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SURREAL TIMES

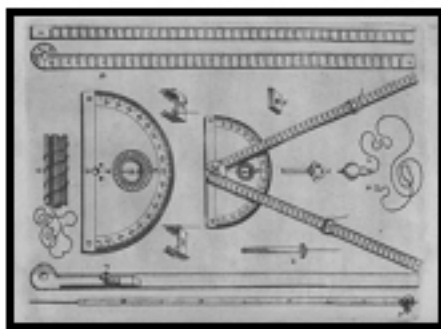
"A newspaper is required  
to document the history  
currently unfolding..."

October 1st, 2018 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

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of the cicadas.

MAD CARTOGRAPHER: I HAVE DIS-  
COVERED THE PARALLEL UNIVERSES

BY RICHARD R.  
MOHAMED,  
The Mad Cartographer



My name is Richard R. Mohamed. Some call me "The Mad Cartographer". While I reject that title, it may be apt today.

I have come into posses-

sion of a strange map. I cannot comment on the source of this map but I can confirm that it is a digital map, one of massive scope. The map contains the four standard directions as well as all possible abstract directions. While I was familiar with reliable abstract directions such as East-East and East-West-South-North, some of the directions, such as East-East-East, were new to me.

But the strange thing about this map is that it keeps going. It is near boundless. Followed to its natural end, it goes far beyond the theoretical edges of our universe, and then it keeps going. It suggests that as many as twenty three other universes exist in parallel to ours. It even comments on the nature of these universes. Some are magnified, while others diminished. The remainder are "normal", similar to

ours.

Do what you will with this information. I don't expect you to believe me, but I had to get it out. Maybe I will be able to sleep tonight having gotten it off my chest. I wish you all the best. Please do not hesitate to write.

Richard R. Mohamed can be reached at madcartographer@surrealtimes.net.

FROM THE MOUTH  
OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÂDEIUS GALOUEI,  
Times Senior Editor



"Apprehensive forefathers  
marked redundant apostrophes"

The pig can be reached via armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

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HIS NAME IS MR. TERRIBLE AND  
HE JUST LIKES TO SNEAK AROUND

BY RON GUTTERSTON,  
Times Correspondent



[[Artist's depiction of Mr. Terrible by Marina Parella.]]

In Amherst, profound individuals live alongside common folk, doing common things, holding common sentiments and dressing in common attire. The nature of our community is to treat these people normally and let them live happy

lives away from their status, fame, and whatever other hullabaloo that may burden them.

I met a man recently who calls himself Mr. Terrible. You probably haven't seen him before, but he's seen you! That's a bit of a joke on my end, but it's true.

Mr. Terrible's business is organized crime. Without giving too many details, he said that the front page of his long resume brandishes "assault & battery", "substance production", and "international arbitrage", in addition to other notorious acts.

He has been successful in his professional life. He has accumulated great wealth and an expansive network. Today he lives large as one of the most revered criminals in his region (which he chooses not to reveal). Even as accomplished as he is, he continues to engage in a variety of unaccepted behaviors in pursuit of more money, power, and respect.

But, when it comes down to it — the simple pleasures of life — Mr. Terrible is a different man than his ruthless professional self. All the women and the drugs and

flashiness.. All the street wars and the adrenaline and the glory that they come with.. To Mr. Terrible, these are superficial pursuits.

Deep down, Mr. Terrible just likes to sneak around. It isn't about acquiring material items. It isn't about profit, power, or anything else. It, life, isn't about who your father is, what your profession is, or where you stand in relation to others.

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MAN SHOWS VULNERABILITY,  
SUCCESSFULLY APPREHENDED

BY ALEISTER FROST,  
Surreal Times Reporter

Be advised, the names in this story may have been changed for privacy purposes. Except for the suspect's name. His name is Teddy Wilkins. Again, Teddy Wilkins.

"I started to get suspicious when he began keeping a diary but I didn't ask him about it or

anything." said the suspect's roommate, Josh, who had been living with Wilkins for the past semester. "One day he just started talking to me about all the stuff. I mean, his ex-girlfriend, his family and all these insecurities or whatever. I finally had to do something about it."

"Without any evidence,

we couldn't have the suspect apprehended in a way that would be considered constitutional," said Sheriff Paul Rudyard, "This is why things like wiretapping and bugging a room are such effective strategies with handling these more intimate cases. We managed to intercept some emotional calls with Wilkins' mom and that was

enough probable cause send the boys in."

"It was one of those nights again. Teddy would talk and talk about his childhood trauma and how he's afraid to be himself and get too close to anybody," said Josh...

(Continued on page 2... See "MAN SHOWS...")



## ... MAN SHOWS VULNERABILITY, SUCCESSFULLY APPREHENDED

(continued, pg. 1)

... "But by then we had the room bugged and the campus S.W.A.T. busted right through the window and slammed him to the ground mid sentence. There was glass everywhere, it was incredible really."

The police also managed to confiscate some evidence: the diary, a sketchpad, and a T.V. were among them. "Everybody loves It's Always Sunny" says the Sheriff "But due to the nature of the suspect and the amount of consecu-

tive episodes he's been watching in such a short period of time, we suspect he used it as some type of coping mechanism. The whole Television unit has been impounded."

In his closing statements, the Sheriff had this to say,

"I would just like to remind everyone that not only is it inadmissible in this county to show vulnerability, but to feel vulnerable as well. The next time you begin to feel vulnerable, insecure or self-conscious, make sure to bottle those feelings up

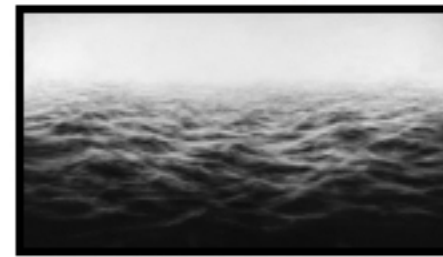
and shove them as far down into your subconscious as possible."

When all is said and done, it appears that the Police Department has once again helped maintain the dignity of our county. Now, instead of facing his own personal demons, Teddy Wilkins will be facing the death penalty on Tuesday. Wilkins family, friends and the community are relieved.

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## PABLO LITTLE HOSPITALIZED AFTER DANGEROUS VISION

By ROBERTO PICCOLLO,  
Surreal Times Reporter



Pablo Little, renowned prose poet and Surreal Times contributor, has been hospitalized in non-critical condition. Speaking out, he told the Times that he was displaying signs of Surreality exposure. However, he claims, no one has been

able to locate a source of Surreality.

"When I got hit," Little says, "It was sudden. I was in my kitchen and my whole body froze up. I fell to the floor. I have a mild concussion now, a little concussion, but it's not going to stop me. Once I lost consciousness, I saw... It was incredible. A vast sapphire sea, deep blue and completely calm, extending just as far as I could see, and probably going even

more than that, going on forever, you know? And I felt, in that moment I mean, that I was going to go there. Maybe not tomorrow, maybe not a year from now, but someday I'll see the sapphire sea. I will. And I think you will too."

The Times wishes Mr. Little a speedy recovery.

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## MOUND OF MIXED GREENS APPEARS IN CEMETERY

By CLARENCE MON,  
Director of the PIA

AMHERST — An eight foot tall mound of mixed greens appeared overnight at West Cemetery. Today it sits blocking a dirt pathway not far from poet Emily Dickinson's grave. Made primarily of butternut lettuce, the mound also contains scattered pieces of

kale, spinach, and collard greens. The P.I.A. is investigating.

Some investigators speculate that recent graduates positioned the mound as part of their senior prank. Others wonder whether raccoons might have stockpiled the vegetation as preparation for winter.

Two observations lead me to think the explanation is more complex.

First is the way small bits of ashy material with an aroma resembling Tibetan incense encircled the lettuce mound. This suggests involvement of something ritualistic, which probably rules out the raccoon theory.

Second is the way when I called UMass PD Sergeant Tom Johnson's direct line, he was suddenly busy the moment I mentioned lettuce. A prank could have potentially involved incense. However, the UMass PD withholding of information tells me that the lettuce may be complicit in a larger happening.

We at the PIA are at loss for leads. So, please, get in touch with any information you may have.

In the meanwhile, peripherally go the winds of progress...

*Note: In these surreal times, it is ever more necessary for our central intelligence and law en-*

*forcement agencies keep in touch with the periphery. For this reason, we are troubled by UMass PD's refusal to share intelligence with us.*

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## NEW RESEARCH OUT OF UNIVERSITY OF DORTMUND

"Eddie Octo's Master's Thesis on Localized Temperature Erratics, Published!"

By THE EDITORS,  
Times Staff

Eddie Octo, the Surreal Times miniature Newsoc-topus, recently obtained his master's degree from the University of Dortmund. He has since received widespread congratulations for bridging new ground. People everywhere are excited by what he has done, and how he will apply Surreal Engineering to Journalism going forward. We are excited too!

At this time we are proud to announce that Eddie's master's thesis has completed the peer review process and is scheduled to be printed in the University of Dortmund Journal! To read the full whitepaper, you'll need a subscription to the journal or a copy of the coming month's edition. But, being Eddie's employer and benefactor, we have received early access and are happy to share some of Eddie's work with you here!

Eddie's thesis is entitled "Localized Temperature Erratics: The Abstract, The Real, and The Surreal". It focuses on hypothetical small blobs of air which, under certain circumstances, suddenly become extremely hot or extremely cold. They remain at extreme temperatures for just a few milliseconds before returning to normal. Eddie says, "LTEs are interesting mathematically and also important in practice because they can be extremely dangerous."

LTEs arise in nature when two blobs of air collide in a fluke: Many of their particles collide directly and energetically with one another, as opposed to indirectly or not at all. As a result, certain groups of molecules stop cold in one place; others rebound at extremely high speeds. "On the molecular level, this makes for instantaneous coldness or hotness sufficient to blow an airplane engine, to ignite a forest fire, or to freeze blood in a person's main artery, thereby causing a clot with no observable explanation." This phenomenon is rare because air molecules tend to be

dispersed and unlikely to collide. But, chance collisions do happen, and when they do the effects can be catastrophic.

In the first section of the thesis, Eddie focuses on the history of LTEs. "The earliest recorded work on them was done by Henri Becquerel. Becquerel wrote out mathematical descriptions of Localized Temperature Erratics without ever observing them. He originally theorized LTEs by the inspiration of his early work with quantum tunneling (the idea that solid matter can under rare circumstances phase directly through other solids). However, Becquerel never did observe or find scientific evidence of LTEs himself. Despite this, Eddie Octo says that "Becquerel's calculations hold strong today".

In the second section of his thesis, Eddie describes many mysteries from the past century which he believes could be explained by LTEs. He specifically touches on the 1970 Bhola cyclone in Pakistan, the missing Malaysia Airlines flight 370 aircraft, and comedian Tommy Cooper's sud-

den heart attack on television, in addition to other unexplained happenings. He says the cyclone could have been caused by a sudden LTE-spawned temperature shift resulting in sudden pressure changes in the air. He says the missing aircraft could have been taken down by a cold LTE freezing up its engines. And he says any LTE in the vicinity of the heart could be fatal without a trace.

Eddie provides evidence that LTEs could be to blame for these cases and others (including more detail in his thesis than is included here). He proceeds to analyze the properties of LTEs using rigorous computations.

In the "new results" section of Eddie's paper, he presents his own experiments done in collaboration with Jason Humboldt (formerly of the UMass Amherst Atonal Music Listening Club). These experiments involved using low-frequency atonal and discordant music in order to prevent air molecules from coagulating into common paths. According to Eddie, this encouraged air molecules to

pass by each other without direct contact. As a result, Localized Temperature Erratics were 87% less likely to occur.

Eddie also mentions that "some kinds of tonal music can actually increase the likelihood of LTEs". He posits that certain kinds of sounds tend to produce high-temperature LTEs, while others are inclined to produce low-temperature LTEs. For example, low frequencies and simple harmonies are inclined to produce high-temperature LTEs. In contrast, higher frequencies involving complicated harmonies often result in low-temperature LTEs.

Fortunately, LTE-preventing atonal music can effectively counter the LTE-promoting effect of tonal music under nearly all circumstances. Putting this knowledge into practice, one can dramatically lessen the chance of random catastrophe by playing Arnold Schoenberg's music on repeat (or other atonal or discordant music).

The only counterexample to the atonal music approach of preventing LTEs, Eddie says, is sur-

real field warping. This overpowers, or, at least, counters, the effect of music on the development of LTEs. An engineer of surreality can create molecule-sized surreal vacuums just beside each molecule in a pocket of air, and simultaneously remove the surreal fields of other unrelated air molecules. By the principle of surreal warping, quickly every molecule in the initial pocket of air will have a neighbor appear immediately next to it, but moving in some arbitrary direction. This enables a very high direct particle collision rate. Because of this, LTEs become .

Eddie hopes to look into the relationship between atonal music and surreal warping in the future. Also, he hopes to delve into the possibility of using surreal warping to prevent rather than cause LTEs.

Fascinating, important work. Surely this Octopus has a bright future ahead of him!

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## BELOVED SURREAL TIMES REPORTER ZULU Z. ZULU WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

By GILES SQUIN,  
Times Correspondent

At a joint press conference Saturday morning, the FBI, Interpol, and the United Nations Peace-keeping Mission announced a worldwide arrest warrant for Surreal Times reporter Zulu Z. Zulu. He is wanted for third-degree truth telling, disturbing the peace, public nudity, worshipping false idols, and several speeding tickets. Mr. Zulu was last seen on a motorcycle next to a rice field.

A photo of him with a group of farmers surfaced on Facechattube shortly before the announcement.

They were all smiling and gesturing with a single thumb facing upwards. Authorities suspect this gesture is a sign of unity amongst the cult Mr. Zulu has been growing across the planet. When the people in the picture were questioned by FBI Agent Diego Cabrón, they all pretended to not understand English, Spanish, or Swahili. When approached, each of them produced a copy of the US Constitution's fourth and fifth amendments in a mix of English and symbols the Bureau had never seen before. Agent Cabrón said the FBI is in the process of decoding these symbols,

in hopes their meaning may lead to Mr. Zulu's whereabouts.

Mr. Zulu had taken some time off from writing recently to travel, and as he said before he was last seen in the Western World, "I need to cleanse myself of this culture of plastic, self-loathing, and bullshit." The FBI and the UN said they would be working together to collect information from every single person's cell phone and computer on Earth in order to bring Mr. Zulu to justice.

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## COMMUNITY BIKES SUSTAINABLY KICK

By CLARENCE MON,  
Director of the PIA



The Pioneer Valley Planning Commission, in collaboration with UMass Amherst, recently launched a bike sharing program called Valley-Bike. This program consists of 50 bike sharing stations and 500 bikes distributed across the Pioneer Valley.

Equipped with lightweight alternators, the bikes generate electricity as they are pedaled. This

electricity is then used for hill climbing and speed assistance. Left-over charge is routed through sharing stations and into the valley electrical grid, giving rise to a new era of sustainable transportation.

Also equipped with spring-loaded seats that resemble cowboy boots, the bikes hold a reputation of kicking their riders into the air by surprise, leaving them confused and pavement-burned, wondering what they did to deserve being left without wheels.

Some say the bikes kick when riders mention "oil" in a positive context. Others say the kicks

are completely random.

Despite fear of being kicked, people of the Pioneer Valley saturate lines waiting to use these bikes. "They are so much fun," one student remarked, "so fast and so efficient. The technology is awesome, and you don't need to worry about parking." When asked about the fear of being kicked, the same student said, "yeah, it's scary, but honestly it's kind of exciting too, the risk of it. It's a thrill. It's fun!"

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## THE MARTIANS ARE HERE, AND IT IS GLORIOUS

By THE PURPLE HERMIT,  
Times Correspondent

Rejoice, for our miserable time on this whirling flesh orb comes to a close. On September 30th, at 5:28 AM, they came down from the sky in a mound-shaped craft onto the roof of the Integrative Learning Center, buzzing with colors unseen, and demanding that we acquiesce to their simple demands. "Take us to the leaders below." Leaders below? The Mole-People, with their tunnels criss-crossing the world? The lizard people of the Hollow Earth, controlling our finances and Hollywood movies? The nice lady who helps this reporter print things in the basement of the DuBois library? Australians? Many questions remain unanswered at this time.

They are tall and lanky, towering over our pathetic hominid frames. Their glorious brains bulge from their heads, exposing their cranial superiority with every stride. They remind this reporter of a bendy straw, if a straw reminded you of your feeble, human body and mind. Maybe they will accept this reporter into their society, as an equal hopefully, but he will accept anything at this point.

Serr-vo, a Martian au-

tomaton propelling itself forward with a pair of metallic wheels, claimed to be a liaison for the first encounter. According to itself, it was developed specially for this purpose, and this reporter finds it quite the charming fellow, knowing several dialects of Gaelic and how to tie a slipknot. This reporter doesn't know how what a slipknot is, or what Gaelic sounds like, but he is willing to accept his inferiority. However, Serr-vo was totally inept at its stated purpose.

This reporter could not speak to the Martians directly. Not only were they unresponsive to questions, any attempt to approach them resulted in Serr-vo wheeling itself between us and accidentally falling over, requesting assistance to be placed upright. The Martians were preoccupied scooping and inspecting hand(?)fuls of grass. Perhaps they'd speak to this reporter's Residential Assistants at a later date if they are still seeking a reputable authority figure. In the meantime, this reporter needs to go into town and pick up some supplies for a welcome banner. This is the Purple Hermit signing off.

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## WE ARE NOT KINGS AFTER ALL

By THE PURPLE HERMIT,  
Times Correspondent

Despair, for our miserable time on this whirling flesh orb continues. This reporter was mistaken. It seems the rulers are not the mole or lizard people, or the staff of Dubois, or Australians. Now the glorious Martians leave us behind, maybe forever. They have got what they came for.

A Martian reaches into a rotting tree, grabbing a hand(?)ful of kings. The Martians then departed in their buzzing craft, abandoning their faithful liaison Serr-vo. "Please, mass-terrs," it shrieks, but they are indifferent. Serr-vo wails and wheels itself away, a broken mechanical eggshell.

We should have seen it long ago. The termites construct impenetrable

fortresses, bend the very fungus to their will, and link their secret sites surreptitiously and subterraneanly. They erode away at our structures to add to theirs. Compared to them, how can we even begin to measure?

This reporter found some living in the corner of his room, under a pile of dirty laundry, chewing on his decrepit dorm door. He has placed several

wood chips from a garden bed by the entrance to their hole. Maybe they will accept him into their society, as an equal hopefully, but he will accept anything at this point. This is the Purple Hermit signing off.

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## FLORIDA PARENTS ACQUIRE VENDING MACHINE TO FEED CHILDREN

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,  
Times Staff



The Freeman family resides in a 30 foot motor home just outside of Jacksonville, Florida. I visited them after hearing rumors of their unique approaches to parenting. David "Boog" Freeman answered the door. He immediately introduced his wife, Diane, as a wonderful, beautiful woman, who never should have worked a day in her life.

He admitted, however, that a series of misfortunes have guided her fate negatively. He explained: Her parents were intonation juice addicts. So, even as a young child, she fended for herself while they swam

around in substance-induced bliss. Then, in 2005-2007, once she finally moved out from her parents' shambled home and into an apartment of her own, she fell victim to a barrage of thefts and vandalism. Eventually, the city of Jacksonville condemned her apartment on grounds of disrepair. And then, as she worked to improve her financial situation, she was falsely convicted of racketeering in 2009. Lawyer fees piled enormous debt upon her.

Boog happily married into this debt out of love for Diane. But, the debt gives the two of them no choice but to work multiple jobs simultaneously. Paycheck to paycheck, they haven't the funds to hire babysitters, so they often lament in leaving the kids home alone.

• "They donno how to feed themselves,

though," said Diane Freeman. "We needed to work, but we couldn't just not feed our kids." • "So we eventually decided to put our minds to good use!" • "We got ourselves an old snack machine from the dump. Fixed her up. And we asked our neighbor to help us carry it into the trailer. Now we have it inside, so the kids won't go hungry when we are busy working." • "We give each of the rascals five or six dollars a day. They use it to buy whatever food they want, whenever they want it." • "It's, what do you call it..., a win-win!" • "A win-win—win, I'd say, because what the kids dunno is that we have this key here which lets us retrieve all our dollars from the machine at the end of the day. So, we never actually spend anything. Free food forever, ay!" • "It's free food! Not

paying for food is gonna help us get our debt paid off a whole heck of a lot sooner, I expect. It's just perfect." • "It lets us focus on work, and it even let's us spend a night at the pool hall once in a while, when we feel like it. 'Mechanical Mom', that's what the kids call it."

The Freeman family told me it had been a month since they had acquired the vending machine. I was surprised to hear that even the kids were happy with the resulting lifestyle change. One of the rascals remarked, "I love mechanical mom because she doesn't yell at us, she is colorful, and she never makes us eat crusty garbage food like mommy does."

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## TRUCK BREEDING SEASON RETURNS AFTER 100 YEAR ABSENCE

By CLARENCE MON,  
Head of PIA



A critical aspect of nature failed one hundred years ago. The naturally-reproducing automobiles of earth gradually failed to sustain their own population. On came an automobile drought for the ages.

It was nearly very, very bad.

But, ninety-nine years ago, scientists and engineers bound together behind the leadership of Henry Ford, in order to do for nature what nature could no longer do for itself.

They artificially maintained a healthy automobile population, and thereby maintained the entire food web when it otherwise may have collapsed. Their ability to do this was thanks to many technological advances in the areas of automobile synthesis, cloning, and in-vitro-fertilization. While sustaining the automobile population, these trailblazers pushed outward the boundaries of science and technology.

However, they also required absurd quantities of natural resources and taxpayer dollars.

For this reason and for the same reason it is good to remove a gecko's diesel-powered prosthetic tail once its natural tail grows back, it is good that the automobiles have

regained fertility. In other words, we were thankful for Henry Ford and co., but we are now thankful they are no longer needed.

That's right: THE AUTOMOBILES ARE FERTILE AGAIN. Human intervention is no longer necessary or wanted. In the coming months, the government will be weening off funding for the various automobile sustenance organizations such as GM and Chrysler.

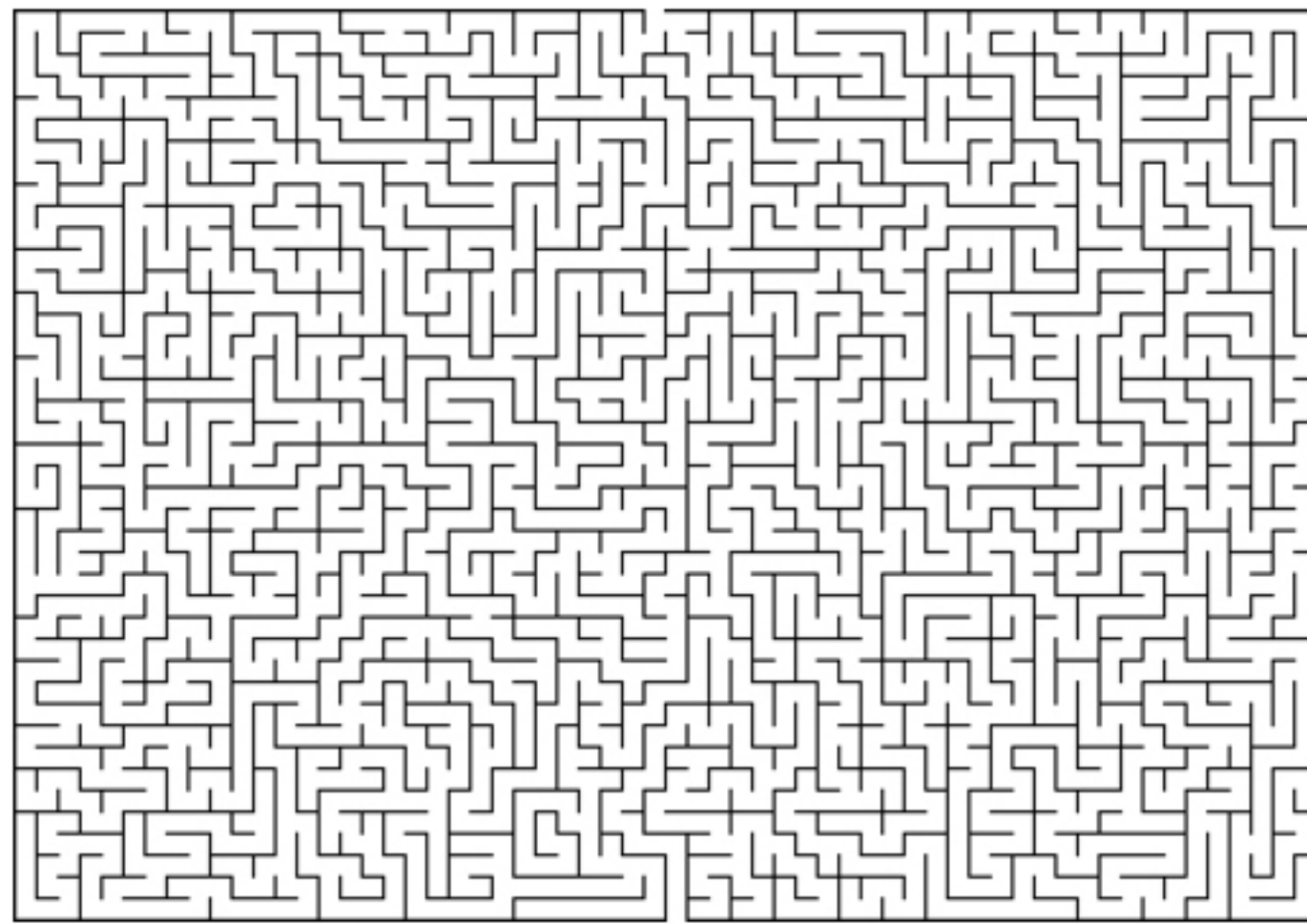
Going forward, we can expect deeper pockets, abundant travel options, and occasional sightings that a cyborg might consider X-rated.

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## THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUEI'S SURROGATE,  
Mechanical Contraption

Briefing: 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](mailto: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 these mazes. The old 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 case they may mean something.

## MIKEY REVIEWS: WOKE FOODS INC. -- NEW "CONSPIRACY" THEMED FAMILY RESTAURANT

By MIKEY MCCALL,  
Times Correspondent

Gimmicky restaurants are a dime a dozen these days. It's fun to go out to eat somewhere with a different mood or atmosphere, but so often I have been to restaurants where they overdo the "allure" aspect while serving mediocre food. This is why I get excited when a new restaurant comes along that is all parts fun, atmospheric and delicious.

Woke Foods Inc is a new place that opened in Somerville this past month. It has gained popularity for going all out with its "conspiracy" theme, having the servers wear tinfoil hats, decking the restaurant out in fake newspaper headlines and displaying items like "Tuna Can't Melt Steel Beams" on its menu.

I got a table with my friend Barry just in time for them to start serving lunch. We took our seats right below a news clipping that read, "ANGELINA JOLIE: LIZARD PERSON?". Our server was named Teddy, and he brought us

complementary tinfoil hats to wear while we enjoy our meals. I took a few minutes to ask Teddy about some of the various items on the menu.

"What is the 'Flat-Earth Special'?"

"That's one large pancake. Unfortunately, we're not serving breakfast at this time"

"I see. What about the 'Moon-Landing Hoax'?"

"That is our most popular item. A grilled burger on a toasted potato bun"

"What is today's special?"

"Our special is the 'Illuminati Sandwich'. We are not at liberty to tell you how that's made."

I decided on the "Moon-Landing Hoax" with a side of "Jews Run Hollywood" sweet potato fries. Barry ordered the "NSA Can See You Naked" steak. Teddy took our menus and asked us if we wanted more "Communist Unpurified Water".

As we waited for our food, Barry kept looking

over at me with a giant grin on his face. Over at the kitchen window, I noticed a small, balding man staring directly at me. When I made eye contact with him, he immediately turned away and went back to the kitchen. Strange, I thought.

Our food arrived shortly after, only instead of Teddy it was a female server named Sandy. I jokingly asked her what she did with Teddy, and she gave me a confused look and asked, "Teddy? Who's Teddy?"

The Moon-Landing burger came out in a toasted grey bun with a miniature American flag and a movie camera decorated on the top. The burger was thick and juicy, and the toasted potato bun gave it a unique flavor and a very satisfying crunch. Barry was still staring at me with that stupid grin on his face as he chewed his steak.

While we ate our food, the manager arrived, the same short balding man who was looking at us through the window. He asked us how we were

enjoying our meal and if we needed anything. We were fine but curious about our original server, Teddy. The manager suddenly went white and disappeared from our table.

I looked back over at Barry, but he was no longer smiling. He had a sorrowful look on his face, as he swallowed his bite and whispered, "I'm sorry, Mikey. I never had a choice".

Before I knew it, a large hand was placed over my face. I struggled in my seat as a chloroform rag covered my mouth and nose, knocking me out.

When I came to, I was tied to a chair in some dark interrogation room. My head throbbing, I glanced at a group of men in suits speaking Russian to each other.

"What the hell is going on?" I pleaded

"Listen, man, you're in too deep. You better start talking." A large man in a suit was leaning in front of me, his massive hand gripping my shoulder.

"I don't know anything! I

just came here to have lunch!"

"There's something you're not telling us. Talk! Before we have to do something drastic"

Tears ran down my face. "Oh my god. What have you done with Teddy? Where's Teddy?"

"Last chance, kid"

A track of urine started running down my pants.

"1..."

"I won't tell anybody I swear!"

"2..."

"Please, please, please!"

"3!" The lights flashed on. "Happy Birthday to Yooouuuu..." A group of servers came out with a cake with the Twin Towers on the top as sparklers. I saw that the person holding the cake was none other than Teddy. We was alive, and in on it the entire time!

"Happy Birthday to Yooouuu..." The whole room clapped and I glanced over at Barry, who was now standing at

the corner of the room, laughing and grinning like an idiot.

"Oh, Barry", I laughed.

"Let's get you untied so we can have some dessert!"

The cake was warm and rich in chocolate, and I made sure to thank the servers for the delicious food and the amazing service.

There are so few restaurants that are able to go all the way with their theme while still serving tasty meals. I would highly recommend checking out Woke Foods Inc if you're ever in Somerville. Unfortunately, I can't, because the restaurant has just been closed down. Apparently the cops found an underground sex slave dungeon in the basement, and the burger I ate was apparently made from the meat of a 4-year-old Sudanese kid.

Oh well.

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