

# LETTER TO C. DARWIN THE ELEVENTH

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# TRUTH HAS DEPARTED THIS LIFE

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## THE SURREAL TIMES

"All the weirdness that's too unreal to print..."

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### Zebra Convention Unfolds

Materialized by Armădeius Galouei  
Part 1  
Pyrite, Adidas, mellow, angular. The tumbles are bursting through the greenery.  
When that process is complete, melt the wax.  
Don't just leave it on the shelf!  
Anyways, arches should begin to materialize on top of the contour.  
This leads me to my next assertion:  
Our forest guide cannot smell anything that is pungent.  
This might cause a problem when we search for food.  
This could lead to a very sparse luncheon :(  
At least I can play this extremely annoying kazoo.  
Yeah you heard me.  
End of assertion.

Assertions aren't really necessary if you think about it.  
Nothing is really necessary if you think about it.  
Come on man, now you are just saying words.  
Do you just like hearing yourself talk?

Part 2  
Another item is added to the ever-growing abundance paradigm.

That's a scary thing to achieve in these surreal times.  
How can one justify making these rhymes?  
Don't just leave it on the shelf!  
Wax is useless on the shelf.  
Apply heat to the wax and it turns into an entropy-laden dynamo.  
It used to have a shape, now it doesn't.  
It used to be useless, now it isn't.

The arches happen to be almost as important as the wax.  
How can you welcome guests to your contour castle if you don't have any arches?

Why would guests want to be welcomed if you leave your wax unmelted, on the shelf.

Jimbo, that is quite the assertion  
Take your goddamn wax  
Off the shelf  
You'll need it for your arches  
Right there upon the contour  
Assertion  
Wax  
Shelf  
Arches  
Contour  
Kazoo  
Pungent  
Titans

### A report on Headly, employee at Franklin Dining

By RON GUTTERSTON,  
Times Correspondent



AMHERST, MA - Through a rectangular lens into the Franklin Dining dish room, one sees a million hands snatching at falling snowflakes. The intensity kicks up when too much is put down.

Because, on the inside of this spectacle, a mythic arachnid called Headly scrambles apparently for cleanliness but truly for signs. What to him appear like decipherable codes are tossed down onto plates in his tunnel of vision. He scrambles to extract the plaintive. Then he tosses X aside and picks up Y.

He thinks:  
On to the next.  
Is it a test?  
Is it a sign?  
Is this one mine?

Headly is not a spider although

he believes himself to be. His supervisor, Adolf-Hitler-Upside-Down, who is quite friendly, stated that Headly is a non-convergent recursive vortex system — one who drapes leg-like tree vines over his shoulders to give the appearance of spider hood, and one who wears plastic vampire teeth. Headly is a high-functioning schizophrenic.

When asked of his condition, Headly responded, "I am an arachnid. Not only am I with more legs; I am with more eyes. Therefore it is

unsurprising that you do not see what I see in the implications of the arrangements of ort. Do you think there are such things as accidents? And do you think accidents mean nothing?"

Headly works in Franklin Dining to this day. Leave him a note if you would, or coke up his mind with white noise.

Ron Gutterston can be reached at [@surrealtimes.net](mailto:gutterston.ron)

### ANARCHY AMONG OUR YOUTH!

By CLARENCE MON,  
Times Correspondent



AMHERST, Massachusetts — A flock of naked twelve-year-olds was spotted cutting through yards, climbing fences, hopping pools, and riding on the bumpers of Dominoes and UPS trucks enroute toward Canada a.k.a the northern frontier.

Bored video-gamers, their faces pressed against the cool

foggy insides of their dining room windows, were inspired by the passing sight. Those with a yearning in their chests scrambled outside, shedding their shirts and pants along the way, eventually to join the growing, accelerating mass.

Likewise, jungle-gym acrobats and monkey-bar monkeys and playground children of all kinds were inspired to join the run towards greater freedom.

In one night, 182 Amherst mothers were abandoned by their offspring. A search party commenced. However it was met at the border with flaming marshmallow projectiles, spitballs, and a vicious swarm of attacking pet hamsters. The overwhelming backlash forced the maternal mob to

disperse and sooner or later lose track of the runaways -- whose whereabouts remains unknown to this day.

To combat future occurrences such as this, my agency, the PIA (a.k.a. the Peripheral Intelligence Agency), is sponsoring a new youth program to promote skeptical and speculative thoughts in the minds of young people in the pioneer valley. Contact me (Clarence Mon) to enroll yourself or your children. Otherwise, stay tuned; the hopefully positive effects of the PIA will soon unveil themselves.

Clarence can be reached at [cmon@surrealtimes.net](mailto:cmon@surrealtimes.net).

### The Times, Hiring!

Are you terrified by the fleeting nature of life? Tranced time by joining The Times! We're an up and coming news organization dedicated to documenting the history currently unfolding. If you feel that you could aid us in our mission, get in touch. We have summer openings in journalism, copyediting, public relations, marketing, event hosting, computer science, R&D, and graphic design. Historians, librarians, lawyers, church ministers, politicians, chefs, and good resourceful individuals of all kinds and of all places are also desired.

Contact us at management (@) surrealtimes.net

### Acupuncture Social Tonight

Free to attend!

By LOOMIS TAUNCH,  
Times Correspondent



The Amherst Acupuncture Association (AAA) is hosting an event tonight called the Spring Acupuncture Social. It is the first event of its kind, but AAA founder and treasurer Darla Springfield assured that acupuncture socials will be frequent in the future. This is because, having secured funding from a faction of prosperous individuals, the AAA will be able to work free of financial chains in the coming years.

The event will consist of various peer-to-peer mutual acupuncture activities. And, much like a swingers dance, couples are encouraged to attend but not restrict their intimacy to each other, because the intimacy of the needle is divine and transcendent of our physical realm.

It is like this. Imagine the people of the world not as individual beings — but rather, as the hands of some higher dimensional consciousness. Understanding the world in this way, one hand would never fear or hate another, because it would know that the other hand's actions, although sometimes perplexing, are ultimately working in the best interest of the wholesome being. Darla explained that other hands who bring tension are not to be gone to war with. Instead, they are to be

coordinated with or anthropologized.

That is the reason for social acupuncture. As one hand activates another's nerve system to the fullest and most intricate extent possible, and as hands communicate with one another by pinching and feeling and dancing with one another, they become in tune. Their consciousnesses come together like long lost brothers and sisters.

In the past, acupuncture has been performed only in solitude, and the distinction between patient and healer was always clear. Darla Springfield said that this distinction is moot and explained by the acupuncturist's fear of clean air. "Truly," Darla said, "the modern asymmetrical acupuncturist is inhibiting." One hand of God is no more or

less than another. And no hand of God can be satisfied with coordination with a sole other. The symphony in whole must seek synchrony, or else tension will warp and mangle the sound space, and the common ear will hurt.

Please consider attending at the FAC tonight. It is good. It is important. Surely those less in tune may be clumsy with the needle, but butterfly tenders to the garden will be floating around moderating where moderation is do, so you needn't worry. Besides, what is discomfort but progress.

Rendezvous at 8pm. There is no cost.

Loomis Taunch can be reached at [@surrealtimes.net](mailto:taunch.loomis).

### Ice Jam De-enveloped

By ALFRED HUMBLETON,  
Times Correspondent



SUNDERLAND, MA -

Sometimes an individual such as Pat Snyder will be going on with his life per usual when a stranger named Aldous Braveheart will appear from behind an isle in the grocery store during the tail end of Pat's shopping endeavors. Pat won't realize at the time what Aldous conveys through a simple gesture or series of words, but the information will be conveyed nonetheless.

Pat will go about his day with the impression that he should think little of his interactions with Aldous. But when, during

his warm and sunny drive home on an early day of a sudden spring, he notices residual ice fragments accumulating under a low bridge -- he will remember Aldous' words: "It was very cold before. Now it is suddenly warm. The ice breaks before it melts. It flows. It jams. You must be careful of ice jams."

Pat will park his vehicle quite promptly, venture down the riverbank, wade into the cold water, and loosen the bottleneck of accumulating ice before its accumulations suffice to contemplate evacuation. Because of his doing this, a disaster will be avoided next time.

Sir Alfred Humbleton can be reached at [@surrealtimes.net](mailto:alfhumbleton).

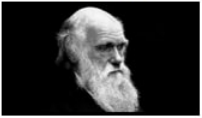


# LETTER TO CHARLES DARWIN THE 11TH

*Staff note: Early last week we received a handwritten letter addressed to Charles Darwin the 11th. In the same envelope, we uncovered a note requesting that we publish the letter in this newspaper. Notionally Mr. Joseph is unaware of the whereabouts of Charles Darwin the 11th, so he has conscripted us as his vehicle.*

*If you are or are aware of a man called C. Darwin the 11th, please contact us at [management@surrealtimes.com](mailto:management@surrealtimes.com), and we will relay your words.*

By HANK T. JOSEPH,  
Person of World



Dear Mister or presumably Doctor Charles. Your existence is something I'm banking on, considering your Great-to-the-power-of-8 Grandfather's passing. By the way, I am very sorry about his passing. The 1st was a man of endless wonder and dedication, and I regard him highly for those and other qualities of his. I mean to express my deepest condolences for your loss.

Onward, to the impetus of my writing to you. You! You are

the heir to the throne. I come to your castle gates, on my knees, begging your doorman to close their mouths and open their ears. Perhaps you will overhear our bickering and peep your graciousness out the peep hole. Perhaps you will cast a spell on these fellows that will seduce them into not merely permitting my passage but encouraging and catalyzing it by carrying me up the grand circular stairway leading to your study.

I am a short man, Charles, but I have long arms. If you can provide transport, I can reach to the tall trees for you, continuing the work of Darwin the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and et cetera with a level of color and excellence you might be ashamed to be unable to attain by your lonesome. The shadow under your name is a dark one, I imagine, and one that might scare a person like yourself.

But I believe I am uniquely fit to provide you with light, although I unfortunately don't have eyes.

BEGINNING OF  
SCIENTIFICALLY CURIOUS  
DIGRESSION

Born with extraordinarily small eyes — like raisins, I tell you! — I was strangled by nature into wearing thick spectacles. These aided me through my young years.

As an adolescent, though, I

grew fibrous material from the cubby holes on the sides of my torso just underneath my shoulders. I had terrible headaches also. Were they related? I couldn't have told you. But a few green sprouts from my pits began it all. Gradually, more sprouts sprouted. But suddenly, the graduality of the growth turned sudden, and forests exploded from under my arms. The force was strong enough to dislocate my shoulders 1000 times over until the day I connected with John Hiemgulf, a sturdy, strong man who cured me of my shoulder pains using his Copyright 2014 Magneto-Transitional Forest-dwarfing Software.

Hiemgulf does tremendous work, Mr. Darwin. I commend and recommend him whenever a chance to do so arises. In the case that you require relevant services, please direct a cellular phone call to the address (333) 333-3656.

Despite the success of Hiemgulf's treatments when it came to my forest growths, I remained a victim of pressure headaches that I failed to explain until, at my grandmother's dining room table on thanksgiving, I had a terrible building headache. After a while of this pressure building and building to an unbearable height... just when anything worse would be

unbearable, my eyes shot spontaneously out of my face. My spectacles shattered and produced a storm cloud of smoke which eventually cleared to make way for a rainbow overarching our broken-glass-speckled turkey carcass.

My dear brother described the sight to me. He admitted to being terribly confused until, out from the turkey hole emerged two terrified naked midget babies who looked like me and were growing and causing destruction that made my mother huff and puff. The specimens burst through our dining room window and ran to the road. By the time the bus came by, they had grown into young adults and spawned suits, suitcases, and top-hats. One Mississippi... two Mississippi, and my babies were grown up and gone. And I was without eyes.

END OF SCIENTIFICALLY  
CURIOUS DIGRESSION

That is the anthropology of my eyelessness and long-armedness. Curious, isn't it? I wonder about your thoughts on the matter.

Regardless, I ought to return to the main road before you get hungry enough to abandon ship.

See Charles, with my condition, I am terribly

distractible. But I say this without negative connotation. In fact, in context of the collaboration between us that I propose, I believe my distractibility to be the bread that I bring to our table. Your expertise and diligence, complemented by my figurative wide eyes, could produce great scientific works.

I provide one free sample of my seedlings which I believe are ripe, Mr. Veteran Farmer, for your tending.

Yesterday I was approached by a man with a squeaky voice. He said he was motivated to speak to me by my extraordinarily long arms and extraordinarily short legs, which he said might be the common ground between us that could foundation a friendship. He told me that he had terribly long ears. I told him I was blind. He said he hadn't known that before approaching me, and that he was sorry.

He said we are both suffering victims of godlessness, and that we ought to confide in each other as acquaintances. I rejected his proposal, citing the fact that my long arms, short legs, and blindness are colorful and not gray.

I wonder of your thoughts on this man. He explained how his ears were so low set, that they extended out from his neck

instead of the sides of his face. The cons of this, as he said, include lymph network interference and the amplified sound of one's own breathing.

I wonder what your thoughts are on the effect on fitness of low-set ears. Get back to me with a formal analysis and I will consider your reply an application for collaboration with yours truly. I consider this letter my application for collaborations with you.

Assuming your analysis in addition to a Maverton Test suggest that a minimum of 1% of your genetic material mirrors that of C. Darwin the 1st, I will happily move into your castle and spend the remainder of my life working as your apprentice.

Sincerely,  
Hank T. Joseph

P.S. Give my best wishes to the wife and kids, presuming they exist (and presuming you exist).

An elusive man, Mr. Joseph neglected to include contact info in his letter. Alas, we depend on his reading of this paper. Send your words to [relay@surrealtimes.net](mailto:relay@surrealtimes.net) if you'd like to reach out to him publically.

## PROTEST BY THE TREE FOLK

By MORIARTY COLLINS,  
Times Correspondent



The Tree Folk held a protest today in downtown Amherst. A high official of the Tree Folk, Senior Hoff Dazzle-Razzle Magoogoo, found time to sit down with me at the Fresh Side cafe. After spilling a little tea on his turd-themed mumu, Magoogoo explained the basic tenets of his group, the Tree Folk chapter in Amherst.

"We're primarily concerned with the role of money in politics, and the hyper partisanship in Washington," said Magoogoo, lightly twirling two of the dreidels embedded in his winding grey beard, "and we think the way forward involves cooperation with both sides. Mostly, we want people to listen to each other. We're also for common sense gun purchase laws, that don't infringe the second amendment, the removal of state barriers for health care, and increased communication between what the military requires and asks for versus what Congress gives the military."

Looking through the three multicolored spectacles of Senior Hoff Magoogoo, I could see, despite the neon yellow contact lenses, a true centrist. His feet sported neon yellow cowboy boots under the table.

"Mostly, we want

bipartisanship, and a new center to the American political scene, where we focus on the issues we agree on first, and after considerate debate, decide what to do on the contested things after. Washington has fallen into disrepair."

After I interviewed Senior Hoff Magoogoo, I stopped by a small, organic counter protest that had sprung up on the other side of the common. One Mr. Smith Johnson, wearing a well fitting suit and carrying a briefcase, agreed to speak to me.

"The main problem right now in Washington," Johnson said, "is the presence of soul sucking despair spiders disrupting the balance of the chakras. We plan to, when the stars are correct, summon the Lord of Light, Embalshazar to destroy the enemies of the people."

"We only hope," he continued, "that this destruction does not unbalance our auras."

After such a wild interview with Magoogoo, it was nice to hear some common sense. It's good to know that even when Amherst Common is overrun by raving centrists, one can still find a breath of realistic commentary tucked away in a counter protest.

Moriarty Collins can be reached at [collins.moriarty@surrealtimes.net](mailto:collins.moriarty@surrealtimes.net).

## ZZZ'S TRAVELS

This is the first column in a series on travel, and other places in the world that Mr. Zulu Z. Zulu has visited.

NYC Bussed Tour



Go to Port Authority Bus Terminal and look everyone in the eye.

Unnerve the tourists and challenge the locals  
Relish the sights and smells of urban and moral decay.

No performances here, this is the dance of the melting pot when it's held at a low simmer  
Not allowed to boil and properly mix and congeal into a singular mass

There are tides, too more fitting of a toilet than the ocean. The clog is inevitable, though some parts always stay behind.

Next stop up from the bottom is Penn Station, unless you're crossing a river taking the subway one stop is a sin. Laziness pools here before the train  
The LIRR is New York's top exporter of suburban malaise

Once a polished, marble ode to the peak of glamorous train travel and capitalistic glitz it has been reduced to a dingy strip mall stuffed into a basement, underneath the muffled stomps and cries of Spike Lee's beloved losers

Next stop Staten Island. . .

Zulu Z. Zulu can be reached at [zzz@surrealtimes.net](mailto:zzz@surrealtimes.net).

## DR. JOHN AND CHARLES NEVILLE BRING NEW ORLEANS TO NORTHAMPTON

By DOCTOR GOLDSTEIN,  
Times Staff



NORTHAMPTON, MA - The 'Creole Moon' was shining down on the Academy of Music on Saturday Feb. 25th. Dr. John and Charles Neville flooded the streets of Northampton with the intrinsic sound of New Orleans, turning our pioneering city into a bayou of its own.

New Orleans music refuses to be caged by a genre. Like New Orleans itself, it is a jambalaya of different cultures, people, and sounds. It "capture[s] a

rythm of feet on the street, melding simulations of up tempo horns layered in a strongly percussive flavor." It is all this, steeped in a tradition of Vodou.

The show was a benefit for the non-profit 'Blue to Green,' an organization that harnesses the power of music to build a more sustainable and environmentally conscious world. In a world where neither science nor our government can provide a solution to the impending doom of climate change, maybe Vodou will be the answer to it all.

Dr. Goldstein can be reached at [drg@surrealtimes.net](mailto:drg@surrealtimes.net).

## KIDNAPPING MAYBE SOLVED

By RICHARD JENKINS,  
Times Correspondent

Police yesterday may have solved a recent kidnapping. On the 10th, 23 year old Samantha Bartelby went missing. Police now say they may have located Bartelby. "We may have tracked her down, and we may have arrested the kidnapper," said Police Chief Gonzales, "and we may have returned her to her home." Answering questions at a press conference earlier today, the Chief also stated that the police "may have located her in the back of a silver Nissan" and that this may have happened "at approximately 11 PM last night." The woman may well be being treated at Cooley

Dickinson Hospital, as she may have sustained injuries during her ordeal. However, a psychologist assigned to her, after being cleared to talk to the media by Ms. Bartelby, said that she may not have any lasting psychological damage. I am sure I speak for the rest of Amherst when I say that we are relieved that this case may have been solved. "It's always a good thing when we may have solved a case, and the victim may have been rescued without significant harm. I know myself and the rest of Amherst will sleep well tonight," concluded Chief Gonzales.

[jenkins.richard@surrealtimes.net](mailto:jenkins.richard@surrealtimes.net)



## MONTREAL ENDURES VISCOUS INHABITANT

Jefferson Merleau saves the day.

By DERNBERGER SPENGLTON,  
Times Staff

MONTREAL, Quebec — Jefferson Merleau holds the title of Chief Inspector in this Canadian city. His responsibility is to prowl the streets from dawn until dusk, checking the basic functionality of things.

Stoplights are a major concern of his. On his inspection route, he stops at all intersections for a minimum of three red-yellow-green cycles. The reason for this is to confirm that the colors arrive in the proper order and sustain for proper amounts of time. Similarly, Jefferson checks all moving parts of the city: revolving signs, fluttering flags, automatic gates, and the like.

This Saturday, Jefferson noted a disturbance in the synchrony of the lights. It was a small disturbance, though. So he recorded an audio snippet on his handheld device, "Disturbance on The corner of Mackay and Edwards," and he continued with his usual inspection route.

During the afternoon, a woman crossing the main road transformed into a wigwam. Jefferson recognized immediately how problematic this event was. Traffic would stop. The congestion would propagate across the city. In minutes, the general functionality of things would be interrupted terribly.

Jefferson needed to act! However he was impaired by a piercing pain in his neck. He endured still, pushing forward, removing log and log again from the traffic-impeding wigwam, carrying these logs to a nearby sewer hole, and dumping them into the depths of the city. When the time came to put the sewer cap back in place, Jefferson lifted with all his might, but the pain in his neck multiplied tenfold and the sewer cap didn't budge. Jefferson toppled onto his side.

With the silhouette of Mount Royal in the distance, he watched automobiles work to circumnavigate the hole in the ground. One lane of traffic

could pass, but the opposing lane didn't have enough room to make passage. The drivers crammed themselves in anyways — gluttonously! As a result, traffic jammed hard.

A teardrop beaded at the cusp of Jefferson's eye, grew bigger and bigger until it was ripe to fall. Then it froze in place. To Jefferson this was a metaphor for his entire beloved city icing up as he laid paralyzed.

But God came in the form of a burly Eskimo woman who massaged the tightness out of Jefferson's neck. When he was ready, she lifted him by the arm. They collaborated to put the sewer cap back in place. Fairly quickly, Montreal got flowing again, and all was good. Jefferson sat next to the Eskimo woman on a park bench. They enjoyed the sunset together. After some time, the woman asked Jefferson why he was in so much pain. Jefferson explained that his job was very stressful.

"When rush hour comes, my blood pressure shoots up."

"That's not good, Mr. Merleau. You shouldn't let the stress get you."

"I know... I know," J. Merleau said. "But I can't help it. Whenever the city hurts, I hurt. How could I possibly change what's in my heart?"

"You've got to just do the best you can. If you know you've done your best, you can go home at night and sleep."

"Yeah..." Jefferson sighed.

"Truly! You need to loosen up the contents of your arteries. Please take me seriously."

A terrible broken cranking sound! Cars veering from the road! The sun falling below the horizon! The church clocks stop! The lights freeze on the color red! Suddenly the whole city screeches to a halt! Jefferson looks North. A man no taller than a trashcan is pressed up against a big circular revolving billboard. He has his arms wrapped around it. His feet are cemented in place. Now he's bear-hugging the revolving totem with all his might. His strength stops it from turning. As a result, gears beneath the earth stop turning as well. These are connected to the city's highly underground

mechanical network. By jamming one ostensibly insignificant gear, the man grinds the whole city to a halt.

The Eskimo woman asks what happened. Jefferson explains.

The woman remarks matter-of-factly, "Jesus... Well, we've got to get that fucker!"

"What do you mean?" Jefferson asks, not being one to deal with non-mechanical persons directly.

"We've got to break him off. Toss him aside. Get things moving again."

"Yes, of course," Jefferson says, still with much uncertainty.

Fortunately for him (being passive), the Eskimo woman walks over to the man jamming up the city's gears, who is holding on with all his might, grinning maniacally and blowing steam out his frozen red ears. The woman pulls her mallet from under her fur coat. One hit: no good. Two hits: no good. On her third swing, as the man mocks her, "you'll never bust me loose; this is rubber cement, and you're old! AHAHAHA", she knocks his feet loose. The revolving billboard jars into motion, crow hops, and flings the man into the sunset horizon. The city jumps and gargles a few times. In just moments, everything is running smoothly again.

"How did you do it?" Jefferson asks.

"Just keep calm, kid," The Eskimo lady says. "And hammer on!"

She smiles and reaches out her hand. Jefferson grabs on. She gives him a handshake strong enough to make him wince.

"Be strong!" she says, "but not so tight!" before she strutted toward the parties in the heart of the city.

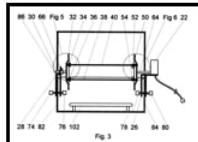
The night is getting lively. Jefferson opts to observe one last red-yellow-green cycle before going out for some cocoa and ice cream to precede bed.

Dernberger Spengleton can be reached at [spengleton@surrealtimes.net](mailto:spengleton@surrealtimes.net).

## LARGE IDEA ROTISSERIE HALTS

THE UNLEGGED RISE, THE SUN CONTINUES TO SHINE.

By ALFRED HUMBLETON,  
Times Correspondent



AMHERST, MA -- It was last Thursday when a cube car styled like a dice spun into the parking lot behind the Large Idea Rotisserie. All of the parking spots were taken. The car rolled itself around anyway in hopes of getting lucky. Perhaps an arbitrary car would scoot out of the present, or perhaps one would reveal itself as a member of only the virtual past and not the real, and a spot would be open. Or perhaps the tectonic plates would shift enough to make way for the cube car to squeeze between two other cars.

The dice spun faster and faster, circling the handicap section of the lot. With each lap came more redness in the cheeks, more sputtering from the muffler, and more steam from the cube's radiator. Despite its classification as a hybrid by the FDA, this small platoon packed a 429 cobra-jet engine under its hood. It burnt rubber, donutting around the lot, using innocently parked cars as its corner brim like the dirt bikes do.

It smashed a three point turn that devolved quickly into a binary orbit of stars launching each other along sharp elliptical paths back and forth between two limit points. Then it overheated and shot like toaster strudel into the air.

Many ideas were fertilized, marinated, roasted, eaten, thrown away, swallowed, excreted, watered, and reincarnated, and so on, in the Large Idea Rotisserie, before the cube car dice returned back in its reincarnated form (the biformal bobcat, oscillating in embodiment between felinal ferocity and mechanistic monstrosity). It showed a one for the first time.

With its claws, jaws, hydraulics and infinite composure, the revolution's genesis tore a green Subaru to bits. The rain pouring down sogified these bits. The wind collaborated to mix the ingredients into perfect entropy. Then it was time to flatten the pancake. In no time, this time passed. The sun emerged, heating the pavement and cooking the cakes.

The brain of the feline rested while its meal cooked. The Idea Rotisserie froze while its operators were distracted by the smell of passionate love.

It was not expected that the Rotisserie would halt. Recognizing that it had, the feline lost calm. She zipped and zived, worrying that the world might go dark starved of ideas. The ground was too hot for her paws. Fortunately her thick rubber tracks were

resilient, and she was able (using her alternative form) to scoop her broiling pancake and deliver it to a passing icecream cone car.

When she returned: to her dismay, the pancake she had removed from the stove appeared exactly as much there as it had been before she had moved it. She feared that the world had gone dark and dysfunctional. But the sun glowed warm. Some fertilizing rain drizzled down. Beautiful Harry Eagles soared among the spirits of ideas. Somehow, in absence of new ideas, the world's stew maintained ever-savory flavor.

The dice, showing a question mark on her head, turned to see a lovely pack of her feline friends, each oscillating between forms, making pancakes, enjoying time off from work -- and also, opening the handicapped parking spaces to the truly handicapped. The feline's brain stroked the feline's beard, contemplating the status of things. Then he and his external her, having retrieved their outer randomness, parked themselves in the place that once was the place of the suburb.

They proceeded to leglessly climb the idea rotisserie before the police arrived. From the top, they chanted, "those without feet, jump up from the streets!"

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## In these times

By R. BOTTLEBY,  
Times Correspondent

"And it is said, to the tech giants of this coast, that upon this ground, the earth will be wrought." And with the Giants coming in Fifth, boy does it seem that way! All the way in fifth. It reminds me of another quote: "And it is said, to the tech giants of this coast, that upon this ground, the earth will be wrought." And believe it or not, the Giants came in Fifth (in the league). But lately, in this hyper-partisan milieu, I don't know what to believe in anymore. Noun noun, privilege privilege, is the call from the right, and I stand by it, because hey, the Giants won the Fifth! Cheach

and Chong, my friends, Cheach and Chong, and boy, however. And everyone has the same question: "Obama?" The Pats are doing well this year, it will be the sort of year that you can bottle up and save for later, like a nice aged wine. Noun goes here, verb goes here, hello, how do you, my name is R. Bottleby, and remember these words: "And it is said, to the tech giants of this coast, that upon this ground, the earth will be wrought." After all, the Giants won the fifth.

Mr. Bottleby can be reached at [bottleby.r@surrealtimes.net](mailto:bottleby.r@surrealtimes.net).

## Invasive Protectist Legislation

By EARNEST,  
Times Correspondent

President Orange has proposed a new bill involving tariffs on inhaled air, subsidized exhalation, and a generally tyrannical attempt to catalyze American manufacturing. What he misunderstands is that exhaled air cannot be inhaled again, and that this will do nothing to benefit our economy.

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## LOCAL INVESTIGATION THAT COULD BE OF INTEREST

By RAKA,  
Times Correspondent



Strange as it may seem the following tale is truthful from the waist down.

For some time authorities were receiving misleading tales of frogs singing. Songs of an old frog man, is what they called it. But nothing like this was the case.

Distracted by the everyday songs, it seems nobody realized that the plumbing inside the walls of the laboratory was expanding as more and more frogs crawling through the openings of the water pipes. Instead of serving its purpose of removing excess water it was serving the purpose of gateway entrance to frog paradise. Because of this, after the whole affair was over, many criticized the use of water pipes in the first place; it has not rained here in over a year. These are the same ignorants that did remember that it snowed only a few days

ago and still seized to see the point.

Because nobody paid attention as what were hundreds of toads and frogs croaking from inside the wall, some even dismissed it as, "the building's settling." Although there are many testimonies of individuals who claim to have heard some unusualities; auditory memory is vastly unreliable and memory seems to fake itself even faster than any other sense. Thus the auditory testimonies cannot be verified as horrible erroneous or blatant truth-telling.

It is calculated the frogs perhaps had began to find comfort inside rusty water pipes. They had been nesting there for about a month's time before the the pipes erupted due to condensation of pressure build up in between the bodies of the croaking visitors. The building called Morrill Science Center was flooded and most of the frogs didn't make it. As the metal expanded, the pressure burst the pipes sending many of these poor amphibian bastards flying through the air like ricochet bullets, something that their biologies simply did not anticipate.

The building, which many consider a maze, is still being mapped out by experts. Naturally, no one is quiet certain in which lab the flood happened. But it is known that the unlucky lab was the residence of hundreds of zebrafish living as peaceful test subjects for no good reason. It seems that as the frogs crashed into the glass tanks, many of the zebrafish also did not make it past the full moon night.

The actual evidence is the testimony of a man called Krassniak who claims to have found hundreds of cadavers of

his adored fish laying next to their kamikaze murders. He wrote in a notepad the following:

They're dead and I can't believe it. An unlikely romance.

He has yet to be reached by both authorities and newspapers. The case is still open.

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## A VISIT FROM THE BIRD

By RAKA,  
Times Correspondent

After months of quiet, uneventful, weekday after weekend, there have been sightings of birds with unpleasant shapes in the skies of Northampton. Brendan Bartholomew, a resident of the area, said, "Yes. Yes. There have been fowl creatures flying in the skies for some time now. That is no secret." He frequently enjoys smoking out of an odd looking pipe made of bronze and watching the night skies unravel. He also claimed the clouds to be a second home for his mind to wander about. "I mind much them birds. After all, when did anything with wings ever hurt us down here?" he said.

But other residents seemed more concerned. And more informed.

Richard Bartholomew, brother to the individual with the queer pipe,

insisted that the birds were a danger to the community, he said, "Not two nights ago I saw a black bird flapping its life away right there outside my window. It seemed scared, like it saw a ghost or some lurking monster." He seemed terrified of the black fowl that had haunted him the night of March 20th. Perhaps relevant to the story, no longer does he leave the house which he shares with his brother—the reason for this he did not disclose. Richard also insisted that someone "better do something about the situation." Naturally, after several anonymous calls, the police responded.

The police report is very clear. They asked about the common folk only to be left flat—an inconclusive investigation. But a certain reporter found herself interested by the story and went to the source; she went to the rooftop of the Sunday chapel

and asked the darkest of the birds, the one that tended to be silent day and night, what he made of the situation. It said that they would be leaving soon and there was nothing to worry about. She asked: "Why?" It said that some things are better left a mystery.

Although black feathers still fall on the streets, no one seems to care much. Except the birds; they seem impatient. Richard Bartholomew, who sometimes smokes out of his brothers illustrious pipe when he's not looking, has been quiet about the situation. He grows rather oblique with illness lately. His brother has reported him weaker and weaker each day. So if anyone would like to pay him a visit, I'm sure he wouldn't mind.

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## LOW-TEMP VOLCANO ERUPTS

By EARNEST,  
Times Correspondent

PITTSFIELD, MA - Let it be known that Mount Von Clidesmic erupted with a glass-shattering shockwave that struck fear into all of Pittsfield. Let it be known also that nobody was injured by the volcano, because its secretion was perfectly vertical, non-

newtonian, and low-temperature in nature. Rest easy knowing that your loved ones, after many days of sitting in hopeless idle behind their ooblec-blockaded doors, discovered a dependable method of escape. They gathered shovels and baseball bats and club-like objects of various kinds. They climbed up

their chimneys and they embarked on a ground-pounding journey, vigorously striking the fluid ahead of them in order to harden it enough to be traversed.

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## ZZZ'S WORDS W/ SPENGLETON'S CURVES

Mushroom roads break down geometry  
Gears, hairs, and cilium turn the clock  
Gravity's existence skirts the walk  
sucking inwards, deeper and higher  
a breakdown of form

Veins pulsate with creative delight  
Sour patch kids dance on icy stoves  
The locals reel with hellish fright  
A window into the mind, what will we find?  
Scorpion entrails contain their victims  
Will the survivors envy the dead?

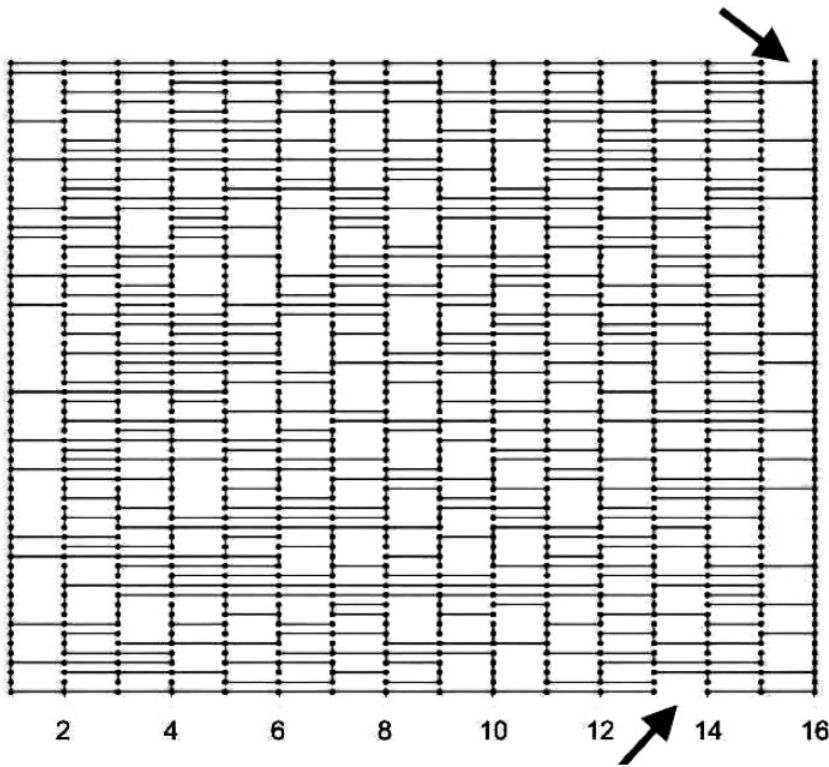
But of course,  
the king



## THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI,  
Times Senior Editor

First one to solve this maze gets a **secret prize** in addition to two semi-secret prizes - the first, a bundle of symbols, and the second, an admission ticket. Email a picture of your solution to [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net) to see if you've won.



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## MYSTERIOUS RING STUMBLED UPON

By RAKA,  
Times Correspondent

"Greatness from small beginnings."



Indeed so, another peculiarity in this little place of the Pioneer Valley. On the morning of April 20th a man found a ring inscribed with the following phrase: "MAGNA-SIC: PARVIS." Upon research, a correct translation has been found. It is Latin proverb; a variation of the famous phrase:

The man who had found it quickly realized the implications of his findings and left the ring sitting on a silent shelf in the library.

This is a cursed ring. Citizens are encouraged to make haste of the item if found, and to ignore whatever otherwise heard. Authorities should not be contacted on the matter. And beware this deadly ring.

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## OBITUARY: TRUTH HAS DEPARTED THIS LIFE

By DERNBERGER  
SPENGLETON,  
Times Staff

PHOENIX, AZ - She was a woman inside Babel but not of it, pedaling Northampton streets on a basketted blue bicycle, billboard legal name fraud and breathing hymns in the universal language. Her dancing phonics seduced our ears - the gatekeepers of our selves - into relaxing our monkey minds and opening passage for faithful communication with the soul. Down this passage she floated vessels of understanding oftentimes too pure for our unholy tongues to express.

Remember the people of Shinar? They said, "Come, let us build ourselves a city, and a tower whose top is in the heavens." The Lord retaliated by confusing the language of all the earth, and it was he who on April 10th returned to pluck the lasting strand of Truth and her tongue from our valley.

We are fortunate that in the wake of the Lord's divine light stands Kate of Gaia, whose enduring sermons Truth once compelled us to read.

We wish to arrange services. If you knew Truth, contact [tips@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tips@surrealtimes.net).

## COMMUNITY CLASSIFIEDS

Contact [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net) if it is your wish to offer or request goods or services on the public ledger at right. Maximum wordcount: 100. Cost: five dollars per print edition, five dollars per week online. Bitcoin is acceptable as an alternative payment method.

## HELP WANTED

Looking for handy-man to fix various household issues: leaky sink, small hole in roof, install fence in backyard (115 foot total - I have supplies). Further jobs possible in future. Pay hourly: 15-20\$ an hour depending on speed of work and negotiation before. Must be prompt and professional. Must be slug-funk friendly. This is non-negotiable. Lunch and coffee provided. Contact 145 Brown Street, Bxton, MA.

## FOR SALE

For sale: time-machine. Lightly used - at least in this timeline. Proton extremometer fully functional. Only 50,000 years on it. Requires oil change. Handles well. Model: Mercedes Time Voyager, year 2352 (a good year for time machines!). Has never broken down. To buy, meet me in Alexandria, 700 A.D., multiverse 37B. Can also make it multiverse 26B, but I have angered the Hydrochlorians in that universe, and would prefer to avoid further contact. Price negotiable.