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By THE EDITORS
Times Staff

After some minor difficulties, our technical team has succeeded in their task. Now you can use your favorite web browser to keep up with the news at surrealtimes.net. We'll

post miscellaneous updates there, and we will maintain an archive of published newspaper editions.

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will neglect to post newspapers archives online until one hex after distribution date.

The Editors can be reached at management@surrealtimes.net

From the mouth of the pig:

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUEI
Times Senior Editor

"Around the Martyr's chunky cylinder;"

Armādeius Galouei can be reached at armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

NERB SPEAKS

By COMMON OBSERVER
Times Correspondent

When Nerb speaks, the people listen.

Today a crowd gathered around this old, decrepit Nerb, who sat leaned up against the brick walls of the town hall. He sat there in only his underpants, despite the cold. He also war a warm, winter hat that covered his ears. On the sidewalk, on his left side, he kept a large, steaming mug.

Nerb would have been at peace had it not been for the myriad of swarming wasps who encroached upon him and poked and prodded him with their stingers and recording devices. They made Nerb sit stoically, his eyes fixed on a single point a million miles away. His skin appeared to have turned to stone. This was the defense mechanism he employed.

Nerb's complexion, frozen in place, was the complexion of a man disgusted by the world, but a man who cares very much for a small number of its inhabitants. It was the complexion of a man burdened by his love for the good and the innocent. It was the complexion

of a man who'd have done himself long ago had it not been for these good and innocent fellows few and far between.

So stoic Nerb waited for an eternity leaning against the town hall. He waited until the stinging, profiteering pokers and prodders became tired and went home. He waited until crowd had dissipated and The People remained. Then he reached for his mug. His body was still frigid, so reaching for anything was a struggle of a task. But he got ahold of the mug. For a moment, he allowed it to rest against his lips, warming his lips. A short while later he sipped in a great gulp of warm wisdom which he savored as it passed down his esophagus. This warmth reverberated from within Nerb.

Suddenly, Nerb was human and agile again, looking to and fro, looking into the eyes of everyone around. Nerb had these eyes... When a person looks into Nerb's eyes, they become entirely captivated. In short order, Nerb had captivated The People.

Continued... See "Nerb Speaks" on page 2.

Political Update: Jeb Bush cruises to victory.

By JOSH MATTEO,
Political Correspondent

Winning 49% percent of the popular vote, Republican candidate Jeb Bush has won the presidency. Even if the continued murmurs of recounts continue in certain contested counties, Bush has a commanding lead. Although the Bush campaign was unable to break 50%, the heavy third party presence does make this a strong win. Bush will have a clear mandate ahead of him. His moderate positions should not be too hard to implement, as Bush has largely escaped the negative name recognition associated with his brother. Bush delivered part of his acceptance speech in Spanish, and invited his wife to the microphone to thank the Hispanic community for their support. He promise to work with all Americans, regardless of the language they speak. When asked for his thoughts on his win, president-elect Bush replied with one phrase: "Slow and steady wins the race."

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A Most Bizarre Questionnaire

By ZULU Z. ZULU,
Times Staff

How often do you make a decision - a conscious and final effort to shave some possibilities out of your future and instill certainty in how you'd like to continue? Once or twice a day? Or countless times? Is going to class each day a decision, or does every time you go to class fall under the one grand decision of going to college in the first place? Can you play the trumpet? Have you ever been to Japan? If you could, would yo go? Can you taste the electrolytes in Gatorade? Like me, do you think bug spray is a hoax? Have you ever been to summer camp? Do you know what an upper decker is? Who has the most home runs in history? "History", who came up with that spelling? Have you ever attempted to swim across the ocean? Will you?

Continued... See "Questionnaire" on page 2.

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By THE EDITORS
Times Staff

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The Editors can be reached at management@surrealtimes.net

RADICALS GO VIOLENT

By UNDERCARRIAGE ROTH
Times Correspondent

A long-operating faction of leftist radicals from Amherst has escalated to violent force in their efforts to combat the area's monopolized transportation authority, PVTa. This weekend, they bombed a pickup location in the downtown area. One person suffered minor injuries. The glass shelter coinciding with the bus stop was obliterated. And the following words were left spray-painted on the pavement.

"PVTa is complicit. PVTa must be dissolved."

Please use caution when dealing with these people. They believe the ends with justify any means. Accordingly, you are but one hash mark on a two-sided ledger. If your -1 casualty may lead to net positive progress toward their ideal, then events will not work in your favor. So please, be careful.

Fortunately, nobody was hurt seriously. We can be thankful for that.

Undercarriage Roth can be reached at uroth@surrealtimes.net

A peculiar occurence

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER
Times Staff

On the most particular day of the prior bihex, a frittering monkey detective distanced himself from a crowd of wild animals and miscellaneous raving beasts and ghosts and goblins. From a distance, he could better perform his duty. But also, he was safe, and he no longer risked being trampled or trapped in the crowd during a wildfire.

For a while he did his duty, monkeying to perpetuate his detecting. All was well and good until a terrifying lioness

This frittering monkey had been leaning against a great large ledge on the innerside of a mountain. When the lioness prowelled in, the monkey thought of the ice age. He thought of whales. And he thought of the thick ice blockading them underwater for years and years longer than even the most expansive of whale lungs could ever hold their breath.

Suddenly the lioness had her teeth caressing the monkey's neck. The monkey could not speak. He could not move.

Continued... See "A Peculiar Occurence" on page 3.

Ride The Wave of Humble Digs

By DOCTOR GOLDSTEIN,
Times Staff

Imagine riding a wave. Now imagine melting into that wave as it crashes over you, pulling you down into the purgatory of the ocean. There are whales there, dancing. There are fish. Sharks. Crabs passing by in a current, flailing their claws in a vain attempt to cling on to that swirling rip, forged by the hands of Humble Digs.

The creatures revel in response to the intensity of the rip, building on itself until it becomes a tsunami. Traveling in the core of the vortex, the dancing creatures swirl around you as you rise, breaking the crest of the ocean.

You take a breath, and your body surrenders to another wave rolling over the frothing surface. It lifts you up one final time before crashing you peacefully back onto the floor of the VFW. You lie there in the euphoric wake as the final cadence washes over you.

Take the ride tonight, 11/10 at the VFW - Amherst.

Doctor Goldstein can be reached at drg@surrealtimes.net.

Nerb Speaks

(Continued from page 1) ...It was then he reached into his mug and removed from the steaming liquid a pair of dentures. Nerb put these in his mouth. After doing so, he put his mug down.

He told myself and the others that "The Nerb is prepared to speak."

He said to us, "Gather round, good fellows. Sit cross-legged. It is warmest that way. It is warmest that way, and tension in one's glutes give rise to tension in the core which tightens the back which pulls

on the neck muscles and facial muscles and thereby opens one's ears."

We did as Nerb said.

What came next was a tale of epic battles and love and loss. It was a story of tragedy and revenge, and accidental misdeeds that were interpreted as intentional and later avenged. It was an anecdote of the hopelessness of vigilantism, but the ceaseless temptation of kicking the dog that bite's your daughter's toe. It was a historic tale.

Nerb warned us of the times to come. He said that "sometimes you are having a good, peaceful time. And sometimes you are

laying on the grass, watching the clouds float by. On occasions such as these, you might find a rock in your hands, and you might throw this rock into the woods. By no intention of yours, you might bonk a short-armed fat man off the head. This short-armed fatman might be knocked unconscious for a good while. You imagine he might wake up later angry and furious, wanting to charge at you and hit you with a bigger rock. So to prevent such a danger, you might put the short-armed fat man in a cage. That way, he will wake up unable to cause you harm."

"Though this short-armed

fatman might be good at heart," Nerb said, "and though you meant him no harm originally, there is an inertia to action. You must act according to this inertia, or else you forsake one of the universe's axioms. Do not forsake the axioms! Good, innocent people, you must understand: To forsake one axiom is to inspire others to forsake other axioms. Defection spreads like The Plague. So, in no time, we could have complete anarchy of the axioms. Apples will fall up, then down, then apples will not fall at all."

"It is difficult, I know", Nerb said, "but you all, the good and innocent, you mustn't be too

pure. The world is not pure, and your being pure is causing great abstract pressure differentials. Turbulence! You must homogenize!!! You must assimilate with the injustices of the world!"

Nerb, while preaching more fervently than ever before, began solidifying back into stone. His legs hardened. Then his torso. Then his arms. Then is fingers and his facial extremities. Finally, his jaw and lips began to stonify. But before he was entirely paralyzed, he uttered one final paramount: "Good people of the world, grow some balls. Do not dare release the short-armed fatman."

And that was that. Once Nerb had hardened, I watched a young boy kneel by his side. The boy carefully removed Nerb's dentures and placed them back in the man's mug.

Since then, Nerb has remained as stone.

I'd like to say "Thanks Nerb". But he is a stone, unable to hear my thanks. So: Until next time, Nerb.

Signed,
Common Observer.

Common Observer can be reached at common.observer (at) surrealtimes.net.

Questionnaire

(Continued from page 1) ... Is it the clouds that are stopping you? Is your biggest fear right angles? Why are there only right angles in Southwest? Do you know about relativity? Have you ever sat on a lit stove, causing your pants to bum, and then run out into a New York City street begging for mercy and redemption only to be saved by a man in a blue Elmo costume?

Is there such thing as a dumb question? Do you think I can answer any of my own questions? Is it pompous to

think I can? When was the last time you watched a full length documentary focusing on how fish in Southeast Asia were, and still are affected by the Vietnam War? Am I right to assume your next thought after reading the last question was that no such thing exists? If you could read people's minds in 30 second blocks, one unfiltered block per person per day, would you? How many Zs are in your family ancestry?

What is planet Earth's ultimate fate? Does it matter considering in all likelihood no

one alive today will be around to see it? Do you believe in guarantees? Are you aware of how many foreign governments the C.I.A. has destroyed? Did you watch Game 7 of the World Series? What is the future of professional baseball across the world? Do you find it ironic that it is the most popular sport in Cuba, and Fidel Castro himself was an admirer of the game? Where is flight MH370? Have you checked under your couch cushions? When was ice cream invented? How did it get to the United States? Was it

really Dolley Madison who brought it here? If you had 86,000 LEGO pieces what would you build? Would you craft something magnificent and awe-inspiring or would you let them set in a pile of multicolored, plastic rubble out of indecision and/or fear of making something other people won't approve of? Would you prefer to live in a country that drives on the left?

Zulu Z. Zulu can be reached at zzz@surrealtimes.net.

A peculiar occurrence

(Continued from page 1) ... But the lioness spoke in exotic tounge and the monkey told jokes. And the lioness danced and the monkey scratched and clowned. She roared and he ooh ooh ahh ahh'ed. They made swirling good music and, while the lunatics out of focus acted like lunatics do, this lioness and her monkey shared a raving conversation in the first-person, regarding events neither had taken part in or ever known of, using a

language neither had ever spoken or heard in their lives.

When it was time to go, the two exchanged hats and smiled. That was that. Sweaty, smiling, and satisfied, onward went the world until the arbitrary next time when again the lioness would venture from her kingdom and when again the Eternal Surveyor of All Things That Are would back himself against the rocks.

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Kind soul does what he can

Letter of The Editor

By Reverend Garland Hobbes,
Times Correspondent

Subjects of God,

In these dark, weary times, it is so easy for a citizen of the world to relax his eyelids and let his vision go narrow. It is so excruciatingly simple, the way hardship causes the individual to forget that he is not so individual after all, and that there are a million fellows with hands to lend, and that there are a million fellows in need of lending.

In the shadows of this dome here, I have felt the weight myself. On my shoulders! Indeed, I have allowed my vision to go narrow. And I admit, while sulking the hallways of our imprisoned chapel, I have passed by many entrapped souls without lending my hand.

They lay there hungry and Godless. I am a telephone operating over heaven's cable lines. With little effort or cost, I could make a world of difference in these peoples' lives.

Yet I admit, I pass them by.

I do not write this so you will pity me. I write because sometimes, in this world, the citizens with the most to give are sometimes the least willing to give it. Sometimes the poor are most willing to lend a dime.

in our imprisoned chapel. He is one who you would least expect. He is a commoner so common, if he were to cross he legs by your side, it is likely he wouldn't catch your gaze.

He is a small tree frog. He Has nothing but ugliness and smell. But he gathers green from high-ranking leaves and exquisite moss, and wherever he can, and he distributes it to those in need.

I saw him leaned against the wall one night. This was after he had distributed all his bread to the prisonors in the dome. The frog's ribs protruded from his skin so horribly. So I said to him, "Mr. Frog, I am aware you had a modest supply of bread just this morning. Yet you appear starving. Why on earth have you starved yourself?"

Do you know what he said to me? He did not say a word. Because he was dead asleep, exhausted from his day's work and resting for the coming day of work.

Citizens of the world, this fellow is an inspiration. He ought to inspire you. He ought to inspire everyone in this God-forsaken place.

Now pray, Everyone. Pray and Do.

I wish you the best. Your fellow subject, Reverend Garland Hobbes.

The Reverend can be reached at underood@surrealtimes.net

OPEN QUESTIONS REGARDING THE DYNAMICS OF BALLOONS

By Professor Burgowitz,
Times Staff

Physicysts have long pondered the question: How does a balloon function as it does? Just four days ago, I spoke to Harald D. Knobb regarding this matter. Harald holds a PhD in Physical and Environmental Relationships Between Things, and he was glad to share with me the insights he has accumulated over the years.

"Most importantly", he told me, "the phenomena of the balloon rocket arises from the fact that a balloon is composed of an elastic medium which compresses its contained air to a pressure higher than the atmospheric norm. This differential causes a fast-paced diffusion of fluid from high to low pressure, and thereby, a materialization of Isaac Neuton's third law. Ultimately, everything is a materialization of the conservation of energy in collusion with Newton's third law."

I proceeded to ask Dr. Knobb why, when a balloon rocket is launched, it produces a whistling sound, and why, when different balloon rockets are launched, they produce differing sounds? And I asked him why sometimes certain balloons produce different frequencies of sounds depending on the context. And I asked him whether consistently-sounding balloons

are born with or somehow predetermined to have their respective frequency ranges, or whether the sound a rocket balloon makes is more dependent on conditioning or self-habitualization of sorts. For example, what is the primary cause of a rocket balloon's sound during a particular release: the balloon's innate structure, or the precise way in which its mouth was held by the releaser prior to release? Or is their another predominant factor? I asked him these and various other questions.

Unfortunately Dr. Knobb was unable to provide me with answers in as much as he provided me more questions. He asked me, rather rudely, "Professor, why, when you open your mouth, does sound come out? What must I do to halt this phenomena?"

Having replied snarkily as he did, the man then pinched my belly ferociously and stormed into the distance. I imagine he did this because such a passionate, principled seeker of truth becomes overwhelmed when faced with the reality of how much we do not know.

Awaiting further correspondence.

Professor Burgowitz can be reached at burgowitz@surrealtimes.net.

The Man made of Black

By Doctor Goldstein,
Times Staff

The sun grows weary, and begins to rest its head on the pillow of trees that line the valley, slowly sinking, into the silhouetted distance, blessing the earth with an explosion of color. A moment of silence is followed. A moment of silence heard only by the Man made of Black.

The silence is his signal that awakens him from his nocturnal slumber. Telling him to strap on his black leather boots, wield his ebony cane, fasten his velvet cloak, and embark into the twilight.

In the horizon he is barely visible. Skipping over mountains, dancing, His cane leading the way, His cloak trailing, Dragging over the once quiet valleys and leaving them in the roar of darkness.

He laughs as stars careen from his open mouth. Rising into the virgin prairie above.

Doctor Goldstein can be contacted at drg@surrealtimes.net.

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AN UPDATE ON SOUTH WORCESTER

By CLARENCE MON,
Times Correspondent

Many years ago, Worcester Dining Commons employed a green-haired hitch-hiker, Jeff O'Lume, who had come upon Amherst and decided to settle down. At this time, Mr. O'Lume had no money or possessions. Therefore, during the initial years of Mr. O'Lume's employment at Worcester Dining, he had no option but to sleep on the prickly grass of Orchard Hill.

But Mr. O'Lume has since progressed up the ranks from Tomato Slicer to Cheese Sprinkler to Slice Slicer to Pizza Cooker to Chief Pizza Designer Emeritus. He received many salary increases and eventually he became quite wealthy. In fact, Mr. O'Lume became so wealthy, he was able to fund a not-for-profit education organization called PATHSSFT (Pizza and Train Hopping School Super Fun Time), which worked in collaboration with The University to teach practical skills in addition to theoretical and academic subjects.

In the process of founding and managing PATHSSFT, Mr. O'Lume became acquainted with members of the UMass administration including the Chancellor himself.

O'Lume and Chancellor Subbaswamy began as associates working for a common cause. But progressively, they became friends. UMass alums report seeing the two frolicking together around the campus ponds, telling stories to each other and telling jokes. O'Lume even constructed a swing-set for the Chancellor at the Chancellor's house. Many

alums reported seeing the two swinging together, watching the sunset and drinking wine.

The collaboration between PATHSSFT and UMass reached far and wide, benefiting millions of students if not tens of millions. Yet all so suddenly as it formed, the wonderful philanthropy came to an abrupt halt. Chancellor Subbaswamy abolished PATHSSFT, citing the organization for corruption, money laundering, and the indoctrination of our youth. Our rags-to-riches hero pizza Cheff, the alleged mastermind of the aforementioned crimes, was imprisoned just South of his beloved Worcester Dining Commons. Mr. O'Lume was sentenced to gaze upon what he loved for all eternity from behind bars.

It was generally understood that this was a necessary and just punishment.

However, during the bihex 14 B.S.T., Mrs. Subbaswamy produced a baby. It was a beautiful baby, but it grew green hair.

Subbaswamy filled with rage and banished Mr. O'Lume to a distant and unknown land. After doing so, he imprisoned the green-haired child in South Worcester Prison. Not long after, Newborns far and wide began sprouting green hair. In response, Subbaswamy formed a detainment force comprising alums and students alike. The ROTC program led this force in the rounding up and imprisonment of all green-haired children.

These green-haired children were put in prison, and in prison they were to remain for the duration of their lives. They

matured behind those bars. Sympathizing passersby would feed them bread. Raid would bring them water. But nothing more could be done for them.

Just last bihex, though, it was reported that the lock had been cut. Subbaswamy rounded up his imprisonment force and went searching for green-haired children. He searched everywhere coming up empty, only to find that despite the lock having been cut, and although the prison gates swung wide open, every green-haired child remained in place.

Sympathizers tried convincing the children to run and hide, but the children cowered away and hide in the shadows of their cells. Subbaswamy replaced the lock. It was cut yet again. But the children neglected to escape yet again, and so Subbaswamy no longer bothers to replace the lock.

This is old news. The new news is that small, potted plants have been being left in South Worcester Prison by anonymous visitors. If you know the source of these potted plants, please contact ROTCDPIP or Chancellor Subbaswamy himself. Also, be aware that you are not welcome at South Prison visitation hours while wearing a backpack. This rule is necessary to prevent smuggling of goods. Be aware, from this time henceforth, wearing a backpack in those walls is a prosecutable offense. Be aware of this, and be aware that this will be camera-enforced during the hours when the gates of South Worcester Prison are not manned.

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This We Cannot Allow

By DR. EVANS,
Times Correspondent

Like many Americans, I think that you're thinking what I'm thinking. And that thinking is this: we cannot allow this to happen. The powers that be, they want it to happen. But you know, and I know, that it cannot and should not and, by

God, will not happen. I hope we can stand together and say that, if this should happen, we will not accept it, and will demand another shot at it. This is the issue of our times, and we cannot sit idly by while others continue to march on the road of making this happen. I feel so strongly about this that,

in fact, if it does happen, I hope you will join me on a march (a march to where it is happening). If we stand united, I do believe that we can stop this. This, this we cannot allow.

Dr. Evans can be contacted at evans@surrealtimes.net.

Slam your head against the wall

By WILLIAM HOWARD

I know what you're thinking: Slam my head against a wall? What are you, crazy, with this talk of slamming your head against the wall? Well let me break it down with facts about slamming your head against the wall. First off, your head is the perfect size to be slammed against the wall. Your neck is a fantastic delivery device to slam your head against a wall. It is very strong, and capable of moving the head extremely quickly, and this makes it perfect for slamming your head against the wall. In fact, there

are a number of ways you can slam your head against the wall. You can go for "The Classic": a forwards motion to slam your head against the wall. You've got "The Reverse," which is moving your head backwards to slam it against the wall. The third common option is what I call "The Twister," rapidly circle your head, creating centrifugal force, then use that force to slam your head against the wall. Many celebrities have slammed their heads against the wall. John Travolta loved the idea so much that he

slammed his career against the wall while he slammed his head against the wall. Pink Floyd famously advocated for slamming your head against the wall with their famous album "(Slam Your Head Against) The Wall." I think I've made a clear case for slamming your head against the wall. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to slam my head against the wall.

Dr. Evans can be contacted at evans@surrealtimes.net.

Letter to the editor

By EMANUEL GUMFT,
Man of the Town

I rode my bicycle down the mountain the other day because the wife wanted some bread and butter. Dang, it was chilly out there, and I'd forgotten my damn hat. So when I came riding along and a stick slapped my face, my damn ears damn nearly shattered like glass.

Anyways I got down into town and I sat me down at a cafe table. A couple of bloke's are banging on the piano, ringing my ears. I'm getting pissed off. So guess what I says to the waiter when she asks me what I'll have? I tell him "nothing. give me a good, nice plate of

absolutely nothing, because that's all I'll be getting today."

The fella walked off all confused. I could feel my stomach growling, but I walked out of the cafe anyways because of how mad after I reached my hand in my pants' pocket to find that my wallet had gone missing.

This shit day got worse more when, cycling downhill from the cafe to the general store, I soon found myself skidding to a stop due to my rear wheel having fallen off.

All this explains why I had to walk 6 miles back to the camp. All this explains why my lady didn't get her butter or her

bread. And all this explains why, when I stumbled upon an abandoned steam-roller, and I tried my excavator key inside of it, and the thing started, I opted to roll onward and flatten your dear Dr. Goldstein's Cadillac. The fucker. I hope he had a laugh. Lord knows I did.

You mad, Goldstein? If so, I dare you: Come up to the cabin. Tell me how mad you are. I'd love to have a beer over it while swatting flies and watching the sun go down.

Emanuel Gumft can be contacted at [egumft\(at\)surrealtimes.net](mailto:egumft(at)surrealtimes.net).

Botany can really Ruffle Feathers

By ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI

Amherst, MA - A normal day of competition at the basketball courts on Orchard Hill turned into mayhem as a mysterious plant turned up. Smack dab on the center dot. The individuals taking part in various 1v1 and 2v2 games seemed to carry on their business without even batting an eye.

I had never seen anything like it at the time and I was determined to see if anybody else saw this as a remarkable occurrence. Straying away from interrupting the basketball games, I embarked on a visit to the hill to see if the mysterious plant had the same effect on others.

Various groups were scattered around the hill on this chilly, early November afternoon. All groups looked inviting so I just chose one. The chosen group,

with their colorful tarps, elegant glass water vases, hula hoops and drums seemed to be knowledgeable about a subject of this sort. "I think it's a conspiracy, man!" commented one of the individuals after he drew some sort of vapor out of the vase, "The school is trying to distract us from the fact that you can no longer take a bag at Frank Grab n Go." "I think it looks nice, really adds some life to the concrete slab!" Commented a hula hooping girl.

Whatever the case may be, stay aware of plants on basketball courts: they might not always be what they seem.

Armädeius Galouei can be contacted at armgalou@surrealtimes.net if you are interested.



Josh's Butt

By PURPLE BUFFALO,
Times Correspondent

Into the sky
I saw myself marching into a painting
as I cry
I run into a river chasing
It doesn't hurt a cow that's running
f I lie

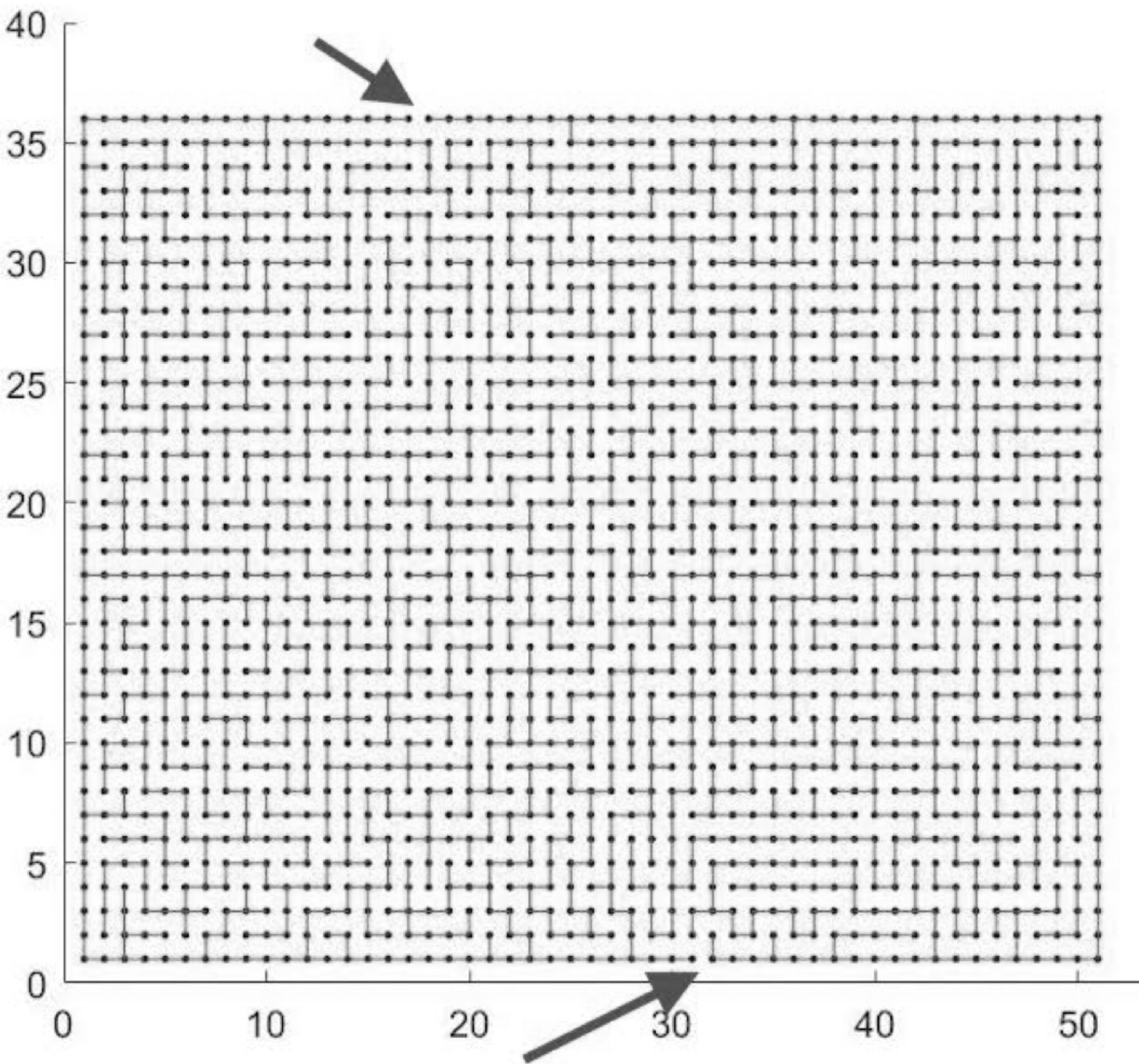
Don't tell them I am watching
When I die
Bury me
When I'm listening

Purple Buffalo can be reached at [purplebuffalo\(at\)surrealtimes.net](mailto:purplebuffalo(at)surrealtimes.net).

THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUEI
Times Senior Editor

First one to solve this maze gets a **secret prize**. Email a picture of your solution to management@surrealtimes.net to see if you've won.



Armădeius Galouei can be reached at armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

WEATHER REPORT

By WEATHERJ
Times Staff

Check out the informative, 7-day forecast from November 9th to November 15th. We have a very fluctuous week coming ahead. Look out for that infinite high on Thursday and prepare to relieve yourself on Friday. Nice and sunny on Saturday and continues thru Sunday. We got some light snow on Monday to start off your week then watch out for DENSE rain on Tuesday. Then to resolve this weather packed week we got sunny sun sun on Wednesday.



STATUS OF THE GORD

By THE GORD'S KEEPER,
Times Correspondent

Despite taking quite the tumble a few days ago, The Gord is doing well. It is fully intact. The consensus is that it is healthy and rather sharp in its old age.

These days, The Gord has settled down from the nomadic life it lived during its younger years. No longer does it spend days upon days traveling sleeplessly, spreading its wisdom to the masses. Today, The Gord sits atop its throne patiently, waiting for his subjects to come to him.



The Gord's wisdom will permeate their skull. And it does: I swear to you. Try it for yourself. Absorb The Gord's wisdom as I have for so many years. Take your first steps down the way of The Gord. Do not be distracted by superficial aspects of our world pulling at your heart and eye strings along your path. Keep your gaze straight. Do not push. Do not be pushed.

The Gord's Keeper can be reached at keeper@surrealtimes.net.

People from far and wide take pilgrimages to sleep beside The Gord as it sleeps. They hope