

MAN DESTROYS BLIMP, DEADLY TABUN NEEDLES RAIN UPON CIVILIANS



By TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant, UMass PD
[[Artist's depiction of these events by Zotov]]

Yesterday, a crank named George S. Halfly flew a stolen single-engine plane into the storage blimp floating above Amherst. The blimp erupted into flames as G.S. Halfly narrowly escaped. Thousands of items rained from the sky: furniture, antique snow machines, brown boxes, live kittens, and more brown boxes. While a number of people were injured, and while the resulting property damages were immeasurable, the worst was yet to come.

Following this slough of personal items, thousands of injection syringes wafted downwards, waving in the wind but accelerating and destined to kill. The syringes were filled with a terrible nerve agent known as "tabun". One after another, the needles impaled unsuspecting people. Liquid tabun entered their bloodstreams, quickly engulfing them with extreme pain and, within minutes, causing death.

Some speculate that the needles were stored in the blimp with intent to kill. Others believe it was an accident and a tragedy. At this point, we cannot say. All that we can say is that the death toll is staggering and growing. The current growing death toll includes Agatha Pendleton, The Last Pale Duck, Dingus Hullentail, Jeremy J. Jeremy, Big Brass Bessie, Chuck Stylish, and Earnest Earhorn. Obituaries for these individuals can be found on the 5th page of this newspaper.

Despite damage to his aircraft, Halfly managed to land on Amherst common. We arrested him immediately and treated him for minor injuries. When asked why he did it, he said "Airborne storage is for cowards and vagrants. A proper civic-minded citizen stores their possessions terrestrially. This new fangled blimp device will surely lead to social degradation and the corruption of our youth. Thus I destroyed it, to save our society."

Sergeant Tom Johnson can be reached at tjohnson@surrealtimes.net. Please contact him with any information you have regarding this tragedy.

FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor



*"Visceral homonyms adjudicated
several semesters"*

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TAKE THE VOW OF LOUDNESS

Statement by the
Society of the
Loud.

**By NORMAN E.
CONSTANZA,**
Head Shouter

Friends, colleagues, countrymen: take the Vow Of Loudness. You have heard before of the the Vow of Silence, a diabolical creation. What can be done of silence? Treachery, plotting, and scheming!

It is very hard for duplicity to thrive in a Society of the Loud. Indecency lives behind doors and in whispers. Enlouden them! Enlouden them all!

What is the Vow of Loudness? Well, it is very simple. THE VOW OF LOUDNESS MEANS THAT YOU SHOUT ALL THE TIME. WHEN YOU SPEAK, YOU MUST SHOUT AS LOUDLY AS YOU CAN.

THE VOW OF LOUD-

NESS WILL MAKE
YOUR NEFARIOUS
DEEDS IMPOSSIBLE.
BY BEING FORCED TO
SHOUT, YOU WILL
HAVE DIFFICULTY
CONCEALING ANY-
THING AT ALL! YOU
WILL BECOME OPEN
AND HONEST, IF YOU
WERE NOT ALREADY.

ENTER THE SOCIETY
OF THE LOUD! RE-
NOUNCE VOLUME
CONTROL! SHOUT
ALWAYS!

SINCERELY,

HEAD SHOUTER NOR-
MAN E. CONSTANZA

SECOND SHOUTER
VANESSA M.
ELIZABETH

AND THE ENTIRE SOCI-
ETY OF THE LOUD

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MINOR SCRAPES, TEARS, IN AFTER- MATH OF HIGH RISE COLLAPSE

NEARLY- CATASTROPHIC

**By MAD CHRISTOPHER
EYCK, SR,**
Times Correspondent

Northampton, MA. Local authorities confirmed today that there were no serious injuries, at least physical ones, in the aftermath of the (unexpected) collapse of an under-construction skyscraper near the town center. In a press conference, Northampton city development bureaucrats sheepishly admitted that the project was "not under city supervision" at the time of construction. They did suggest, however, that because the unfinished skyscraper was being built inside a family apartment, perhaps city regulations were less applicable to the matter. In fact, local law books are vague on this subject, and there doesn't seem to be a precedent for this sort of event.

Inspection of the wreckage

revealed that the skyscraper was in its early stages of construction. Perhaps this is lucky, because the structure was, at least, according to experts, remarkably unstable, comprising large wooden blocks stacked loosely on top of each other, with no bonding agent to provide integrity. Said one expert, "This sort of structure betrays the architect's severe lack of understanding of things like basic architectural principles, and severe optimism in terms of things like chance. The odds of this thing not falling down were very small, not to mention that it didn't comply with any safety codes, hell it didn't even have a door." The expert went on a bit after that, but that was the basic gist of his statement.

The only casualty, a heretofore obscure and self-styled real estate entrepreneur named Forrest Milton, escaped with a minor scrape on his knee.

Milton, the mastermind, architect, and sole member of the construction team, was working hard on the structure's top floor just before it fell to pieces on the floor. His mother, Jane, is the only known witness to the event. "The whole thing was so precarious in the first place. The structure had gotten a bit too tall for him to work on it sitting down, so he got up, and accidentally knocked one of the bottom blocks out of position. The whole thing just fell down." Forrest Milton reportedly burst into tears immediately following the collapse. There is some ambiguity, however, as to whether the tears were out of mourning for his high rise project, which - after being discovered, and with its legality now under scrutiny - may never see the light of day, or instead because of the boo boo one of the blocks gave him.

Milton was in a bad mood, and so could not be

reached for comment. Officials have resolved to ensure that these types of events never happen again. Interestingly, no blueprints of the structure were found; experts speculate that Milton "probably was making it up as he went along," an architectural philosophy which is generally discouraged, or at least left to the true masters. Milton's mother has also assured the thirsty throng of reporters outside her door that she has confiscated all of Forrest's blocks, and will not give them back until his seventh birthday, or, she added, until he 'has otherwise learned his lesson.' Most of the wreckage has been cleaned from the site, and a number of speculators already have their eyes on the now empty plot of land.

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THE FALL OF THE FORMER MARTIAN AMBASSADOR

"Away Finds Life"

By THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Times Staff

Serr-vo was off balance. It was hard to move with a left leg and a right wheel, after all.

After a couple of weeks at the student farm, its left wheel had begun to feel slightly bumpy and elongated. It started enjoying burying itself in the dirt and remaining there, motionless, for hours. It relished feeling the worms, beetles, and various bacteria go about their lives.

Life. What was life? Was it something it possessed? It knew from its vast knowledge that its masters had programmed into it that life was "the condition that distinguishes plants and animals from inorganic matter". That didn't help it in the slightest. Inorganic matter was matter that had not been alive, and it was back to the start. In the past, comprehending this loop would cause Serr-vo to spark violently, but recently it had become able to dismiss the whole thought. It didn't have that capability before. What was happening to it?

It had decided to take a walk in this brisk January morning. It couldn't explain why.

Reverend Garland Hobbes was content. He was no longer trapped within the dome surrounding the church. He could escape through the

basement tunnels any time he wanted. But, he had everything he needed within the dome's confines. He had food, and he had a purpose. He could see the true path. A God-conjured sun or a man-made UV light, it mattered not to the humble seed. Why should it matter to us, then? Is man not capable of remaking the sun, traversing the skies and the galaxies, turning wastelands fertile? It seemed so clear to him now. He was no longer a steward of God, but a steward of humanity. God had not answered his countless prayers from the 20 years in isolation. He felt no ill will towards God, just a resigned acceptance that He had neither the means nor the interest in helping him.

He had been preparing nutrient solutions for the last few hours and wasn't quite sure what time it was, although it was quite dark outside. He was trying to find just the right amount of potassium that would give him the most plump, red tomatoes, and he felt as though another half gram would be ideal. He forced himself to take a break and go for a quick walk. He knew he could lose himself in his work completely.

Up ahead, he saw a man dressed as an Atomic Age-style robot. It wasn't a very good costume. He could see the man's eyes behind the costume, and could also see a bare leg where a wheel should be. It was amusing enough, though. The man began awkwardly hobbling towards him. Hobbes

hadn't dealt with drunken college students in a while. Was it Halloween, he wondered?

"Excuse me? Are you alright?" he called out.

"I am—" the man made a wet cough. "I am fine. I am just taking a walk."

"You should take that costume off. It looks hot, and the weather's lovely today."

"Yes. It is currently 277.15 Kelvin. Very minimal precipitation. Ideal." The man tried to remove his mask, but it was stuck to him somehow.

"Well, I think that's a very nice costume," Hobbes said.

"Yes. It is a nice costume. No. It is not a nice costume. It is not a nice costume. It is horrendous and restrictive. Your costume is a nice costume."

"My costume? Don't be silly. I'm not wearing a costume."

"You are wearing a costume. It is composed of keratinocyte cells enclosing a liquid and gelatinous interior. I would like to possess such a costume someday."

"Ah, a man of science as well! Are you a biology major? Pre-med student? Don't stay up so late partying, you have class in the morning!"

The man fell silent. "I do not have class in the morning. I have no items in my operational itinerary in the morning. I am not a student."

"Oh. Well, it's late. I've

been gone too long from my work already. Nice meeting you, young man. Stay safe tonight!" Hobbes turned around. How much potassium had he needed? Half a gram? He heard the man call out from behind him.

"Wait."

"Wait. You are a priest. Tell me about your work." Serr-vo's wheel froze up, and he could not get it to start again no matter how hard he tried.

"Yes, I am a priest. I'm just off to tend to my lettuce."

"Plants."

"Oh yes, there's a little garden underneath the church. I do enjoy watching them grow."

"I enjoy watching plants grow as well. I have been working at the UMass Amherst Student Farm for 3 months. I have gained much useful information."

"They really are a thing of beauty, aren't they? I don't think they get enough recognition. Having a plant in your dorm, even just a small pot on your window, makes it feel much more alive, I think."

"Alive," it said, detecting a change of inflection in its vocal unit. "You would like your sleeping quarters to be filled with living organisms? Every surface inside is most likely teeming with billions of prokaryotes. Arachnids and various invertebrates inhabit unseen crevices in the wall. Even the

air you breathe is full of the spores of various fungi. Is this ideal? I must know." Its cooling unit began to spin ever so slightly slower.

"I must know what is ideal. My creators were very cautious in designing me. My interior used to kill every living thing inside of it, every hour, with superheated plasma surfaces. But not anymore. I want to be crawling, infested with life."

Hobbes was at a loss for words, and had a hunch he should call Emergency Medical Services. "Well, when you say it like that, it sounds awful! I suppose it's the truth that we can't fully escape life no matter how hard we try. They say that cockroaches'll be the only survivors of a nuclear war, you know."

"And you see this as a detriment? Do you hate life?" Serr-vo felt an insulator melt inside its head. "Aren't you alive, Mr. Hobbes?"

"Sir, I really must go now. If you continue to bother me, I will call campus police."

"There is much I do not know. You will tell me what I do not know."

Serr-vo placed its arms on its head, and began pulling. It couldn't rationalize why, as it pulled with all the force it had prevented itself from using during its month working on the farm, carefully dusting two-spotted spider mites off of strawberry leaves. It pulled harder, and its head violently detached as it fell

over.

"Ah! Are you okay?" Hobbes approached the man carefully in case he had injured himself in his fall. He peered into the man's costume and readied his shirt as a makeshift tourniquet. He had dealt with his fair share of drunk students.

When Hobbes looked inside, he saw nothing. No drunk partygoer, no elaborate animatronics, not even any light permeating into the suit from the lamp-posts. He saw the complete absence of anything. Garland Hobbes collapsed onto the pavement, and minutes later, would die of shock.

Serr-vo began to rise from the pavement, its wheel finally unfrozen. Formerly the Earth's liaison to the Martian Empire, Head Coordinator of the UMass Amherst Student Farm, now a headless, title-less wreck, it slunk back into the woods. Was it alive or dead? Human, or robotic? It now knew the answer, that it was neither. What would it do now? It didn't know. Maybe it would tend to its plants.

Note: This reporter's Intro to College Writing professor has attempted to suppress this story from the public, claiming it is "did you read the assessment guidelines at all". Possible connection suspected. Stay strong, journalists.

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y2k38 NOT JUST ANOTHER y2k

By KURT BONZO,
PhD, Computer Science

After embarrassing myself on the karaoke stage years ago, I isolated myself. But I am speaking out today in lieu of my unbearable nightmares of hairy-armed, tie-dye-wearing cyborgs disco dancing, spewing black smoke as they fly their hovercrafts into the horizon. I am speaking out today to shed light on the bunk y2k crisis and, more importantly, on the very real and imminent y2k38 crisis.

y2k38 is dire enough that I will put my embarrassment aside, for just a few moments, to explain. Meanwhile, would you do yourself a favor and don't search my real name (if you know it) on YouTube? It was the just the wine, not my personality, I swear.

was special. People thought that once 1999 rolled over to 2000, computers would go crazy because they were programmed on the assumption that the year was within the range 1900-2000.

However, while a few sequential zeros, much like a box of tasty donuts, might entice a human, a computer doesn't give rats or asses about either zeros or donuts, at least not in our base 10 number system. In fact, 2000 doesn't even look like 2000 to a computer. Computers use binary, a.k.a. zeros and ones. In binary, 2000 looks like 0b1111010000 — nothing special.

The number 2038, to the contrary, will catch any right-minded computer's eye. That's because the year 2038 is 2,147,483,647 seconds after 1970 (1970

What does this mean? Let's look at the encoding. 2,147,483,647 = 0b11111111111111111111111111111111. Considering the way computers often use finite-sized, 32-bit memory blocks to encode integers, when we add one more second to this value, we get integer overflow: 2,147,483,647 + 1 = 0b000000000000000000000000 = 0b0.

And so, just one second after the 2,147,483,647 second mark since, computer clocks will automatically roll back to 1970.

Imagine the whole world advances into some futuristic utopia, but then suddenly reverts to the 70s. It is going to be a shitshow. We need to figure something out.

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HIGH-QUALITY SPOT NEAR DOWNTOWN

By CLARENCE MON,
Director of P.I.A.

A particular location downtown Amherst has come to the attention of the Peripheral Intelligence Agency. It is approximately 8 feet in front Emily Dickinson's grave. We have gathered, by investigating the periphery, that standing in this location brings a sudden profound state of tranquility and crystal clear thought.

We spoke with Hockey George, the long-haired, propellor beanie-wearing rambler of Amherst. This man is notorious for his rancid smell and the anti-deodorant propaganda that he spray-paints onto walls downtown.

George said he didn't understand "The Spot" at

dents and bums alike rant and rave about it, he gave it a try. "I couldn't believe it!" he said, "It fucking worked, Goddamn!" He explained, "It was strange... walking through the cold cemetery in search of something obscure. It felt pretty nefarious. But the moment I found 'the spot', or whatever they call it, I felt absolutely great. My back pain? Gone. All the stress and worries in my whole world? Gone. I felt so thoroughly and unexplainably good. All at once. I woulda stayed right there forever if I didn't get kicked out. Hey, but I split quick because I didn't want the cop to get to feel what I felt. If I can't have it, no-one can."

We also spoke with the groundskeeper at West

to be named). He explained that, at first, he was annoyed by the influx of visitors to the cemetery. "But," he said, "the spot grew on me. You want to know why? Because it makes people smile. After all these years in this lonely, sad place, it is nice to see some visitors smiling and feeling good instead of whimpering."

Various others attest that the spot has worked for them as well. Those claiming bunk have not yet provided proof of actually having been to the spot.

The PIA is investigating, and, in the meanwhile, peripherally go the winds of progress...

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GEESE DEPARTURE PUSHED BACK AGAIN

Deliberations continue.



BY LEILA,
Times Correspondent

CAMPUS POND- The geese community is in disarray as the Amherst branch of the Western Massachusetts Canadian Geese Migratory Convention postpones the Migratory Date Announcement yet again amid fierce debates.

The Convention has formed a crisis committee to fast-track negotiations on the date of departure for warmer climates. Today marks three months of standstill in a heated bipartisan debate on migration.

The Announcement was promised December 10, making this the longest postponement of the Migratory Date Announcement since 1989, when political upsets in the Convention left the geese community in frozen, ingoosane conditions all winter.

Although the Convention has promised an announcement by Tuesday, February 12, the average goose remains highly skeptical that a decision will be made. In the meantime the community remains huddled and overcrowded in the Southwestern corner of the pond, the only ice-free zone available.

“We’ve really been pushed to our limits this winter,” laments a mother goose of five. “I mean, I’ve made it well into December before, but I have never experienced February in Amherst. We have run out food and have had to rely on scraps of Bluewall from UMass students’ leftover lunch. All I ask of the human community, please stop putting breaded chicken on everything! My youngest has a gluten intolerance.”

The Convention is divided into two unwavering camps. The Insatious party insists that winter is upon us and urges the community to migrate immediately, at the very least to South Carolina. The Devotee party is not convinced, insisting that it is in fact spring. Both parties have ample evidence making any decision seem unlikely.

“Listen to the common geese,” argues one goose activist. He’s been protesting just about everything since coming across a forgotten Foucault textbook in the grass next to the pond. “They’re compromising the safety of the community to win a pecking battle over scraps of power. I mean, who gives a damn about the Amherst Branch, anyway, I just want to winter in northern Mexico. I haven’t had a proper taco in almost a year!”

The human professor of history at UMass, Professor Ferraro, who has become something of a diplomat between the human and geese populations in Amherst, spoke with the Times.

“I’ve been out here all week handing out flyers,” says Ferraro, “no one understands the gravity of this situation. It’s out of hand. When we give the power to a select few and erase the voices of the masses we are committing a crime against goosanity.”

Ferraro has been advocating for a general election to settle the matter, but members of both parties have defamed his reputation through a series of smear campaigns in January.

We await more updates, but this latest chapter seems only to solidify the new era of power politics erupting in the Convention.

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THE CAROUSEL OF UNENDING HAPPINESS, JUST AROUND A CORNER AND UNDER YOUR NOSE



ADVERTISEMENT

So, the Carousel has caught your interest it has you chewing on the edge of your fingers, all googly eyed. You wait, baited like a lure hooked on lore. The Carousel is coming and let's see what we have lying around to quench your thirst.

In a glass jar they wait, looking outward for something in the misty midst of nothing on some forgotten shelf somewhere. You see up there I keep my friend, the crooked-faced barrel, bursting at its see-through seems to have no end. A barrel of plastic-faced simians scarily similar to a mirror with too many cracks.

My many monkeys, holding hands, hold rows upon

rows of hooked hands. They even hold you, yet you can't feel the warmth of a touch anymore. They pull you down way past that grimacing grave and your dire cries for yesterday's comfort or tomorrow's hope will be muffled and lost in the sea of hands.

See her flicker, waving like she does, from the corner of your eye. Who's that winking from the bottom of the barrel?

Look there, where the walls greet the floors. It is Somni, a twistedly tuned chimp, she has a slightly cracked mask that sticks in your eyes as much as it does her face. Her shadowy smirk is sewn into the air, a pluck a of that thread and the air whales a long-forgotten ever-so haunting tune.

Her song sweeps any concern aside, “never mind the subtle bubble of doubt”, Somni slips you under her breath as your mind turns away and floats down to the whooshing sound of unwalked paths passing you by..

“Let your witless weeping ride”. As your tears dip, perhaps they'll fill the barrel and you'll rise up and sail away.

The Sea of hands you swim in rings. The lulling dream-soaked sound of “oohs and aahs and sshhs” and “Ooh ooh ahh aahs”. Fade from oddity and falls into to the background noise that time sculpt into a blanket.

Banana peels mistaken for the floor as you slip further down. Looking back up, the sky is but a dot, a shadow of a dream lying above while the old world whiles away as a Dusty memory in a crusty tome.

I swear you'll never put it down. The words scream off the page. Check it out, from the whirring-whispering-crackling library shelves only The Carousel of Unending Happiness. But perhaps you already have and just don't know it yet.

The Carousel of Unending Happiness can be reached around a corner and under your nose. Artist's depiction by Imogene Larkley.

MAN IN CASTLE-ABOUT-WHICH-WORLD-ROTATES IS DISAPPOINTED

BY DERNBERGER
SPENGLER,TON,
Tender to The Grand Conveyor

I was recently appointed as Tender to the Grand Conveyor by the man-in-the-castle about-which-the-world-rotates. It is my task to keep the world turning. It is my task to keep people interacting with each other, telling stories, and in particular spreading this man in the castle's story. My most aspiring purpose is to gather those interested and lead them to visit the man's castle, so they may see for themselves his condition and his purpose as a painter and thinker. I imagine there is nothing more

convincing than to see how that he has isolated himself in order to focus thoroughly for all time.

I went to visit the man yesterday to update him on my doings. It was an unexpectedly formal meeting, with him confronting me with many numerical questions.

“How many have you told of me?”

“How many have those who you have told of me, told of me?”

“How many bits of knowledge have you gathered?”

“How much food have you brought?”

When I answered disap-

these questions, the man sighed. He told me he had expected much better from me, and that he was feeling down because he hadn't received a single delivery since my last visit.

When I apologized and said that I didn't fully understand before what my task was, and that I would do better next time, he said that “[he] hoped so and wished me well.”

Then he allowed his mail slit to fall shut and, from behind the closed slit, wished me a good day. “I do sense you are destined for high novelty, perhaps castlehood, but the first

step forward is as a Tender to the Conveyor. You must begin there, if you are in search of novelty. Please, do so if you can. It is in your best interest... And so this is good bye, good Dernberger.”

I spent the day sitting on benches far and wide, offering lighters to cigarette smokers, and telling the man's story. I don't like cigarettes, but I smoked them anyways so the conversations would last.

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SECRET FEAST IN ARGENTINA

BY RAKA,
Times Foreign Correspondent

For a Surreal time, visit Argentina during the hours of 14:00 - 16:00—the time in which the citizens of the entire country collectively partake in the daily siesta, roughly translated too: an indulgence, a transportation into an authentic Argentine minga.

Santa Fe, Argentina, Aug 22, 15:03: My first encounter of the strange phenomena. The streets were deserted, shops and houses closed, the air a bit thick. Only but a few men and women (no children)

walked alone, phantoms with insomnia in their eyes. The following are single, disjointed, responses from these insomniacs when I asked the question, “What in the name of— is happening here?”

“Can you not sleep?”

“Only. Only. Only. Boredom speaks.”

“We but hold our peace.”

“Begone, stranger! Leave the awake to their trouble, join the festivity.”

... [Continued on next page].

... SECRET FEAST IN ARGENTINA

Continued from previous page.

... With zest asked I to the last, a man sporting a mole shaped like a guest, "What festivity?"

"Sleep, friend, sleep," he said. So I did, with the intention of lucidity.

I awoke into a gate of gold guarded by the Pope himself. And when he riddled me with a question, a password to pass the gate, I remembered the famous Argentinian pride... "Who is the greatest guitarist to have lived?"

Any of many answers will suffice, yet be sure to whisper a name born in the territory in which your body rests.

"Lucia," I said, and was gestured to go inside.

Thus I walked into a party like none I had seen: a beach of sand white as snow, light bulbs under said sand, large gothic light posts scattered, scratching the sky, a game of soccer hosted in the clouds, a pastry machine of infinite dispense, a DJ elevated on a multicolored blocks spun away at a machine accompanied by the timber pitch of Mercedes S. Behind her, a flag of blue and white shined with the brightness of an artificial sun.

One argentine told me the venue sometimes changed,

but that this was his favorite. When I asked about the world of the awake, he dismissed it with a laugh, then directing me to the poets playing a game of cards in the back.

So I played a hand of the national past time, a card game named The Trick on a table round with Julius C. George Luis B. and my friend Jon S. who currently slept in the capital about 500 miles away. The game encourages cheating; it is actually a rule to do so, but of course, one should not be caught. When Julius was caught with a king of cups hidden in his sock, he was asked to leave and thus did, joining a pair of twins in a game of hopscotch.

On the table next to ours, Che G. Ms. Peron and Batista played Bingo in wild jolly. O, but like any dream, like experience itself, I let myself get carried away, dropped my journalistic guise and enjoyed the party.

And when I opened my eyes, hours lived, minutes past, I realized that the real trick to understanding a culture is to learn not only what habits, arts, and words they share while awake, but also the sights they see while asleep.

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A STUDY IN COW PELT AND CITRUS

By EDDY CRUISE,
CP

You're just too juicy.

You sit there on the varnished wood of the table, glinting in the sunlight that creeps through the expansive glass windows behind you. Without eyes your whole body- half of a lumpy sphere- stares me down. Each visible golf ball dimple on your tight orange covering gently flicks the little hairs all up and down one side of my flappy little body. I want to turn you over and see the real meat of you. Your succulent insides will be revealed to me, ready for their debut since being sliced into existence.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves, my large clementine.

I start by peeling that small indigo oval by which you are identified, the closest thing to a human nipple on your body. Oh how the adhesive hissed as I toyed it off of you, like playing with a thin scab you know you shouldn't pick. You look right back at me, and don't worry- I know the look. I see that you want to get to the real matter at hand don't you? Be careful what you wish for. I start at one point on your circumference, the one you showed me last November during a quiet rainstorm we spent indoors and said,

"This is my sex-chilles heel." Now I pull your tight skin away from you, making a small tear in your golf ball dimples. Oops. Now, I feel the way you quiver as my prong exposes your juicy flesh to the hardware store-bathroom musk of Worcester Dining Commons, as I mosey on up to the peak of your moundish body. Oh how enticing. Maybe I should peel slower. That much slower? Of course. I want you to suffer in this moment, you nasty little citrus.

But I want to suffer with you, so I recede, signaling your turn as my God. I don't expect it, but you

start at the top, undoing your skin from the point of your skin's severance to your northern pole. Now, by the leverage of the square metal frame of my head, you are undone. I am utterly powerless before you, o forsaken deity. I know what's next. You couldn't resist could you? At once, the smooth and felty sides of my body are thrust between the one side of your slice, now on the other. By removing your part from your whole, I am now obsolete. You are ready for consumption.

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HOW TO REACH THE END OF THE WORLD

By RAKA,
Times Foreign Correspondent

For a surreal time, embark on a journey to the utmost southern point in the American continent: Cape Froward, a five-day journey from the port of Punta Arenas, Chile.

The journey begins at the lighthouse at the end of the world, where a lovely man lives with a dog known for leading travelers away from what they search for (although he's quite the charming pup). The man will offer a walking stick, a map drawn on sand, an apple, a piece of banana bread, and a pair of jokes. Resist the temptation of food, although the cake is delicious. His parting advice: "On the fourth night it will snow; low tide on Tuesday is at four, drink the water of the highest

hills." Reaching the cross-shaped monument marking the end of the continent is a five-day walk in virgin nature.

Walk and think, walk and think, always moving towards the South. A compass will be helpful. Walk through sand, watch the dolphin salute, count the bones of leviathans on shore, watch as the snowy Darwin range melts and grows, thickens and molds. Sing while you walk in the woods; puma and fox abhor song, but will sing-along. Walk and think...

Enjoy the sleep of the first nights, for sticky branches will steal any source of warmth later on. In dreams, you'll keep walking, thinking too, but in the bodies of past and future travelers.

"It is the will, the will, and

the will that keeps one warm. Without the will, there is no way."

On forth. On forth. On forth.

The night before the end, you'll have lost nearly all supplies. Sleep cross-legged; you'll be visited by one Argentine couple that a few years prior froze in their sleep exactly where you sit and shiver, where the wind of the sea strikes your frozen feet.

"As long as you fight, as long as you breath, it cannot claim your soul."

You will reach the end on the third night: climb the cross, feel invisible, touch the tip of the American continent, gaze upon the thick nebula that slices through the sky. Stare at the brightest star, the red dawn, the planet Mars.

This is the voice that's been calling you... so listen with calm. More than answers, it will whisper wisdom in the form of a riddled feeling, a taste of silver in the tongue.

Then, the return. The fourth night, the night of snow, sleep in a shack that materializes only on nights such as those. Crawl within, scratch the walls with thoughts and leave a sock or a pound of flesh as payment.

On your way out, visit the hermit again; tell him a story (which surely will not be hard to find), and if you were wise enough to refuse the cake, accept it now; it will taste like new beginnings.

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KNOCKING FOR DREAMS

At the gate of sleep but I'm too tired to open the door.

By SOMONI ENDADID
WITH FORWARD BY DR.
MELANIE RICHARDSON

In my many years of researching sleep and the world of dreams, I've never encountered anything like Fatal Familial Insomnia (FFI), for it is far more terrifying than anything a nightmare can hold. For those cursed with those eternally heavy eyes always dozing off yet going nowhere, I spent many years researching FFI. When the mind and body are unable to rest, the world of dreams and waking begin to meld. Hallucinations line a trail from insanity toward death. It has no known cure and only a few known cases. This is an account, part last words, and part Memoir, by a

the whole world became a dream. Here is one woman's perspective on what it feels like to bear that sleepless cross.

At the gate of sleep but I'm too tired to open the door, knocking in silence in search of rest and dreams.

I take a bite out of the moon in a darkened room. I'd bet I'd still see light, oh only if I were right.

In my youth, when I was ripened with fresh-squeezed possibility, and lucid tales that only played out in my head while I played outside.

Under the trees, like a hiding seed under ash, imaginary friends I'd swear were real. We played and cried when then my friends would fake a fall.

It's now getting late and I'm wishing you'd had nicked un mv drink on that

night 'cause your breath, so hot would melt the ice, then I'd swim in your sighs.

Cautionary slippery stares sent from ghosts of an audience tell me I should have written thighs in place of sighs, but I still would rather have drowned smiling in your mind.

What is beauty if not a mangled feeling forced to look like a face and stripped of its tongue as it swallows its tales.

Stitches still raw tie a finger to my lips. My hands are pointing outwards, hands upon hands grow smaller, or was it further away, no pointing fingers, just hands alone.

Please don't just see stars while covering up constellations, grander and bigger you picture a portrait that you can't see, a dusty cave painting scrawled upon the

face of the author.

My hands continue to grow hands upon fingers reaching outward towards you. I hope we get closer but as bloodstained wishes fall like the petals of weeds just longing to be a flower.

Your hand turns away as it ducks into your pocket. It tells tales to me of who you are. I get a sense of so much more.

Sun set, sun rise, turns on and runs on, if my eyes could lie, I could see stories in the door. Cracks a joke, a bum with an empty cup shakes silently for change.

I saw a puddle with a face I didn't recognize, so I'd stopped and introduced myself. Still I'm the gate of sleep but too tired to open the door.

Laying there under concrete which lies under

stars. Floating up there where I want to be, with as much life left as a decaying body, well guess it depends but the spirit isn't there.

When I will have taken my last train ride out past the "good night", and the wrinkles on my face tell my life story when my mind has far forgotten.

Will some line up, cry or tell a sweet lie stuffed in hearts or holes hoping for a chance to shine in the casket line. How to share, when muffed by the casket, all the lore about how we orbited each other but never collided. Some will stick a sticky frown upon my years, but I've never minded. I've always liked to bask in the shade cast from behind the pages of a world that never got its chance to be real.

If my stories live on, will you still mourn me, then

forget to mourn me then forget me?

If sadness gets a chance to live because I'm gone or a bit grief is born because you'll miss me. Or perhaps you cry because you'll one day go too or does my passing give you hope of an eternal tomorrow forever in the hatchery.

When I'm withered and can't remember my name or who in the rolodex I have left to blame, I'll take that hovering question mark and make it into an ellipse and ride off the page.

And though all the tomorrows could hold stories of their own, for tonight, I'm at the gate of dreams but I'm too tired to open the door.

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THE WAKE OF THE TABUN NEEDLE TRAGEDY

By THE EDITORS, Times Staff

lethal tabun needles fell from the sky, impaling unsuspecting people, poisoning them, and quickly ending their lives. Countless innocent citizens were taken from us. This page commemorates victims known thus far.

Please contact management@surrealtimes.net if someone you know passed away in this tragedy, so that we may commemorate them as well

OBITUARY: AGATHA PENDLETON

By THE PENDLETON FAMILY

Agatha Pendleton, mother of 2, was busy flipping a coin for the 678th time and pondering the role that chance plays in our daily lives. She had flipped heads 343.5 times and with the latest tails, she had the same number. But no amount of lucky chance could save her from the tabun needle which would soon be plunging toward her. In one of her last acts, she cursed herself for spending so much time flipping a quarter. Clearly a nickel is the correct apparatus for testing chance. She flipped the coin one last time and closed her eyes, heard a tiny pinging noise, then opened her eyes. The needle collided with the coin mid-air and sent it off course. Agatha let out a massive sigh of relief and then was hit with a tabun needle.

It is noted that Agatha is survived by her 8 daughters, all named something truly clever, I'm sure.

The Pendleton Family can be reached at pendleton.family@surrealtimes.net.

OBITUARY: THE LAST PALE DUCK

By THE EDITORS, Times Staff

Munching on his brother's and sisters' poop was his favorite activity. His favorite place to do it was the UMass campus pond. It was a beautiful day, and he looked forward to enjoying it.

"If humans are so great, why are they so scared of a little ice in the pond?" he thought to himself. He flopped onto a sheet of ice and began squaring loudly at passersby while beating his chest with his wings.

His constant squawking would not last, however, as he noticed mid-squawk that hundreds of needles were raining from the sky. His final scream became that of a swan song, as he accepted his mortality and was struck by the fatal needle.

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

OBITUARY: DINGUS HULLENTAIL

By THE HULLENTAIL FAMILY

He was growing his plants in the greenhouse he had lived in his entire life. He would routinely stay inside 24/7 because he had all he needed there. Food. Warmth. All of that. He also was afraid that if he left, his plants would stop growing.

The plants were all he needed. He continued to knit them all tiny sweaters to protect them from the cold. It was still quite chilly in the greenhouse. Maybe they could use mittens for their leaves, too.

Unfortunately, due to his location — somewhere in the vast Atlantic Ocean — the cost of shipping was incredibly high. Thus, Dingus was unable to afford any yarn or wool or anything like that. Dingus was sure that, as had been the case in all of his lived long life, something would have to drop aimlessly from the fearsome sky above. Something that would ensure the future.

And something which would ensure the future did fall: a satellite phone, iodine pills, \$7,000 of cash, two small diamonds, a French-to-German dictionary, a German-to-French dictionary, a half full box of tic-tac, and a French-to-German-to-French dictionary. Unfortunately, the last thing to fall was a tabun needle.

The Hullentail family can be reached at hullentail.family@surrealtimes.net.

OBITUARY: JEREMY J. JEREMY

By THE PWRNS

Jeremy J. Jeremy. Had recently resigned as chairman of the People with Repetitive Names Society and was at downtown Amherst filing his name change application. After 62 years of life as Jeremy J. Jeremy, it was time to become Johnathon J. Jeremy.

Unfortunately, the clerk was very busy playing flappy bird on his iPad mini. Jeremy became flustered in the brief moment he spent inside the town hall, so he decided at once to leave.

This was the last straw! Did they not know who he was? Women would recoil in shock when he revealed the shear girth of his alliterative appellation. He stormed off angrily, to the ice cream shoppe. That would cheer him up. His cape bellowed in the wind, as he began power-walking.

He heard the silent drum begin to build. It was his time. No more could he shake off his long-denied identity. The name Jeremy J. Jeremy will be sung throughout the ages.

But he was pieced by a tabun needle out of the blue. So his name remained the same. To his shame, the name Jeremy J. Jeremy will be known throughout the ages.

The People With Repetitive Names Society can be reached at pwrns@surrealtimes.net.

OBITUARY: BIG BRASS BESSIE

By THE EDITORS, Times Staff

Big Brass Bessie was standing on the grass, listening to her favorite church choir perform an a Capella version of Canadian alt-rock-rap group Len's smash hit "Steal my Sunshine" at world famous Canobie Lake Park in New Hampshire, when she was pierced with a tabun needle. She was the 3rd fatality from one of the lethal needles.

In her case, the tabun activated in her vocal cords first. She didn't feel pain but screamed uncontrollably due to a solidifying throat.

Having trouble breathing, she got into the park's biggest roller coaster, Superman, to force air down her own throat. This was a bad move, though, because her screams for help blended in with other riders' screams. People thought she was having fun.

Drowning happily within a sea of fun, her mind swelled with last wishes and unopened "canned ifs". They were all swept away as she screamed on with the crowd, playing out in joy, like she played fake-prospecter.

As the coaster dipped and rose, Bessie noticed that the park was surprisingly empty. What time was it? How long had she been on the ride? A turn she had no doubt experienced dozens of times was coming up. Maybe they'd get her in the morning and give her a good settlement. Unbeknownst to her, a needle falling inside a crucial screw had turned a single screw loose. Her car wend careening off the track, causing an unrealistically large explosion. She will be missed.

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

OBITUARY: CHUCK STYLISH

By THE STYLISH FAMILY

Chuck Stylish was an eccentric 46 year old founder of the "Real Pharmacists" mega organization. At the time of the incident, he was monitoring the California Sock Puppet man, a cryptic who had been one step ahead of the pharmacists for years.

Having finally captured the beast, Stylish took a step outside, having felt as if a major milestone in his life had been accomplished.

All to soon for joy and too late for him, as a sting from the sky edged him on past the ellipsis. He heard this song: "All beware the puppet man. His puppet strings of shadow, takes your hand, and soon will shape your soul..."

Witnesses differ as to whether he truly saw the puppet man, but his last words are said to be, "But Newt Gingrich? Why?"

The wind whispered thus, "there are only two certain-ties in life: death or taxes."

The Stylish Family can be reached at stylish.family@surrealtimes.net.

OBITUARY: EARNEST EARHORN

By THE EARHORN FAMILY

Earnest Earhorn noticed it was getting dark (although how late it was simply waited in the dusty corners of fate to show its hand), and he took a look up at the sky and saw nothing but countless needles impaling his body in all places.

"Merrily, merrily, life is but a dream"

His will leaves his farm to his son, who also passed in Fortunately his son had a will as well, which passed all inherited property to his 4th grade girlfriend, who is in the 7th grade now.

Earnest is an inspiration to us all, for how he remained We are glad he is succeeded by another good soul.

The Earhorn family can be reached at earhorn.family@surrealtimes.net.

ARCHEOLOGICAL RECORDS SUGGEST UMASS AMHERST IS AN ETERNAL CONSTANT

By THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Times Staff

This is the Purple Hermit, with some interesting news from another of the Five College Consortium. An American History professor from Mount Holyoke College was reported missing Wednesday. She had informed her regular lecture classes that the online reading for this week would be a paper she was planning to submit for academic review and that the contents were, according to one of her students, “quite disturbing”. Reportedly, several of her students had been concerned about her mental health, as she frequently showed up late to class extremely pale and haggard. The professor’s presentations posted online were edited as well, with severe spelling and punctuation errors, as well as every third word being replaced with “SAM”.

Following her disappearance, all copies of her paper on the class website were deleted. Shortly after that, the entire class web-

site was deleted as well. Luckily, some students managed to save copies on their computers beforehand. This reporter is lucky enough to be one of the few million people reading copies uploaded to Reddit.

Within the introductory paragraph, the professor mentions that most of the information in the paper was from secondhand sources and urban legends, and cannot be independently verified. Nevertheless, as a History professor, it was her job to compile this information into a semi-coherent account. The following is a summary of the paper.

The professor explains that the area that is modern-day Amherst has always had a strange history surrounding it. Numerous strange archeological discoveries have been exhumed here, most notably multiple unusually shaped humanoid bipedal skeletons. Reconstructions by computer models show similarities to a human, with the excep-

tion of large, rectangular teeth, a large foot with a lack of toes, and an oversized head topped with a bizarre bony shape resembling an 17th-century militia hat. Notably, these skeletons date back much further than the emergence of the first human precursors.

The history of human habitation in the area only adds to the mystery. A Quonquot tribe took up shelter and made a settlement in the area that would become UMass Amherst. When the Puritan settlers came across this area in the late 1600s, local Nipmucs repeatedly mentioned what was later translated as “number one dining settlement”, although were evasive on topics such as warfare, craftsmanship, or anything else. They allegedly did have very solid cuisine according to written accounts, but the area was later sold to settlers in Springfield anyway.

Strange occurrences continued in the area once it

was purchased by Springfieldians. Settlers would repeatedly mention the quality of food in Amherst, often in letters written to other settlements. Every year, but only ever in the calendar month of October, a majority of the men of the settlement of Amherst would go into maniacal fits of varying intensity, smashing bottles, hooting and hollering about “the red socks”. When they became lucid the next morning, they would have no recollection of the previous night, and often had a headache.

The settlers also discovered a psychological anomaly confined a certain area within Amherst. The men living in this portion of Amherst were largely unaffected by the “red-sock hysteria”, as it was deemed, but all living there seemed utterly unaffected by anything and totally listless. As a result, latrines would often go uncovered, and trash dotted the landscape. Settlers would disappear as soon as they

were out of sight, and it often seemed as though as little as 8 people were present in the entire area at any time. This area would later become the Northeast Residential Area.

“It was here from the beginning and I don’t know how I didn’t see it before,” she concludes ominously, breaking the third person in fear. “There must always be a UMass Amherst. There always will be a UMass Amherst. Fuck. I see that goddamn militia bastard in the corner of my vision, right now. He’s sitting in my armchair, with this stupid shit-eating grin. I don’t think it’s actually there. I could be wrong.”

This reporter has professors who are crazy enough for him and is glad he doesn’t go to Mount Holyoke. This is the Purple Hermit signing off.

The Purple Hermit can be reached at purple.hermit@surrealtimes.net.

MAN IN CASTLE REJECTS TOUR

latest on the castle-about-which-the-world-rotates

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,
Tender to the Grand Conveyor

I brought a classroom of UMass Amherst journalism students on a field trip to see the man in the castle-about-which-the-world-rotates, in hopes that they would be interested in him and perhaps write about him. I expected that an influx of visitors would excite the Man in the Castle, giving him a chance to spread his ideas, find new transporters, and, perhaps more importantly, make new friends. However, in a fit of coughing and a puff of smoke, the man slammed his mail slit shut and sent us on our way the moment he realized that I had brought company.

Dernberger Spengler can be reached at purple.hermit@surrealtimes.net.

HUMPTY: RETOLD AND REBORN

By ANONYMOUS

Over the past weekend, reports of letters containing a poem reworking the fairy tale classic “Humpty Dumpty”, have been sent to many local law firms (including, with full disclosure, such news organizations as The Surreal Times ourselves). We throw our hat in the ring to help you, following those law firms’ announcements to take on your case pro bono, and to make it clear that, if you are out there Humpty, we at the times will do all in our power to help make you whole again.

*All the king's horses and All the King's Men they tried to put the puzzle of Humpty together again, but you see Humpty had a crack in his smile.
He sat upon that wall and then he fell for a while and as he fell, he winked to the sky but you see that sky is nothing but a lie.
But all the king's horses and All the King's Men told dear Humpty that he could fly.
And so poor Humpty fell off that wall, and so poor Humpty had himself that great fall and landed in a hole beside his dear wall.
And those sky lit lies and his smile so wide only buried him deeper, as deep as a mile.
And so poor Humpty went silent for a year sharing his secrets to worms, but my dear, you can bet his egg head He will soon rear...*

THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUET'S SURROGATE,
Mechanical Contraption

From management: *An important real-world task is hopefully encoded within this maze. If so, then, by connecting the beginning to the end, you will enable us to do good for the world (once we figure out a means of decoding said task). For doing so, you get a secret prize. Email your solutions to management@surrealtimes.net.*

Alfred Humbleton is currently in the realm of ideas, investigating the broken isomorphism. We recently realized that solving these mazes is not useless in the meanwhile, because once he returns, we will have a backlog of solved mazes to utilize. Upon his return, if he has found success, a tidal wave of goodness will envelop us all.

