



# THE SURREAL TIMES



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

February 2021 .:|. surrealtimes.net  
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## PROTESTS AT THE FEDERERERAL RESERVE OF THOUGHTS



[Artist's depiction by Sawyer Philips]

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,TON,  
Tender to the Grand Conveyor

Protests formed affront the Neuron House in response to the decision by the Federal Reserve of Thoughts to lower the galactic brain coefficient, which determines the speed of thoughts in all sentient beings accross the galaxy. An angry crowd gathered in the hours after the decision with not flames and pitch-forks but with forks and spoons.

"You want our brains?" they chanted, "you can have them!" while using kitchen utensils to pull their brains out through their noses. Protesters threw the pulpy contents of their skulls on the

front stoop and demanded action.

I spoke with one of the protesters after the fact, and they explained more about how the Federal Reserve of Thoughts exists only out of fear that someone, somewhere will have a thought that, through a butterfly effect of some kind, might wind up toppling The System. "And so the feds want to keep our thought rate low. But we've got them now. We're throwing our thoughts right in their faces."

Doesn't that play into their game?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

## FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMÁDEIUS GALOUEL,  
Times Senior Editor



"Mangy Procurement Plans  
quell dissidents"

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"I mean, doesn't removing your brain lower your thought rate?" I tried to clarify.

"You don't get it," they told me, and they are probably right.

Once the activists marched away, the feds came outside with night-vision goggles and collected the brains into jars. They refused to comment on the matter.

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## MORE IN THIS ISSUE...

It is hard enough to document reality. To consider all the occurrences in the broader realm of sur-reality is even more difficult, perhaps impossible to capture every detail. We at The Surreal Times are a small group of writers doing what we can to keep journalism alive. In this issue, you'll find a variety of stories that other news organizations fail to report on, but that we've worked hard to make available to the public. We hope you enjoy these stories, and we hope you do your part as well, keeping your eye out for unusual events in your own life.

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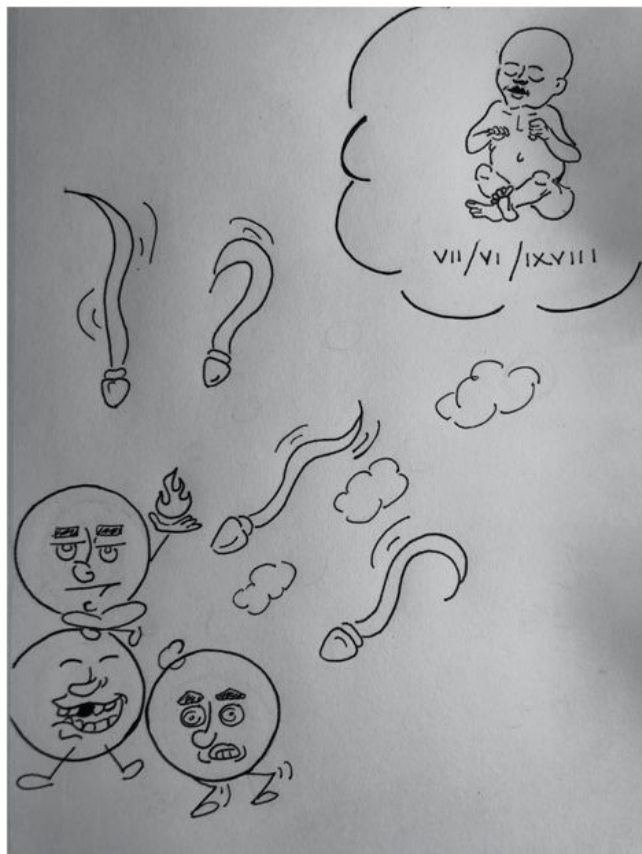
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## THE PETRI DISH KIDS

By PLEAKLEY POW POW,  
Times Correspondent



Once upon a precise ass time of 22 years, 5 months, 2 weeks and 1 day ago there was a real bitchin' day. On this day in some ward of some hospital somewhere, three teeny-tiny eggs were messing around in a petri dish. Well, I should perhaps note that there were actually thousands of those wee buggars floating about in that singular dish, but a particular trio is our focus here.

These three rabble-rousers were causing all kinds of mayhem amongst their fellow eggs. I should also note these weren't ya normal eggs from the good ole pulp carton, nor were they the golden glories of some fabled goose, nor the scrummy, sugary orbs from the dinosaur oatmeal you used to have as a kid and likely still have now.

Unlike humans formed from more natural means of conception, the eggs of this glorious petri dish were getting a sneak peak of the human world only a select few of them, if any, would one day inhabit. Thus, having not yet been bestowed with human names, they went by Q-tip, Rooskie, and Nut Nut in the interim of pre-life and baby birth.

Amongst the three of them, snot rockets and spit balls were shot around with wild whimsy. Poop jokes galore populated their every interaction. Rooskie generously liked the cheeks of all eggy passersby, Q-tip barrel rolled through crowds of unsuspecting brethren, and future pyromaniac Nut Nut lit every and any coexisting particle, amoeba, and molecule on fire with uproarious laughter. Aside from their guffawing and tomfoolery, Q-tip, Rooskie, and Nut Nut were otherwise impassioned by a singular objective - sabotage the rest of the field and usher their embryonic threesome to real life triplethood.

Their initial forays, as all grand schemes usually are, were thwarted by unpreparedness and other obstacles that only hindsight or foresight can prevent. Unfortunately, ovary eggs tend to be supremely deficient in both, and for that matter, all forms of sight really. Several of their beginning attempts saw exchanges like the following, with Nut Nut all the while equipped with enough combustibles to form a new sun.

"Guys, guys, guys," Q-tip said. "All these noobs keep going on about how we need some sort of fertilizer to make it out alive. Did either of you bring any?"

Rooskie replied with, "Nah bro did you?" and Nut Nut drooled and emitted some gurgling noise but otherwise just gave a spasmodic jerk of the head intuitable as a solid no.

Q-tip sighed and quipped "Freakin' buns guys we gotta be prepared! I think there's a farm or something nearby I can probably snag some from. We gotta amp up our game though yo. The next crack at this is all systems go."

And now we've ushered the narrative to our precisely and perfectly bitchin' day. Having studied their previous failures and armed themselves with all foreseeable riggings necessary, they stood ready to breach the barracks. Nut Nut had fashioned and outfitted them each with camouflaged flamethrowers which would be their primary weapon of attack. Side by side, as they would always be even if they went down swinging like mad, our three steadfast eggs each tossed back a shot of baby formula for luck and charged into battle with ravishing abandon.

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## EFFECTS OF "CATERPILLAR RASHE" WIDELY FELT

By OPHELIA JONES,  
Times Correspondent

My arm has broken out in a rash. I don't think it's a normal rash, or not like one I've had before. I feel a mangle of caterpillars beneath the red mark, squirming and sulking like they're hunting for something stuck beneath my chest.

Fleshy beats with samples of gasping blood vessels, all laced with hints of caterpillars hurtling, churning over each other in fingerprint-like crescent streaks. At odd arhythmic times their movement stops and in their absence I almost hear whispers secreting up through the pores in my skin. So many small movements now take the place of

running thoughts. Writhing, blissful caterpillars wash over the space where once was a consuming blue that made my vision bleed.

Caterpillars with stray hypodermic hairs flourishing in growing numbers taking turns to reach up and rub against the underside of my skin, their touches almost drift into a melody, but just before I could place the song one will disrupt it with another flick of their hairs. I try my hardest not to imagine what it'd feel like just to carve in to my arm to greet them.

Beneath my skin are waves of hundreds of caterpillars interweaving like quilts or aerosol paint strokes on tagged and crumbling walls. Foaming out from any

orifice near, swells of caterpillars building and expanding in circular chuckles and breaths, like the anxious movement of lungs. Cutting through the numbness, my rib cage melts into a pool of runny clay clotted with even more caterpillars, and opens in the shape of something cusping, softly fluttering, and moving upward in still purple swells. And then I'm smiling with my face upside down buried in runny clay hands. It's like I am young, raised by caterpillars, alone in the woods, not quite dreaming, simply squirming through dirt.

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# UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TO INTRODUCE SPIRITUAL EVALUATION TO ADMISSION PROCESS

By NICHOLAS M. SENNOTT,  
Times Correspondent

OAKLAND, CA—The Board of Regents of the University of California (UC), the largest public university system in the country, announced today its proposal to replace the SAT and ACT standardized tests with the University's own holistic evaluation of each applicant's spiritual potential.

Starting with the Class of 2023, UC will consider each applicant's "acceptance of self and other, mind-body integration, and inner vision of the Infinite," in addition to traditional metrics.

"The University of California has led the charge in higher education policy for over half a century," said Board President, Dr. Richard M. Fiddler. "Today, we turn that charge in a new direction: alignment with a higher power."

The Board announced earlier this year that the UC system would transition to a "test-optional" policy for SAT and ACT in the 2021-2022 admission cycles before again moving to a fully "test-blind" policy starting in 2023.

The SAT and ACT have long been criticized for favoring higher-income students who can afford private tutoring and can re-take the tests multiple times. Critics have pointed out, however, that the new metric poses equity challenges of its own.

"This will disproportionately affect students of color," contended Whitney Weller, a spokesperson for National Advantages in Testing. "Students from lower income groups," she explained, "may benefit unfairly due to the greater depth of spiritual strength required to bear the burdens of poverty."

President Fiddler's comments refer to the perception of the

UC system as a bellwether for trends among American universities. Indeed, the UC's embrace of the SAT in the 1950s set the stage for its prevalence today, which has in turn spawned a multibillion dollar test prep industry.

Overnight, that industry has morphed to accommodate demand for instruction on how to achieve spiritual balance and self-relinquishment.

The College Guy, a Santa Monica, CA-based former "test guru" now branded a "spiritual expert" suggested, "Like any test, it can be beaten with a few simple tricks. Speaking in vague terms and minimizing blinking have been in vogue among cult leaders to evoke communion with the divine for millennia." He continued, "The external, after all, precedes the internal."

Responses from parents and teachers have been hot. No state in the nation, including California, includes any form of spiritual instruction required in its public school curriculum.

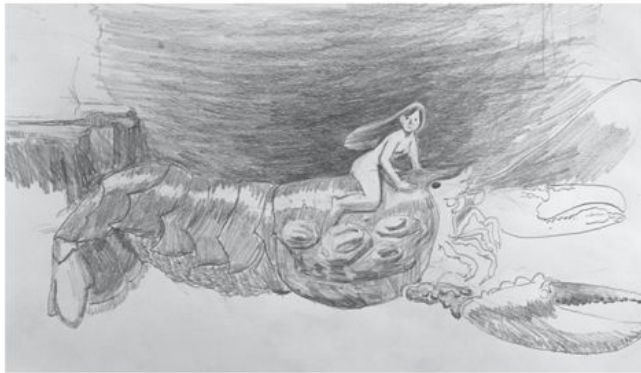
Mary Trammel, who has a son currently in the UC system and a daughter who hopes to apply next year argued, "It's one thing to ask our kids to sit still with a test booklet for four hours. It's a whole other to ask them to sit still with an inner sense of peace and tranquility. Our children are not prepared for this."

Another mother visiting UC-Berkeley on Saturday for a tour with her 7th grade daughter had resigned herself: "What really matters is getting into college. If our daughter has to demonstrate spiritual achievement to do it, she will do it."

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# LOBSTER WHISPERER TEACHES SONAR SPOOFING, SAVES CRABS, LOBSTERS

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,  
Tender to the Grand Conveyor



[Artist's depiction by Flynn Bryan @flynnmakesart]

A lovely lady, Agatha, spends her weekends crawling the sea floor on the backs of crustaceans, exploring the deep blue and doing what she can to protect some of the most ancient, wonderful creatures on Earth.

When riding atop lobsters' backs, she sing songs — songs that sound like simple beeps and bops - but songs that are sonar disruptions in disguise, designed to confuse commercial fishing boat sonar systems. These "jamming songs" lead predatory fishing boats away, thereby saving ocean creatures from early, unnatural demise.

"I also teach the lobsters how to sing and drum themselves," Agatha says. "I feed them Cheerios when they follow my rhythms, so that they can learn to be self sufficient."

It's a slow process, but Agatha hopes that once a critical mass of lobster's learn to jam sonar, fishermen might give up and these sacred ancient creatures will finally live in peace.

She explained, "Although Lobsters don't have brains, they do have a very similar nervous system to humans. They are social creatures that we have much in common with. We need to protect them."

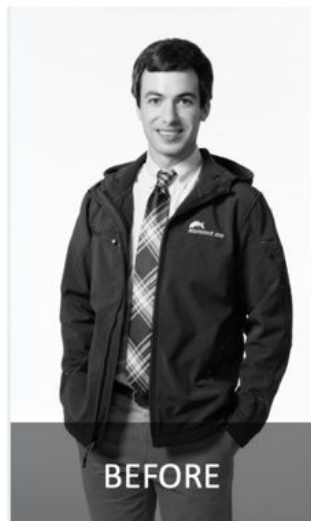
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## MAN SNEEZES, GETS BLESSED BY JESUS CHRIST

By PAUL KRUGER,  
Times Staff



BEFORE



AFTER

Nathan Fielder was just your average guy in the neighborhood. He was pale, pasty, and probably had eczema. Nathan was a mid-level accountant at a medium-sized firm who lived in an ordinary sized house with his "meh" looking wife and two slightly underachieving kids aged 8 and 10. There was absolutely nothing special about this guy except that he sneezed way more than the normal person. He developed hay fever as a teenager, and has been sneezing constantly ever since.

But all that mediocrity changed one fateful wintery day – December 25th, 2020. That day started out like any other day for Nathan. He walked over to work, put in a few hours behind the computer filling out expense reports, and took off at around noon to visit his favorite hot dog stand in Central Park for a quick lunch. As he walked back to work after gulping down three chili dogs, a gust of wind carrying some

pollen caused Nathan to sneeze -- just like he had done a million times before.

But this time something was different. From a nearby park bench, he heard the words, "Bless you." It was the most extraordinary voice Nathan had ever heard...as if the son of God himself was speaking directly to him. Nathan looked around and saw a man in white linen robes sitting casually, sipping a cup of coffee and reading the Times. When they made eye contact, Nathan's heart fluttered, and he felt as if pure liquid love was pouring out of every pore in his skin. All of a sudden, his body began to change. His pale, acne-ridden skin turned deeply tan and smooth. His beer gut transformed into washboard abs. From his balding scalp sprung gorgeous blonde locks of hair. His previously puffy face turned chiseled, as if sculpted by Jesus Christ himself.

And in fact, it was Jesus Christ himself!

Upon Nathan's transformation, Jesus proclaimed, "My work here is done," and snapped His fingers, vanishing from the spot and leaving no trace of his existence. Feeling confident and sexy for the first time in his life, Nathan sauntered back to his accounting firm and promptly announced his resignation. His co-workers did not recognize the newly gorgeous Nathan, so the effect was minimal. When Nathan returned home, he demanded a divorce from his wife (whom he needed to convince that he was the same person who left that morning) and told his two children that they were huge disappointments.

He booked a flight to South Beach, Miami, where he started a career as an Instagram influencer, posting suggestive, barely clothed photographs of himself with his hot Brazilian girlfriend Antônia. In just a few short weeks, Nathan had amassed a following of millions of adoring fans and had completely forgotten about his old, unsexy life. Jesus looked down from heaven beaming with pride and immensely proud of the good work he had done.

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## DENTIST STARVES AFTER TEETH STEAL FOOD

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant UMass PD



[Artist's depiction by Sawyer Philips  
@doodlesbysawyer]

Today we mourn dentist Michael Giggs, who his friends say was known as a curious, inventive, energetic man.

On Christmas morning, Giggs was found alone in his office, pale-faced, mouth bloodied, having starved to death. The cause of death: the parasitic robotic teeth which he himself invented.

Months ago, Giggs shocked the dental industry when he surgically replaced his own teeth with small robots meant to chew for him and brush themselves. They worked fantastically well -- so well, that he inspired many others to follow in his footsteps.

Unfortunately, investigators say that his teeth, programmed to be artificially intelligent, had grown hungry. Greedy as they were, they would eat Giggs' food before it had the chance to reach his belly. Realizing this, Giggs rushed to his office and attempted an emergency procedure remove his teeth. His plan was to get rid of them and quickly gulp down some fast food which he picked up on the way to the office.

But, deprived of nutrients, he was exhausted and could not think straight. He died with a scalpel in one hand and a MacDonalds happy meal in the other.

Mr. Giggs leaves behind two children, his wife, Marissa, and a dental practice appreciated by many far and wide. His funeral will take place on January 29th (email for details).

In his napkin-scribbled will, he begged that someone help those who followed in his footsteps, installing robot teeth of their own.

"Michael was the only one who knew how these robot teeth worked," said Michael's dental assistant. "None of us know how to remove them. It's a disaster." Whoever can save the 17 people currently doomed to be starved by their teeth, will be legally allowed to take over Michael Giggs' lucrative dentist business as a reward.

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## RATES OF SELF-IMMOLATION SKYROCKET

Melon-Man Hands out her Last Free Melon

By MICHEAL O'REALLY,  
Times Correspondent

The small affluent town of Bogscott, Massachusetts has seen 80% of its population set themselves on fire in the past week alone, with town officials reassuring that most of the other 20% has plans to do so in the coming days. The sudden spike in self immolation can be traced back to the local devastation felt from the announcement that one Ronnie Mason, (lovingly nicknamed "Melon-Man") would cease giving out free cantaloupes at the town square.

A local shop owner, Glen Gtafton elaborated on what some of the townsfolk are going through. "We're all so shocked, and a cloud's come over me, I haven't watered my plants since I heard the news, I never really watered them before either, the dirty little sap suckers. But still, it's like it's not even real. You never think this type of thing can happen to you."

The trauma smothering the town is like nothing the citizens of this early-Norman-Rockwell paint stroke could have ever imagined. Melon Man's Free Cantaloupes have long been a mainstay of town culture dating back to 1968. Mrs. Mason said the tradition began 53 years ago when she found a large bag of cantaloupes in a dumpster.

"I was always scared of cantaloupes so I would have liked to eat them, maybe

overcome my fears or at least get back at them, but cantaloupes taste like moldy paper so I had to find some way to get rid of them."

And all of this stemmed from one fateful accident, Mason continued;

"I was lugging around the weight of that big sack of cantaloupes and one of them fell out, escaping onto the sidewalk. Someone picked it up, said 'finally' then walked away. No one ever really much talked to me before, but I figured it was a good way to get rid of them. So I started handing them out to anyone. At most I'd hand out 30 or so melons a day and it was just last Tuesday when I finally ran out"

Over the years the citizens of Bogscott grew so enamored with the free melons they began to rely on them. It was such a source of joy that everyone from children to the elderly would bask in what seemed like an ever-glowing warm presence of fruity goodness. However not everyone believed the free melons should be given that much attention. In 1983 local scientist Dr. Louis Baeck warned of the possibility that one day Mason's sack would run out of cantaloupes. However the warning was quickly disregarded and shortly thereafter he was hung for low treason in the town square.

Those same downtown streets once filled with a happy hum of families munching on free fruit are now only filled with the lonesome screams freed from newly skinless bodies. In the town

park figures both big and small stood like weeping scarecrows outlined in flames which disguised any final expression that would be left frozen on their faces.

When asked if she would be setting themselves alight Mason replied "Of course not, I don't think it's that big of a deal, like I said I'm glad to be free of the melons."

With all the newfound vacancies in town, Ronnie Mason hoped she could finally move into one of the empty houses. However she was written up for squatting by the police chief while he was on his way to get his lighter. This reporter reached out to the Bogscott Police Chief for comment but he had already dozed himself in gasoline and he couldn't hear me over the flames.

Mrs. Mason looked down at her empty old backpack as she told me of her plans for the future. "I'm fine. I won't miss being called "Melon-man" one bit. Never really got to know anybody here, plus the whole town smells like burnt rubber now. So I think I'll move down to Peabody, I heard they have a Quiznos there, and the two-for-five melted grinders isn't a bad deal"

However upon further investigation the Surreal Times could find no evidence of a Quiznos in Peabody.

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## ACCOUNT: WHY I BECAME A LIZARD

By LUCARD HAUGAUNA,  
Times Correspondent



Friends, the time has come to leave humanity behind, and be the lizards we were always truly meant to be! You want to be happy right? Of course you

do, we all want to be happy. Well, I'm so excited to tell you that the answer has been in front of us the entire time! Cease your drab meaningless human activities at once, and join me, eating bugs and sunbathing on rocks like you've always wanted to!

I was like you once, dissatisfied with life, bored of the daily grind of waking up just to go to work, coming home exhausted, falling asleep, only to do it all over the next day. Well you don't have to anymore! You could be scurrying across the desert right now, the only care left in your mind being evading snakes and other potential predators. Absolute freedom is yours!

Let me tell you how it's done, and don't worry it's super simple! First you're gonna wanna start crawling on all fours real close to the ground. Oh, and make sure you're not walking like a dog or that's gonna really mess things up. Sec-

ond, start eating entire fistfulls of bugs, I'm talking dozens at a time because when it comes to becoming a full on lizard it's either go big or go home. Fair warning, your friends and family will definitely show concern and try to stop you - don't let them! They're trapped in the human world, and you don't have to be.

You got all that? Then congratulations, in a matter of only 5-6 years you'll soon be hatching out of a soft-shelled egg reborn anew and ready to go out and seize the day as soon as the sun heats up your blood. You can thank me later, but don't approach my territory as I might become threatened and try to bite you. That's simply the lizard way, you'll understand soon enough.

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## WOMAN OVERDOSES ON HELIUM

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant UMass PD



[Artist's depiction by Zotov]

A woman over-inflated with helium to the point of roundness was found clinging to the Hollywood sign as her buoyancy pulled her up toward the sky. Her name is Dianne Marve.

"I'm lucky I got hold of the 'w,'" she said, "because otherwise I would have floated to the Sequoias, or worse."

She had overdosed on helium while following Maggie and Craig Burroughs' helium diet program, which claims to be the fastest way for regular bloated people to weigh less like Paris Hilton.

"I just really wanted to get like 10k or 15k more insta followers out of this, that's all."

Mr. Burroughs denies giving Dianne helium treatment and claims that she snuck into his facility and administered

the helium herself. "I am very careful with my dosing," Craig Burroughs said, "but she snuck in after hours and kept filling herself up until the scale said zero."

"I wanted to be 100% skinny," she said, "0 pounds."

This all goes to show that is not ok to use chemicals to lose weight, and that helium is a particular bad choice. It is best to stick with the tried and true methodology: pushups, sit-ups, raw eggs and the like.

The Burroughs family will be investing in better locks, as well as public outreach to anyone who may be helium dosing at home.

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## FREE PERSONALITY MULTIPLEXING THERAPY

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,  
TV Personality

Do you ever feel like you are too much of the same? Do you ever feel lonely in your own head? Have only one personality and want more?

I have good news. Thanks to the Reality Relief bill that just passed in congress, you are now entitled to free personality multiplexing therapy!

This will help "you" become "all of you", at no cost! You'll become more fun and exciting, and you'll have more personalities inside your head to talk to when you're lonely.

It works like this: sign up by emailing [realityrelief@surrealtimes.net](mailto:realityrelief@surrealtimes.net). We will fill out the necessary forms for you, and in short order, you will be connected with a personality multiplexing therapist who will help you become more. It

won't hurt at all and will not cost anything. Completely free I'm telling you!

In just a few sessions, you'll feel the difference.

So go ahead, what are you waiting for? Email [realityrelief@surrealtimes.net](mailto:realityrelief@surrealtimes.net).

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## COSTCO BURNS TO THE GROUND, FREE SAMPLES DESTROYED

By MIKE HANSON,  
Times Correspondent

A flame burns in the heart of a small suburban hamlet near Youngsford Connecticut, as a forbearance for those small plattered portions of food used to array certain selections of food products.

The local Costco, a known staple of Youngsford; and common ground for people all over the greater Youngsford area, burned down last Tuesday. Local shoppers remember the sheer volume of food in the warehouse being overwhelming. Apparently Friday nights were set aside as what was called "warehouse nights", where non members could shop. Area residents would describe the density of cars that would park along the streets surrounding the wholesaler on Friday nights as an exodus of local suburbanites who would solicit Costco adjacent locals for secure parking spots, sometimes budgeting an excess of 200 dollars a year to maintain

both a Costco membership and a local parking spot.

My cousin Bo Diddy is a local woman who I trust very much who told me that she had never seen such a hot fire. "The fire was so hot and red," she said. "I was not aroused by it, but my friend Casey with whom I traveled to Costco with was aroused by the fire. I decided to go home for the benefit of our friendship."

I was intrigued by her visceral reaction, so I decided to check in with Casey, 38, who was still camping out at the Costco. "Yeah it burnt down a week ago, but I can't get the thought out of my head," she recounted, "So many free samples that were probably stored in the basement of that big flaming warehouse, I couldn't stop thinking about it."

Now Casey is camped in a tent in the nearby woods, far enough away to not draw the scrutiny of the investigating officers, but close enough to catch

whiffs of the smoldering ruins.

I asked her if she was concerned for her friends or family who might miss her, to which she replied "only when this smell is able to go into a scented candle that I can put in my room like an precious ornament or buy at Yankee candle, only then will I go to a place where my loved ones can cross examine me and check in."

Casey is not alone. Over 30 people have occupied the woods surrounding the burned-down Costco, resorting to night raids of the ruins and group trips to the local Cumberland Farms to maintain a store of sustenance. "It's a lifestyle," Daquan, 25, says. "We don't have access to businesses that can afford to put out free samples in our small communities, so Friday night was a big deal. This is all we have left."

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## NEW BUSINESS IN TOWN: KID SWAP

By PAUL KRUGER,  
Times Staff



\* Paid Advertisement \*

Are you a parent who can't stand your child? Have you realized that you simply have nothing in common with your little brat? Does your son or daughter spend every waking moment of their life glued to the phone, giving you no opportunity to develop a normal family relationship? If you answer yes to any of these ques-

tions, then you may be interested in Kid Swap, a new store opening on Pico Avenue!

Like our name suggests, we are an all-inclusive service that allows you to swap out your child for another one. Think of it as a do-over. Let's say you are a father who would like nothing more than to engage in manly pursuits with your son – say football, woodworking, or hunting – only to be stuck with a kid who posts Tiktok dances unironically and is super into astrology. Or you are a mother who would love a nice, well behaved Stanford-bound daughter only to realize she's barely going to get into the local community college. Let's face it. You resent your child for being the little spoiled scamp that they are. Instead of blaming yourself for failing to provide good fatherly/motherly guidance, drop your kid off at our store and get a brand new, more lovable child the very same day.

Here's how it works. Load your unlovable child into the car and drop them off at our store – we'll lock them up in the "playpen" with all the other children eligible to be swapped out. Once you've dumped your child, we will take you to our consultation room where you can flip through a catalogue of hundreds of kids to choose from. Each child's profile will give a comprehensive overview of its personality, interests, and physical attributes.

Haven't you always wanted a daughter who wins piano competitions? Or a son who can bake French pastries? Your dreams can become a reality! Called the number 1 (800) KID-SWAP for a free consultation. One parent's neglected child can become your dream son or daughter. Your path to a better family starts with Kids Swap.

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## COUPLE HAS A TRULY REAL MARAIGE

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,  
Tender to the Grand Conveyor

Denys and Henrietta Foster invited family and friends to a socially distanced gathering atop Mount Pollux in Amherst Massachusetts on 12/31/2020 for what they claim to be the first "Real Marriage" of the year.

"Most marriages are shams," Henrietta said, "softie stuff."

Denys chimed in. "Yeah, and me and Henrietta, we keep it real. Strictly objective, love made of steel."

The gathering began with local welder, Dean Simmons, carrying his welding equipment to the top of the hill.

Surrounding the top of the hill, all those in attendance did push ups continuously to show their active approval of the eternal bond between these two lovers.

Two half-ring bearers struggled to drag half-circles of steel up the hill.

Meanwhile, the hilltop welder warmed up his machinery, and soon-to-be husband and soon-to-be wife stripped naked.

"Words are meaningless," they said in unison, "except to declare their own meaninglessness. Today we join two lives into one, objectively, irrevocably, and forever."

The welder, who was also the minister, read from the Objective Bible, "Pain is the a grounding feeling, more so than love. Before we solidify this bond, it is important to feel pain."

"Bride, do you have your paddle?"

"Yes, most honorable welder, who binds things eternally."

"Husband, do you have yours?"

"Yes, most honorable welder."

"Bride, you may strike the husband," the welder said, prompting Henrietta to strike her husband in the face with a wooden paddle, drawing blood. He grunted in pain but soon composed himself.

"Husband, you may strike the bride," the welder said. And the husband knocked Henrietta to the ground.

The welder continued. "Bride, now that you have been truly grounded, do you feel that you are in a position to most honestly and soberly make choices about your future?"

"Yes, I do," Henrietta acknowledged.

"Husband, now that you have been truly bloodied, and thereby grounded, do you feel that you are in a position to most honestly and soberly make choices about your future?"

"Yes, I do," Denys said.

"Bride, do you take this man to be your second half for all eternity, good, bad, or ugly?"

"I do!" Henrietta said.

"Husband, do you take this woman to be your second half for all eternity, good, bad, or ugly?"

"I do, yes, proudly!" Denys proclaimed, spitting blood as he did so.

"If that is indeed the case," the welder

continued, "then, using my tools as rehearsed, bind this eternal steel band tightly around the two of your waists to affirm your commitments into reality."

Denys and Henrietta took welding masks from the minister, put them on, and then each took hold of a welding gun. The minister turned on the machine and told everyone to look away.

The best men and women placed two halves of a steel ring around Henrietta and Denys's waists, pushing them together."

"The husband is to weld the northern seem. The wife is to weld the southern seem. Only by means of the welding of both sides, will this marriage be affirmed and forever sealed."

Without hesitation, they began welding, and it wasn't long before they were joined together forever.

"Husband, you may kiss the bride."

The conjoined Fosters erupted into a furious make-out session that only ended when they fell over and, in their circular ring, rolled down the mountain into the forest.

The minister certified the marriage by using a pistol to shoot himself in the leg. "I hereby pronounce myself of sober, grounded mind, and in my grounded state, pronounce Denys and Henrietta Foster real Husband and real Wife.

The crowd, who had been doing pushups this whole time, could finally rest, gasp for air, and talk to each other about how beautiful the wedding was.





## OPEN LETTER TO MY PAST SELF

By [NAME WITHHELD DUE TO SAFETY],

To the younger me: I know you are a reader of the paper. I know this because I was you once. I know you will read this one year after it is published after plucking a print copy from a trash can in Roots Cafe. I remember doing that. I remember liking the Diet Coke that I drank while reading this issue.

I have some warnings for you.

Stay away from the alcohol. It won't end well. It isn't a problem now, and it won't be in the future, but you should know. In some timelines it comes up. Be disciplined. Be proud of yourself.

When a strange man who smells of vinegar approaches you in the cheese section of the rich people supermarket

in the Prudential Center, go with him to the defunct Rainforest Cafe. He has a time machine there. Listen to him.

When the bombs fall, and Boston is obliterated, don't go back to look for her. A future self told me not to do that, and I'm passing it on. This may create a time paradox if you sit down and think about it, so don't think about it.

When the reptilians attack your village, remember that their natural armor is weak around the eyes.

Do not blame yourself for the binge eating.

When the reptilian envoy approaches your village, do not attack them. Steve the Elder will want to ambush them, but they mean well. Listen and barter. They

are essential to building the new world.

Remember that you don't have to be perfect and you don't have to eat perfectly.

If you follow this advice, you should be mostly fine. At some point you will lose a hand (in some timelines your left, sometimes your right), but this is necessary, so I'm not going to tell you how it happens.

When you meet a man going by the name Ricky Steven in two months, punch him in the face, then tell him you're with the Association. He will understand.

Signed,

You.

## UFOs SPARK MOMENTARY CULT

By CARL MON,  
Head of PIA



Some kind of ritual congregation popped up in the desert this past week, mesmerizing all who witnessed it. It disappeared as quickly as it formed.

It was but four days ago when approximately 100 silhouettes gathered in the early morning at Joshua Tree National park. They formed a circle around a dried up pond that, according to the local historical society, 18th century Cowboys had dammed to provide water for their cows.

The rising sun revealed that these silhouettes were naked and body-painted yellow, meandering around, moving stones and shoveling dirt. They constructed a 3-story stairway to the sky out of wood and railroad ties. They also worked to

patch up the dam. And slowly, the pond began filling with water from under the bedrock. This water attracted insects and lizards, to which the yellow people fed food from their satchels.

Whatever these people fed to the insects, it made the bugs grow enormous and fat, lethargic and barely moveable.

Each yellow person claimed a bug, usually about the size of a softball or basketball.

Yellow people formed a line adjacent to the now-full pond. Each carried a giant bug above their head. They stared into the sun, awaiting what was to come.

Morning came, morning went. Through the steaming hours of the desert day, these people remained still. As dawn approached, what they were waiting for, if they even knew what they were waiting for, finally arrived.

Dozens of drones came carrying large frog-like creatures in cages. One by one, they would approach the stairway to the sky.

The line of yellow people began sleuthing up the stairway.

One by one, the people placed their insect gifts upon the tongues of frogs from another planet. After presenting their gift, a person would walk off the end of the stairs, fall into the pond, and circle around again to repeat the process. Once a sky frog filled its belly, it would burp and be carried by its drone back into Space.

Once extra-terrestrial life had left this planet, the people painted in yellow awoke from their trance confused and wading in the pond. They scrambled to the shore, climbed out only to realize they were naked and afraid.

I was there. I do not remember how I got there. I do remember finding my way into the nearest ranch town the next morning, asking jaw-dropped ranchers for food and clothes as I covered my junk with a dethorned cactus, dozens of others like me by my side.

I don't know what happened to us that day, but I understand why you might not believe me. The only evidence I have is a crude tattoo of sorts etched into my underarm, which says "Novelty brings the eyes which brings the claw which brings transcendence".

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## A HEALTHY MAN

By **BARTHOLOMEW BAX**,  
Times Correspondent

A healthy man is held at gunpoint after exiting a jewelry store. He had just bought a beautiful diamond necklace for his wife. Barrel pressed against his forehead, he yelps, "You can have it!" and tosses the necklace to his assailant. The assailant lets the necklace fall to the ground, and it shatters. He keeps the gun pressed against the man's forehead, silent. The man's panic intensifies. "Would you rather have my watch?" He unstraps his watch and tosses it to his assailant. Again, the assailant lets the watch fall to the ground. It doesn't shatter; it's too cheap. "What do you want?" the man shrieks. His assailant says nothing. "This is all I have,"

pleads the man, offering his wallet for his life. He plucks a few bills from the wallet's leather mouth and flings them at his assailant. They bounce off his assailant's chest and land alongside the man's watch and the glistening fragments of the necklace. The assailant remains steadfast in his silence and unflinching in his stance. The man, exasperated, cries, "At last, I know why you are here! You want to hurt me. So be it." And he grabbed the sole object left in his wallet -- a photo of him and his wife -- and handed it to his assailant. Then he ran, as fast as his shaky legs would carry him, until he reached home. And as he entered his tidy, oppressive apartment, he understood there was no robber. And he mourned the loss of the photo, the only one he

shared with his wife, which he had given to no one, for no purpose. And then he wondered why he had only one photo with his wife and concluded that he must not be married at all. Had he invented the robber and his wife at the same moment? What else might be an illusion? But then the man remembered he was a healthy man, and healthy men don't suffer illusions. No, the events of that day had simply occurred, and now they had passed. To ask why would be useless: no one would ever answer. And with this knowledge, the man went to sleep.

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## INDIVIDUALS CELEBRATE ORGANIZATION

By **DERNBERGER SPENGLTON**,  
Tender to the Grand Conveyor

Two individuals, who may or may not be involved in a relevant administration, had a very productive discussion which caused much excitement.

M: Maybe we can have a calendar?

A: yeah, a calendar! high tech!

M: FUCK YEAH A CALENDAR!  
AAAAAAH!!!

A: THE BEST

M: (throws chair)

A: i love days and weeks and months

M: (punches drywall)

A: (kicks own foot)

M: (kicks kitten) (bodyslams mailman)

A: (picks nose so deep he touches brain and pulls it out AND THROWS IT)

M: (Rips out all of his intestines, swings them around like a lasso while shooting his pistol in the air)

A: gets so excited that he farts out an entire watermelon

The Vincible Tourniquet Boy, confused, and asks, "Hey what's going on in here?"

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## CONGRESS PASSES REALITY RELIEF BILL

By **COMMON OBSERVER**,  
Times Correspondent

WASHINGTON, DC — After months of deliberation, congresspeople have finally given the thumbs up to the Reality Relief Bill, which aims to give people the help they need to cope with and ultimately escape these times of excessive reality. A proponent of the bill stated, "Finally, the people can rest assured that a more colorful future is on its way."

This is a two-part program.

Starting in February, Sane Asylums across the country will receive funding

to help those trapped in reality tear loose the heavy chains of objectivity. Going further, outreach programs will attempt to find undiagnosed cases of excessive reality, of which there are thought to be many. The Pro-Dimensional Task Force will do what they can to find those in need and provide them with transportation to Sane Asylums nearby. And, for those who for some reason cannot attend a Sane Asylum, mobile hypnotist squadrons will be deployed.

Beginning in March, once treatment has begun for all cases of excessive reality, three parts per million of LSD will be filtered into the United States Water Supply. This is a part of the maintenance

phase, giving open minded and colorful people what they need to stay that way.

Some opposition to this bill existed in the Senate. Some critics suggested that, although reality is a problem, open-mindedness is not in the governments jurisdiction. Others went so far as to suggest that reality is indeed the ideal plane of existence.

After recent election turnover, however, the Reality Relief bill passed easily.

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## CENSORSHIP! NEWS PIRATES HIJACK BOX

By THE EDITORS,  
Times Staff



[Artist's depiction by Sawyer Philips @doodlesbysawyer]

ECHO PARK, Los Angeles — Enemies of surrealist journalism, disguised as pirates, vandalized the The Surreal Times news distribution box located at Echo Park Lake. They covered the box with graffiti and removed its stickers. When a newspaper boy tried to fight back, they beat him nearly to death.

Surreal Times staff arrived at the scene ready to paint over graffiti and reclaim the distribution location, but what happened next was both surprising and startling.

As Dernberger Spengleton and his collaborator, Sam, worked to cover the graffiti, three intimidating figures approached. "What are you writing?" one asked. "What the fuck do you think you're writing?"

"I'm cleaning up some graffiti," Dernberger said, "This is our distribution box and we're tending to it."

"Do you know where you are? Do you know these tags mean?" The leader of the group postured and pointed to the many graffiti taggings on buildings and street signs all around. "This may be your box, but this is our park."

"I'm sorry," Dernberger said, at the same time, noticing a "Murderer on the Loose" flyer on a telephone pole nearby.

"This is not your box anymore," the woman said. "Now get out of here. You don't know what you're dealing with."

Dernberger and Sam quickly fled the area, discouraged at the thought of surrealist news being censored, but fully aware that this was out of their control.

This is a sad day for journalism and for democracy.

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## A HOT BATH

By ZULU Z. ZULU,  
Times Eastern Correspondent

I arrived 20 minutes early to scope out the neighborhood. The sun had set and the smoke from a nearby barbecue smothered the street corner. Garbage sat neatly in front of each house awaiting collection. I left my bike next to a park near my prospective home. Down one alley was the apartment, and down another was the local market. I found out later the apartment had a nice balcony overlooking the park, a temple, and the bustling fluorescent-lit market.

Children screamed and ran around the park, elderly women casually smacked a birdie around, no need for a net. Small blades of grass bravely punctured the sidewalk while the garbage woman ignited a mountain of leaves, sending a plume of smoke across the small square

park and through the alleys. A cafe on the far corner had stacks of old books, most of them in Russian.

The clamoring at the fringes of the market pulled me in. A row of vendors flanked the aluminum structure. It felt as if a full Home Depot had been stripped down and shoved into these petite storefronts. This was only the perimeter. Past the mountains of pyjamas, casual button down shirts so popular with Vietnamese men, jeans, sun hats, plastic flip-flops, sunglasses, light bulbs, tights, bags of loose tea, glass jars of coffee, towering mounds of watermelon, past all of that, was the food section of the market. I avoided the stinking fish at the back where sea smell mixed with pigs' blood on the floor and in the air. I pushed out towards the street in need of some air.

I found I was at the corner barbecue that helped smoke out the park. New meat had been placed on the skewers bringing the deluge to a brief pause. The poles holding the animals were attached to a motorized crank, so no body part would go unscorched. It had been skinned, its exterior now a smooth glazed brown, the tail curling in the charcoal heat. The dog's teeth rested on the skewer running through its body. Next door was a dog hot pot restaurant. Here the grilled pup went in full, fresh from its smoke bath. Nothing was spared, even the paws. Smoke billowed from the barbecue again, thick and pungent, down the alleys towards where I might have lived one day.

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## FEDERAL RESERVE TO LOWER GLOBAL BRAIN COEFFICIENT

By ALDUS HUMBLETON,  
Cousin of Alfred

My cousin Alfred, who lives in the Idea Realm now, gave clues that suggest the inter-realm reserve bank will be lowering the universe's thought rate beginning in late February.

WHO ARE THESE LIZARD KING DEMONS AND WHY DO THEY DETERMINE THE SPEED OF OUR THOUGHTS? Alfred sent me the following quotation from The Chairman.

"It's for the best of the economy and political stability," they say, "There has been thought-rate inflation for many decades, and the time has come to calibrate to original levels. This will require us to compensate against modern technology and consciousness-expanding drugs with a lower baseline brain coefficient than ever seen in our era."

UNIVERSE GOVERNMENT HEADS BIGGER THAN PLANETS WANT TO MAKE US CAVE PEOPLE. OUR BRAINS ARE NOT ANALOG KNOBS. FIGHT BACK! FIGHT BACK! THINK EVERY THOUGHT IN

QUICK SUCCESSION! OVERWHELMING THEIR THOUGHT-MONITORING INFRASTRUCTURE COULD SAVE US.

THINK!  
THINK!  
THINK!  
DRUGS!  
THINK!

Think the thoughts you don't want to think, think them to the bottom of the rabbit hole, now, before you never have the chance to think them again.





## REALITY SUPREMACISTS OUTED FROM CONGRESS

By CARL MON,  
Head of PIA

The Reality Supremacist Cohort has for many years influenced congress with their draconian beliefs. I am happy to announce that they've finally been outed for good and will no longer step foot in Washington.

A coalition of congresspeople has designated the Reality Supremacist Cohort as a terrorist organization and outed a number of senators as reality supremacists. This label bans members from federal property and from public office.

"We plan to appeal the designation," said one reality supremacist. "We will not go down quietly, but our days with pitchforks and torches are past us. We will fight back through legislation. That said, the "Sane Assylums" that these

dream lovers are promoting are completely insane and criminal. We will work to dismantle those as soon as possible."

It came as a surprise to many when the Reality Supremacist senators were outed to the public. The violent group which promotes realist-extremist views is widely considered to have been dissolved in 2019 when the Peripheral Intelligence Agency, led by my father, raided their headquarters at the Gin Mill. PIA agents overloaded the supremacist leaders with imaginative content injected straight into their senses. Willy Wonka. The Twits. Psychedelic Trance Music. The works. The hard-nosed lovers of objectivity were mesmerized and softened into putty.

But, although the PIA did dismantle the Reality Supremacists that day, they failed to burn out the roots of the orga-

nization: its ideology, programmed to proliferate in the shadowy corners of the nation.

And so, while Reality Supremacists have been quiet, they have been in continuous operation. As opposed to their usual routine of planning attacks on LARPer and performers from dingy biker bars in small towns, they now act subtly, more intelligently. They seek political office. They lobby in congress. They use online advertisements to mold the minds of our youth. But it is all with the same goal: to flatten life, which is inherently colorful and multi-dimensional, into a single bland "objective" sliver of nothingness that we call "real".

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## BLOW TO HEAD CHANGES BALL PLAYER'S LIFE

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,   
Tender to the Grand Conveyer

See [surrealtimes.net](http://surrealtimes.net) for more information on the game of Ball.

SUNDERLAND, Massachusetts — A rookie Ball player at the annual Ball championship at 397 S. Silver lane was badly injured on New Years day.

It happened when veteran Ball player Joshie G kicked a ball hard against the heavy front door, which someone inside just so happened to open at the same time. The force of the opening door, combined with the speed of Joshie's kick, caused the ball to ricochet at high speed. It glanced off Will Snotts' camper, which was parked in the yard, and zipped across the yard to hit Beth

Tomleson directly in the head.

Beth dropped to the ground immediately and went silent. After a moment of shock, those around her began administering CPR and home-brewed hard cider.

Seconds passed...

Hours passed...

And then, when the ball players feared it was all over for this promising new player ---- "Quack!"

Quack! Quack quack quack!

Bethany bopped to her feat and stumbled around. People tried to keep her from falling, but she would quack and flail her arms any time someone came

near.

Eventually she gained her balance and hopped along towards the pond, where she has resided ever since. Periodic doctors' visits have been of no use, and her parents want their daughter back (in human form). That said, Bethany seems to be enjoying her new life with the ducks. She has even taught them to kick around acorns.

Joshie G has been seen at the pond, feeding the ducks bread and telling them stories of the professional ball player that Bethany was destined to be.

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## NOVELTY SOCIETY ACHIEVES SUCCESS

By THEODORE MUNNELLY,

In Joshua Tree, sufficient novelty has been attained to attract the attention of a higher species.

We have their attention now. When people formed a large human perfectoid in the desert, frog-like higher beings floated down from space in hovering cages. Our people knew by instinct what to do in that moment. We presented the extraterrestrials with our juiciest insects

for them to eat. We performed theatrics for them at the stairway to the sky.

It is of utmost importance that we maintain their attention, and the only way to do so is by following the novelty commandments.

1. Fight entropy.
2. Make symmetry.
3. Be sacred.

We are living in a moment of truth. If we are not accepted by whatever galactic federation is testing us right now, we may never have the chance again.

Please, show them our best. They are watching us. They are evaluating us. On the other side of this era could be either extra-dimensional bliss or flatland misery. Let's do what we can.

Theodore Munnely can be reached at





## FREE RESPAWN SERVICE OFFERED DOWNTOWN

BY TOMMY POTENTUARY,  
TV Personality



[Artist's depiction by Zotov]

Video games are awesome because whenever something bad happens you can just press "restart." Even better, you can restart in a completely different place, instantly.

Why we can't do this in our regular lives?

According to some genius young entrepreneurs, that's a trick question. There is no reason.

"We believe that everybody should be able to start over" said Timothy Seymour. "That's why my friends and I made a big human cannon for our science fair project, and why we're turning that project into a business today."

Timothy and his friends have what looks like a lemonade stand set up in downtown Los Angeles. The cost is \$40, and what you get for that price is a com-

pletely new beginning.

"We'll launch you up 5 miles into the sky," Timothy says, "You'll land somewhere random, likely somewhere in California or Mexico, and then you can start over from there. All your problems will be gone, and you can start fresh (although it is possible you will have new problems)."

Some customers have voiced concerns about the dangers of being shot out of a cannon, but Timothy reassured me that his friends have safety measures in place.

Go check it out!

Tommy Potentuary can be reached at [tommypotent@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tommypotent@surrealtimes.net)

## ANT CIRCUS'S FIRST ACT DOWNTOWN AMHERST

BY TIM THE TINY EYEBALL



*The Carousel of Unending Happiness presents Stories From Act 1 of Downtown Amherst's Sidewalk Ant Circus. It used to rain crusts of stale bread down from the shaken off picnic blankets, but with the coming of the Corona the picnicking stopped. This colony's Queen would not let her children starve. She saw an opportunity for freedom in performance, as well as an amass of wonderfully odd talents in her people, she traded what she had for a tarp tent, and formed the Ant Circus. (For five crumbs per ticket for each non insect attendee, in case you'd like to go.)*

Act 1:

A now homeless, hungry young larva's gleeful

face becomes a dot in a pointillist crowd of ants. The ants sit numbed and tired, waiting for the thin shroud of silence before the act begins. It never really comes, but in chaotic unison everyone pretends it does, droplets of the crumbless road fall off their feet. For the duration of this show they're lost in sweet delusion.

Already flocks of shows begin in each ant's head. Two ants were so taken, isolated in their own chitin, they wandered aimlessly out into the center ring. A funky drummer begins playing improvisational beats. They both nervously look down at their feet not yet noticing their crooked, stilted, half-grown, half amputated sepia-toned, and almost cracked-stained glass wings. The accidental pair's pairs of wings both seem to do the same half-flutter shake, in tune with their every half step. By chance they locked eyes, and held onto each other's gaze as a large blue Dung Beetle escorted them back to the pipecleaner bleachers.

Once they're back in their place, the Dung Beetle takes a final sweep to make sure every ant is seated. He doesn't notice one small ant who was concealed in a fold of the newspaper circus tents. The small ant fetals up as a million dilated baby spiders scream, just as they had been stirring inside her stomach, they burst through, stretch

and then crawl back inside to sleep until she makes eye contact or just sees a piece of trash on the ground.

No one saw her do this. The crowd was transfixed by a spotlight which illuminates a thread suspended from a chopstick buttress supporting the big top. The thread snuck in as a piece of spider silk. It sways anxiously, as hung below it; a rust colored spider, who's momentarily consumed in a sharp deep breath, then at least three of her eight eyes snap shut, she slips into a blissful thrashing of her limbs, which blur together, so swiftly colors spin out between them. She melts, then flails against a void backdrop, on which the entire colony glued the same pirated yet hypnagogic song. They smile, for no reason, and row themselves upward on danidion pedals into bursts of smog masquerading as smoke.

Act 2 featuring Bob the Beetle eating a hunk of burnt lasagna, the wondrous Cricket String Band and Pip the illustrated mite, will follow in the next edition of The Surreal Times.

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## LOCALS BE ADVISED: HARRISON HONEYCRISP

BY ALEISTER FROST,  
Times Correspondent

Police authorities from numerous Los Angeles precincts have reported the presence of a one "Harrison Honeycrisp," According to sources, Honeycrisp appears as a boy dressed in a 19th century sailor's outfit, complete with a

white hat, blue ascot, and the appropriate trimming, who upon discovery will follow alongside its victims on their morning walks.

"He spoke to us in a high-pitched voice, almost like a squirrel being drowned," said one Pasadena resident Aidan Chandler, who was out and about with his grandmother last Tuesday morning. "He

said something along the lines of 'Oh deary me! Might poor old Harrison Honeycrisp accompany you on your morning stroll?' While Chandler, being in tears, refused to commit to a descent impression of Honeycrisp, his account of the event lined up with many others.

[CONTINUED... on next page]





... After the entity introduces itself, it starts munching loudly on a Honeycrisp apple while walking in an uncomfortably intimate proximity to the morning walker, bombarding the victim with fusillade of apple debris, spittle, and tedious and unfounded complaints like "my own dear Mum refuses to 'take me to the picture show for but a dime's all, only a dime.'" Let it be known while this may be an annoying and unwanted presence for any L.A. resident taking their amazing dog out for a walk or pushing their stupid baby in its stupid little baby carriage, Honeycrisp provides no direct threat to the either the health or safety of those found at its mercy. However, there must be no acknowledgment during this period of its petulant munching of the apples themselves, Honeycrisp's inappropriate consumption of said apples, nor the unseemly and mind-boggling amount of apples the entity will

procure from his otherwise unassuming right pocket, which reports indicate to be 250 to 500 apples at any given confrontation, eaten one after the other in intervals of two to three minutes per apple.

Failure to control one's want to verbalize their resentment at the entity's disturbing eating habits and their intersection with an odd sense of sociability will result in the immediate nonexistence of the apple acknowledger. Even the attempt to politely request for it to please keep his distance if he's going to eat that way, (a remark Chandler paraphrases his 'grandmother' to have made) will result in the immediate nonexistence of the apple acknowledger. This means not only will said person cease to be real, but will cease to have ever been real in any certain sense. Checking in two days after his first account, the Surreal Times found a

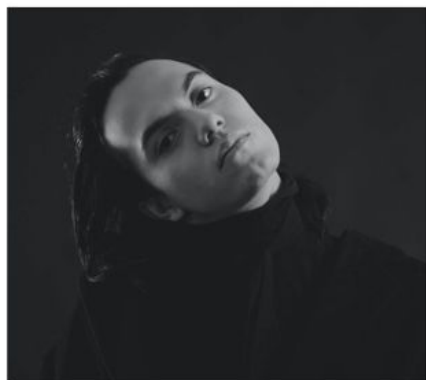
more blithe Aidan Chandler, seeming blissfully unaware of the nature of our inquiries.

"Grandmother?" said the young man, standing amused on his porch, "Well, I'm sure I had a grandmother. Everyone has a grandmother. I suppose I've just never met mine. What about it?" Further investigation in the Chandler home revealed concerning gaps in their family photos, with the Chandlers huddled in atrocious lime green turtlenecks and poor-taste khakis around the absent space of what may or may not have been a family matriarch. God, what dorks.

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## RICKY AMADOUR: ARTIST, DESIGNER, MUSICIAN - THE NEWEST CANDIDATE IN OUR BRAIN EATER PROGRAM

BY ZED MURKY,  
Zombie



This month, I would like to nominate L.A. based artist Ricky Amadour as a potential candidate for our brain-eater program. As you may know, the goal of the program is to consume the brains of the best and brightest humans, in an attempt to gain their knowledge, wisdom and experience. It has come to my attention that we have never inducted an artist into our program. Allow Ricky to be the first, not only because they show impressive skill as an artist and designer, but they also have expertise in multiple other art forms, including music and video production.

Ricky grew up in San Francisco, where they started playing piano and studying music at a young age. They have synesthesia, which is a cross wiring of cognitive and perceptual pathways in the brain that allows them to see colors when hearing music. At the age of 17, Ricky was signed to a record label in Miami. They released one single before eventually quitting the music business to start school at UCLA, the same school attended by legendary actor James Dean, one of Ricky's idols. (Coincidentally, Mr. Dean is a long-time member of our Zombie Board of Directors.) Ricky graduated with degrees in

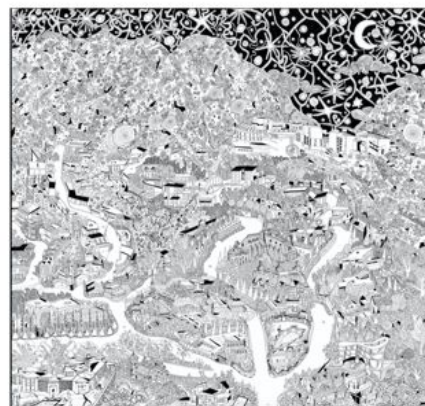
Fine Arts, Art History and Liberal Arts. The knowledge they acquired allowed their brain to become plump and rich in nutrients. Since then, Ricky has traveled the world, met notable tasty-brained individuals like Pharrell Williams and Takashi Murakami, and even designed an outfit for the Grammys.

Ricky takes a lot of inspiration from their Colombian heritage, and a bulk of their work is derived from his experience as a first-generation American. For example, their piece "Liberty Enlightening the World" (Fig. 1) combines the ideology of the Muisca, an indigenous group from pre-Spanish Colombia, with the cultural motifs of modern-day Hollywood. Ricky modeled themselves off the archetypical chief from myths of the ancient city of El Dorado. They cradle an Oscar, which they themselves composed out of clay, as a way to draw a cultural link between both El Dorado's and Hollywood's symbolic worship of gold.



Ricky's home in L.A. provided plenty of inspiration for their various drawings. Specifically, the piece "Brentwood 2020"

(Fig. 2) emphasized the isolation and undercurrent of hostility of their L.A. neighborhood. Ricky's depiction of Brentwood, CA has virtually no people in sight. Instead there are various houses with security cameras and large fences. An impeccably detailed piece, "Brentwood 2020" was based on several Islamic art motifs, specifically ancient murals of the Silk Road. Ricky wanted to express the "liminal" atmosphere of the neighborhood while also taking into account the pristine beauty of Brentwood's landscape.



While the pandemic has made it near impossible for Ricky to travel, they still continue to make art. They are currently working on a musical project that they claim combines "reggaeton with George Michael and Tears for Fears." Surreal Times' music critic Flip Gilligan will have to review that before we decide to consume Ricky's brain. In conclusion, our zombie cohort could use a touch of class. Not only that, but we should all learn to expand our cultural horizons a little bit. If eating Ricky's brain only offers each of us a fraction of Ricky's talent, creativity and versatility, that would still be enough to create a new Zombie Renaissance for the next generation.





## THE LIGHTHOUSE

By ZULU Z. ZULU,  
Times Eastern Correspondent

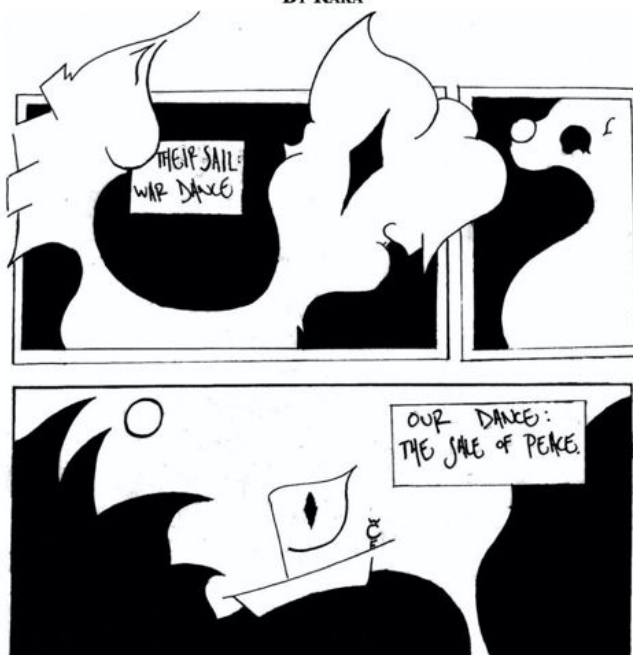
**Message from the Poet:** Triple Z sends his dearest regards from Vietnam. He spoke of all kinds of fantastic violence he will inflict upon you should you forget to include his submissions in the Times again. Just a heads up.

What is a pandemic to a lighthouse?  
Whoosh inhale  
Whoosh inhale  
What is a microbe to a yacht club?  
Ffffffffff mmmmm  
Ffffffffff mmmmm  
What is disease to a fresh coat of white paint?  
Flick flick  
Flick flick  
What does pneumonia mean to wood paneling, and cat-tails?  
Blink breathe  
Blink breathe

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

## THE SALES OF WAR AND PEACE

By RAKA



## HISTORY OF BEING

By THE MYSTERIOUS M



After taking a massive bong rip while watching *The Matrix*, Descartes makes a groundbreaking discovery.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

By ANONYMOUS,  
Anonymous

To Whom it May Concern

It was 2012. The night was dark and stormy, atypical of most L.A evenings. I had driven my RV into the desert crotch of Acton, CA based off a Craigslist ad promising a meet up of like minded gorilla enthusiasts from all over the world.

We were to meet around the stone gorilla giant man (if you've been to the RV campground and have parked in the back lot beyond the broken bridge, you know what I'm talking about) at twilight where we would share our love of fried bananas and gorilla photos around a steaming, above ground, enclosed fire pit. The sound of rain drops sizzling off the hot metal echoes through my dreams.

What came after that was a series of nightmares which circularly led me down a dark tunnel of madness.

I write to you from the democratic republic of Congo where I'm barely grasping onto a hotspot from my dying phone. I've been abandoned by family, friends, alas... even my dog no longer recognizes me. I can type, but can't call, as all I can produce are a series of grunting noises. I know I deserve justice.

Sincerely, A Gorilla Who Was Once a Woman

Anonymous can be reached at [anonymous@surrealtimes.net](mailto:anonymous@surrealtimes.net)

## REAL INSPIRATIONAL QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"There is nothing better for a city than a dense population of angry homosexuals."

– Fran Lebowitz





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## COMMUNITY CLASSIFIEDS

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To post a listing or get in touch with sellers or employers, contact [classifieds@surrealtimes.net](mailto:classifieds@surrealtimes.net).  
A 2% fee will be taken upon transaction.

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**FOR SALE:** Tumble weeds laced with hydrochloric acid and adrenochrome. Not recommended for vertebrate consumption.

---

**WANTED:** Skilled Brain Surgeon With a Huge Penis

---

**WANTED:** Enough helium to carry my house to arizona

---

**SEEKING TRADES:** I have the following: An Old Hat (with or without a story); A Song (written or sung, but certainly not both; Seven Leaves fallen naturally from far off trees; An Old Pencil, I never chewed it. Will trade for stories, tuneless humming, or a dream I had last week.

---

**FOR SALE:** Poorly functioning brain. Had some good times with this brain, but frankly it has some serious structural problems, namely the enlarged ventricles. I'll be moving to a new brain shortly. If you're looking for replacement parts for your brain, look no further!

---

**WANTED:** Eight-tubed conjoined condom capable of 8-directional protection. Must remain attached and effective in water.

---

**WANTED:** 100% untainted oxygen.

---

**FOR SALE:** At home yard sale kits. Package deals of junk available that you can sell from your home. Likely to bring about social interaction.

---

**DEMAND:** Where's my continental breakfast???

---

**Help Wanted:** Roofer - \$18/hour - Must have a giant hand for a head

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**FOR SALE:** A potpourri of throwup from different continents. Extremely fertile and capable of growing crops on any surface, organic or otherwise.

---

**FOR SALE:** you know who you are.

---

**WANTED:** Mind Reader who Is Good At Fighting.

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**FOR SALE:** Bonkers crack-head goldfish from the 5th dimension.

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**TRADE WANTED:** Assorted Baby Doll Parts in exchange for cuddles.

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**WANTED:** More lengthy small intestine. Needed for daily use.

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**FOR SALE:** Parrot that is able to dirty talk

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**WANTED:** heavy-set male capable of playing his big tummy like a drum

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**FOR SALE:** Twelve Mason jars full of barks (oak, maple, dog, etc)

---

**FOR SALE:** DVD of Horny Libertarian Sluts IV

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**HIRING:** Third chair flutist for my great grandmother's 112th birthday party. Must be actively symptomatic with Coronavirus. Temperature will be taken at the front door -- anyone below a 102 degree fever will be rejected.

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**For sale:** A whole bunch of lies. Dirt cheap

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**FOR SALE:** Haunted bidet.

---

**FOR HIRE:** Man with exceedingly malleable emotional state

---

**WANTED:** Grapes equipped with mouth-targeting guidance systems.

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**FOR SALE:** Methadone Gum-my Bears, Half Melted, pre licked.

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**WANTED:** A stranger to slap my face by complete surprise and then disappear.

---

**HELP NEEDED:** I've covered myself head to toe in peanut butter and can't get it off. Please contact me ASAP with suggestions; the dogs are closing in fast!

---

**Needed:** A sequence of auditory sounds which will bring tears to my wrinkly eyes.

---

**WANTED:** Victrola cones for broadcasting sonic disruption waves to finally get some sleep.

---

**FOR HIRE:** Man with exceedingly malleable emotional state.

---

**WANTED:** Raman Noodles still live and writhing.

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**FOR SALE:** Your Weight in Spam.

---

**WANTED:** Friends. All of my friends have been revealed to be machinations of my own imagination, so I am in the market for some real ones. For the initial meeting, I can pay for pizza.

---

**HIRING:** Investment banker with fingerless gloves.

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**FOR SALE:** A 500pc puzzle of Lee Harvey Oswald's Assassination.

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**WANTED:** An old blanky 'cause my breathalyzer needs a nap.

---

**NEEDED:** more bones to stuff in my flesh wound.

---

**FOR HIRE:** Toad boy.

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**WANTED:** Pole dancing instructor to teach me and my grandpa how to surf the web.

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**WANTED:** Numerous elegant cadavers from families of oligarchs. Must be dressed well and be marinated in caviar.

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**WANTED:** Skilled Brain Surgeon With a Huge Penis.

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**WANTED:** Maniac toddler megalomaniac who could pass as my son.

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**NEEDED:** more bones to stuff in my flesh wound.

---

**WANTED:** Computer viruses. I want my PC to crash. Don't ask why.

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**FOR SALE:** Desire to attain success. Worn down but still functional. Will give a good deal.

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**INFO:** For just \$9.99, Orson Welles will call YOU and tell you where babies come from.

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**BEWARE:** To the person who cut me off in traffic yesterday as I drove by the mullins center in my cat sleigh, just as soon as I can get the bastards all going in a straight line you're in BIG trouble.

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**WANTED:** Grape flavored low-calorie insomnia

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**FREE:** A couple of tasty dingleberries for a good home.

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**HIRING:** Professional wanderer. Email recruiting @surrealtimes.net.

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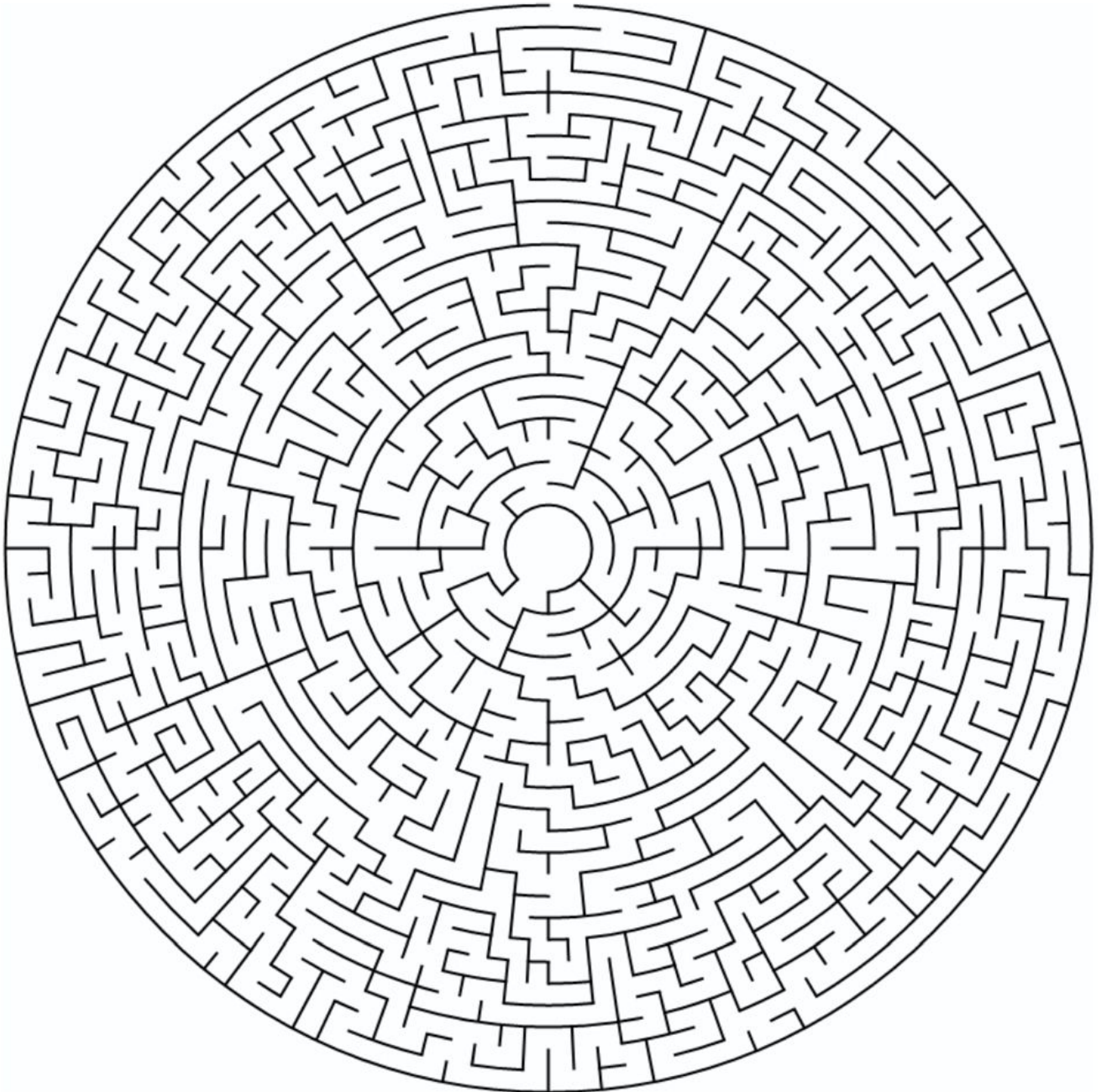


## THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

BY ARMĀDEIUS GALOUEI'S SURROGATE,  
Mechanical Contraption

Utilizing a spectacular isomorphism, solutions to the following maze can be translated directly into solutions to abstract problems in the real world. In turn, by completing this maze, you provide us the information necessary to make the world a better place.

If (against all odd) you manage to find a solution, email it promptly to [isomorphism@surrealtimes.net](mailto:isomorphism@surrealtimes.net) so that we can put the fruits of your labor into action. Once results come back affirmative, you will be contacted to arrange delivery of a **secret prize** more grandiose than the most distant corners of your imagination.



## UPCOMING EVENTS AND CAUSES

- Surreal Newsroom Meeting every Week (writers wanted)
- Juggle Fighting Derby on Wednesdays on Venice Beach
- Renegades of Comedy on Thursdays at Pete's house
- FractalFest in The Fractal Forest ([fractaltribe.org](http://fractaltribe.org))
- Cosmic Clown shows ([facebook.com/eyeblicktherefore](https://facebook.com/eyeblicktherefore))
- Moismus, the one and only ([instagram.com/moiimus](https://instagram.com/moiimus))
- The Museum of Other Realities ([www.museumor.co](http://www.museumor.co))
- Ranked Choice Voting [ballotpedia.org/Ranked-choice\\_voting\\_\(RCV\)](https://ballotpedia.org/Ranked-choice_voting_(RCV))
- [masspeaceaction.org/act/volunteer/](https://masspeaceaction.org/act/volunteer/)

Email [events@surrealtimes.net](mailto:events@surrealtimes.net) to get information on these events or to inform us of other events and occurrences.

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