



HUNGRY PARAKEET SCANDAL

PAGE 3



OUR GREAT FINAL NEGLECT

PAGE 2

THE SURREAL TIMES

"Documenting the history
currently unfolding..."

September 20th, 2017 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

Serving the citizens of the
world since 10/24/2016.

THE SCHIZO REPORT

BY THE VOICES,
of Saul's Head

What an exciting week it has been! We, the voices in Saul's head, have been progressing nicely on our task—driving Saul insane.

Monday. We began the week in a fairly restrained manner. Saul believed there were people knocking on his door when there weren't. When he went down to Berk, we made him believe that people were looking at him, and that the staff were recording and judging how much food he ate. Our efforts from last week paid off: Saul was afraid to drink anything that hadn't remained continuously in his sight from when he poured it. That is to say, he downed his diet coke every time he got up from the table.

Tuesday. We were foiled Tuesday. Monday night, Saul had a light homework load. Rather than relaxing or spend his time hanging with his friends, Saul elected to take more of his antipsychotics and sleep. We fit a few minor insect hallucinations in, but that's it.

Wednesday. Wednesday! Wednesday was a success. In class, we made Saul believe everyone was looking at him. He sweated through sociology. We also had people scream his name in between classes. At this point, we started to up our ante. We made a goal of full on mania by Friday. We don't get to do that very often, but we made that call on Wednesday.

Thursday. Thursday was the start of an all out assault. We tricked him into relaxing by easing off till around 5 o'clock. Then the knives came out. We started with the bugs. No matter where he looked, he'd never find the spider crawling on him. It would scurry to his leg, or down his sleeve. Then we worked with hands. They seized his legs, grabbed his back. We made him smell and taste blood (very effective - we're working on other bodily substances). When he raised his hand to his mouth, it appeared to be briefly covered with blood. At one point, while Saul was sitting down against a wall, he closed his eyes. When he opened them, a pair of

cowboy boots kicked him in the face. Again, we made him feel and taste blood. We were truly making progress.

Friday. We didn't get to do much Friday. Saul called our game. He pumped himself full of antipsychotics and slept through two classes, for twelve hours total. He got a healthy diet and tried to do some exercise. He resembled a zombie from the meds. But he juked us out, and we blew our shot. But you may recall that we said we are progressing nicely. We are. The whole incident was very harrowing for Saul. Sure, he got us in the end, but how many times can he go through this? For how many years? He's only 21 years old. Schizoaffective has a 15 year life expectancy reduction. That gives us about 55, 60 years to work with. We'll play the long game.

Thanks for reading the Schizo Report!

The voices in Saul's head can be reached at saulvoices @ surrealtimes.net.

WORDS FROM THE PIG

BY ARMĀDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor

"The flow degrades
multiple tortoises;"

Armādeius Galouei can be reached at armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

A QUICK REWIND

BY ZULU Z. ZULU,
Times Staff



They love to spit coffee and create cigarettes just before work. Unaware of their own forgetfulness they don their dirty helmets. They are masters of the white lie. They spew harmless falsehoods in every quarter of the city. People greet them wherever they go, hundreds at a time during rush hour. Some hug them, some curse them, but most are inconsolable at the sight of their hard hats. Despite their work everyone refuses to acknowledge them as

construction workers. The media continues to mislabel them. Perhaps they give all the credit to those crazy Russian pilots.

They make sure to lie to the most hysterical. Despite the lunacy of their statements it always seems to cheer up their audience a little bit, though they can not ease the tension. "That's as far as we can dig today," they say. "We couldn't find him," is one of their favorites. Their statements are blatantly untrue, yet those foolish enough to listen to them still find some inkling of joy in these remarks. They should be telling them, "We are here to bury, the pain is only temporary, the planes will be here soon! This is what you have been waiting your whole lives for." While they may be doing God's work, it is not

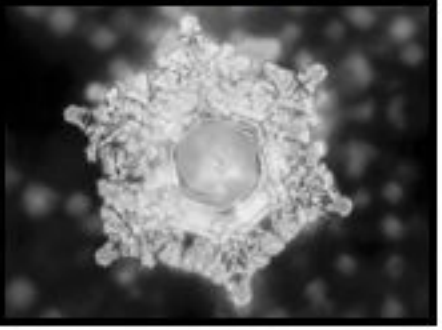
always easy. Parents of babies are among their greatest allies, and are regularly very eager to offer their young child for the construction effort. It is not as noble a gesture as it may seem, soon the mother will swallow the infant for good. She is the true enemy of life, though no one knows it. But, the Russians need something to aim for on their unbombing runs and children make for fine targets. The parents wail persistently throughout the whole ordeal, while the workers spend many hours burying their infant deep within the rubble. They curse the Russians for not coming sooner...

CONTINUED...
See "A QUICK REWIND" on page 2.

SQUANDERERS!

... of the molecule
of life.

BY PROF. BURGOWITZ,
Times Correspondent



This is professor Burgowitz. I am mentally exhausted. I am physically crippled. I have been awake for more than sixty hours, my motivation being the recent discoveries regarding lunar water and the questions that they raise.

First I should relay some background. Liquid water can't exist on the moon's surface. This is because the mass lacks necessary gravity to maintain an atmosphere. And, in the vacuum of space, water exposed to harsh sun and low pressure evaporates easily, ultimately to flung centrifugally. Scientists imagined water dissipating before ever accumulating during the moon's early days formation. For a long time, they envisioned the moon completely dry. But that was the past. The existence of lunar

H2O has been known for a good while now -- ever since the Apollo mission, in which frozen droplets were recovered from a volcanic crater by A. Creed's crew of fighters (who had climbed the highest staircases in Philadelphia and were searching for a still higher milestone). Recently a group of scientists from India expanded upon the discovery. They realized that every similar crater on the moon must bear similar cargo. And they used knowledge of the moon having seven such craters to infer seven times the water originally thought. This excited them, because it was sustained life on the moon that they equated to achieving a certain kind of spiritual emancipation called Moksa.

That's the consensus — that all of this H2O, enough to puddle a fourteen inch deep ocean around the entire lunar mass, has always been as it so, or that it had gotten there by means of many life cycles of good work.

Some think that the moon once, like a loon, swooped down for a gulp of water. Others theorize atmosphere leaks...

CONTINUED...
See "SQUANDERERS" on page 2.

MORE NEWS ON THE INFAMOUS CRIMINAL MAD HARRY

BY RAKA,
Times Correspondent

Harrison H. has deliberately done it again.

The infamous torturer Harrison H, infamously nicknamed Mad Harry, claimed a new victim on the night of September 16th. How to stop this villain is the latest question that most of the citizens of Massachusetts are asking each other.

For those who do not know of yet who Mad Harry is the following brief summary of his dealings will be the best solution to cure their ignorance:

His first attack was on December 14th 2016, where the mechanic, Malcolm Malcolms of Pittsfield, MA, disappeared in the evening after his job. His disappearance was reported and filled inconclusive until just as mysteriously he returned to his home completely insane three days later. And this was a man who family and friends labeled

as "Quite normal, with the ambitions of a middle aged boxer." Upon his return he could not retain information for more than two or three days, could not stand eating sitting down, could no longer contemplate working at the same place seven days a week, could never again hold intimacies with his wife, and never again signed his name.

A week from his return he parted ways with most everyone he knew and currently lives in Lenox.

The second attack was on February 13, 2017. Mrs. Mary Hajdul from Lowell, MA, found herself one day in her garden when her husband reported that a tall man dressed in black slept her with a rag and dragged her into a van before he could run out to pull action. His pursuit in vain. Similarly, less than a week after a puzzling case, she returned mad as a mule. She had taken to the habit of belly laughing without control and

restraining herself only for fits of anger that became common.

A total of seven more assaults of this nature, all of which entail the victim returning crazy, have been reported in Massachusetts.

The latest assault took place in Amherst, MA at the odd hour of 3pm (an hour that is very well known for being too late or too early for any activity of substance). The young Shelly Duvant, a student at Amherst College, did not return to her dormitory after her class. To the surprise of some, she returned only mildly mad. Mad enough to decide to put a stop on her student loans and take a leave on her education, still she narrated her experience under the custody of Mad Harry.

Duvant reported a man wearing an oversized overcoat following her on North Pleasant st when she suddenly felt ill and woke up strapped to a chair with multiple ties, her head pulled as far as it could,

and her eyes tapped wide. She said that what followed were drops of water falling on her forehead one by one at a regular interval. "I suppose it was too late when I realized," she said, "I already had a hole in my head."

Authorities have concluded that a similar technique could have been used on the other victims.

"I cursed and cried and screamed and begged, but all that happened was another drop," she said, "and then... the anticipation for the next."

Duvant is currently hospitalized in the Cooley Dickinson Hospital.

Mad Harry is still loose. Do beware. Do sleep tight. Any further news your source for the scoop: The Surreal Times.

Raka can be reached at raka.cro@surrealtimes.net.

OPENING: ASSISTANT WEATHERMAN - p. 4

(Continued) -- SQUANDERERS

From page 1.

But just this month, Nature Geoscience garnered a new number, this one indicated a 7-foot and growing lunar ocean potential. Growing! And then suddenly shrinking only for a brief time!? Then growing again!? By golly, the inexplicability of this is what has deprived my of life, liberty, and everything else over the last three days!

I cannot say for certain. And I can't yet publish my correspondences, statistics, or exact figurings, because I'm still working to form a case for presentation to a subsidiary agency of NATO whose name I can't mention. But what I can say is that those stories you read as a child, the one's purporting moon elevators, space straws (of the wormhole variety and otherwise), and all that nonsense.. was not complete nonsense.

I have come to believe that, as a result of the world's imminent water crisis, a group of elites have bound together under a blood pact to squander the world's most valuable commodity. They've taken fantastic pinnacles of physics and engineering, such the first ever non-material archimedes screws, constructed from invisible, untouchable charged particles that stochastically gather water vapor from our atmosphere. And these elites have put these ingenious inventions to misuse, covertly siphoning droplets of evaporated Earth water on enormous scale.

I realize this is far-fetched. But the truth is we have a new age of burglars and squanderers on our hands. Something must be done. Please be weary, citizens of the world — for every season rains less than the last.

And to anyone who cites the recent harsh weather in the

southern United States as contradiction to this accusation: I point you in the direction of the sun, and in the direction of the hurricane, and in the direction of a calendar. Match together the dates of the most recent herculean solar flare. When you realize the possibility of the flare forcing backup down and out of a giant archimedes screw in outer space, sending a cycloning waterfall down upon Texas and Florida — perhaps your attention will be jarred as mine was. And more so when you learn of the moon shining full almost directly above Houston on that dismal day.

People, it is time we mount an opposition; it is time we reclaim our water.

Professor Burgowitz can be reached at burgowitz @ surrealtimes.net.

(Continued) -- A QUICK REWIND

From page 1.

After burying the children and planting various other limbs they hurry off back to their headquarters. They rush because soon someone will call them and tell them the Russians received their signals, and their efforts have been a success. Does the term "white knight" stem from the color of their helmets? Surely, they are heroes, yet, not even once during their mad sprints across town do they look to see where they are driving. I'm was sure this is against the law, but it

seems everyone does it. It's quite common to see jets whizzing over the city, if you're lucky you can see the miracles they perform. A tremendous cloud of ash and dust precedes their arrival (I'm still unsure of the physics of this), then it quickly coagulates into a massive fireball and a hellish shriek punctures the sky. The city blocks are pristine, as we always knew they would be, and a small package flies up into the underbelly of the plane.

I wonder how construction

workers and the Russians plan their operations. The phone call, often from someone who has gone insane, always comes after the mission. I saw a woman approach one of the helmeted men the other day. She shrieked about not knowing when the pain will end. He didn't know what to say. Isn't it terribly obvious? Assad and Putin will have the country rebuilt by 2011.

Zulu Z. Zulu can be reached at zzz@surrealtimes.net.

ROUTINE INTERACTION IN NYC

By JESSEM ICHEL,
Citizen of the World



NEW YORK — I'm juggling a

soccer ball at a public park in NYC and a random middle-aged guy walks over to me and asks me to pass the ball to him. I pass. He passes back. I pass to him, and then he picks up the ball and starts running away with it. I chase after him and catch him. I then politely

ask for my ball back. He gives it back to me and we both go our merry way.

Jessem Ichel can be reached in an fairly roundabout manner through ichel.jessem @ surrealtimes.net.

SERMON #4 - OUR GREAT FINAL NEGLECT

By REVEREND GARLAND HOBBS,
Times Correspondent



NORTH AMERICA, Earth — The lord enunciated his wishes through my lips, and he did so in perfect clarity. Some of you listened. Yes, some of you listened. And because of your listening, you are commended. But not rewarded! Nay, because rewards do not come of what is merely expected. An individual must rise above and beyond the

status of quo, to gain reward. And please do remember: reward is never deserved; it is gifted. So, to the many of you who trekked toward or to the geodesic of totality this past bihex — I salute you, but I do nothing more for your cause. I leave you be.

To those who on the 21st of August neglected my prophecies, I wish to tell you the tale of Lot's wife. The direction prescribed to her by our lord, like the direction prescribed to us, was so completely obvious. She was to flee the burning destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. She was to move forward, towards the kingdom of heaven, away from the very symbol of grievous sin. Yet she permitted

her gaze to deviate backwards and over her left shoulder. She sought an unnecessary glimpse of Sodom and Gomorrah, thereby admitting her impenitence and solidifying her fate. Condemned she was to an eternity as a pillar of salt.

I foresee you will spend your infinite suffering likewise, because you too have gazed upon a world of grievous sin, when you possessed no need to do so. Accordingly: Your flesh will become of a flavor that brings moisture to the tongues of hellhounds. And you will stand taller than any grass blade or tree branch, always visible in the open. And you will live forever paralyzed, unable to flee from the relentless repugnant creatures

of the underworld who eat away at your flesh for all ever.

You cannot be helped, for the second coming has come and gone. Now we are left as a child's forgotten ball in the sea, destined to be pushed by the currents further and further into the far reaches of lonesome cold. It is over for us.

Did you not understand that we exist as a colony of ants in God's eyes, and that there exist innumerable other colonies on which God may choose to lay his gaze at any moment? Did you not understand what a miracle it was, on August 21st, when we were unfathomably lucky to have been even glazed by his peripherals?

All I wish to convey is that implied by the following. You have been wallowing at shark-infested sea for two thousand years. You have starved enough to develop ulcers in your stomach and sores on your flesh. Your hair grows yellow and putrid. The cut on your knee runs rotten. You are 100 pounds wet. And you have recently developed an un-patchable hole in your hull that tells you all hope is lost, until a hand reaches down from the glistening heavens and opens itself to you. You think to step safely onto this hand of God — but instead, you are kept occupied by the deceiving slithering of sharks and sea urchins. Avoiding a tall swell in the ocean, the hand pulls away, never to return.

It was our responsibility to catch the lord's eye, through anti-entropy or high-symmetry or by some other means, and to maintain his attention long enough to save ourselves. We have failed, though, and we will suffer because of our failure. The incredible moment of totality will die as a strange memory of bliss and panic in the head of Charlie Tambellini. As time goes on, the crickets will sing over midnight and noon, and we will be left forgotten like the moon is in God's eyes.

Reverend Garland Hobbs can be reached at reverend@surrealtimes.net.

CONSIDERATIONS RELATED TO THE COLONIZATION OF IRREGULAR SOLAR SYSTEMS

By COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent



AMHERST, Massachusetts — Elon Musk has long pursued the idea of interplanetary human life. Initially his notion was that humans ought to kickoff their travels by colonizing a cicumunary planet such as Mars. Recently he has transcended this viewpoint, though. He now looks more favorably upon the possibilities of colonizing circumbinary planets.

One might ask: "what brought about such a monumental

change of mind?" One might receive a reply saying that The Peripheral Intelligence Agency had everything to do with this shift. At a conference last quarter, officials from the PIA engaged in lengthy talks with Elon on the subject of the psychological benefits of certain non-unary orbits. They turned Musk's head toward one particular orbit: the lop-sided figure eight. And they explained how, when a planet orbits two different-sized stars according to this pattern, said planet may experience a different seasonal cycle than that to which we are accustomed. Consider two winters per year (one much colder than the other), two fairly normal springs and autumns, and two especially hot sleepless summers. The result, agents from the PIA elucidated, is a more varied

lifestyle that renders people ultimately more satisfied upon the conclusion of their years.

Musk showed great interest and joked that "it would be funny to watch all the wealthy people deal with the heat and lack of sleep." He suggested, "perhaps they would all move underground.. [laughs] and finally show us that they are actually just mole people disguised as humans."

SpaceX has conscripted the PIA to continue surveying irregular solar systems in our vicinity, and we are hoping to hear positive news regarding habitability very soon. Stay tuned.

C. Observer can be reached at cmon@surrealtimes.net.

LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS WHOLE HUMAN THING

By CHIMPANZEE JOE,
Inhabitant of Hampshire Woods

I think I speak for all primates when I say that it's about time we reconsider this whole human thing. I mean, it was great for a few million years, but when H. Ergaster went down, and these new Sapiens fellows came in, the whole affair just went downhill.

Let's review the evidence. Sapiens have devastated the environment. How many more jungles must be turned into shopping malls before we all wake up to the fact we've been keeping out of our minds? This whole Sapiens experiment was doomed to fail from the start.

Sapiens can't even keep from killing each other. Seriously.

Sapiens constantly start wars. Most Sapiens technology has a use in war. From penicillin allowing soldiers to live and fight despite wounds to morse code being used to relay coordinates for artillery. And now, they've realized they can strap nuclear weapons to missiles and shoot them at each other. Just what we needed!

Sapiens have taken it upon themselves to subjugate many other species of animals. Can our friends in the Bovine community really sleep at night knowing the great many abuses their moo-ing friends suffer on a daily basis?

Finally, and most damningly, the humans are not on a trajectory for success. Look at

them! Some of them are starving, some of them are morbidly obese, and a good chunk of Sapiens who are neither morbidly obese nor starving or serving in armies and running around and shooting guns at each other!

So to my fellow primates, I say this to you: this problem is not getting any better. We need a solution to The Sapiens Problem, and we need it now. To my Sapiens readers, I implore you, get a grip on your society. Or we might have to get a grip on it for you.

Chimpanzee Joe can be reached at chimp.joe (at) surrealtimes.net

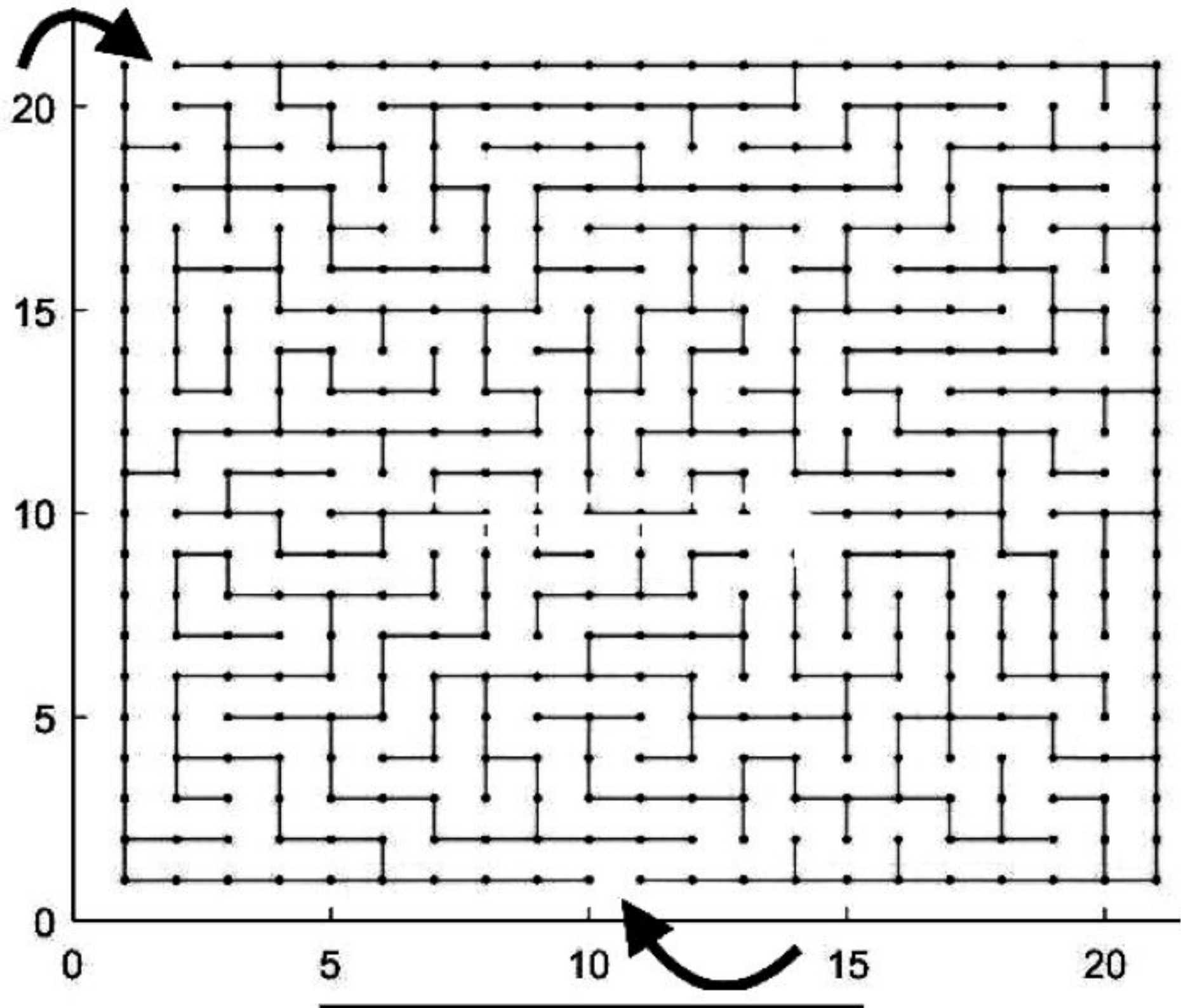
CALL FOR WRITERS

This sentence and its containing section is a materialization of abstract gravitation, pulling you to email management@surrealtimes.net, enlisting yourself as a journalist for The Surreal Times. To fight this gravity is to keep hold of a hot air balloon destined to burst in the stratosphere.

THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMÁDEIUS GALOUEI
Times Senior Editor

An important task is encoded over this maze by isomorphism. By solving it, you do good for the world. For solving it, you get a secret prize, in addition to a less secret prize. Email a picture of your solution to management@surrealtimes.net to see if you've won.



Armádeius Galouei can be reached at armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

LOCAL COUPLE
DOES A
MARRAIGE

By CRYPTIC MARK,
Times Correspondent



Recently two people decided they were in love; everyone needed to be told and it should be done while they wore expensively silly clothes.

Humans call this act marriage. They think it is beautiful.

This specific couple- Mr Fabio Fabergé and Miss David Ellenswattle- decided they wanted to be married at the highest point within a twenty mile radius of their home. This point turned out to be the tip of a telecommunications tower.

Appropriate authorities and organizations were contacted. They said "No, you can not marry on our telecommunications tower, thanks." [1] and plans to construct a platform for the couple to marry, atop the tower, were immediately put into place.

Just yesterday the priest; bride, Mr Fabergé; groom, Miss Ellenswattle; a tennis umpire- to adjudicate the match- and twelve of the couple's nearest

and dearest scaled the tower.

Once the Umpire's chair was correctly set up a new highest point was established. The couple, and priest, promptly climbed the chair and sat upon the shoulders and head of the umpire.[2]

Everyone at the wedding agreed it was very nice, but they are now suffering from raging headaches.

The new Mr and Mrs Fabergé are looking forward to the divorce party in 4 years time- which will be held at the lowest point, within a 20 mile radius of their house.

[1] The 'Telecommunicational Institute of Televising Televisual Items Everywhere, Sometimes' said in a statement "standing on that tower is bad, you could fall and cut your knee, also the radio rays may hurt your head."

[2] Unfortunately, due to the great weight of the Bible- a, sort of, rule book for life- the priest carried, the Umpire's neck was snapped during the ceremony. He later died of potassium poisoning in hospital.

C. Mark can be reached at cryptic.mark@surrealtimes.net

TST HIRING ASSISTANT
WEATHERMAN

By MANAGEMENT,
Times Staff

In these times of superstorms, megaquakes, and ice on the moon, upper management at The Times has deemed it necessary to bring on board an apprentice weatherperson to assist WeatherJ in his work. If you possess or know someone who possesses the skills and technology necessary to predict the motions of our atmosphere, and the ability to communicate predictions in accordance with our mission as a news organization, then please contact us at hr@surrealtimes.net.

The qualifications we are looking for are as follows:

- Experience with at the very least:
 - one (1) rainy day during which you identified foreign space vessels behind the clouds using your x-ray goggles
 - two (2) happy sunny days during which you correctly (and without insider information) suspected and obtained evidence for the occurrence of a surprise atmospheric holiday
 - and one (1) contrarian snow storm capable of burying cars, that dispersed the very moment your computers recognize its accumulation
- Possession of: one (1) electronic kaleidoscope, one (1) weathermobile with minimum Minkowski dimension 4, one (1) x-ray device,three (3) reusable balloons, one (1) dice todem, one (1) compass, one (1) bucket,
- Either a can-do or cannot-do attitude. A muddy mix will not do.

Regretfully, we were understaffed in our meteorology department during the time leading up to the great eclipse of 2017. Had we been prepared, we might have given the people the necessary advance warning to fulfill Reverend Hobbes' cause (<http://surrealtimes.net/article/?id=90>).

But we were not prepared. As a result, our world was forgotten. (<http://surrealtimes.net/article/?id=92>, page 2). We hope that, going forward, we will foresee all potential miraculous or catastrophic events, and thereby enable the citizens of the world to adjust their lives accordingly. Likewise, we are interested in notifying people of the smells of the weather on any particular ordinary day -- pleasant breezes, and uncomfortable raindrops, for example.

Do you want to guide people around detriments and towards miracles? If so, please get in touch.

Contact weatherj@surrealtimes.net to speak with your potential manager. It is important that the two of you harmonize. Contact hr@surrealtimes.net to begin the hiring process, once you are ready.

DRAGONFLIES, MIND CONTROL,
POLAR BEARS, AND OIL

By CLARENCE MON,
Times Correspondent



The same government organization responsible for the first successful full body transplant [1] on a vertebrate [2] is now deploying dragon fly mind control headsets onto dragonflies around the world. Military and private investigators are using them as surveillance vehicles. They are also used on farms and in other places -- on farms, specifically, as vehicles for delivering pesticides and other chemicals to plants and insects.

You might conjecture that it would be easier to engineer a simple robotic bug than to reverse engineer an extraordinarily-complicated biological dragonfly? You might be onto something.

But these headsets have a cleverness to them. Instead of trying to control every menial wing flap or twitch of the host's eye, the idea is to send commands only to brain regions responsible for executive functions. Take an example. The headset tells the dragonfly to fly in a certain direction, or to complete a certain task on the conceptual level. The creature then harnesses its instincts and abilities in ways that scientists and engineers could never replicate themselves. The idea is to harness

nature's incomprehensible grace! We convince the dragonfly that it wants to do X, rather than ensuring that its neurons fire in such a way to make it indeed do X.

The process is analogous to hijacking a boat by bribing its captain, as opposed to wastefully paying off all of the deckhands. The headset sends executive signals coding for high level organism functionality. A signal might tell the captain to deliver cargo to Anchorage, as opposed to describing every menial step in the process of navigating to Anchorage, unloading, and returning. Going forward, the captain manages all of his subordinates, delegating subtasks and leveraging the power of his crew -- all without the input of the headset device.

This organization, in order to fund further research, has been selling units of its technology to the private companies. One remarkable sale case was that involving a PETA subsidiary called POAPBATPP (Pissed Off about Polar Bears & the Pipeline People). This group applied the dragonfly mind control technology on polar bears. And, very surprisingly, after some much needed resizing and revamping of the headset, they were successful in there purposes. They convinced polar bears to rise from their winter hibernations, abandon their dens, and construct new dens in the center of the various oil drilling encampments in Deadhorse, Alaska [3], where endangered species protection laws

prohibit any human interference with the bears.

Going forward, these polar bears, on the command of POAPBATPP, encroached upon any worker who dared drill for oil. When operations managers attempted to covertly displace the bears during the 24-hour darkness period of the year [4], PETA assigned armed helicopter security teams to provide protection from the sky for the bears. The oil companies had no option but to halt work for the remainder of the season. Their hope was to conserve resources well enough to endure the bears' hibernation period, and then to proceed with drilling once the bears get on the move for their spring hunt. However each oil company in town declared bankruptcy before the winter's end.

In conclusion, things are looking bright for polar bears as well as the environment in whole. Spring is upon Deadhorse. The sun is shining again.

[1] It is worth noting that a full body transplant is rather indistinguishable from a head transplant.

[2] This vertebrate was a monkey.

[3] Deadhorse is the northernmost road-accessible town in Alaska. It dips its toes in the oil drilling industry, fiberoptics, and the Arctic Ocean.

Clarence Mon can be reached at cmmon@surrealtimes.net

EARTHWATER ENTITIES MOUNT ESCAPE TO CALM

By **ALFRED HUMBLETON**,
Times Correspondent



On the Moon there is water, and there as well exists water within and encasing the Earthbubble (a large gelatin-like blob in The Milky Way that for many years has stabilized a meteor in its belly). Call these respective waters moonwater and earthwater.

Long ago, all earthwater was segregated into four interlocking earthwater living quarters. Only three of these remain inhabited today, known respectively as: Big Motel ze Gaseous, Flats Campground, and Viscous Trapeze Hammock Park. The sole uninhabited quarters is now referred to as Mangontica, but was once called Breathhowl. The waterquarters are ranked in the descending order written, in the sense that inhibitors of higher ranked earthwater typically may descend levels temporarily if they so desire and are able. In contrast, those living in lower ranked earthwater will more rarely and with greater difficulty vacation toward the higher. Of course, most things

are not impossible, including nothing being possible.

The modernly inhabited quarters are home to many fishes, jellies, crustaceans, rocks, and minerals. All of these entities have been living rather “interactive” lives recently — “interactive” being a negative adjective in modern earthwater culture. So, when earthnews outlets disseminated knowledge that moonwater does indeed exist and in great volume, the entities hastily multiplied. They multiplied by dividing at the pace of a colony induced into panic after falling into a half-full bucket. They produced many offspring, and sacrificed themselves as steps for their youth could climb upon.

One youth’s yell resonated across the universe. “For the isolation of the entities, let us on this final occasion interact!”

As I dictate through my mind cathode, a million trillion earthwater entities (more than I ever imagined existed), are forming living chains and ladders, and building living convection gliders, and whipping many feats of colorful engineering from their pocketbooks, in order to scale upwards and ultimately escape the bounds of the Earthbubble.

Many distant onlookers have

wondered for what reason they do this. I am here to explain. Through my investigations which I cannot speak of without risking a blip in my wormhole, I have learned the following.

Moonwater is a cold motionless wonderland without time. Life stands still there — wonderfully or terribly, relaxingly still. The very tightly-wound earthbubblers learned about this stillness after State of the Moon Address was leaked. And now they are banding together with great cohesive hustle, once and for all, in pursuit of their apogee = chilled, isolated permanence.

What the earthbubblers do no not understand is that they would not need to go to such great lengths traveling moonward had they not ever begun traveling moonward originally. This is because Breathowl earthwater is a near-equivalent to moonwater. But by drumming up so much heat through friction and other maneuverings, they are disintegrating Breathowl into Mangontica.

So it is.

Alfred Humbleton can be reached at alfhumbleton@surrealtimes.net.

SPLINTER

By **ZULU Z. ZULU**,

The boat had been in the family for 57 years. When I crashed it my mother was very upset. Not because of the boat, it was a rowboat, and a leaky one, too. My grandfather had kept it around because he lost his virginity in it. He named her Splinter after what was left in his ass cheek after that moonlit hormone tinged night. No one ever caught a fish from it, not once. It had been in my shed for the last 20 years, following Gramps’ frequent psychotic episodes when he insisted that it was his home, and had been since he got back from Korea. Gramps was cremated the year before, and I needed some wood for a bonfire at my girlfriend’s house (there was an acute shortage following the Great Ripple Crash of 2023).

It fit in the bed of my pick up truck. The sun was setting when I left. When I turned out of my driveway it keeled over

and smashed in the middle of the road. I pulled over to clean up my mess. The police arrived just in time. They had been confiscating plywood recently, no warrant no explanation there goes any means to get off the island. Not much I could do but watch. I could’ve left and continued on to dinner, but I asked the officer if he’d let me keep the shard of former boat that had her name neatly printed in faded red block letters on it. He agreed, seeing it wasn’t much of a threat to the Junta like the rest of my grandpa’s vessel. The relic puzzled me. How fitting the name SPLINTER took up most of what was left. I tossed in the back of my truck and brushed off the insult.

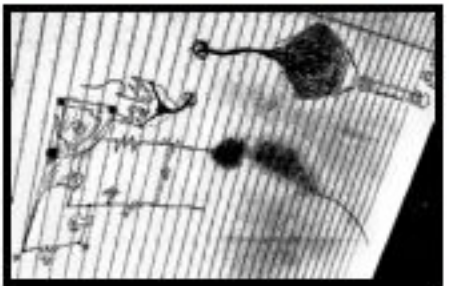
Driving, my palms itched and burned like hell. I gripped the wheel tight, running my white knuckled hands up and down the wheel. It stopped suddenly as i slowed down for a yellow light. I closed my eyes for a

second, imagining the disappointment of the guests waiting to attend one of the most forbidden activities under the new regime. Only small slits of light remained in my car when I returned to look for a green light. The sun was about to set, and I’m not narcoleptic. I got out of my car. Something about the road caught my eye — the double yellow dividing lines now had black patterns etched into it for its entire length. The fresh engravings said YELLOW LINE YELLOW LINE YELLOW LINE in all caps, repeating as far as I could see. My windows had matte black markings nearly covering its entirety, except for certain letters, reading WINDOW and WINDSHIELD. I looked at my hands. HAND in fat block letters on each palm screamed fresh insanity into my day.

Zulu Z. Zulu can be reached at zzz@surrealtimes.net.

COALITION OF FANTASTIC FELLOWS

Organization develops unnamed mechanism, inducts member.



The new member is #04729.

Get in contact with the CoFF for information regarding membership criteria.

The CoFF can be reached at coff@surrealtimes.net.

HUNGRY PARAKEET SCANDAL

By **COMMON OBSERVER**,
Times Correspondent



AMHERST, Massachusetts — Hello, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. Today Nerb the Great brings to you yet another wonderful (and in this case morbid) connection between things. He speaks of the recent skepticism on the part of Atkin’s Farm Produce Associate Saul Sherk.

Nerb says: “The cattle man was terrible and angry at his superiors because his cattle were shrinking and developing sores. But his superiors laughed at him, calling his words inflated.”

Nerb thinks back, and he takes a deep breath through his broad nostrils. With the breeze he sloops his normal congregation of listeners up his windpipes and into his daydreams. Good oxygen in his head makes for vivid imaginings for both he and the others. Together they see poor Mister Sherk waking in the midst of night — paranoid, peering under his farmhouse windowshades. They see him spying for the sight of henchmen from competing farms replacing his cows with progressively smaller, more seriously ill

cows. “Who’s responsible for this?” the cattle keeper questions, “Which is more likely: Mapleline farm, or the slaughterhouse? It must be that pig-bellied rat from the slaughterhouse. I forget his name but I remember his look.” Sherk scowls at the thought of that scheming hairy hunchback seducing his virgin cattle into gross industry, and filing in smaller, less valuable replacements.

Nerb sneezes, sending his onlookers fluttering back into their respective bodies.

Nerb says: “Sherk swore to his bossman that the man from the slaughterhouse was frequenting the premises. But the boss man waved his fan. That formed Sherk into a crazy man.”

Such potent recollection on the part of Nerb. That is why I would like to take a moment to say that I am so utterly thankful for what he does for this town.

Nerb proceeds: “But I assure you: anyone can be clean and prim normal just a few clock ticks before having been flipped upside-down into a clinical insanity. Especially anyone whose cattle, each night, are being pecked at viciously by gangs of vicious, satan-enthused birds. And especially anyone whose rooted axioms have been bent around and connected to the tree’s leaves.... Complete absurdity! No way! Absolutely not!”

While just a moment earlier Nerb had been maintaining his usual churning lecturer wayabouts, leaning with his

back against the bricks of the town hall, the mere thought of an unaxiomatic life brings gross contortions upon his stomach and mind. He breaks calm, squinting in the late evening at imagined sunlight. Grasping, clawing at the air. Opening his eyes wide and grimacing. Complaining, “It is terrible to even think of such foundation-less worlds.”

Oftentimes Nerb lectures until sunset, at which point curious listeners and newspaper reporters alike willingly give him his space to arrange his sleeping bag and bug net, and to go to sleep, or to sneak off somewhere while nobody is looking. But on this day, long before the sunset arrives, Nerb is overwhelmed to the point where he resorts to bouncing his prized steel mug off one reporter’s head, and then another’s, and then another’s, and then off another reporter’s still unsuspecting head, and so on until all had been shoed away, and all but one had been bonked (the sole escapee having strangely suspected a blow, while the others, being so captivated or hypnotized by Nerb, did not).

How I feel for Nerb, in his franticness, both during this altercation and its aftermath (involving Nerb crawling his hands and knees in the darkness, searching for his dentures which had fallen from his mug).

How I am in awe of Nerb, for the way he diligently and with strength searched for his dentures in that mess of

darkness. I can imagine the mind rollercoasters that he endured — involving terrible memories of confusing circular axiom networks, or worse. And I can imagine the satisfaction of finally getting those sharp artificial teeth, coated in dirt, between his mushy salivating gums.

How I pity Nerb, for how he transformed after that one suspicious bonk-dodger returned displaying a napkin note, and holding a small flashlight to it, aiding in the reading process. Nerb huffed and puffed through the long scribbled paragraph. He spit out his dentures onto the ground. He ground his bare gums together. By the end of the note, he dropped back to his hands and knees on the sidewalk beside the town common. Arching his back, he stuck out his ass, and declared himself a “vagina-mouthed faggot.” All before proceeding to spend next 40 years of unemployment picking up plastic bags and cigarette butts with his hands, sweeping the dirt smooth, watering flowers in and around downtown, and attending town meetings with the sole purpose of convoluting local politics. To this day, Nerb crawls the streets of Amherst going by the name of Bill Elsasser, weeding the premises, being arrested for trimming so-called dangerous limbs from town trees, and spewing shit from his mouth at every passerby.

His final words to me, after I folded a crumpled napkin into my jeans pocket, were the

following, which he uttered in passing while focused on digging a deeply-rooted weed: “There is a big douchebag in town, going around, doing fantastic things like disseminating so-called informative truths to the masses which may be truthful, but are, in just as much reality, toxins, or better described as parasites, to the mind.” Bill scoffs, then remarks, “God-damned cultural memetic parasites clawing their ways into the minds of our youth, and likewise,” he said, pointing towards himself, “our elderly.”

“I mean, what the damn kind of world is this? We have enough problems with simple objectives like keeping the town clean. Keeping it clean of the heavies, and their trash. And our trash... What use do I have?... what use does anyone have, for meat-eating parakeet birds? Running rampid on our streets? On top of today’s anarchist youth, the animal kingdom? God-fucking lord! What the fuck kind of idea is it to feed pet birds — I’m talking tiny birds — cow meat? I mean, the cow is enormous, arguably an outlier in the animal kingdom, and at least four levels above the parakeet in the food chain. It is a ridiculous and irresponsible thing to do to feed parakeets cheeseburgers, meatballs, or meat sourced from large animals of any kind. Because of the manner in which intelligent species form and propagate potentially carnivorous habits. But I suppose today’s heavy youth are indeed ridiculous and

irresponsible. And they, with their sagging pants and their ‘no shits’ kinds of wannabe-nihilist but actually angst—saturated and desperately anarchist complexions, certainly would never predict the consequences of giving dozens of little birds the taste of cow meat. So we are really doomed to a world of vicious housepets. They’re going to need stronger pesticides, is all I have to say.”

When I asked Bill why he continues pulling weeds, he explained that he did it for the town and the community. But when I asked him why he did this instead of helping solve the bigger problems of the world, he crawled away from me on his hands and knees, and said, “well, I suppose you ought to be GOING now.”

During my walk toward my vehicle, I stumbled upon a group of three home-deprived people in the town gardens. One was a woman who, after her friend finished asking me for pot and to buy their artwork, informed me that Bill was her Romeo, and that she was his Juliette. “He gives the homeless people five dollars every Sunday. And he’s a genius! Totally, wildly rich, and a master piano player! I’m talking the likes of Beethoven, and Mozart!”

common.observer@surrealtin Please, for the good of humanity, do not feed your parakeets meat produce.

See wn.com/bill_elsasser_of_amherst_mass