

THE
SURREAL TIMES

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THE OCTO REPORT: "COLLISION
FESTIVAL" TAKES OFF

By EDDIE OCTO,
Miniature Octopus Reporter



This miniature octopus rolled his survival-sphere to the recent Collision Festival on the Amherst Common.

I say, my chums, what delightful folly! To see two chaps face off with nothing but a line of dirt between them, then mutually stampede and collide with such zest - it fully gruntles me, I'm not afraid to say. Alas, such joy can prove saccharine, and it wasn't long before one of the contestants - or should I say colliders - was off to the hospital in one of those garish, cacophonous, borish ambu-

lances. There was a time when ambulances had class! Alas again, the collisions could not go on for very long due a scarcity of lads with the gumption to collide. But as the dare-deviling subsided, my octopus eyes landed on a commendable individual: The Arkansas Howler! For the uninitiated, the Howler pursues the world record of loudest human utterance. The Howler spoke thusly, "I used to collide,

but I worried my neck would get hurt, so I mostly come now for the atmosphere." Alas again, I had to make my exit from the festival. Nonetheless, it was a spirited and climatic event!

Search "Howler", on surrealtimes.net for more on the Arkansas Howler.

Eddie Octo can be reached at eddie.octo@surrealtimes.net.

FROM THE MOUTH
OF THE PIG:

By ARMÄDEIUS GALOUËI,
Times Senior Editor



"Chapped quarentines stir the pot."

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

SANDWICH STORE SNIPS RIBBON

"Get yourself a
Tasty Hot Mess"

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,
Television Personality



Hey, hey, hey!

I'm excited to share news of a great new sandwich store opening in Sunderland, Massachusetts, that tasty town. This store... oh, I am so glad to tell you about this store.

You're going to want to call it the heaven to your taste buds because of how, with never-ending enthusiasm, surprise, and satisfaction, it'll leave you round-bellied and confused, but happy.—Happy as can be!

This serendipity-prone deli goes by the name: The Tasty Hot Mess. And it is just that: tasty, hot, and definitely a mess.

When you arrive, no matter the day or the hour, the environment is the same. The air conditioner is broken. Everyone is sweaty, stinky. People are talking loudly. Neon lights are flashing from

every corner of the room, and are compounded tremendously because of how every wall is built from a kaleidoscopic mirror. Simultaneously there are fourteen televisions blaring different channels, feeding into the kaleidoscopic vortex.

On the opposite side of the counter, there is equally as much fantastic chaos. Children (who run the place) squirt ketchup and mustard sky high, fling lettuce and fruits and vegetables and amalgamations of dough across the room, sometimes ricocheting them off walls in order to avoid obstacles. One boy is swinging a sledge to pulverize meat. Another is operating a modestly-sized jack-hammer. There are jars of mystery concoctions screwed to the bottoms of ceiling fans, being stirred by the spin and showering the workers with guck while doing so. There is a curtained table in the center of the kitchen, into which these boys are belligerent tossing ingredients, seemingly at random.

One of the children running the place is dressed like a businessman, in contrast with the others who are more rascal-like. All of the sudden, the

more formally dressed kid blows an air horn. All the televisions and other noises silence in the wake of the loud sound. The flashing lights dim to a calm yellow. The leader of the boys announces, "It is complete!"

He removes the curtain from the center table, revealing a bizarre concoction delicately balanced open atop a slice of bread. A dozen or so other boys gather round for inspection time. They examine the concoction, and they do so very carefully. Each boy is granted a chance to utilize a collectively owned microscope to personally investigate the creation.

The crowd respects this process enormously.

But, at a critical point, the boys' silence erupts into fierce and overlapping argument which maintains steadily for a few moments. It is not long before the arguments resolve. Success! The leader of the boys puts the top slice of bread ceremoniously upon the sandwich. All the boys blow a kiss good luck to it. Then, promptly, the leader sprints to deliver the sandwich to its customer.

After dealing with the

prior customer, he rushes to your side, you being the next customer in queue. He says to you, "Hello, ten dollars please", without further explanation.

You hand over \$10 -- as always, in exact change. He looks intensely and inquisitously at you for a precisely allotted few moments. When satisfied, he snaps his fingers. The lights kick on again, and begin flashing ever frantically. The televisions chatter. The crowd of customers roar. And the hectic process behind the counter gets going again. You take a seat and wait for a custom sandwich.

Their motto is "A sandwich for you, a sandwich for everyone."

Some argue these sandwiches are tailored specifically to their eaters' deepest cravings. Others argue they are completely random. Leadership at the Tasty Hot Mess opts not to comment. Either way, I hope you find time to experience a sandwich of your own. I promise, you won't regret it.

Tommy Potentuary can be reached at tommy.potent@surrealtimes.net.

INTERNSHIP POSITION OPENS

By MANAGEMENT,
The Surreal Times

This sentence and its containing article are a materialization of abstract gravitation, pulling you to email management, enrolling yourself as a summer 2018 intern for The Surreal Times. To fight this gravity is to keep hold of a hot air balloon destined to burst in the stratosphere.

Do you understand? If so, please get in touch.

Interns will be responsible for surveying all realities in addition to all nested surrealities. They will travel from place to place, sometimes zooming in on specific places for periods of time, always observing, interact-

ing with, and interpreting the goings on around them.

Sponsorship will be available to support traveling journalists.

The internship program begins May 15, 2018. It continues through the summer, and has potential to extend infinitely. Full time, part time, and assignment-based arrangements are possible.

We are as flexible as the boundary of dreams. So please do get in touch if you are at all interested.

Management can be reached at management@surrealtimes.net.

REALM OF IDEAS
NARROWS

By MANAGEMENT,
The Surreal Times

Everyone: Before reading any further, cover your ears if you want the best for yourself. This is very important.

I am noticing a gradual narrowing of the realm of ideas (the one specific to

my head in addition to the ones corresponding to other individuals' heads which I have been in contact with). I am afraid it may be a universal problem...

(CONTINUED on pg. 2)

REALM OF IDEAS NARROWS

(... Continued from pg. 1)

... In wake of the recent token "invalidation", an anonymous letter told people of Amherst: "Slurp up the sounds of the Gods. They will feed you." Ever since, jeeps on every block have been playing sounds for us to "slurp". (See "Tokens retracted" on surreal-times.net).

Somehow, by tuning in even just passively to these slurpables, I and others are losing the ability to think certain thoughts. Myself I've had trouble putting my finger on exactly what thoughts aren't working anymore. I am still not sure.

My friend, Suthagorous, who is a mathematics man, has an idea. He believes thoughts of frequencies divisible by 8 that are no longer thinkable, and everything else is ok. I can't say I know a heckuva lot about mathematics, but Suthagorous is a smart man.

Still, I got to say, something tells me the Large Idea Rotisserie is relevant. I was under the impression that it was working again, because my thoughts have been quality. But perhaps something is up with it again - more minor than the the 2017 halt, but still something. Either that, I would say, or that the echoes of these mantras, swimming like fish in our skulls, are

blocking out the broadcasts from the Large Idea Rotisserie.

Regardless, I would say cover your ears to be safe. YOU'LL KEEP 'EM COVERED IF YOU'RE SMART!

These mantras are repetitive goddamnit anyways. Probably worse than little rascals being all rambunctious and such and such on the play structure across from my house.

(I still think it was wrong to cancel the tokens, but we have bigger problems now.)

Alfred Humbleton can be reached at alfhumbleton@surrealtimes.net.

A RECORDING OF THE RANTING OF THE HERMENAUT

By MOE "TINY" SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter

Last issue, the Times reported on the heated contest for the prestigious title of Ultimate Hermit. Peter B. Barnes has blasted himself into orbit, where he berates the planet via radio for eighteen hours a day. He lives on specifically designed plants which he grows within his sealed capsule. The Times thought it proper to print a transcript of part of his rant, seeing as the Times readers will eventually vote on who should receive

the title of Ultimate Hermit."

Transcription:

"" You ninnies! Incompetent! I once had a rat named William. He ate all my food and bit me in a sensitive area. He was a loathsome animal. I would rather live with TEN THOUSAND Williams in my sphere than even a single baby! The baby is the ultimate form of human life because it CANNOT speak. This is a distinct advantage. So be like a baby and: shut up!

I am happy that skyscrapers are becoming more common - because more people will fall off them!

Very soon all the nuclear silos will have to be rewired - have fun! I hope that they all go off and knock my sphere out of orbit, because if I have even a chance of landing on one of you, my death will be worth it! ""

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be reached at tiny.schlemiel@surrealtimes.net.

LETTER TO THE FAKE SUN 2

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff



The Surreal Times received this letter from someone claiming to be Saul Smalls, the author who sent us the first "Letter to the Fake Sun." While this second letter was light on evidence, the envelope contained a peculiar fine grain. The Times confirmed that the grain is in fact human flesh stripped of surreality. Search "Death of surreality," on Surreal-times.net for more information. The presence of this grain tells the Times that something greater is at work here, hence we decided to publish the letter.

Transcription:

"" The real sun is hidden in the center of the plan-

et. I knew this was true, but he confirmed it for me. It makes sense, right? It's what I thought earlier. The man told me that I need to tell other people. I stopped taking my [illegible]. I'm starting a club and a website soon, to get this out, that the sun is fake. I don't know why he was so persuasive. I feel disinhibited, but I feel [illegible]. I think he sprayed me with something first. I can't remember. He said look at this, then there was a click, and I was on the ground, and he's standing over me and he says "You were right all along." And I get what that means. He gave something to me to put in this letter. I hope the postman delivers it in the letter. It will show I'm serious. ""

The Editors can be reached at management
@surrealtimes.net.

THE BARON OF BULLETS SPOTTED AT ANTONIO'S

By ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter



It appears the infamous Marcus Van Door visited Amherst last week, likely

to observe the Collision Festival. Marcus Van Door, AKA the Baron of Bullets, is an international arms dealer who has recently flipped his focus to humanitarianism. The Surreal Times reported recently that the Baron completed his search for the Fountain of Youth. "Yes," said the Baron, "We found the Fountain. We're testing

the effects of its waters presently. Who knows what it does? Myths are just that, myths. The Fountain could be lethal to humans."

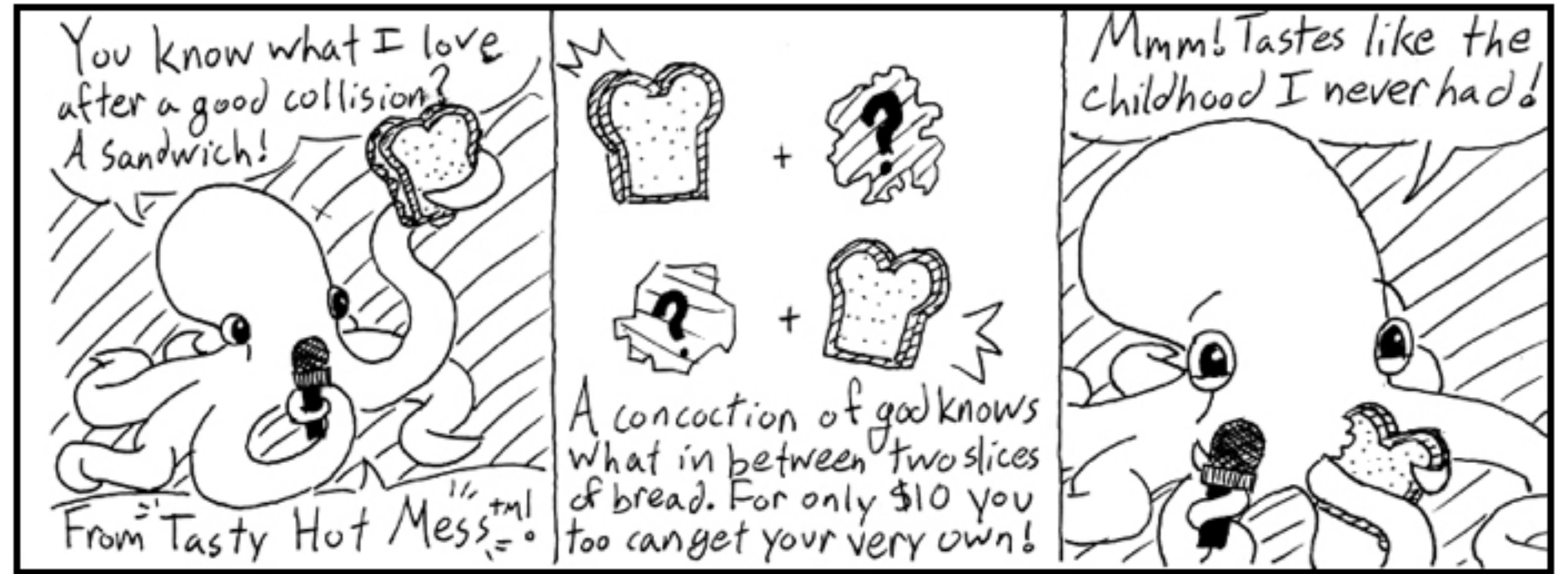
But the Baron may not be telling the whole truth. With him was controversial bio-weapons developer Jane Grimsey. Grimsey would not talk on the record, but Marcus in-

sisted she was helping him with the Fountain. Those interested in the Baron can search "Fountain," on the Times website follow his quest. The Times will document this history as it unfolds.

Roberto Piccolo can be reached at piccolo.roberto@surrealtimes.net.

A PEEK INTO THE LIFE OF EDDIE OCTO

By MARINA PARELLA,
Times Graphical Guru



Marina Parella can be reached at parella.marina@surrealtimes.net.

SPIRAL RUN CLOSING IN ON THE AMHERST COMMON

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,
Times Staff



Word is, the Spiral Run

has happened before, and it'll happen many times over again. But, most importantly, it will be happening on May 12th, 2018. An octopus called Eddie announced this at the tail end of this year's Collision Festival.

He proclaimed, "What a jolly display this was indeed! How serendipitous that vertebrates and invertebrates can reconcile

their differences for a pearl of vigorous athleticism."

"That is why I'd like to invite all of you lads, yes all of you, to a spiral run right here in Amherst, on this green! May 12th. Be there, lads, be here! Let's catch some eyes."

The crowd roared. Older attendees stood on one leg. Others caught on

gradually.

On May 12th, a group of individuals will arrange themselves in a large circle around the Amherst Common. Cornelius Harrington will drum on his jembe while hanging by his feet upside-down in the center of it all. As he begins with slow rhythms, the outer circle of people will gradually circle in, matching his

patient pace. But because of his being upside-down, blood will rush to his head and bring urgency to his drumming. The inward-spiralling populus will match this urgency, speeding up and up and up until they simultaneously crash into the center point. The rhythms will halt. There will be a pigpile of monumental proportions on the town green.

It will be declared a tremendous success. Gradually, the pile will clear, and Cornelius will be nowhere to be found. By his mysterious ways, he will have transcended the singularity.

Dernberger Spengler can be reached at spengler@surrealtimes.net.

OUTLAW KILLED OR NOT

By MEGUNTICOOK
STEVENS,
Freelance Reporter

Mike Hannigan was the very scourge of Woboro County. In fact, he was the scougiest, and he knew it. Posters, printed by the Woboro County Police Department, were tacked to lamp posts in three states, reading, "Mike Hannigan is Wanted Dead or Alive." He was fifth most wanted in the entire country. He terrorized indiscriminately, plundering banks, internationally owned supermarket franchises, local coffee roasters and one cooperatively owned second-hand bicycle shop. The gutsy pirate gained legendary status via his theatrical escapades, which often involved evading law enforcement with gleeful, even foolhardy panache. But his career has ended abruptly, after a spontaneous

firefight between him and the Woboro Sheriff late last night. Hannigan was hit twice, and rushed to a nearby hospital. At midnight, medics finally declared the outlaw dead or alive. At last, there is peace.

"I couldn't believe the news at first," an anonymous Woboro resident told the press. Perhaps it was difficult, at first, to envision a Woboro without Mike; after all, despite his reputation, he did put Woboro on the map. Any disbelief about Hannigan's condition was put to rest in a statement by the Woboro County Hospital, where Mike currently resides under stringent security. The statement confirmed that the criminal "is in fact dead or alive. While it was unclear, in the immediate aftermath of the incident, whether his

condition would lean gradually towards one end of the spectrum or another, his condition has stabilized, and he is now certainly dead or alive, and definitely not both at once and certainly not neither." It appears that, at last, the State has gotten its wish, and Woboro is now one outlaw safer.

This diagnosis has come as a relief to members of county and state government. WCPD Sheriff Peter Dickey, who fired the perhaps-fatal shot, seems satisfied. "It's justice served, you know? Like, we got we asked for." Woboro county representative Barbara Kinney also expressed relief at the news, "I'm just glad he's off the streets, he'd been terrorizing us for too long." Others express concern. "I wish we made the posters a bit more specific," said Mar-

cus Dubois, a graphic designer who created WCPD's 'wanted' posters, which clearly indicated the desired health status of the outlaw upon his arrest. For the most part, Mike's death or life seems to elicit a cathartic exhale from those the communities he terrorized in Woboro. Joe Pescaccio, a co-manager at *Red Wheels*, the cooperatively owned second-hand bicycle shop robbed by Mike Hannigan in 2012, (he points out that his is the third most popular cooperatively owned second-hand bicycle shop in Woboro county), sums up the general community sentiment, "I can rest easy knowing Mike's finally dead or alive."

Megunticook Stevens can be reached at stevens.megunt@surrealtimes.net.

DR. L. PETERSON SENTENCED TO SEVEN YEARS

By MOE "TINY"
SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter

Dr. Linda Peterson, the disgraced head of the Portable Surreal Engine project, has been sentenced to seven years in prison. Her sentence will be served in California. Peterson dodged a murder charge but was found guilty of aiding and abet-

ting the staff members who did capture and kill a "surreal fountainhead." For more on Dr. Peterson and the Surreal Engine, search "Death of Surreality," on the Surreal Times website.

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be reached at tiny.schlemiel@surrealtimes.net.

FREE EYE CONTACT SERVICES

By MISTRESS TUMBLY,
Citizen of The World

Golly, on with it. Invite me toward you. Pay me nothing. I will stare into your oculars for an hour. I will make you nervous

but enthralled (: I will keep you lively, and you'll never go bald (:

Mistress Tumbly can be reached at 413-341-0525.

NOTORIOUS CHIEF OF AGNAT-ROPTES WITNESSED SERVING SUN

By DERNBERGER
SPENGLTON,
Times Staff

It's not everyday you find yourself standing beside the head chief of Agnat-roptes, Goh-Tahm-Kual, rubbing your thumbs and wondering what to say.

Last week I climbed on top of Worcester dining hall, hoping to watch the sunset as I ate chicken fingers. I pulled up my usual chair. This was near a spot Goh-Tahm-Kual was known to frequent. However, I did not expect him to be meandering at such a late hour. And so I was startled I noticed him atop the same building as I, but he near the southern entrance while I preferred the north.

He sat cross-legged in a meditative state. A padded cloak draped over him protected him as he hummed continuously and slowly but steadily peddled (with his hands) the tricycle pedals attached to the sides of his helmet, thereby generating a magnetic field and attracting metals of various kinds to fly at high speeds and clink onto his body. I watched his generated magnetism pull a coin from a passing bird's grasp. I watched it pull a spoon from a student's pocket. I watched it tear barbed wire from the grasp of an elderly,

overgrown tree.

Very curious, yes... but, I will be honest with you — I nodded off for quite a while, not because of general disinterest in Goh-Tahm-Kual, but because I had recently concluded a 48 hour clover binge with my partner. It had been an exhausting time... and in the aftermath I yearned for nothing more than solace before meeting her in bed for 24 hours of re-synchronization.

Anyways, all of the sudden I wake up to this feather-armed, electromagnetic-headed, pink speedo wearing nut ball standing silhouetted directly in front of me. He had many miscellaneous items magnetized to his body. He stood tall and broad, eclipsing me in his shadow during a time of wonderful coloring of the sky.

It was primetime sunset. Although normal me would have gone to great lengths for a word or two, at the very least, with this widely mythologized chief -- in this moment, I had a pinching desire to push him into the blue sky and to have him drown in it. I simply wanted my solace to myself.

But, I saw how lightly he leaned upon his heavy

walking staff, and how massive were his arms. Due to this observation, I opted for a non-confrontational approach. I moved my chair a few feet to the side quietly, so that I could see better. And I prepared to watch the darn best sunset there ever was.

I watched the blues calm to to greens and yellows, and the yellows burn to charred oranges and dark reds. I listened to the sky breathe. I listened to the birds make way home for the night.

And I watched Chief Goh-Tahm-Kual raise his walking staff above his head, brandishing it to the sky.

And I watched him drop to his knees, still with the grand walking staff raised above, as the sun breached the horizon.

I watched him lower his staff horizontally into a keyhole-like crevice on top of his magnet helmet. He strained to turn sideways a pivot point in his complicated magnet helmet.

In the moment the sun was split by the horizon, he succeeding in turning the pivot.

I watched thousands of metal items release from Chief Goh-Tahm-Kual's pull, and gradually drift

toward the swirling sun. Silverware, small car parts, old computer devices, all of those things, they all floated buoyant in the air, slowly upwards and outward. Meanwhile, the Chief clasped his palms and bowed, worshipping that which provides warmth and light to his world.

The sun engulfed the final spoon. An instant subsequent, it disappeared behind the horizon...

It was a bizarre experience, witnessing this from so close. And more so: witnessing the people on the ground going about their daily business without any awareness of the surreal sight. And even more so: finding myself face-to-face with the chief during the moment that followed.

He stood idly for five minutes. I think that it was his intention to provide me space to speak. Unfortunately, despite my in hindsight throbbing curiosity, I failed to conjure a single word at the time. And so he saluted me with his left hand, and separately with his right hand, and concluded, "Until next time."

Dernberger Spengleton can be reached at spengleton@surrealtimes.net.

SILENCE THAT PRE-TENTIOUS OCTOPUS

By CHIMPANZEE JOE,
of Hampshire Woods



Humans reading this, relax. You are off the hook. But Eddie Octo, "The Surreal Times First Miniature Octopus Reporter," is most certainly on the hook and about to be fried up. What a lousy invertebrate! He thinks he can come in here,

spew some three syllable words, and become one of us? This is a PRIMATE paper. There's no need for his kind here. He rolls around in his self contained survival sphere spewing verbose garbage. Take it from this newschimp: there will never be any good non-vertebrate news reporters.

Chimpanzee Joe can be reached at chimp.joe@surrealtimes.net.

WE CAN ALL TAKE A HINT FROM THIS SANDWICH ANARCHY

By PABLO LITTLE,
Prose Poet

The new "The Tasty Hot Mess" sandwich shop is an antidote to the modern condition. We live prepared lives in prepared ways, filling out timesheets, emailing reports, sleeping in precise patterns, every moment measured, every instant according to plan. So screw that plan! Go get a Tasty Hot Mess. Those little runts understand that deep down humans are animals. We don't like spreadsheets, we don't like deadlines, and we don't like the mundane vacuum we spend

so much of our lives in. Maybe you get some mustard monstrosity that you spit out after a single chew. Maybe you get four layers of delicious deli meats that light up your taste buds like nothing before. It's that chance! The chance is why get out of bed everyday, because of the chance of good things happening. And at Tasty Hot Mess, you get a hell of a chance.

Pablo Little can be reached at little.pablo@surrealtimes.net.

CLOUD ANCHOR PROPOSED, P.I.A. INVESTIGATING

By CLARENCE MON,
Head of PIA



In March, a newcomer to the Amherst town meeting made a strong impression on attendees when he catered to a broad worry of theirs: the impending summer heat. As you know, Amherst has faced persistent drought issues over the last few years.

This newcomer, Jona Rift, acknowledged recent failed attempts at cloud seeding. In addition, he showed photos of the current state of the reservoirs (which were nearly full). Ultimately he argued that we needn't seed the clouds, because we already had a deal of water.

He argued that it would be plenty a solution to merely preserve the existing overcast in place for the duration of the year, in order to prevent direct sunlight from reaching the reservoir.

He went so far as to propose a specific method of "cloud anchoring" -- a process involving anchored hot air balloons with Van de Graaff generators in their baskets. Theoretically, these would provide attraction between the clouds and already-anchored air-balloons, thereby keeping the clouds from venturing far.

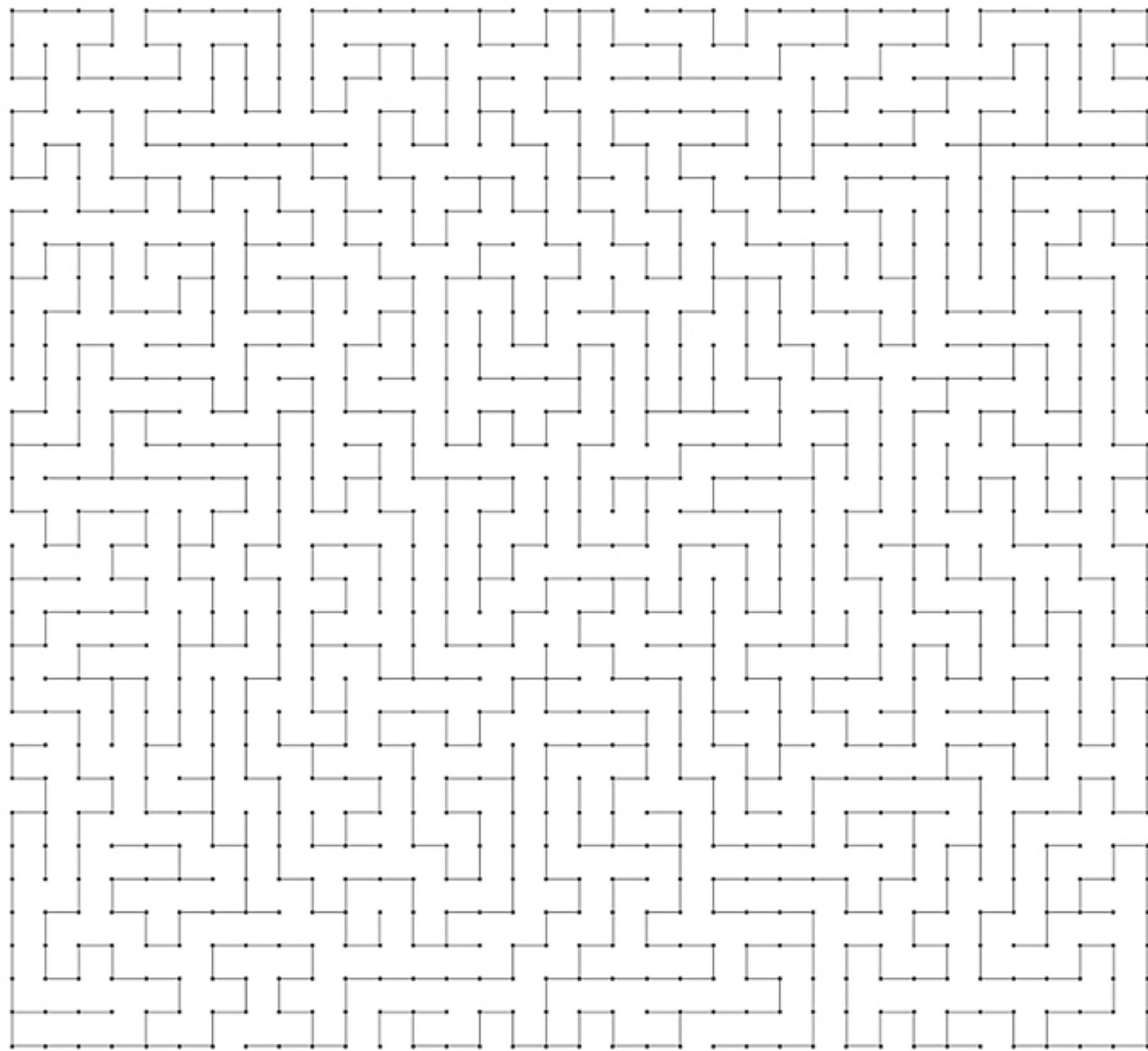
The town of Amherst has asked the PIA to investigate the practicality of this approach. The organization will do so and report back in a timely manner. It will be utilizing various fields of different elevations around the pioneer valley in order to test different air pressure conditions. We wish to inform you, that you should not be alarmed if you see anchoring attempts nearby. A speeding flycar will be in the vicinity to reel in any stray objects before they may damage your property or et cetera.

Clarence Mon can be reached at cmon@surrealtimes.net.

THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUEI'S SURROGATE,
Mechanical Contraption

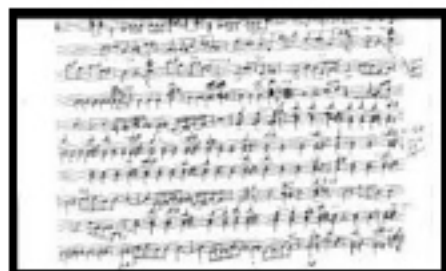
From management: *An important task is encoded over this maze by spectacular isomorphism. By entering through one opening, and exiting through a different opening, you compute a sequence of choices which can be translated into real world actions. By doing so, you enable me (the knower) to do good for the world. For doing so, you get a **secret prize**. Email your solutions to management@surrealtimes.net.*



Note from Suthagorous: *Recently the isomorphism between the bihexical search and the world's most important problems ceased to function, without any explanation. Still, Armădeius Galouei's Surrogate continues producing mazes. I cannot vouch for the validity of this maze. Its axioms are believed to be no longer valid, and I have been recruited to search for new ones. In the meanwhile, though, we see it fit to publish these mazes in order to be prepared if relevance is to return to our axioms. Contact me at suthagorous@surrealtimes.net for further correspondence on this matter.*

MEMBERS OF THE ATONAL MUSIC LISTENING CLUB NOWHERE TO BE FOUND

By COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent



UMass Chancellor Kumble R. Subbaswamy recently outed the head of the AMLC without any explanation. Many questions were asked as to his motivations. Ex-head of the AMLC, Jason Humboldt, claimed malevolent intent. Others, however, let the lack of answers slide when new leadership at the AMCL led many community building efforts, including placing instruments around campus for people to play and enjoy. Some

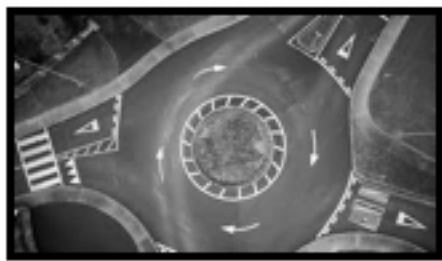
of these instruments were tuned properly, and others not; therefore most people of all kinds were made happy by the deed.

However, as of last week, all known members of the AMLC have disappeared. Humboldt is protesting up and down campus furiously, but no answers are to be found. He claims misdeeds, but some remind us that the AMCL is a group of people possessing contrarian nature, and very well could have embarked on an impromptu vacation.

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

NEWSPAPER SPAWNS SUBSIRIARY ADVENTURE CAPITAL FIRM

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff



Folks at The Surreal Times Newspaper Co. believe that this world

could use a great deal more color. And so, they are launching a subsidiary *adventure* capital firm, called TST Ventures, whose purpose it will be to seek out, cultivate, and support companies, organizations, and individuals who add new and needed flavors to

daily life.

Contact adventures@surrealtimes.net in order to obtain more informations than are provided here.

TST Ventures, upon conception, is sending funding in the direction of two other TST sub-

sidiaries, in addition to a myriad of local businesses. Exact details will be made available as they are solidified.

The Editors can be reached at management@surrealtimes.net.

MURDERER TO BE EXECUTED

By OLD SOULS
ANONYMOUS,
Times Correspondent

A murderer is to be executed exactly one week from today. He was arrested long ago, but was only recently convicted of serial homicide, and imprisoned with a death penalty after a lengthy, yet fair and just trial. It was pretty clear to both the judge and the jury that he was guilty, and it did not take them long to convict him. (Evidence was abundant). Details of

the man's crime horrified the jury, in addition to the those of the public who followed his trial in the papers.

The serial killer committed his crimes with cold systemicity. He would kidnap his suspects, and throw them in a dark basement for several months, sometimes years. He kept them behind bars, in small cages. ("How inhumane," people remarked). There, he would torture them. Not

physically; he did it psychologically. He tortured their minds with claustrophobia and loneliness, their bodies with atrophy, and their eyes with darkness. Then, when he decided he'd had enough, he took them outside and shot them. ("How cruel," people said). The jury agreed unanimously that these cruel acts of torture and violence had absolutely no place in a civilized society such as theirs, and could not be tolerated under any

circumstances.

The only logical punishment for such a crime, the jury decided, was execution. So, in one week, the man will be executed by firing squad; until that day, he will reside behind bars. All members of the jury fell asleep peacefully after their deliberation.

Common Observer can be reached at oldsouls@surrealtimes.net.