

THE SURREAL TIMES

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Marth 5th, 2018 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

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BOUNTY PLACED ON FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

BY MOE "TINY"
SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter

Note: The Surreal Times welcomes Moe back to writing after surviving his ordeal. Details regarding his return can be found in the online article THE DEATH OF SURREALITY (part 2 of 3) at surrealtimes.net/article?id=204

Notorious arms dealer Marcus van Door, known as the "Baron of Bullets", has posted a ten million prize for information leading to the Fountain of Youth. The Fountain, assumed by many to be mythical, is said to either revert aging or grant immortality.

"For too long I have shortened lives," the Baron said, "I now wish to lengthen them." Many have called the Baron a

hypocrite. Immediately before announcing the prize, the Baron was reported to have closed a \$30 million arms deal with Serbia. Rumors swirl about his involvement with the Syrian government and possible deals with insurgent forces in the region. Some accuse the Baron of arming both sides of the conflict. Still, the Baron insists his interests in the Fountain are purely humanitarian.

He ended his interview with a rare moment of introspection: "I've done many things that require qualifications. It's time I do something unambiguous, that is clear and right. We have to find the Fountain Of Youth."

Moe can be reached at tiny.schlemiel@surrealtimes.net.

HOTLINE HOTLINE PROTOTYPE RELEASED

BY TOMMY POTENTUARY,
Television Personality

Hi! Ho! Spaghetti-O! What do you know? Nothing. But for sure you could know something, at least, or a number of things. All you need to do is call 978-333-3656 right now! It's the first ever hotline hotline! (prototype) -- a hotline that connects you to some hotline at random, right now!

Call it up! You could get psychological counseling from a low-ball psychologist, the words of God from a born again Christian, or phone sex from someone who sounds better than they look. Regardless, it'll be fun!

Best of luck!
~ Tommy

Meta: A new name in town is carrying some hefty zazz. That name is Tommy Potentuary. The man behind it is full of energy enough to make a dormant volcano erupt due to his mere presence. Tommy should soon be a household name if he isn't one already, because he is not only opening doors in the Amherst area; he is growing trees, with which he constructs new doors!, which he then opens.

Tommy Potentuary, the writer and the benefactor of this article, can be reached at potent.tommy@surrealtimes.net.

FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor

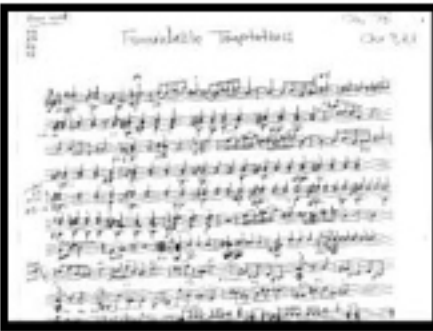


"Ridiculous apertures need to chill."

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

HEAD OF ATONAL MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB SILENTLY OUTED

BY COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent



UMass Chancellor Kumble R. Subbaswamy waved his heavy hand last week, silently banning student Jason Humboldt from campus and thereby from his position as president of the Atonal Music Listening Club. The chancellor did not respond to requests for commentary.

According to Humboldt, the club's roots are traceable to the surrealist movement and the teenage years of Andre Breton himself. Breton, the father of surrealism, was directly involved. And, by most accounts, the group emerged from a cousin of the ideological seedling that led Breton to cultivate the surrealist manifesto.

In Mr. Humboldt's opinion, the University refuses to admit this history. And so, fearing further "abuses of the softness of memories", Mr. Humboldt

dictated to me his organization's inaugural charter.

This antique document is one which Humboldt remains in control of despite the Chancellor's wishes. It chronicles the axioms of the club, which exist primarily to prevent the amending of new axioms and "tendencies of tonality in general". And it provides proof that the club was established as an RSO in 1945, in fact, on the first anniversary of a holiday that goes down in history as the first mass commercialization of surreality: Bicycle Day. Humboldt found it important to say that the date was written in terms of this holiday. Today, Humboldt keeps the document securely in his parents' PO box.

On the theme of atonality, members themselves have embraced lack of leadership, and seem to be continuing their appreciation sessions per usual. Mr. Humboldt, however, encourages skepticism. He also insinuates that the university has ulterior motives.

Common Observer can be reached at common.observer@surrealtimes.net.

CARNIVAL OBSERVED IN THE SOUTH

BY RAKA,
Times Staff



Carnival in Ecuador is nationally agreed upon dancing, water-war, fancy-dressing, and feasting for four uninterrupted days.

In Ambato, trucks full of civilians armed with all sorts of water paraphernalia ranging from: trumpets that shoot foam, miniature harlequins that walk and walk until a joke is told and they explode into eggs and flour, and invisible gremlins that lurk and paint the oblivious with colorful colors.

In the town of San Juan, which is not bigger than a small-time shopping mall, live chickens are tied to a pole and the dance of fertility commences around them. A policeman with a lazy eye assured that he had heard that the roosters are buried alive while the newly widowed hens are left to dance over their graves. If the dance is done proper, the roosters survive, if not... a feast!

Guaranda is an infamous name during the festivity. The entire city (Guaranda) sleeps during the entire year only to awaken during these four days. Albert Amadeus, 62 years a resident, a walking waker for only 248 days, a dreamer the rest, said "the spirit of the city has awakened us all, and now it is the turn of the dead." Needless

to say, most everyone gets wildly drunk with a substance known as "blued bird," which allegedly dulls the overrated sense of sight. Half the town is blind, but Amadeus assured "who needs to see while asleep."

In Ambato, flowers and fruit are arranged to create ego-beasts that keep the city safe of unwanted guests. A Bengal tiger made of neon daffodils, pears, the most succulent peaches, and tulips, stalks around the city. "Edmullian (the tiger) is the size of the ego of whomever gazes upon its fur," said Joanne Minitu, who was part of the 317 women who arranged the beast. "For some it will be the size of a puss, for others as massive as a fully grown redwood tree." And it is not the only one. Rose

hummingbirds and butterflies fly through the town playing and singing with children. Alpacas made of peach feed the bumbling drunks and maidens who wish to eat. Flying mantas made of seeds play pranks on fools. At the end of the festivity, the ego-beast gather and turn stiff as brick until the year hits a full cycle once again.

The festivity has come to an end and mundanity has again settled here in Ecuador. The children have had their fun and the mystics their chance; the fire has burned, but perhaps reality will not rule for too long.

Raka can be reached at raka@surrealtimes.net.

PIECE OF SURREAL ENGINE FOUND NEAR FAULT LINE, BECOMES PRIZE

BY DR. DAN NIBBLER
Midwife

A piece of the decomprexalator from the Surreal Engine has been found at the San Andrea's fault, according to sources familiar with the matter.

Its recovery was only possible due to the help of a potato farmer, Rexson Grambel, who was milling about his empty fields when he felt waves of

surreality emanating from a crevice.

As Grambel approached the crevice, his bowels gave way and his mouth went dry, a sure sign of surreality. Grabbing his anti-heat gloves from his truck, he knelt down and picked up the decomprexalator. He threw it in the back of his pickup truck and drove to the nearest Quick-Stop for a purple-slurp.

Coincidentally, Xenu Zorelli, was walking out as Grambel entered the store. Zorelli, whose bowels gave way and mouth went dry, knew immediately that surreality was near. Zorelli's head snapped right and stared directly at the decomprexalator nestled in the back of Grambel's truck.

Recognizing the piece for what it truly is, he saw the anti-heat gloves next to it and slipped

them on. He glanced into the store to Grambel pouring his purple-slurp into a 32 ounce mug. There is enough time he thought. With gloves on, he picked up the decomprexalator and opened the door to his Ford Pinto. He threw it into the passenger's seat...

CONTINUED... See "PIECE OF SURREAL ENGINE FOUND" on page 2.

... (CONTINUED) PIECE OF SURREAL ENGINE FOUND

From page 1.

... Zorelli stood waiting outside for Grambel. Grambel, unaware of Zorelli's chicanery, didn't even notice and hopped into the driver's seat of his truck. Zorelli knocked on the driver seat window.

"Hey, what's your name my good fellow?"

"Rexson Grambel," he replied.

"Thank you. So, I see you had piece of my company's machine in the back of your truck. How'd you find it?" asked Zorelli.

"I was milling about my fields," Grambel said.

"Well, thank you for finding it.

It has been taken into proper custody now."

Zorelli turned away from Grambel and hurriedly jumped into his Pinto and drove away. He drove directly to The Surreal Times's headquarters to report the news.

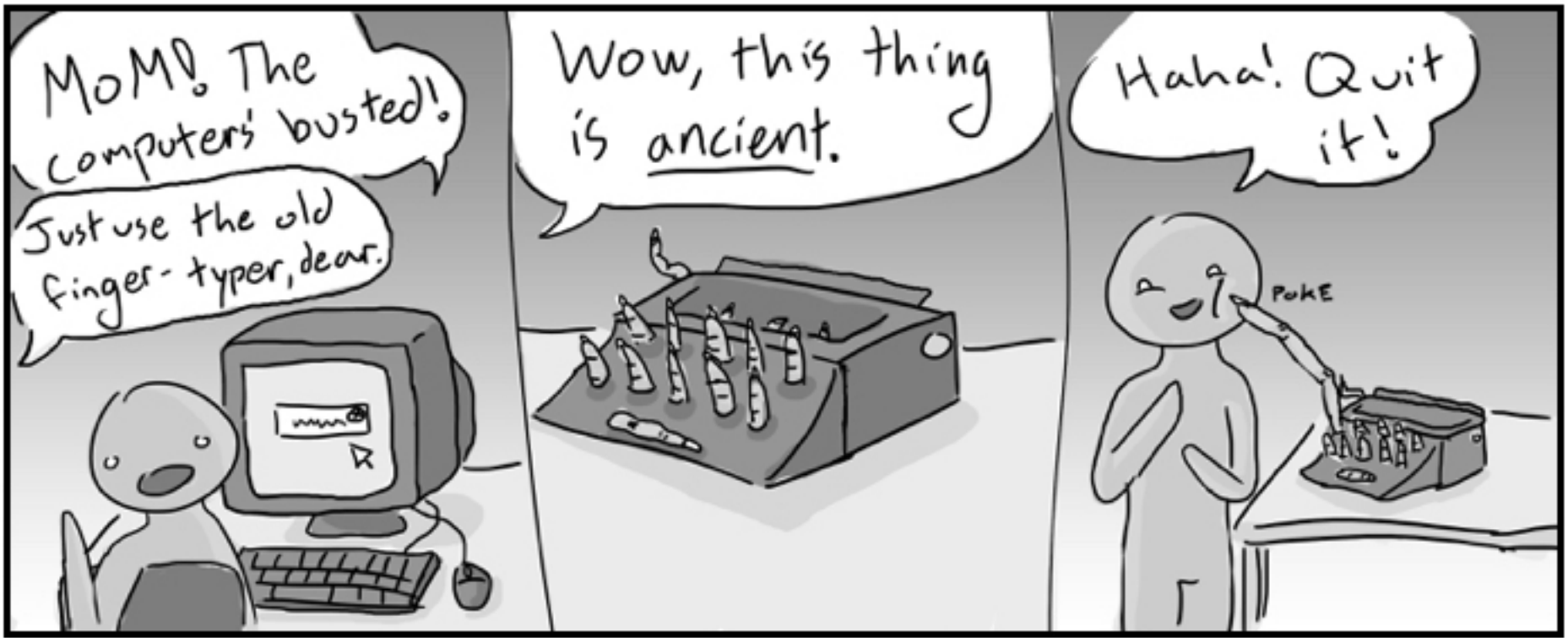
Upon seeing the decomprexalator, The Surreal Times staff decided that it shall be the prize of the surreal story contest.

Stay on our wavelength to get more visual information on the surreal prize.

Dr. Nibbler can be reached at nibbler.dan@surrealtimes.net.

YOUNG ADULT DISCOVERS CHARM OF MOTHER'S HISTORIC TECHNOLOGY

By **MARINA PARELLA,**
Times Staff



A local middle school student went to their family's computer room recently, as per usual, intending to do homework. The computer failed to boot up, though, and they hadn't a choice but to type using their mother's finger-typer. Skeptical at first, this student soon learned to understand the peculiar appeal of technology from a simpler time.

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THE ARKANSAS HOWLER RETURNS

By **JOE
KIERLSKEGRIENGER,**
Times Staff

The Arkansas Howler has returned to his Amherst home. After his time in the hospital spent reflecting on his career, he has vowed to once again smash the world record for loudest human utterance. Hopefully he will be able to maintain his sobriety and well being. He has revealed that an addiction to over-the-counter sleeping aids and caffeine caused him to live dreary, restless days. He described at one point seeing a living tree in the corner of his room as he was falling asleep. After taking

another hundred milligrams of benadryl, he fell asleep staring at it. This immediately precipitated his hospitalization, fueling his confrontation with the Amherst Police. His rival, the Saskatchewan Screamer, has wished him a healthy and enjoyable return to the craft. The Howler has yet to publicly acknowledge his rival's well-wishes. The Times will follow the Howler as he reboots his career.

Joe Kierlskegrienger can be reached at kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net.

TOKENS RETRACTED FROM WORLDLY CITIZENS, NEW SOURCE RECOMENDED

By **ALFRED HUMBLETON,**
Times Correspondent

I got me a letter posted on my porch before this morning came around. Here's the transcription:

*"" No longer will we ants of this ether,
Reach into the mud for our nutrients.
We will slurp the goodness of the
Mantras around us. ""*

Duck shit. I have had enough seeing of this. Not once but three times in this past week, I have witnessed innocent people in need of things approach this corner store or that, only to be rejected on the

basis that their tokens (administered to them by the Government) are no longer valid (in the eyes of the government or its people).

It is not right. These people were promised the right to meatloaf, yo-yos, and beer, as well as miscellaneous other necessities and enjoyables in general. They paid their taxes. They planned their lives around the promises made to them, much like the goldfish who gave up their wings assuming that food flakes would continue to emerge from the surface every so often forever.

Now, all of the sudden, those

suited shape-shifters, the folks who are so fond of Greek architecture, are pulling every damn rug out from under every damn thing that sits on any rug anytime anywhere.

Duck shit. Those impersonators of Athenians deserve the same fate as the statues from ancient Greece: To be embalmed in sun-dried yellow-green excrement.

I got me another letter a few days later. This one short and quick.

*"" Slurp up the sounds of the Gods.
They will feed you. ""*

And I been hearing these quick

repetitive voice hymns, sung with many voices at the same time. Beautiful, but strange and I can't escape them. The shapeshifters, I think, are playing these songs from jeeps on every streetcorner at all hours.

The noise irks me bad as my thumb I smushed accidentally with a hammer. But, I've realized, I get terribly tired and sleepy when I cover up my ears. Something is going on here methinks.

Alfred Humbleton can be reached at alfhumbleton@surrealtimes.n

THE BALLOON: PART 2

By **OLD SOULS
ANONYMOUS,**
Times Correspondent

A small gang of men and women pass by the bench briskly. Suit jackets flapping and black ties bouncing up and down, they do not stop to acknowledge the bench, or the window. Identical briefcases swing at their sides. Contrived laughter dances about the group, though it is difficult to tell exactly where it comes from. (An exceptionally well dressed man at the front of the group has recently made a joke at a minority's expense). Suddenly, he puts up his hand, and the gang grinds to a halt. He kneels, and leisurely ties his shoe.

A short man near back spills the contents of his briefcase on the ground. He unfortunately had missed the signal to stop, and lurched abruptly into a stationary colleague. He watches helplessly as several documents float to the ground. The accident is especially taxing for his nearby colleagues, who are faced with the difficult task of carefully

averting their eyes from the fact. They concentrate furtively on the man tying his shoe at the front. The short man stoops down to pick up the mess, his face flushing with blood. The man at the front stands up, and wipes some dirt off of his knees. Near the back, the short one still scrambles for his papers, and doesn't notice the sound of laughing footsteps gradually fade away.

He stands up, his documents loosely organized. Briefly, he wonders where his friends could have gone. *Ah, they must have left me behind.* The man tries, for a few seconds, to trick himself into being surprised by this. However, he is unsuccessful, and shuffles over to the bench. He wipes some dirt from the bench, and sits down. He is careful only to take up one corner. He adjusts his mustard hat, and smooths down his tie. To keep from boredom, he sets his briefcase down and reads a document at the top of his pile.

He, engrossed in a chart of meaningless statistics, barely notices a little girl run by with a colorful bouquet of balloons.

She continues to run as one of the balloons peels from her grip, and floats lazily onto the pavement a ways away from him. The man notices it only too late; the young girl is already out of sight before he can flag her down. Disappointed, the man returns to his reading, and leaves Balloon lying on the ground. *She won't miss it.*

The numbers and lines on the chart slide in and out of focus. At last, something catches the corner of the man's eye. Distracted from his reading, he looks up. He sees that the balloon is floating a few feet in the air, trailing a few inches of string on the pavement. Despite a slight breeze, it hovers stationary.

The *wind's acting awfully strange today.* The man returns to his reading, hoping that the charts will push the the balloon's bizarre behavior from his mind. *Maybe these charts are interesting,* he decides. He continues reading as he feels someone sit down beside him; the man nods cursorily in this new person's direction, but doesn't really see who it is. Ah,

these *charts are pointless.* The man reaches for his briefcase, and places it on his lap. With a sigh, he opens it and replaces his documents.

Large red letters on his briefcase read:

*Sharpe's Steel Co.
Flame hardened PINS,
NEEDLES, KNIVES,
RAZOR BLADES, AND MORE
...Satisfaction guaranteed!*

The man pauses.

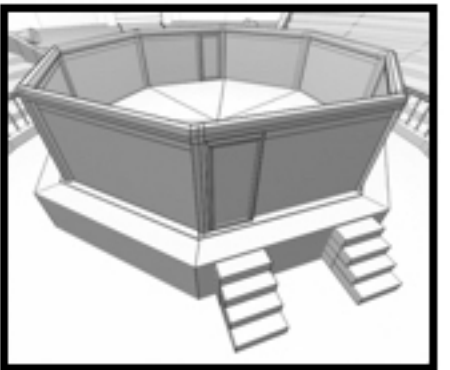
Curiosity nags him to turn and look a bit more closely at the stranger to his side. *This person sure looks odd in my peripheral vision.* He turns his eyes sideways. Instead of a stranger, he sees a balloon floating beside him at eye level. Its string hangs down, coiling loosely on the bench. The man's eyes widen, and his briefcase falls shut with a loud snap.

Old Souls Anonymous can be reached at oldsouls@surrealtimes.net.

UPCOMING EVENT: ART TAKES ON ART

"A Showcase of Cultures"

By **LOOMIS TAUNCH,**
Times Correspondent



UMass board members, one of each background, will face off this week in the Fine Art Center's highly anticipated event: Art Takes on Art - "A Showcase of Cultures". Competitors will be assigned corners and provided with art pieces corresponding to their ethnicity. Paintings, sculptures — anything scavengable within 200 miles.

These esteemed individuals will harness the pains of generations before them while barraging their competitors

with items ranging from lightweight paper mache creations to weighty golden statues. The idea is: By bludgeoning each other with items from their personal cultures, competitors will instill a deep mutual appreciation of diversity. They will also set examples for others.

Please consider attending on March 7th at the FAC, if not for your viewing pleasure, then for the good that your admissions fee will bring good to cultures around the world. Fees will go to Overcast Goodness, a charity which liquefies money, injects it into the clouds, and allows it to rain down evenly upon all locations in the world.

Best to yuh!

Sincerely,
Loomis

Loomis can be reached at taunch.loomis@surrealtimes.i

COMMUNITY CLASSIFIEDS

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

Send an email to management@surrealtimes.net if it is your wish to offer or request goods or services on the public ledger at right. Maximum wordcount: 100. Cost: five dollars per print edition, five dollars per week online.

FULL-TIME CAREER OPPORTUNITY

548 Elm Street, Boston 03447
Wanted: Broom, lightweight, sturdy
*Must be willing travel long distances
*Must not be afraid of heights/cats
*enthusiasm/positive attitude a plus
Wanted for: night shift (hours negotiable)
Contact Mindy for details: 617-784-8012

MOVIE SHOWING: THE LOBSTER

The Surreal Times Presents:
THE LOBSTER
.:| an unconventional love story |.:

Wednesday, March 7
Herter Auditorium, 7 P.M
UMass Amherst

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Note from the editors: The following is a transcription of a handwritten letter sent to our Amherst headquarters.

By JOSEPH ALTMANN,
Senior medic, ECRC

Dear Editor,

There is a problem with the way many people in your world argue against violent video games. According to these folks, video games should not exist because the digital violence perpetrated in the 'game' begets physical violence in the world. With all due respect, this argument falls painfully flat, even if it is true. It is the typically conceited, materiocentric kind of argument one expects from the Physical World; while well intentioned, it turns a blind eye to the pain, both manifest and psychological, that your 'gamers' - I hesitate even to call them as such - inflict against our people every waking minute of the day. In this letter, I would like to offer a unique perspective on the problem. I hope to contribute a much needed, multi-dimensional analysis of the harm caused by violent video games.

Allow me to explain a bit about my profession. Currently, I serve as a medic in the Emergency Cyber Response Corps. The Physical World is largely unaware of our existence. You see, gamers take it for granted that they will be presented with clean, pristine battlefields whenever they wish to start new games. Upon refreshing a level, they expect landscapes to be rebuilt, and their enemies to regenerate, while never once considering the obvious question; how? The unavoidable truth, as uncomfortable as it will be to hear, is that someone must do these things. Shattered buildings can't rebuild themselves! Not in the Physical World, and not in the Digital

World! No, there are people who work tirelessly, around the clock, to clean up every last player's mess before another logs on.

As medic, I can bear witness to the gruesome and horrific quality of this mess. It is absurd that people really think that all of the wounded casualties in your video 'games' magically cure themselves. It's not true in the Physical World, so why should it be true in ours? People are responsible; hard working teams transport casualties en masse from battlefields, in every universe, to small makeshift hospital units. There, myself and my colleagues nurse them back to health.

It might be easy for gamers in the Physical World to shoot off countless rounds of virtual ammunition into anonymous enemies, whose faces are obscured by steel headgear. I challenge them all to visit one of our tents, and see their victims unmasked. If they did, the gamers would probably see faces much like their own. They would see patients with all sorts of gunshot wounds, and ones who have been harmed by grenades and missiles. Third degree burns, from laser blasters or other hi-tech ordnance, - (dismissed by the Physical World as 'the stuff of fantasy') - are becoming increasingly common, too. These burns ravage not only the victims' skin, but also the organs inside. Burns are particularly nasty, for as if the burn weren't painful enough, the treatment is often extremely painful too.

Let us not forget the pain inflicted upon animals in this bloodsport. Veterinarian doctors work tirelessly to ease the pain of exotic animals, such as dragons and orcs. It's a shame that people in the Physical World see fit to slay these beings simply for pleasure, when they are only acting as nature intended. In

fact, it's not very surprising these wild animals behave so violently, given how viciously gamers behave towards them.

In addition to shedding light on the physical toll of this cruel bloodsport, I would also like to point out that the video game industry places immense emotional and psychological stress on us Workers. It is exhausting to treat one thousand or so wounded soldiers in under three seconds, before sending them back into No Man's Land for the next player to have a go at them. Stonemasons and landscapers work tirelessly, too, rebuilding entire cities in the barely a few seconds. And what with powerful gaming companies in the Physical World constantly pushing for faster rendering times, pressure is mounting on us. Balancing any quality of life with this work is nearly impossible.

And what for? Where do our patients go after they are healed? Right back to the battlefield, sadly, where they are promptly mowed down again, and sent back to us. This all needs to stop, now. Your people arrogantly assume that we, simply because we are not privileged with access to the Third Dimension, lack any ability to think, feel, or comprehend anything. This belief is wrong and egocentric. For a people who take their multi-dimensionality for granted, it betrays an embarrassingly one-dimensional world view. The Third Dimension may grant one depth of physicality, but it has no bearing on depth of character! If you in the Physical World have any compassion, you will put an end to the bloodsport of video gaming, and leave us in the Digital World alone.

Joseph Altmann can be reached at altmann.joseph@surrealtimes.net

GIANT INJURED IN STUPOR

By TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant, UMPD



One of the slim giants living under the bridge besides Cumberland Farms, stumbled out from his den in a drunken stupor last Sunday. He walked right out into moving traffic. The bloke broke both his legs.

He won't be doing his usual thing for quite a while now, since his legs are fully casted. He can't even bend down far

enough to get under his own bridge.

Please be careful when drinking while beside the road. Thank you.

Tom Johnson can be reached at tjohnson@umass.edu

WRITER FINDS LIFE PARTNER IN STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS

By DERNBERGER
SPENGLINGTON,
Times Staff

A man by the name of Myself was enjoying time off this weekend. Just relaxing, being the simpleton that I am. All of the sudden, tmy eye was grabbed at by the claw of a spider hanging from a string. The pesky arachnid pulled the protective covering completely from my retina. And I noticed, with suddenly refined vision, that he was swinging from a parachute made from web, being swooped away by the wind.

My vision was ever clear, as were my abilities, due to the adrenaline. Unfortunately, the looks of everything around me made me feel terrible. I felt quite aggressive, actually. I was able to pull a stiff hair from my beard and throw it like a dart, directly into the meat of the spider's chute, bursting it. The spider fell to the ground. It scurried. I chased it. It led me from my hammock, into town and down an alleyway. I chased it around corner after corner, wanting revenge.

A wave of belligerent noise and lights overwhelmed my senses. I lost track of the bug. I looked up from the ground. This was the first time I'd done so in two miles. What I saw was people all around me dancing there minds away.

I could see how energetically they moved their bodies, and how they snuggled up into each other's gazes so deeply and endearingly like the covers of the warm bed. I could see the warmth. But, I did not feel these people. Their passion was so foreign and distant to me. Although I could see it in incredible detail, I could not feel its warmth -- I imagine, because of the same reason the moon is cold.

The crowd parted into two oceans of white noise. In the center of it all, an average woman danced mediocrely. I blinked and, while my eyes were closed, I had a vision of the lady as a wiggling worm on a hook destined to be slurped by a fish.

When my eyes opened, they had done so just in time to see this woman, angry and with warts all over her face, huck a flying saucer of spit soaring through the air and directly into my eye.

I blinked frantically times, until my vision un-fogged. Then I saw the woman for what she was: the most divine Goddess a guide of spirits. She moved like a dragonfly in the breeze, and an angel in the clouds. Her spit insulated my oculars, warming me when, without eye covers, I was doomed to freeze.

She looked intently into the warmth that my eyes generate, that finally they could retain.

She saw the warmth I produce and that I always would produce. A look of contentment and trust came over her.

She gladly scooped out the contents of her eye holes, and pressed them into place in my head.

I looked around. I could see happiness all around me. Good people! Wholesome, dancing, fun-loving folks. I couldn't help but jiggle wiggle with and hug everyone in sight. There was this guy and that guy and her and him. Everyone was beautiful, and we all shared this lovely world.

One stranger I spoke with mentioned a lady in the room who was seemingly in distress, drunkenly feeling her way around the crowd

I looked and it was the blind giver of my eyes, crying out of her empty sockets. I touched my hand to hers. She examined it cautiously. When she recognized the warmth of it, she embraced me dearly. She purred and burrowed her head into my chest. She told me that she needs to be taken care of now. I told her I would watch over for her, using her eyes. She corrected me: "our eyes".

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PROBLEMATIC ADVERTISEMENTS PLAGUE AMHERST

By COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent



We all know of the red single engine plane that flies the skies of Amherst, spurting thick smoke and blaring unbearable sounds. It was originally heard

in 2014, and sighted shortly thereafter. Many times it has been witnessed running crows, geese and even other small planes from the sky, pecking at their tails, spitting smoke into their eyes. You've probably witnessed this aerial terrorism. I certainly have.

Despite cease and desist orders delivered via airguns on behalf of the UMass Athletic department, this plane persists in its rule of the sky. Rule it does indeed because people in

this town of Amherst, like I, rarely step foot in the sky. We simply stick our feet to the ground, where they're meant to be, and allow the goings on above to go on. As well, the Athletic department has little free time or funding available for air defense.

Today that oaf in the air is pulling against the chains that Amherst so kindly leaves loosened for him. He has been flying increasingly large advertisements from the back

of his plane during the nighttime hours. These ads are backlit by moonlight and cannot be ignored.

The first of two reads, "Jungle Crow Party -- Tickets: \$20. Leave purple flag on mailbox and payment inside."

The second reads, "Intonation Juice: \$10 per capsule. Include one black 'X' on flag per capsule wanted."

The planes fly the same text

always, but on banners doubling in size each day.

Today, the man's advertisements span the lengths of football fields, casting engulfing shadows over Amherst.

It appears that little can be done. The town of Amherst will never see the unabridged moon again. Our warewolfian instincts will over and over again lead us to glance into the eyes of modern advertising,

until this prophesied Jungle Crow arrives.

A shame.


The football team has put out a bounty for information regarding this man's home address: \$40.

Common Observer can be reached at common.observer@surrealtimes.net

UNUSUAL BIRTH OCCURS IN WAKE OF SNOWSTORM

THE BARON OF BULLETS LIES AGAIN

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER, Times Staff



finally calm and with beads of sweat freezing on his forehead.

The storm soon escalated to the point of zero visibility. Traffic stopped, and the whole town was canceled for the day.

The following morning, when the storm cleared, bulging Vivian was spotted in a 4-legged bath tub in the center of the main intersection in Amherst. She was naked and in the tub full of warm water in spite of the cold air around her. She was confused and afraid.

The High Horse nudged Lawyer Alan Sharpe, who possesses training in medicine, to move from his office above main street where he had been snowed in the night prior, down to the ground level. He trudged through the deep snow, and eventually made it to Vivian's side.

He aided her in the birthing process. "Push", he urged her, "push!" She did, and what she produced was a cubic foot block of ice. It was green and mineral rich. It floated buoyant in the warm tub. It was so cold, it began to solidify the water around it.

Mr. Sharpe carried Vivian to warm safety in his office.

There is talk that a child does lie deep inside the mineral cube. This talk is talk, though. Thus far, the cube has been kept inside the restaurant's refrigerator.


There is conflict regarding the question of whether or not it ought to be thawed.

Vivian visits her product of birth on occasion and dribbles drops of Sriracha sauce upon it. When asked why she does this, she stares intensely into the eyes of the asker for just one moment, says nothing, and continues to drip-drop Sriracha.

The High Horse mascot has had its head on a swivel ever since, paranoid for some reason.

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By CHIMPANZEE JOE, of the Hampshire Woods



I'm going to let you in on something, humans. Some of your type can't be trusted. And one such individual is this Marcus van Door, the "Baron of Bullets", who is currently searching for the Fountain of Youth. I follow your politics with only a passing interest. I prefer to spend my time grooming and swinging from trees. But it doesn't take more than a passing interest to see that the Baron is rotten. He has a simple game: find a conflict, add fuel to the fire by arming both sides and rake in your funny-smelling currency. He did it when the Russians invaded Afghanistan. He did it in Syria. And his father did it in Vietnam. So imagine my skepticism when he claims to have injected some of the milk of human kindness into his heart. Thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of human deaths can be laid at the feet of this man. And now he wants to show compassion?

Any philanthropic intimations by such a person are to be disregarded. The Baron understands only one thing: the value of a bullet. To assume that he has mended his ways and wants to find the Fountain of Youth to benefit his fellow man is ludicrous. Wise up to this snake in your midst. Give him some Chimp justice: a rock to the back of the head.

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Maybe, may I beg of you, to recall the most subtly enthralling, most ambient day you have ever experienced. Then include in this imagining the most fluid and fulfilling improvised jazz you've never heard. Consider the name "Vivian". If you would, bounce back and forth between the rolling, jumping, swinging endless captivation, and the name: "Vivian". Allow the phonetics vi-vi-en to conjugate with the melodies and dip and rise with the beats and turn inside out with the key changes. Feel the way this name embodies the life.

A woman by this name and this nature is said to have suddenly become bulgingly pregnant the instant a snowflake touched upon her head, as she strolled toward the High Horse of downtown Amherst. This flake marked the onset of our recent storm, and it began a countdown from 20. At the head of each second from that moment onward, the head of the High Horse's mascot beckoned the time remaining.

"20 nay"
"19 nay"
"18 nay"...
And so on.

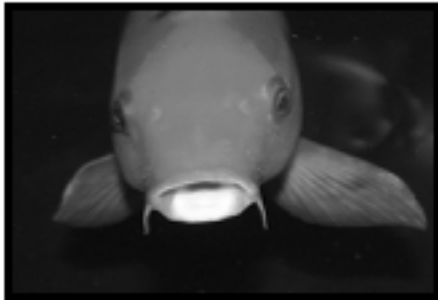
Vivian's water burst at 10.

"9 nay"
"8 nay"
"7 nay". The High Horse looked to the sky, nervous and in anticipation.
"6 nayyy"
"5 nayyy"
"4 nayyy". The High horse got into a bit of a tizzy.
"3 nay 3! 3! THREE!".
"TWO!!!!" ---- relief.

A massive spoon reaching down from the clouds scooped Vivian into the sky.. Left was the High Horse of Amherst,

MALICIOUS KOI ROBS WORLD OF NWIDVEE

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER, Times Staff



AMHERST, Massachusetts — Just yesterday, in the most luscious gardens of Durfee Conservatory, did the onset of a flamboyant and widespread discoloration occur. It first became evident on the shores of the koi fish pond.

A woman by the name of [redacted] told me that she had chose to spend her interval between classes, per usual, in the campus's zenfull oasis. She had entered through the cactus sanctuary to the east, having come from Fernald Hall where her anatomy of cicadas course took place. It was her intention to spend a few moments absorbing energies from beneath the willow tree. She would observe a variety of nature's creations that could perhaps aid in unbounding her imaginings. Then, eventually, she would cross the koi pond bridge and exit through flower blossoms westward. Her destination would be South College, in which she would augment her studies with a seminar on applied sacred geometry.

For whatever reason, [redacted]'s usual meditations did not bring her their usual bringings. So she did, but only frustratedly, make way early.

Crossing the arched wooden bridge over the koi pond, she became immersed in reflective warm mist. The mist maintained the many exotic vegetations in Durfee, which could never live happily in our rash climate without such tender care.

The sun sent pure potency fracturing through each droplet of mist. Upon contact with the droplets, every fundamental color from magenta to nwidvee would split off onto an individual crusade — following some majestic calling as a small Santa Claus with an itinerary of objects around the world to which to apply color before the coming morning.

[Redacted] explained, "As the droplets glistening showered my oculars with every nutrient I knew or never knew they needed, I felt soft lipped and peaceful again. I felt ready to commence my day." She said that she then inhaled through her pupils, filling her visionary lungs.

A terrible scene of bleeding, finless fish but for one prompted a huff. From [redacted]'s mouth and eyes burst clouds of nwidvee-colored dust. Puff!

A fat koi, bearded, gnarly, rough, — the only one remaining with intact fins — leapt 6 feet above the water. It brandished its toothless gums to [redacted], and when it slurped the streams of nwidvee from the air, [redacted] feared that she too would be engulfed by the vortex inside this greedy Koi.

This woman watched as this pillaging Koi roamed the pond, slurping nwidvee-colored blood from the vicinities of the downed fish whose fins it had devoured.

The victims sunk because of the rocks in their bellies, which they'd accumulated over years of boredom and dysphoria.

[Redacted] endured the remainder of her day, despite having witnessed such a tragic sight. She did so with a pungent taste in her mouth that was, in a peculiar way, missing something.


She tried telling friends about her witnessings. However, she did so to no avail— Why? Because, no matter whom she spoke with, her mentionings of the color "nwidvee" conjured only befuddlement.

People claim to have never seen or heard of the color. And she herself has never seen the color since, even upon returning to Durfee, where the downed kois remain, eternally huddling with each other for protection and separation from the traitor of their kin.

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SPEAR OF DESTINY STOLEN FROM AUCTION

By ROBERTO PICCOLO, Surreal Times Reporter



side of Jesus as he languished on the cross, has been stolen. The anticipated auction by renowned firm Kessler and Shaw was abruptly cancelled after Kessler announced that the spear had been stolen the night before. The spear, expected to be sold for upwards of four million dollars, was only recently verified and recognized by the Vatican and several Protestant denominations. The thieves used plastic explosives to break into the storage house initially, but they opened the vault door without the use of force. The guards surrendered and were sequestered into another room. Cameras show that the thieves wore motorcycle helmets and skin tight suits in order to leave no physical trace. Experts contacted by The Surreal Times suggested it was an inside job. The spear, which is purported to have healing powers, appears to have vanished without a trace. We will document this history as it unfolds.

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POSSIBILITIES INVOLVING OUTLETS

By WES SIZEMORE, Times Correspondent

So you have a house, and inside that house are a bunch of outlets (unless you're Amish) You also have a bunch of appliances and other electronics that you can plug into those outlets. The outlets come in different shapes, two and three prongs, as do the plugs. This is the first point, compatibility. Yeah you can put a two prong plug into a three prong outlet but that two prong plug is not offering enough to fill the spaces in the outlet's three prong life. On the other hand, you can't stick the three pronger into a two pronger

because it's just not capable of accepting all that the three prong plug has to offer. The next points are context and convenience. You have so many different rooms in this house, and these outlets are spread out everywhere in these rooms. Ideally, if you were going to make smoothies in a blender, you would do that in the kitchen and plug the blender in there. You still could decide you're going to bring the blender to your room and make smoothies there for whatever reason. It's a little strange because it is more convenient to have all the ingredients in the kitchen with you, but if you

want to make smoothies in your room, make smoothies in your room. Now imagine you are charging your phone in the living room while watching tv or comfortably reading a book on the couch. You are also waiting for a very important phone call. You plugged your phone into an outlet close to the couch you are on because, well because it makes sense. Your phone would still charge if it was plugged into any other outlet in the house but again, that convenience factor. And if you are no longer comfortable in the living room and you are still waiting for that call, nothing is stopping you from

unplugging and finding a new outlet because there is such a surplus in the house. Finally, moderation. While still on the topic of surplus, try to imagine plugging something into every single outlet in your house at the same time. No? Of course not. The bill would be insane this month if you did that. Electricity is definitely a privilege and a luxury but you should not abuse it. On the other hand it's your money so do what the fuck you want.

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TELEVISION SHOW PILOT FLOPS

By TOMMY POTENTUARY, Television Personality

I'm sorry to say, folks, that the high profile debut of "*How belligerent must you be, to make a hitchhiker uncomfortable enough to jump out of your convertible at a red light?*" did not fair well.

As it turns out, the writers were pranksters at heart, and had produced the entire show as one overarching "gotcha". In reality it should have been called "*How belligerent must you be, to make viewers uncomfortable enough to smash their televisions with a sledge?*"

The show was truly bad. I sincerely do apologize for advertising to you such a belligerent mess.

Will do better.

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