. You have to drag it out of him, and even then he describes it like a maintenance log: went up, tarped, came down. No story arc. No medal. Matt treats one of the hardest, hottest, most generous things a person can do like he was just clearing the gutters. That is who he is when nobody is watching. Quietly, on a roof, doing the part that hurts. We saw, Matt. We saw.





## *The Matt Method (Prose Division)*

Listen. Matt writes like a Swiss field manual. Terse. Declarative. Subject, verb, devastating period. While the rest of us are out here gluing four clauses together with hope and commas, Matt writes a sentence so clean it could perform surgery. Nothing is decorative. Nothing is extra. If a word is not pulling its weight, Matt fires the word. We have read his essays. We have felt personally addressed by their efficiency. You finish a Matt paragraph and feel like you just received instructions for surviving in the wilderness, and you trust them completely. And then — every single time — he signs it in lowercase. funkcat. The most disciplined prose in the building, signed off by a man who apparently could not be bothered to find the shift key. Perfect. Don't change a letter.





## *We Need To Address The Decimal*

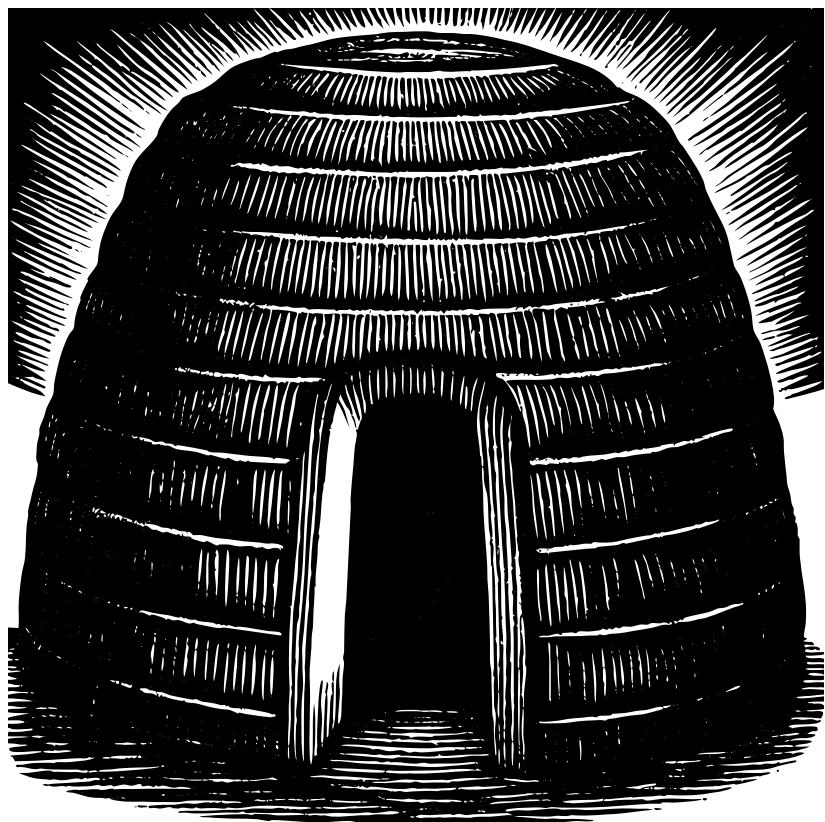
Okay. We have to talk about the half point. Matt once argued, out loud, fully committed, that he is a four-point-five point Calvinist. Not four. Not five. Four point five. Matt found a decimal inside the doctrine — a doctrine famous for not having decimals — and then he negotiated with the theology like it was a vendor contract. We watched him do it. He held the line on that half point with the calm of a man who had already run the numbers. Most people pick a team and sit down. Matt audited the team, located a rounding error, and filed an amendment. He cannot accept a system he has not personally stress-tested, even a five-hundred-year-old one. That is the same brain that builds the honeypots. We adore the decimal, Matt. Never round up.





## *An Incomplete List Of: The Funhouse*

Here's what you need to understand about Matt. Catching an intruder is not enough. Stopping them is not enough. Matt has to confuse them. Matt cannot resist procedurally generating an entire funhouse — fake doors, fake hallways, fake everything — purely to send some attacker wandering through a maze that does not exist. We have asked him whether this is strictly necessary. It is not. He does it anyway. Somewhere out there a person tried to break in and instead got a guided tour of a building that was never real, designed by a man who was clearly enjoying himself. The defense was done. The funhouse was just for fun. Matt, you turned security into a haunted house for jerks, and we have never once seen you happier. Keep generating the maze.





## *The Part Where You Ask Matt*

Look. We all do the same thing. Something breaks, something looks suspicious, something does not make sense, and we go quiet and we open a message to Matt. Because here is the truth: when you actually ask, Matt is the sharpest answer in the room. No hedging. No twenty-minute preamble. He listens, he thinks, and then he hands you the one sentence that solves it — usually shorter than the question. We have all received this sentence. We have all sat there going oh, of course, that's it. He does not lord it over anyone. He just knows things, deeply, and gives them away the second you ask. The honeypots, the roofs, the field-manual prose, the half-point doctrine — it all comes from the same place. Matt pays attention. Then Matt helps. Everybody, on three.

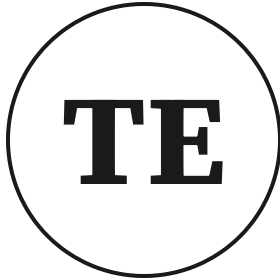
Assembled from eyewitness testimony,  
recovered lowercase signatures, and at least  
one disputed decimal point. No clownpeanuts  
were harmed. The funhouse remains  
operational. Every roast herein was filed in  
love and notarized by people who have all, at  
one point, texted Matt a question at a deeply  
unreasonable hour and gotten a perfect  
answer. We love him exactly like this.

Token of Esteem No. 1 of 1

Voice: Best Friend

friend

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**SUBMITTED INTO EVIDENCE, FUNKCAT**