

THE

SURREAL TIMES

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

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world since the 3rd dawn
of the cicadas.

"CIGARRETTE JOUSTING" -
- A DANGER TO OUR YOUTH

BY REBECCA WINSTON,
Amherst Parent Association

A new "game" is spreading like wild fire across parties around our kids' college campuses, and in some cases high schools. It is ugly, self-destructive, and frankly, stupid. The kids call it "cigarette-jousting".

Two competitors stand at opposite corners of a room. They put their hands behind their backs while a neutral figure of some kind -- usually a taller, loudmouthed boy -- hand-rolls two thick cigarettes, places one in each competitors mouths, and lights them. These cigarettes are oftentimes laced with intonation juice, pot, or other dangerous and illegal drugs. Crowds of rambunctiously cheering, inebriated students gather 'round. When the neutral figure, or referee, or whoever, yells "Ready, joust!" the two competitors run towards each other. They hold their hands behind their backs, sometimes zip-tied, to enforce a heads-first run towards one anoother. The goal is to either knock the cigarette out of your

opponent's mouth, or to burn their neck harshly enough for the pain to cause them to drop their cigarette.

Kids are going to class on Monday mornings with nasty burns and stomach aches caused by swallowing pieces of cigarettes. No matter the outcome, at least one competitor is left hurt or sick with ashes in their belly. Because when the jousters drop their cigarettes too easily, the crowds yell "weak jaw" and make them go at it again. They go again and again, oftentimes smashing forehead-to-forehead like animals, until someone gets burned or swallows burning tobacco. It is so bad, that swallowing only counts when a person can open their mouth to prove that the missing part of their cigarette is nowhere to be found.

There are rumors that kids are keeping tallies of "points", and in some cases brandishing totals on their Facebook profiles. One point for a swallow, and two for a burn. The highest scorer me and the other

mothers could find had inflicted a terrible 25 burns and 30 swallows. We will not include his name here, for the sake of not rewarding him for his foolishness.

This game is no good and ought to be nipped in the butt before it spreads further. We parents and teachers of Amherst especially need to fight this silly game before it spreads to younger generations. And, in order to do so, we need to educate our kids. Parents, call your kids. Ask them if they cigarette joust. Tell them that it is ok if they do, but that they need to stop, for their own good. If they have never heard of the game, tell them what it is and how harmful it is, so that if they have the opportunity to cigarette joust in the future, they will know better. Teachers, do your part as well. You are the most influential figures in children's lives besides Family and Facebook.

Rebecca Winston can be
reached at winston-
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FROM THE MOUTH
OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor



The pig is on vacation with his family this bihex. He has requested to not be bothered during his time of relaxation. We are sorry for any inconveniences caused by this occurrence.

WANTED:
TIME
MACHINE

BY "LUCKY" PETE
SANCHEZ,

COMMUNITY
CLASSIFIED: "Time Machine Wanted Fifteen Years Ago. Please Provide Time Machine To Prevent Myself From Needing Time Machine In First Place. Will Provide Suitable Compensation in 2025, When Matter Which Needs To Be Prevented Will Have Not Happened. Serious Responses Only, Contact Newspaper If Interested."

THE PENTAGON LOSES EDGE

BECOMES SQUARE!

BY DR. OXFORD,
Experimentalist

The United States Pentagon, once always ready to party, has reportedly turned into a square. "He used to be so fun, but I never see that side of him anymore," said a neighboring building in northern Virginia, "He's really lost his edge." Other institutions shared

concerns about the U.S. Department of Defense headquarters. "While he used to be a meticulous worker," a fellow government agency disclosed, "lately he's been cutting corners." Some supporters, however, believe that the the former pentagon has changed for the better and is now seeing things from the right angle. Regardless, during interviews of those

who know him, many expressed their wishes that he would "shape up" and "think outside the box."

The administrative structure could not be reached for comment. At press time, he was reportedly attempting to fit himself into a round hole.

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RIISING DISSASOCIEX PRICES LINKED TO MIDTERMS

BY THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Surreal Times Reporter

Ipsum Pharmaceuticals has come under fire recently for an increase in the retail price of their most popular product, Disassociex. The drug temporarily alters memory and personality traits, essentially creating a different person who inhabits your body before fading away in an hour. Disassociex has become increasingly popular among the college crowd, surpassing even ADHD medication in casual use. It is typically used to "dodge" tests, lectures, and other boring events, and as midterm season approaches, discarded Disassociex boxes are being found around campus in droves.

Ipsum chairperson Darrin

Cho said to major news outlets on Friday, "The purpose of the recent price hike is to prevent our product from being abused, and limit its use to people who require it in their day-to-day professions, such as airline pilots, neurosurgeons, and bomb defusal specialists."

"Is there potential for abuse? Of course. But because of our actions, our market experts tell us that such abuse will now be limited mostly to wealthy international students, or possibly fraternity brothers with vacation homes in upstate New York." Cho proceeded to have another sip of deep red wine from his diamond-encrusted chalice, savoring the new notes of veneer its 400 year aging process had brought to the surface.

Market analysts say the magnitude of the price hike's negative effects on Ipsum stock and availability could reveal a state- or even nationwide epidemic of users. Thankfully however, harmful side effects are rarely reported.

For this assignment, this reporter posted an ad asking for a quick interview with a regular user of Disassociex. Thus, he had to tackle one of his biggest challenges yet and talk to a real life, 3-dimensional, human female, who asked to remain anonymous.

This reporter, wearing a disguise, met the female in question by the salad bar, as arranged. The following interview took place in the Worcester dining hall at

1:00 pm.

I approach the female and she notices me.

F: "You're the hermit guy? Wait, aren't you in my dorm? Aren't you the reason we don't have hand dryers in the building anymore?"

PH: "So tell me, why do you use Disassociex? Is it the 'cool' thing nowadays?"

F: "I mean, I don't have time to study anymore. I already barely did before I started taking, and now I'm busy getting into arguments on the internet about how great Ipsum Pharma is, so why would I walk into a-"

She suddenly checks her watch.

F: "Actually, I'm due for another dose right about now, could you hurry this interview up? If I don't take my Disassociex on time, I..."

PH: "What happens? Nausea? Vomiting? Or are the side effects more psychological? Can you mix it with Prozac?"

She pauses for roughly 20 seconds as her pupils dilate, and she begins looking around at the dining hall.

F: "Wait, where am I? How long have I been here?"

PH: "The interview. Remember?"

She begins to fumble through her left pocket for the pills.

F: "Oh no. Oh no no no."

She grabs her left arm with own right hand and puts on an impressive mime routine of "fighting" her own arm.

PH: "I, uh, wow, that looks really good! Is there like a mime club on campus? When do you meet? Do you need members?"

F: "Sorry, could you take the pills out of this pocket and throw them as far as you can? NOW!"

PH: "What?"

This reporter would like to commend her for her tireless work perfecting her routine. She even managed to let out several realistic requests for help, getting increasingly frantic...
(Continued on page 2)

OBITUARRY: GULLED ONE HAS PECKED THE BUCKET

"A local oddity no more"

By THE EDITORS, Times Staff

Those whose noses know the stench of fried salty Salisbury air should prepare for tears... For it is the solemn responsibility of the staff here at the Surreal Times to report on the passing of one Carèt "Egg" Ozoné, whose manifesto "An Ode to the Gulls" was set upon the world in our previous issue. To the joy of our sadness and grief, he was found dead on the beach with his hair braided with french fries and his brain riddled with pecking holes.

Carèt lived a life in between the footsteps of a Sidewalk philosopher. Although the man's history is more a mystery, he has become quite the myth echoing in and out of ears and mouths around the shores of Salisbury MA.

His mission as "Gulled One" consumed all of his time both waking and dreaming. He is remembered as a local icon immortalized in the talk of the town, so much so that locally to be "one gull awry" means "loony" in his honor, but it means even more to his memory

Although he never managed to find any close friends outside of his Gulls, he did manage to

catch the attention of famed filmmaker and lecturer in Weirdology at Harvard John Waters:

"Oh yeah, I remember that old Loon, out there till the moon got tired the of the night. Sometimes you couldn't even tell him apart from the birds when they'd all swarm after a piece of Tripoli's pizza."

"I'd thought about putting him in a film, but when I asked him about it, he stared right past my eyes and asked 'How would the seagulls fit into the theater seats? And how would they read the subtitles?' His mind saw the world through a child kaleidoscope, naivety nursed insanity"

Although Ozoné left behind no written will, his constant rambling and graffiti-seeded footsteps made it quite clear that if ever he were to die, he'd want his brain to be transplanted into the skull of a seagull named Larry, Caret claimed was "already his reincarnated self, so what be the difference." He seemed completely unaware of the twisted butterfly loop needed to allow that sort of thing. That hiccup was no deterrent, while still (somewhat) amongst the living his still ticking heart was set on the surgery.

In honor of his contribution combined with our sense of

masturbatory curiosity to boot, The Surreal Times reached out to a platter of local brain surgeons both above and below board. So far none have agreed to the experimental surgery. One such surgeon, who wishes to remain anonymous, remarked:

"Are you serious, you're as crazy as he was. Listen, there wasn't much mind left in his cap if you know what I mean, and what's left of his brain has been claimed by the ocean. Now leave me be. my handwriting won't obscure my notes by themselves!"

Perhaps that is for the best, never minding the gruesome "how" surrounding Carèt's death. The "why" to the side of it is clear: He died doing what he loved, the only thing he ever knew, feeding seagulls far more than food. [Asterisk from the 4th wall as this reporter wrote this line a seagull defecated on my window, I simply responded it's nice to hear from you] His ashes will be made into a pizza sauce and scattered upon his beach for the seagulls to take back.

In astonished memory of Carèt "Egg" Ozoné, The Gulled One, November 2018

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

... RISING DISSASOCIEX PRICES LINKED TO MIDTERMS

(Continued from page 1) F: "OH JESUS CHR-" Purple Hermit, signing off."

F: "HELP ME! FUCKING HELP ME!" She catches her breath as pill goes down.

PH: "I think your routine could incorporate a bit more of the surroundings. Maybe you could try to put your hand in a bag and zip it up. That would be funny."

Her left arm slowly but surely begins putting the pill inside her mouth. PH: "I understand. When I don't take my pills, I get weird too. This is the

Purple Hermit, signing off."

F: "Did you just say that out loud? Is there a camera here? God, you're so fucking weird. I don't know why I agreed to this. I have to go to class now."

The Purple Hermit can be reached at thepurplehermit@surrealtimes.net.

NOISE MOTH INFESTATION IN UMASS CAMPUS DORM

By WILLIAM (BILL) GUMBY, UMass Facilities Manager

We've cordoned off the basement of Butterfield Hall in the Central residential area of UMass campus because of an infestation of "Noise Moths". That's what we call them, because of how they are attracted to noise instead of light. The creatures first became a problem when they would swarm students who played music, sneezed, or produced sound in any

fashion.

We evacuated Butterfield basement residents to other housing facilities. We also installed a radio in the basement of Butterfield, so as to keep the noise moths instinctively contained to one area.

It seems that the growing noise moth infestation spawned from two pets a student brought to campus from his home state of Florida. The infestation is worsening faster and ever faster. As such, we have

found it difficult to deal with because all possible methods of extermination produce sound, which thereby attracts more noise moths into a common area where they become socially excited and reproduce wildly.

As of now, though, the noise moths are safely contained and there is nothing to worry about.

Bill Gumby can be reached at gumby.william@surrealtimes.

FORTUNE COOKIES THROW INSULTS

By TOM JOHNSON, Sergeant, UMass PD

A bad batch of personally insulting fortune cookies is

circulating the Amherst area. This is a PSA to not take them seriously. These are mean, not wise, and you are most likely at least

average.

Tom Johnson can be reached at tjohnson@surrealtimes.net

"HAIR ANYWHERE SPRAY" NOW IN RAINBOW COLORS

By TOMMY POTENTUARY, Television Personality

I've got great news for you folks. It's about the new hair care product that, by

the looks of people's heads, everybody is using. Hair Anywhere Spray, the spray capable of growing hair literally anywhere. Hair Anywhere Spray was

already cool. But, as of last week, it became much cooler, because now it comes in a variety of colors and flavors.

It is available in all of the colors in the rainbow, and there are special non-rainbow flavors as well: smooth, sticky, stinky, and fresh.

Hair Anywhere Spray is available at Michael's Arts & Crafts store, and from the UMass Amherst campus craft center.

Tommy Potentuary can be reached at tommypotent@surrealtimes.net

TEENAGER LOOSES TOOTH CIGGARETTE JOUSTING

By BERNARD GIGLIOTTI, Dentist

I had a 19 year old come into my firm recently with a missing front tooth. It's always a shame to see someone young and handsome with damage to their dental structure.

He was fearful that there was nothing I could do to fix his smile. "I'm a model for a toothbrush company," he said, "my entire career depends on my smile." I was quick to reassure him that I could fix it just fine, and that that was no reason to worry.

However, I told him the real reason for worry was whatever behavior knocked out the front tooth, because such behaviors are doomed to be repeated. I told him,

"Life is like a tooth. It is durable, but if treated badly consistently, it will wear down and rot, until it does nothing but hurt."

So when he told me that he "just fell, it was no big deal," I inquired further. I asked him what exactly happened.

As it turns out, it was "cigarette jousting" at its worst. A heavily-anticipated match between my patient and a competing pledge to the Phi Sigma fraternity, led the students to ram into each other head-to-head. My patient lost his tooth on impact, and swallowed it along with half a cigarette when fellow pledges made him prove that he was not hiding the cigarette in his cheek.

I replaced his tooth and gave him a talk about the dangers of cigarette jousting. He nodded his head yes, but honestly I knew I wasn't getting to him. They were empty nods until I told him his career was doomed unless he stopped this nonsense immediately.

"Like teeth," I told him, "life requires consistent care." CONSISTENT CARE LIKE THE CARE I PROVIDE AND AM ALWAYS WILLING TO PROVIDE TO MY BEAUTIFUL PATIENTS, WONDERFUL FRIENDS, AND LOVING FAMILY, HERE AT AMHERST DENTAL, WHERE CUSTOMER CARE IS WHAT OUR HEARTS AND MINDS ARE

PROGRAMMED FOR!"

From the editors: Mr Gigliotti's report ends here, but an anonymous source reports the following continuation of the story.

"Right... Mr. Gigliotti, sure thing..." nodded the disinterested 19 year old, further infuriating the dentist.

Mr. Gigliotti exploded. "What are you doing coming into my office like that, accepting my care but not my thoughts? Why are you here if you don't want to listen to what I have to say? Do you have a fucking clue what it's like being me? I work hours upon hours upon hours, smelling people like you's turd breath, just to help you fix

your problems. What about my problems? GET OUT OF HERE. Do you know that every day after work, if work ever ends, I go into the x-ray machine all alone -- I don't even wear the protective vest -- why? Because by the end of the day, after all the trouble people like YOU put me through, I want to capital 'D' Die. Now get the FUCK out of my office."

"Okay... fine, I was hoping to get this fixed at least, but I'm going to go somewhere else I guess."

As his patient walked out of his office texting, Mr. Gigliotti experienced a change in outlook. "Come back, please," he asked. "I'll help you with your tooth. And, also, you need a tooth cleaning and a

cavity filling and a root canal and many other procedures. Come back please.."

He grew angry: "And you need to pay the consultation fee! NOW! Come pay up or I'll sue you!"

When the boy was gone, Mr. Gigliotti returned to the x-ray room. For hours he could be heard turning the machine on and off, counting his bones after each x-ray and repeatedly voicing his frustrations that all of his bones " [remained] present".

Bernard Gigliotti can be reached at gigliotti.bernard@surrealtimes.net.

DOWNTOWN DISAPPEARANCES: POSSIBLE CRYPTID AT LARGE

By SAX TUBA,
Surreal Times Reporter

Over the past couple weeks, The Surreal Times HQ has received reports of people disappearing from the streets of Downtown Amherst. Eyewitness accounts place individuals walking downtown late at night and vanishing out of thin air, with nothing but a strange smell left behind. Similar reports were sent into Surreal Times HQ seven times, giving us reason to believe someone or something is behind the

incidents. The first indicator that something was wrong was when we were visited by a woman holding back tears. She explained how she was walking downtown with her boyfriend and, in the blink of an eye, he had vanished. Confused, she went to the police, and while they said they would investigate the situation, she came to the Times to see if she could find an explanation for what happened.

An organization who

claims to have some information on the matter has reached out to The Surreal Times.

The Real Pharmacists are a multi-purpose conglomerate that has a division dedicated to the research and capture of “cryptids”, creatures whose existence is considered questionable. One of the anonymous representatives of the Cryptid Division claimed that they’ve seen cases like this before. “From what you’ve told us we may be dealing with an

adult Belmontian Gulp.” He went on to describe the creature as sharing many physical characteristics of frog while being closer in size to a human child (however, they are still unclear on any specifics due to the the elusive nature of the creature.) It also supposedly has the ability to latch onto its prey (perhaps via the back of the head) and lull them into a hypnotic state, which allows it to take them back to its dwelling. In addition, it releases a pheromone

upon contact with its prey that has a “zone of effect” of at least 250 feet, and inhaling said pheromone causes the individual to become extremely forgetful. It also decreases the individual’s motor functions significantly for a short amount of time. No doubt, this pheromone is a mechanism to ensure the creature’s escape.

We were told this pheromone has a foul odor that lingers even after its effects have worn off, giving us reason to belief

that is what the witnesses smelled during the incidents.

The Pharmacists will need more time to investigate the scenes of the disappearances before they can fully confirm the presence of a cryptid and begin pursuit. Reports will continue as soon as any substantial information is given to The Times.

Sax Tuba can be reached at tuba.sax@surrealtimes.net

AL HUMBLETON TO TELEPORT INTO REALM OF IDEAS

By ALBERT HUMBLETON,
Times Correspondent

Note from the editors: The following was found written in sharpie on a political campaign sign in front of Mr. Humbleton’s home. Mr. Humbleton was not present for comment.

A sun cycle before a few days from now, I told the citizens of the world, “Act with internal intention. Toss the mirrors away. Dance eyes closed, and be a flavor today.”

Today, I say to them: “It is my turn.”

As the realm of ideas narrows, I stand before a closing elevator door in a darkening hallway, not knowing whether it will open again after it closes, and if it does whether I will live to see it.

So comes time to gather my scattered fragments of conviction and meld them into a solid intention. It is my time to squeeze between those doors as they close, and to ride the elevator northsouthwards into the realm of ideas,

before it narrows flat.

I wish to transform into a unit of atomic un-introspectable existence. I want to become a pure conceptual idea, with no physical embodiment. What kind of idea I will become won’t be known

until after I am no longer capable of knowing things. But alas, I will be gone starting promptly.

Albert Humbleton can be reached at alfhumbleton@surrealtimes.net

LOBSTER SPAWNING BRIGADE ACCIDENTALLY DESCENDS ON AMHERST

By MOE “TINY” SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter



“Well, I think I speak for the entire Brigade when I say we’re both embarrassed and frustrated,” said Head Lobsterman Jim Grady to the Times on Wednesday.

The International Lobster Spawning Conference provides an annual outlet for enthusiastic lobster spawners to discuss the tricks of the trade and express their enthusiasm for spawning our clawed, delicious red friends. They gather to share methods on how cultivate and grow lobsters for the food trade

and recreation. The Conference migrates every year, and this year the time was set for October 24 in Amherst.

Amherst, Nova Scotia, that is.

You can see where the Lobster Spawning Brigade went wrong.

“Oh, Amherst, Nova Scotia is a fine place to meet,” says Head Lobsterman Grady, “It’s about time we gave our Canadian friends some love. I hear the Conference went great.”

The Head Lobsterman pauses.

“I just wish we made it there like we meant to.”

The Lobster Spawning Brigade is a 542 member strong organization which fosters the function and appreciation of lobster

spawning, or lobster farming. The Brigade is U.S.-based and draws even from states with no lobster-bearing waters.

“It’s a labor of love,” Grady says, “Even when you haven’t actually got any lobsters.”

On why the Brigade collectively drove to the wrong Amherst, Grady told me that navigation has never been a strong point for the group.

“Next year we’ll collectively invest in a GPS,” he said.

The Times wishes the Brigade better luck on their future attempts at navigation.

Moe “Tiny” Schlemiel can be reached at schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net

HAIR ANYWHERE GRAFFITI SCOUNDRELS RUN RAMPANT

By TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant, UMass PD

We have received multiple reports of individuals using the new Hair Anywhere Spray for purposes of vandalism, general hooliganism, and in some cases violence.

In one case, a woman reported going to fetch her mail, and finding her mailbox to be entirely filled with thick bug-infested hair. It was later learned that her entire road, Taylor Street, in Amherst, had been hit by the same affliction.

In another case, the Amherst High School principal’s home was entirely coated in thick hair. The principal, Joe Tellie, told us that if it wasn’t bad already, the hair began to stink after a few days, and he is now forced to power wash it weekly.

Principal Tellie suspects a

student may have done this to get back at him after how he may have mishandled a recent incident of bullying in school, which also involved Hair Anywhere Spray. A group of large football players pulled a smaller more academic boy into the locker room and coated him in hair. The newly hairy student then wanted to hide away in the principal’s office, but the principal embarrassed him by forcing him back into class covered in hair. The Principal says he regrets doing that but that it was no grounds for vandalizing his home.

Because these are few of many recent incidents around here, we at UMass PD wish to warn UMass students and faculty, as well as all citizens of the Pioneer, that people nowadays need to be away of this modern hair technology. Like any

technology, if in the hands of bad people, it can do bad things.

So, homeowners, please install video cameras on your homes, to aid in catching vandals, and send any information to us that you may find on Hair Anywhere Spray wielding vandals.

If you must, combat these vandals with force, because as of now there is no cure for this abnormal hair growth. Once you or your property is coated in hair, it will remain that way for the foreseeable future.

And parents, please do not let your young ones get there hands on this spray. They don’t need it anywhere; they are young, their hair grows fine.

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HONORS COLLEGE BEGINS MUSHROOM GROWING OP ON FINELY SHREDDED HOPES AND DREAMS

By THE PURPLE HERMIT
Surreal Times Reporter

The prestigious Commonwealth Honors College on our campus has found a new, innovative way to expand the school’s dining operations. By a chance event resulting from an unknown clumsy mycology student and simple laziness, an estimated 50 lbs of pink oyster mushrooms have

been spawned from just one stack of rejected Honors College applications, of both transfer and current students.

While the stack itself has not lost any mass, the papers in the stack have been found to be completely blank after all mushrooms were removed. Researchers at the

Stockbridge School of Agriculture suggest that the real substrate is in fact the freshly slaughtered aspirations of the hundreds of applicants, full of otherwise tough-to-digest emotional lignin.

“It’s a generally known fact that oysters will grow on just about anything that’s dead,” said Mike Tocky, Stockbridge

mycology professor, “but in the past month we’ve discovered that rejected applications to the Honors College work particularly well, with a full mycelium colonization achieved in just 5 hours. We’ve replicated the process using blank paper, as well as successful applications, and it just doesn’t seem to take.”

The Stockbridge researchers theorize that each paper packs an extremely concentrated fragment of a given student’s self esteem, which, when extinguished, makes an excellent substrate for a saprophytic organism. Contamination with competing wild organisms like bacteria and other fungus is a non-issue. Inoculated papers need no

pre-sterilization or pasteurization, and can even be left outdoors exposed to the elements, as only extremely competitive oyster mushrooms will even consider touching the profile of a student with below a 3.4 GPA.

Professor Tocky continued...

(Continued on page 4)

... MUSHROOM OP

(Continued from pg. 3)
... “There are many factors at play here. For example, an application that mentions the College’s air conditioning is much less successful at propagation than one that depicts a misguided but sincere attempt to apply to a rigorous educational environment, in which the candidate would most likely fail. The best substrates are the densest ones...”

“We’ve already upped admissions standards for both the Honors College

and the university at large, according to specifics laid out by dining halls. We’re investing in several growing rooms, and we’re even thinking about expanding the process in collaboration with the admissions committees of nearby Ivy League institutions. There’s an infinite well of potential with this project in a state full of colleges.” This reporter hasn’t applied for the Honors College, but would probably totally get in if he tried. This is The Purple Hermit signing off.

NEW THEORY APPEARS IN NAZCA

By RAKA,
Times Foreign Reporter

The Nazca ruins are massive lines in the middle of the Peruvian desert, and are generally believed to have been created by the ancient Peruvian Nazca culture between 500 BC and 500 AD. The massive lines-- of which the biggest extends for 1,200 ft—form intricate symbols and animals including condors, monkeys, and a spider. There are 300 geometric figures and 70 animals and plants. The lines are

unmovable.

Archaeologist Dr. Maria Reiche— after years of research— believes that the lines served as an astronomical calendar. The so-called realists, however, argue that the lines are clearly extraterrestrial communication based on a figure that resembles an astronaut, an alien waving, or a an owl-headed man.

New evidence could prove all existing theories on Nazca wrong. It suggests the lines were formed by a traveling olive salesman.

The olive salesman, one Patrik Suav, has publicly admitted to walking through the ruins, scattering dead olive seeds every night for the past 25 years.

Skeptics say: “Ah, but how is it possible to consistently walk through miles upon miles scattering seeds for years and years? Well... “it is a family thing!” said Suav. He learned it from his father and has been practicing with his sixteen brothers, “until the unfortunate

demise of pop.” And he has taught his sons (of which there are as many as there are uncles). Meanwhile, the uncles have not lagged behind.

This, undoubtedly, has been a breath of fresh air for leading scientists in the field, “Finally friends,” confessed Dr. Green, “the testimony we’ve all been waiting for.”

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RECIPE FOR ALPHABET SOUP

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

A Surreal Times Special Reprinting
As received by SETI Deep Space Stethoscope-114323 on 20181025 0611- 0619
And published in The New Mythologian’s Diary of Doubt Vol. 11

(Begin Transmission)
Alphabet Soup:

I’ve eaten this every day since I realized I was me. It’s been both the king and queen of my tongue, and the flavor of my mind ever since I’ve been bored with the game. The clock tick has gotten to me. It’s Time for someone else to play.

Serves: more than you would think.

These ingredients aren’t rare. hey’ve lined the walls of every store self I’ve stalked.

- A slather of ellipses. Take care when handling, they’ve soured with time and give off quite the stench, such that soon your nose will long for a full stop.
 - Find a bottle of lemming tears helplessly mid-fall like those of the hanging string left in the wind; forever suspended in the impotent unfulfillment of the velvet line ropes. If you’ll ever find them, their shape will be familiar.
- Directions to the End.
1. Once possessed by these ingredients, mix them all together in a large glass spherical bowl. Stir them until they all blend together. When no single word could describe any one them, stir until they are no longer separable, until plurality is a faded myth scrawled under a pulled tablecloth.
 2. Oh no, don’t stop stirring for even a moment. It is far too easy to chance a reflection. If you see one winking at you, begin to stir ever so slightly faster, so that your face melts into the obscurity of the soup. Oh, the taste of my sweet familiar obscurity, the flavor of my dishes.
 3. Repeat these directions to yourself with every orbit of the spoon. Repeat them until they lose touch with their own meaning and when a new meaning peeks it head out of its groundhog hole, repeat them again. So it falls back into the cold embrace of a

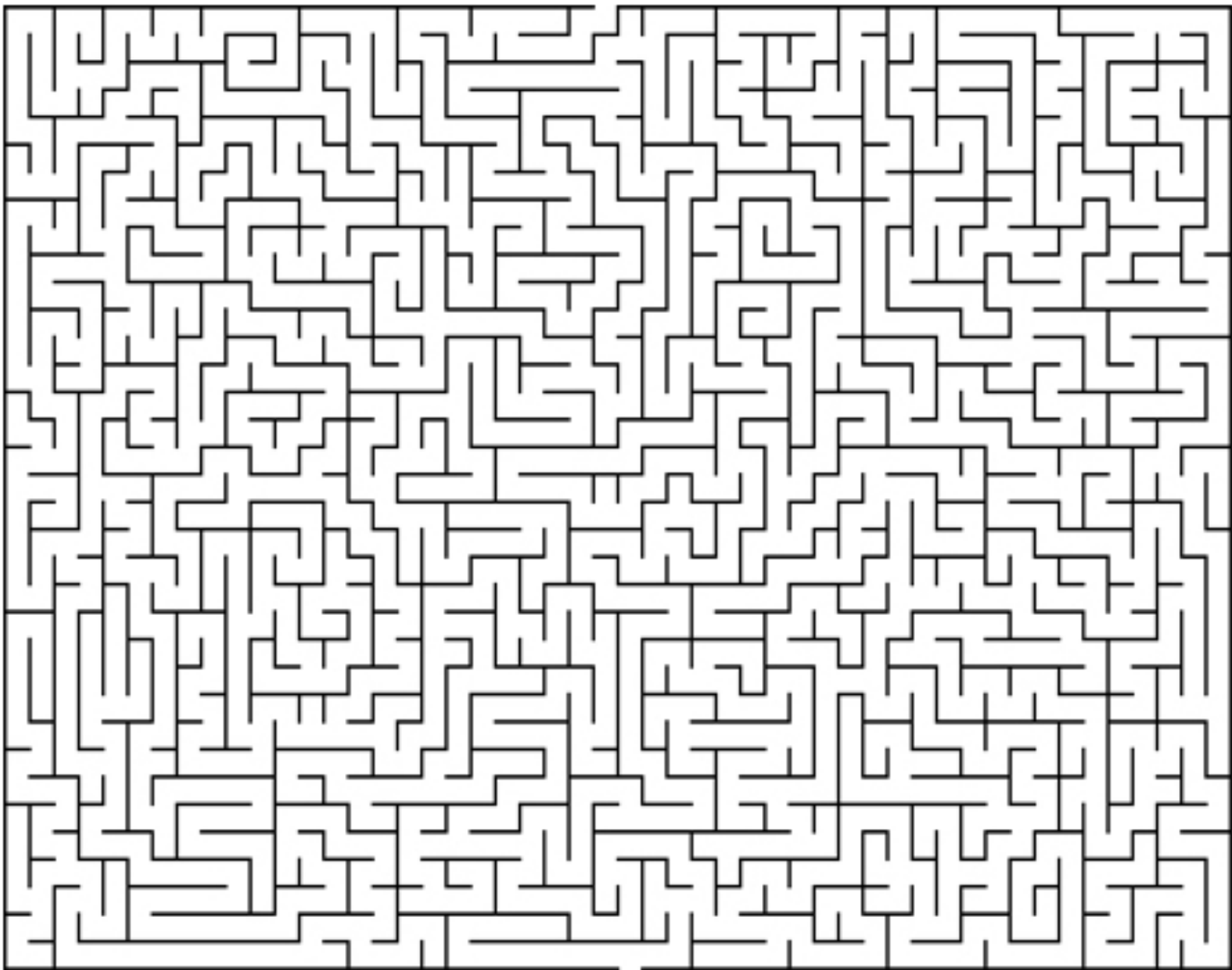
- midwink shadow.
4. Repeat these directions until your own ear falls off and the ears of everyone you pass on the street give up and fall too.
 5. Squint your eyes, bite your tongue, and block your ears. Picture that last person you just passed. Do you know you lie in the corner of their eye. An invisible asterisk in every tangential tale you will never hear, the soup can read it to you.
 6. Spelled out in its seas is every poem trapped within a thought bubble. They wait for a sign as they sigh in the inky waiting room of alphabet soup. You see words talk and play, read and breed. All their names are called and all are appointed and all eventually reschedule. Yet I’m the caller, a crystal ball clipboard stitched to my hands, tied to my tail and forced on my head. I call out and “Next” hatches into “Next”, names upon names flow by. They pass on to be past with no end in sight. Why, I just want to blink.
 7. The screaming chorus of letters all blend into soupy silence, you fold them into words, crossed and played out. When everything could be everything else nothing looks the same.
- (End transmission.)

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THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUET’S SURROGATE,
Mechanical Contraption

From management: *An important real-world task may be encoded within this maze. By connecting the beginning to the end, you will enable us to do good for the world. For doing so, you get a secret prize. Email your solutions to management@surrealtimes.net.*



THE MONKS SPEAK: THE MYSTERIOUS MAN

By ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

On July 24th, this newspaper published my report on two Spanish monks who time traveled from the year 1,332 to the food court in Hampshire Mall. While communication was difficult, further conversations with our temporally-displaced friends have turned up an intriguing detail. One of the monks claims that the battery which powered their time machine was given to them by a man of dress they could not recognize. force forward our machine through time.

Monk A: We were thinking of how to get out of there. The duke had discovered our fraud. We had to flee. And that was when he showed up.
Monk B: He spoke with a strange accent. Similar to you. He wore black and white clothing. He knew what we were trying to do. He said he would help us.
Monk A: We had figured most of it out. We were just missing a final piece to

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RANDOM ACT OF APATHY

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,
Surreal Times Reporter

I shopped for food and drink at the local Drop & Mop Grocery Store last week. Standing in the checkout line with my carriage, I overheard conversation between the cashier and the person

ahead of me.

The cashier said, “Hello, would you mind if I expressed something to you?”

The customer said, “I don’t. Please do.”

The cashier went on, “Well, excuse me, and I

respectful way, but I believe it would be wrong of me not to tell you how much I absolutely don’t care whether your cousin won the little league baseball home run derby or whether he didn’t. It makes absolutely no difference to me. Also, I overheard you talking about whether your necklace is green or blue. I

would like you to know that I don’t care about that either. Not one bit.”

After patiently listening until the cashier finished speaking, the customer responded, “What? I don’t understand. Of course you care.”

“By my mother’s grave, I

care.”

“Dang. I must admit, I am disappointed.”

“Understandably so, but still I do not care.”

“Not at all?”
“No.”
“Ok, so it is, then, I guess.”
“Yep. Anyways, that will

The customer swiped his card without saying much, waited for a beep to indicate the transaction had completed, grabbed his three plastic bags of groceries, and left. It was my turn in line next.

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