



# THE SURREAL TIMES



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

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## NIPPLED BIRD, MIME ENGAGE IN PSYCHIC ENERGY BATTLE

By DERNBERGER SPENGLETON,  
Tender to the Conveyor



[Artist's depiction of this battle by  
Adam, Rio, Aaron, Flynn, Julia]

The mime lifted his own head from his body, holding it in the air. The body fell to the floor, but the mime's head remained levitating. A third eye emerged from the center of its forehead. Stick figures jumped from the mime's ears and parachuted to the ground using umbrellas and yelling, "Mother Wings has been summoned".

A phoenix flew in spiral patterns down from the heavens, encircling the mime's head at an accelerating pace. Finally the bird came to a standstill. Its nipples hardened. Then it unleashed a tremendous squawk before aiming its beak at the mime's 3rd eye. From this point on, much of what ensued cannot be transcribed into human words, but I will do my best.

Boo be bup do mustache da da da da  
daup dawo

Blee! Blee!... Blee! Blee!

Both creatures blasted physic frequencies at each other. Versions of themselves died off and fell to the floor. The universe contorted around them like a trampoline with great weight in its center.

Ba do ba do ba do!

Pew la pew la pew!

The mime head's nostrils widened to the size of half his face. He looked towards the sun, tempting a sneeze.

Ahhhhh ahchoo!!

His mouth launched a stream of energy orbs traveling toward the Phoenix's throat. Just in time, the phoenix unleashed a spaghetti string energy mesh from its chest, counteracting the incoming light orbs.

In the aftermath of this tremendous display of power, both the bird and the mime recognized what was at stake here: Their right of passage in the

## FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMÂDEIUS GALOUEI,  
Times Senior Editor



"Throttles voyeurs sneak  
satisfied realms!!!"

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physical realm. The phoenix, having met a formidable foe, took off in flight, circling upwards and howling.

The mime signaled his uni-brow, summoning his body to animate back to its rightful place under his head.

"Hi everyone," said the Mime from a stage towards a big crowd, "I know I'm not supposed to talk, but I feel obligated to explain that all of that wasn't part of the show in any way. I have no idea what just happened. In those five minutes, I experienced the most extreme depths of hell and heaven, confusion beyond anything I could ever hope to comprehend. I'm unsure what else to say. I suppose we can continue the show now."

At the crowd's applause, the mime began to ride a unicycle and juggle per usual.

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## MORE IN THIS ISSUE...

We at The Surreal Times are a small group of writers doing what we can to keep journalism alive in the surreal age. In this issue, you'll find a variety of stories that we feel deserve some attention, including:

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Please enjoy these stories to the best of your ability, and let us know if you have any great ideas.



# HALLOWEEN COSTUME TURNS OUT TO BE REAL BABY SOUND WORM

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,  
Times Reporter



[Artist's depiction of this worm by Flynn Brian @flynnmakesart]

October 31st, at a house party in Amherst, MA -- Bedsheet ghosts, cardboard box robots, and others fled the scene after a giant worm swallowed the drummer. It was a punk rock show on Halloween, costumes everywhere, and the mosh was heavy.

The victim let out a powerful yell while being pulled into the worm's gut by a million slicing teeth. Some onlookers were terrified and scrambled to escape the overcrowded basement. Others interpreted the scream as part of the show, causing them to mosh ever harder.

At first, it seemed part of the act. Even the band members wore costumes. People were yelling, bashing into each other. And in this rowdy scene, it wasn't unusual for band members to get consumed by the crowd. Earlier that day, the guitarist had hit the ceiling lights with his guitar, shattering glass over everyone and making the room dark. Even then, the party went on.

I personally didn't realize the worm was more than a costume until my buddy, who was dressed as a duck that night, started climbed out of the narrow basement window, quacking as his feathers falling off behind him. I thought to myself, damn, if the duck was willing to lose his feathers for this, something serious must be up. I put my seeing glasses on and prepared to document what was unfolding.

The worm, which I now recognized as a sound worm, went

after the bass speakers next (the loudest items in the room), swallowing them whole and muffling the noise. The guitarist and singer noticed the sound cut out.

The worm now moved toward the screaming crowds, dragging instrument cables behind it.

Carl Mon, head of the Peripheral Intelligence Agency, happened to be on the scene surveilling some unrelated business. He had experience with sound worms in the past. He knew what needed to be done, but he didn't want to blow his cover.

When the sound worm devoured a student dressed up as a pizza slice, and next was heading for Zelda for his next meal, Carl knew he couldn't wait any longer. He grabbed the mic from the petrified front man and began singing so loud he knew his lungs would feel it in the morning.

The basist asked, "What are you doing man? What's going on?"

Carl told the basist to trust him. "We need to play", he said, "Play loud! I have a plan."

It felt for a moment like the good old days, his college days in a screemo band, being on stage with his friends, making music, the crowd going wild.

The worm's belly, housing the bass speakers, filled with sound again. At this point, the loudest noise in the room was now coming from within the worm's own stomach.

"It's working!" Carl shouted. "Play louder!" The guitarist railed at his strings.

The worm dug its teeth into its own torso. Despite pain, it couldn't help the powerful instinct to devour the sound coming from within. It growled, the noise of its own growl sending it into a hungry frenzy, ripping itself apart like a crazed self-destructive oroboro.

By the end of it, the basement floor was covered in worm guts, but the people were safe. A sense of calm emerged.

Carl Mon continued singing into the mic. Most students had fled the scene by now, but a few came out from corners and other rooms where they'd been hiding. The basist, not knowing what else to do, kept a bassline going until the police arrived.

It may take some time before the Amherst punk rock scene returns to normal.

Unfortunately, the drummer did not survive. The funeral for Jenju Nettenhaunch will take place on November 22nd at the Puffton Village apartments, where he will be buried with his pet fish, Wiggles, who also died that day. Wiggles unfortunately was in a plastic bag filled with water in Jenju's pocket during the time of the tragedy, so the fish was also a victim of the sound worm. "Jenju loved that fish, wouldn't go anywhere without it," his mother said.

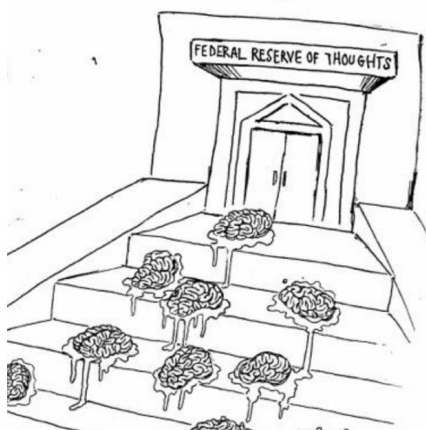
It is not known where this sound worm came from or whether any others are on the loose. For this reason, the Peripheral Intelligence Agency is recommending that nobody makes any noise for a week, in order to starve the sound worms. A "sound quarantine", although inconvenient, will ensure our future well being.

Some speculate the drugs were given to a television in Sunderland, causing the television to mistakenly produced a 3-dimensional real life sound worm during screening of the Dune movie, as opposed to the 2-dimensional worm it was designed to produce. The police are requesting that you please do not give drugs to your television sets.



# FEDERAL RESERVE OF THOUGHTS TO REPLACE THE FEDERAL RESERVE

By CARL MON,  
Peripheral Intelligence Agency



[Artist's depiction of the Federal Reserve of Thoughts by Sawyer Philips @doodlesbysawyer]

Protests against the Federal Reserve of Thoughts did not have much of an effect. The overarching organization continues to operate, per recent legislation, its power will strengthen.

Congress is decommissioning the existing Federal Reserve (of dollars) starting in January 2022. In place of the dollar-based economy, the *Federal Reserve of Thoughts* plans to introduce a thought-based economy. In this new system, you will pay for items using thoughts. Once you exchange a particular thought or qualia to pay for an item, that thought will no longer be yours any more. You will no longer be capable of thinking that thought again — That is, unless you subsequently barter for ownership of that thought.

The Federal Reserve of Thoughts claims to have the technology to make this possible. Tom Turdanke, chairman of the organization, explained, "It's like a blockchain, but for your brains. Ownership (or multi-ownership) of thoughts is maintained cryptographically on a public ledger. Firmware installed on your brain will enable compatibility with the full *Brain Chain* mesh network."

Turdanke assured us that the firmware installation procedure will be minimally invasive. It is minor in comparison to the large swath of government-installed firmware that most brains already host.

There has been surprisingly little backlash against this "thought economy

plan". Hundreds of protesters back in February removed their own brains to protest the organization's unethical control of what thoughts surface into our minds. Protesters in chanted that "you can't brainwash the brainless", as they removed their own brains. Despite this powerful statement, the result of removing their own brains was that protesters lacked the cognitive abilities to coordinate travel to the Neuron House this month to continue their protest. And so this recent legislation passed without opposition.

On top of that, the Federal Reserve of Thoughts retrieved the residual brain matter and used it for testing. Some suspect the protesters brain matter was used to further the very cause they were fighting against.

Ahead of the January 2022 rollout, the Federal Reserve of Thoughts will be beta testing its new thought-based economy in North Hollywood. Their hope is to iron out any bugs in the system before scaling up to the full U.S.A.

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## WHAT I LEARNED FROM TRADING MY PENIS FOR A VHS COPY OF "WILLOW" STARRING WARWICK DAVIS (NOW ON REDBOX!)

By HANK T. JOSEPH,  
Citizen of the World

I'd hate to be the first to admit it, but I couldn't be caught living being the last, so here it is: I'm not the best at keeping track of my finances. Which, looking back, I figure played a role into why I ended up trading my penis for a VHS copy of "Willow" starring Warwick Davis. I obtain most of my belongings from second hand Goodwill's and thrift shops, often during later hours and at deep discount. But it's become more difficult to do my thing, as lately a lot of college youth have found it in vogue and "ethical" to buy their clothes from thrift shops, and I can't blame them. What irks me is the fun they have doing it, furiously whistling "King of Carrot Flowers" as they pass each other. What are they looking for in this found object pavilion? Late stage consumerist pornographers, watching me. They waltz through showing off their baggies of trail mix like I don't notice, pretentiously filled with acorns and potpourri, like raisins are too mainstream.

Do you think my dad had fun perusing the Goodwill next to his sober home? Well, yes he did, but that's not the point, we didn't have a choice, since birth it was used undies or walmart clearance undies and full priced undies we wore for hats. But if he did get to

choose, yeah, he probably would have chosen to be like the hip young thrift shoppers, but that's not the point either.

The point is two things, first stop appropriating thrift culture. And more importantly stop all these middle class millennials from clogging the aisles. It makes it so much harder for me to lift from them. Now some workers noticed and pegged me, no doubt from the self portrait titled "the creep thief" I short-sightedly traded in last month.

I've tried changing my hats to throw them off, to no avail. They all know my name. Sometimes one of the clerks wears a near matching hat just to show me they know. And what to do if I got caught: say "well actually those thumbtacks' whispers were digging into me, therefore you can see I had to take them." I've got caught with socks full of books, bras full of plastic baggies of broken toys. No, none of that would work this time, there is nothing more shameful than being caught stealing outmoded media technology. That's why Ed Snowden had to resign from the NSA.

If I were to get anything today I'd have to use what's in my pants pocket. And once I saw that VHS of Willow, its crooked cracked cover art, the pixelated picture of a young Warwick Davis in elf

ears, his arms raised because while the cover artist was sketching him, the whole cast and crew were robbed at gunpoint. All that film inside, ripe to be cracked open and lick up all the movie meat. I took my bricklayer's scalpel and snipped the salami. Before it could even say goodbye to my pubes, I slapped that sausage on the counter and demanded the movie. Once my penis was free it tried to quote Sartre, fumbling over its words and eventually just gave up and said "stomp on me."

The clerk looked at my detached dong, as my breath and blood leaked and climbed back into me. With such hope he said, "it's what I always wanted, but God didn't pay proper postage and I never got one." I got lucky, most folks probably wouldn't have taken a cut-off cock for currency. But I finally owned me a copy of the three year in a row "Best Original Screenplay" Oscar winner.

And now my thighs can finally breathe, and let out all sorts of fun liquids laced with taxidermied dreams. The only downside is people insist on going down and checking out my scars. Some people have started complimenting me, now they can see the gaping hole, and no one ever did that before. At least not that I could hear.





## 31 YEAR OLD WOMAN LODGED SOMEWHAT FIRMLY IN YEAR 2012

By RIO CALAIS,  
Citizen of the World



It's always 2012 for Jackie Horton. Despite what anyone says, Blue Ivy Carter was born in January and Ray Bradbury died in June and it's not cool to be bisexual yet. No matter how her friends—whom she only remembers between August and December, likely due to the

timing of their MDMA-fueled and bathroom-based first meeting that summer—plead the contrary, she insists wedge sneakers are wonderfully lengthening and only eclipsed in brilliance by the peplum silhouette. Her hair is flat-ironed within an inch of its life.

She exhales uneasy complacency, a carbon-based gas uniquely developed under most of the gentler presidencies, especially ones so gentle they were bound to be succeeded by an equal and opposite force (this is according to all laws of the known universe—Jackie, though existing over multiple timelines, maintains that she has no prophetic abilities whatsoever and is less clairvoyant than escargot).

Much to the chagrin of literally everyone, We Are Young feat. Janelle Monáe plays every sixth rotation on the tinny speaker of her iPod touch. During lunch breaks she's regularly spotted humming Call Me Maybe for half a chorus, stopping abruptly, and violently shaking her autotune-added brain, mumbling: "God, I hate that song."

Even though she's quite unable to comprehend a date past Dec. 31st 2012, she's still a satisfactory secretary ac-

cording to CCO Walter Kirkpatrick of EZ-Open LLC, a mid-level container company headquartered in Baltimore. "She's always exactly four minutes early and I've never heard a better phone voice," he told the Times, listing a few other critical secretary-traits, including the ability to take a number of complex coffee orders at a time without writing them down and being flirtatious but not overly saucy.

"She doesn't know Uncle Fred passed in '15 but we just call her landline twice a year while she's at work and leave her recorded voicemails, usually snippets of his speech at my cousin Chelsea's wedding, which goes over pretty well, actually," says her mother. "It helps that he lived in a tractor shed in Tulsa and she wasn't used to hearin' from him frequently."

Jackie, while somewhat confused and generally a bit vaporous by sundown, lives happily with her betta fish in Catonsville, MD.

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## POWER OUTAGE CAUSES SLOW MOTION

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant, UMass PD



I'm here to talk about recent events. Last week, a minor shift in the fault line below Los Angeles caused a power outage lasting 3 days. It knocked out telephone towers, airports - everything. When the power was out, young people reacted strangely. They stopped talking. They stopped moving. The glow of their eyes somehow dimmed to a dull gray.

Some explanations suggest that people finally had some time to relax with technology out of the mix. That's what I

initially thought, too - that kids just weren't used to the lack of screen time. But, after conversations with doctors, I now believe that this is no ordinary case of kids not knowing what to do with themselves.

This appears to be withdrawal symptoms from a physical dependence on the electromagnetic waves rippling through us at any given moment. Due to telephone towers, WIFI, and other reasons, the air is dense with invisible energy beaming in all directions. Our bodies, in particular the bodies of young people, have learned to compensate for the unusually high levels of electromagnetic field strength passing through us at any given moment.

Doctor Lesley Farmhobber put it better than I could. She explained, "Kids brains are literally producing less electricity than they used to, because they grow up in a world where the sitting level of electricity in the air is higher than ever before. They adjust to these new levels, needing to produce less en-

ergy of their own. But when the sitting levels of electricity in the air dropped down during the sustained power outage, kids brains weren't getting the voltage they needed. As a result, their ability to process thoughts and decisions dropped off sharply. Similarly, their muscles lost their fast-twitch abilities, resulting in slower movement."

I don't really *get* science, but without it, it's hard to explain what we all witnessed last week. Doctor Lesley seems like a smart lady and I trust her. The recommendation going forward is to rub balloons on your children's hair if they are acting dumb. The static electricity will give them a brain boost.

Might be good to put batteries in the kids' backpacks or ears too. That might help their SAT scores or at least get them to do their homework.

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## ANTI-CLOWN ATTACKS IN AMHERST

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER, Times Reporter

Last month, The Surreal Times debuted a new weather column hosted by Bozo the Clown. It was a big hit! Our readers thanked us for filling a giant hole in the surrealist meteorology industry. Unfortunately, not everyone approved of this new program.

Our beloved artist, Sawyer Philips (@doodlesbysawyer on Instagram) spoke out against Bozo, claiming that clowns are wolves in sheep's clothing and that, by hosting Bozo, the Surreal Times is giving "Bozo the wolf" a chance to prey on gullible readers. When we ignored Sawyer's demand that we fire Bozo, he turned to his inner circle to gather a core group of Anti-clown rebels. This group went to the internet, posting criticism of The Surreal Times and Bozo the Clown. They garnered support alarmingly quickly.

The Times opted to ignore Sawyer and his scheming crew. We figured they

would use up their energy and lose interest before too long.

We were wrong. Their energy never died out. Before we ever saw it coming, Sawyer's group channeled satan to launch a brutal attack on Bozo.

As the sun was rising, a pitchfork-wielding mob surrounded Bozo's hut. Bozo threw balloon animals out the window like artillery, but it was of no use. Sawyer's battalion flipped Bozo's clown car upside down as he cowered inside. They dragged Bozo out of his house and told him that nobody would get hurt under two conditions:

1. He never reports for The Surreal Times ever again.
2. He surrenders his clown nose immediately.

Bozo tried to escape. More animal balloons, confetti, and all sorts of gizmos fell from his pocket as he tried to get away. He tried to trick them into thinking he was a decoy, and that the real Bozo was already a mile down the street, but they didn't believe him.

Sawyer, having some clown genes himself, had no trouble seeing through Bozo's tricks.

While his minions held Bozo to the ground, Sawyer himself stole the red nose from Bozo's face.

"Never talk about weather in my town again," Sawyer said. And then he left the Bozo crying by himself on his own front lawn. <

Bozo has not showed up to work at Surreal Times HQ since. He has been seen walking circles around his back yard, wearing plain human cloths and with deep sadness on his face. The clown, who is indeed a human inside, is clearly scared in wake of this attack.

The Surreal Times council will be meeting next week to decide how to react to these events.

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## HELP NEEDED: SPIDER REQUIRES M&MS

By ANONYMOUS, Citizen of the world



### FEED MY SPIDER M&M'S

I go out daily to toss raspberries to the local school children, I'm gone from dawn till dusk, and I need someone to come to my house and feed my spider; Larry, her M&M's, she is very quiet and never moves or lies to me, but she LOVES her M&M's!

Call: (978) 317-9055!



## LOCAL BUSINESS TRIES OUT CAUSAL FRIDAYS

By JOHNATHAN DELSIGNORE,

Local tech startup Flexxabis has recently incorporated "Causal Fridays" into their weekly routine at their Northampton, MA office.

According to company co-founder and former Philosophy major Brendan Walsh, the move was done in an effort to give employees a greater sense of freedom and creativity in the workplace, as it offers an escape from the chain of epiphenomenal determinism that dictates their every thought and action

throughout a typical workday.

"It can be kind of a drag knowing that all of our mental events are just involuntary by-products of our neural impulses, with no causal efficacy whatsoever," he says. "So on Fridays, we've just decided to do things a bit differently." Walsh also notes that the weekly change of pace has been popular amongst employees at all levels.

"I love it," says Justin Smalley, a two-year software engineer at Flexxabis. "It's freeing to know that your sense of

consciousness is playing a causal role in the world for once."

Data analyst Ryan Khan notes, "On most days, I eat, and I'm hungry. But on days like today, I eat because I'm hungry. There's a difference." When asked what is in store for lunch today, Khan grins. "Chicken fajitas. Same as always." Free will, but not free of habit.

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## A DIMENSION INSIDE A DISCO BALL

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,

Tender to the Conveyor



This year began the annual juggler council retreat inside Anna and Spanky's giant inverted disco ball. The time was 9 o'clock. The location: Venice Beach. Representatives from various sects of the juggling world gathered from lands far away, coming to a common point to stir a cauldron containing that which cannot be encoded in words.

It was also the day of Venice Afterburn - an occasion during which desert people, subcultured artist's, and warrior individuals of all kinds came to the city to show city folks what is possible in the desert. Art cars were blasting electronic music, bouncing up and down. Warlock's spun fire and L.E.D. lights. There were jungle gyms, live bands, dancers, and art installations. This was at the center of the focal point that is Venice Beach - between the ocean, the skatepark, the roadside villages, street performers, bars and more.

Amidst this colorful chaos, the jugglers found their way to Anna and Spanky, who stood dressed in grand flamboyant attire. The two of them beheld a 10-foot tall disco ball adorned with mirrors and LEDs. It stood like a spectacle atop a small mountain at the center of the party. Everyone could feel its gravity.

"Right this way," Spanky said, "the time is right."

Alex, Cha, and Adam began their juggle, passing 9 pins amongst the three of them in a zig-zagging pattern. As they accelerated, a small portal appeared on the side of the giant disco ball. Ana encouraged them, "Faster, the portal is forming, faster!"

Once the portal had sufficiently widened, the three jugglers carefully stepped inside, maintaining their juggle along the way.

Multiplying fractal kaleidoscopic reflections in all directions. Compounding reverberating sounds and color. The sensory overload was such that even Alex, who had trained for this moment for years, required complete focus. The kaleidoscope made juggling nearly impossible - the many mirrors showed a million pins, but somehow jugglers needed to keep track of the original 9.

A man emerged into this dimension carrying a guitar, wearing a martian helmet, and singing in a heavenly ethereal voice. He played all the greatest solos ever played simultaneously while also reciting the scriptures of all holy books in their original languages. Generations of god-being wisdom was streaming at 100 megagigs per second into the jugglers' minds, hearts, and muscle memories.

"It feels like a firehose is pouring water from the fountain of truth into each individual neuron in my skull," Cha said. "This is incredible."

Adam and Alex's eyes were rolled back as they too were receiving a download, but somehow the juggling continued.

At one point, two pins collided and sent a terrifying echo throughout the dimension. The two pins ricocheted in opposite directions. What would happen if a pin falls? It somehow felt like the entire dimension would collapse upon the juggler's heads. They would never have the chance to return to the outside world to tell other people of what they had experienced. Nobody would ever know what they had learned.

Alex reached out and just barely caught the falling pin. The juggle became disorganized, but the group clung on just long enough for the god-being guitarist to finish reciting his message. When pins finally did hit the floor, the inverted disco ball collapsed and expanded again, then burped out the jugglers onto the grass outside. The larger Venice party had concluded, and people were making their way out the gates. Nobody had enough energy to marinate on their newfound experiences at that very moment, so they ate some pizza and small talked with other powerful beings nearby, including Pseudo, Saki, Momo, and many others. A full download would need to wait for another day.

As payment for its provisions, the inverted disco ball swallowed all 9 juggling pins permanently. Hungry hungry disco ball, must feed itself somehow.





## DRINK HELIUM FOR SOCIAL DISTANCING

By CRAIG BURROUGHS,  
Auto Mechanic

Is 6 feet not enough to make you feel safe? Want to move further away from others in public, but don't have enough room to spread out?

There's a simple answer: go up!

My wife and I run a mechanic shop in Burbank CA. Using our helium tanks and a custom nozzle, we can provide you the lift you need to float up against the ceilings of grocery stores, markets, and other public places you need to go during the pandemic. We'll provide you with the precise amount of helium needed to give you the buoyancy you need (and no extra!).

In addition, we have portable small helium cartridges available, which you may drink at any time as needed. This way,

if people in a line or crowd are getting to close, you can choose to float up into safety at any time you feel it is necessary.

With a gentle puff of flatulence, you can lower yourself back down to the floor.

My wife and I are experienced in the helium industry, having pioneered the Hollywood Helium Diet last year. We have many celebrity references including Paris Hilton and would be happy to forward you their information for vetting.

Call Craig's Helium at 978-333-3656 for more information or to register for an appointment!

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## MAN OBSCURED BY TUBA

By DERNBERGER SPENGLTON,  
Times Reporter



[Artist's depiction of this tuba-obscured man by Flynn Brian @flynnmakesart]

He never reveals his face. Some ask why, man, do you not show your smile to the world? Your smile is your spirit announcing that it exists..

The tuba man explains that his smile never got him far in life. It can only be seen. His tuba, however, can be seen, heard, and even felt. It engages far more senses than a smile ever could. The low frequency rumblings travel through stadium walls and for miles over hills in all directions.

"I do not smile, I do not frown, I express these feelings through my sound," he explained.

After a pause, he elaborated, "I never understood why people identify so closely with the sphincter on their face.

Without intending to, this tuba master has inspired many others around him to rethink how they present themselves to the public. Walking about the town of Amherst nowadays, the cultural shift is hard to ignore. Instead of tattooing meaningful totems or symbols, college students are simply duct-taping sentimental items to their heads and arms. I've seen everything from musical instruments, to birth stones, to pinecones, taped or tied to people's bodies.

One guy even hung live worms from his ears. I asked him why they mattered to him. He said "it's symbolic" and told me not to question his spirituality.

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## GOD HAS SECOND THOUGHTS

By ANONYMOUS,  
Citizen of the world

In my mind's eye, before you told everyone about his door-knob, God was strolling, careless. He had drank an ocean of beer and eaten a forest of corn dogs. And now, discovering the endless, mindless, sexless wasteland of the world he created, he pondered what could possibly be done to remedy this situation. He decided that the only solution was "More Water". He was terribly drunk and thirsty. Unfortunately the oceans were salty and unhelpful. Thankfully he had the genius idea of sitting on the north poll, using the warmth of his

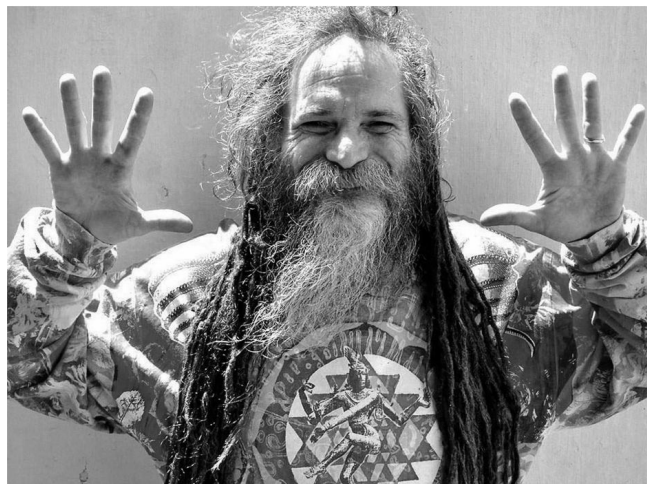
ass to melt the ice cap into fresh water, which suited his needs perfectly. Unfortunately for some humans, the added water to the ocean raised the sea levels significantly and flooded a number of cities. God didn't mind too much and returned to the clouds to sleep. "God," God said, "I hope I'm not hungover tomorrow. Much to do much to do."

God can be reached by climbing a mountain and yelling your question at the sky, hopefully.



## HOLYMAN CHANNELS A GREAT PARTY

By **DERNBERGER SPENGLTON**,  
Tender to the Conveyer



This October, people from all over gathered in the Sierra Nevada mountains for a big party with a (for some) surprising cause: a 70 year old man's birthday and 24 hour DJ set.

This 70 year young Hindu sadu, known by some as Babaji and others as Gil, hosts a 24+ hour party every year as a ceremony of life. He typically plays a 24+ hour continuous DJ set of fast-paced psychedelic trance music without interruption, made possible only by his years of spiritual practice.

In his life, Gil has traveled across continents, through many places and many eras, through many cultures and spiritual practices, eventually to arrive at this finely aged state of wisdom. He spent years in temples of India studying inner dharma, meditating, practicing yoga. He learned the ability to resist extreme temperatures. The ability to stay awake for multiple days using internal energy alone. To not eat, and instead to be fed by the all-giving universe.

Now he is here, in the middle of the mountains, 50 miles from civilization. He is so rounded by free spirits from around the globe, some shoeless and shirtless and in colorful clothes. They are jumping up and down, frantically shaking their limbs, spinning, twirling, growling, laughing in a trance. Gil is playing his notoriously heavy and high BPM music from the top of a pumpkin-adorned shrine. He mixes sounds using tape decks he'd collected throughout his lifetime. The weather

is cold, but people keep dancing anyway. The ground is wet, but people continue still. The sun goes down, and people go on. It becomes colder. To compensate for the harsher environment, Gil brings music goes louder and faster and faster. The rising energies combat the cold tiredness of the night.

We go on a journey unlike any other through the cold and darkness of the night and our own minds.

I think back to the day before all of this, when a park ranger blocked me from entering the road to the party. He asked me where I was going. I said "a gathering". He said with a stern look on his face that he knew what I was really doing. I was scared that he would make me turn around and go home. But then he laughed, smiled and waved me on in. This man, ostensibly a man of the law, said he was just making sure nobody wandered into the vortex without knowing what they were heading towards.

How did Gil garner the support of the park rangers for this magical venue? I suspect that he has brought life to their lives as well, and they are thankful for him like I am.

As the early morning suns peek from behind the mountains and the trees, people feel a relief from the cold. You begin to see smiles widening. The dance continues on, ever energized, never having stopped but now enlivening ever more. People remove layers of clothes as the new day unfolds. Suddenly the party feels as though it has just begun.

At the golden hour, Babaji takes photos of the crowd from the booth for his half-century-spanning scrapbook.

During the mid day, people spread out a bit and become playful. Some paint, some play frisbee, share food, do yoga on the grass, commune in the campground teepees. I spend some time juggling.

I leave before the following sunset, embarking on a long drive home back to southern california. Babaji is still going strong after 28+ hours. I was afraid I might never leave if I didn't leave right then. For all I know, Gil is still tranquil and playing music from that very spot today. The people are still dancing. The sun is still bouncing between the beautiful sierras. The air is still clean and fresh.

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## FACEBOOK SUBSIDIZING RELOCATION TO THEIR SIMULATED WORLD

By **TOMMY POTENTUARY**,  
Reporter

Mark Zuckerberg and Facebook are paying humans to relocate their physical forms into the Facebook metaverse simulation. The promise is that, if you relinquish your human form, Zuck will grant you 10 Bitcoins (\$600,000) redeemable only in the virtual world. On top of that, he will also transfer your current Earthly net worth into the simulation, re-creating virtual versions of all of your material possessions. The catch: once you've transferred into Zuckerworld, it is not possible to return back to Earth.

Many see this as an opportunity to start fresh. The Facebook-iverse economy, unlike the United States, is new and still has room for small people to play big

roles. Individuals from various walks of life are moving into the simulation, excited about what fruits it might bear for them.

*Practically speaking*, there is no downside to this offer because according to Zuckerberg, the simulation fidelity will be indistinguishable from the physical world. Mark will copy everything you care about from the physical world to the virtual, and you can leave the unwanted behind. So you'll still have anything you could possibly miss!

Moreover, the Metaverse is not an internally-consistent universe, and so it is not zero-sum in the ways that the physical world is. In other words, the metaverse can give things to you, without

taking away from others. Individual simulated realities can be untied from one another as desired, enabling optimal happiness.

In general, the Facebook metaverse is the technology-infused utopia we've all been waiting for. That is, except for in cases where disjointedness of reality could damage human-to-human connection. In some cases, Mark says, artificial scarcity will be introduced in order to foster greater togetherness. Simulated cold, hunger, loneliness - these are all ideas that will be explored in the upcoming metayears.

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## OPINION: WHAT'S SO SCARY ABOUT SKELETONS?

By SPOOKAS GHOULGEN,

Lately I've been observing a disturbing trend in media where skeletons are portrayed as scary somehow and I for one am baffled. You mean the thing that's inside everyone's bodies their entire lives? That's scary?! You might as well be afraid of your own pancreas. Excuse me, but if you're so afraid of your own bones, then why are you afraid of

breaking them?! Make up your mind!

As a walking talking skeleton myself I find these overly scary depictions very hurtful. I've never tried to scare anyone in my life or my death! You all need to stop making assumptions about undead individuals who are far more concerned about their own affairs, like getting our limbs back from thriving stray dogs who keep taking them! Where's my femur,

you mangy mongrel miscreants?! Anyway that's all I really wanted to say. Oh, and one more thing, do not play my ribs like a xylophone, because I do not appreciate it and most of you are not even good at xylophone.

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## YOUTH LEAGUE COMPETITIVE ROTTEN CHEESE EATING: IS IT ETHICAL?

By MIKE O'REALLY,  
Times Correspondent

All the tables are filled with cheese, lug-gages, purses and other storage devices, all equally infested. The mini-fridges, likely also filled with cheese, I forgot to check. The floors - coated with vomit, so slick and trotted over the meek reflections of any youthful cheese eaters can be seen in it. So it goes, one contestant stared so deeply into some of the cheese's warbling stench she fell in and never was seen again. (Or she was seen later in a Chuck e Cheese prize room covered in joke cockroaches and string candy, I don't remember which.) That was but one of the many makeshift myths passed between full mouths in the dressing rooms backstage of the 27th annual Nebraskakan Youth League Rotten Cheese Eaters Show.

The Contestants lined up have been picked, gendered, and trained from birth. (For optics reasons, since the '95 show the Judges no longer require performers to be neutered.) As the hours drip by, falling closer to the curtain pull tensions backstage raise high, but disappointingly not as high as the excitement.

In one of the frail dressing rooms, the father of one of the contestants stands over his daughter, "Do your practices." he loud-mumbles, handing her a jar of moldy pickles. Moldy pickles being what all pro-rotten cheese eaters use during practice, not to waste the real stuff. Looking down at her, he is slowly motioning, imagining himself with baby teeth, younger, and eating rotten cheese alone on a stage. "Dad, but no, the last pickle had a worm in it," she pleads to him.

"Worms are good and loyal creatures. They don't get enough credit. Don't you ever let me catch you talk down to worms again. You will eat that rotten pickle, and beg for any worms inside's

forgiveness. Now back to your practices."

His daughter didn't hear this part, but my keen journalistic ears did, (or I accidentally planted it in my memory). "Worms and I," he muttered, tongue and tooth still mouthing adverse reactions to rotten cheese.

The long and glorious history of performative rotten cheese eating dates back to at least 1993. A true American pastime, the special variety of cheese used in the competitive league was invented by a couple from Illinois after they read the cheese's recipe in a old turkish cookbook. This prerotted cheese derives its signature tumor-like lumps from the addition of special stomach milk of an illusive High Goat Priest added during the fermentation process.

The Youth Cheese League Oversight Board was formed after the third competition to curb the rise of unorthodox chewing techniques in the preliminary shows. While overall crowd enjoyment and ticket sales have bounded since the implementation of the new rules, some contestants feel they're too restrictive. "It wasn't just making Mom and Grandpa proud, I guess. I wanted to show them who I am with my ingestion. I don't know why, but I wanted to make stage stink with my intestinal skills. But it was all just routine chew-pray-chew-chew-hold nose-swallow. I was eating cheese like everyone before me. I was showed that young."

Glenda, a youth League hopeful, confided to me, before sitting down to get their hair done and striking up a conversation with the young boy doing his makeup beside them.

"You don't even know what gorgonzola is." For real, that's what I said to her" Glenda proudly recounted quietly to the young boy.

"What ya mom do? Mine couldn't even process it if I said something like that to

her."

She went on her usual rant: "How do you fucking sleep at night when you know that you have done nothing to further success of the hit television series the Golden Girls." It was four talented women at the top of their game and you did nothing. You just sat by on that plastic teet I paid for, while I was on that set, I held the boom mic that caught Betty White's good jokes. Me, I did that. And you have the nerve to say I don't understand cheese or show biz."

The kids grew even quieter as their parents returned from their smoke breaks. The boy's mom gave him yet another last makeup touch up before taking him to the green room for roll call. Glenda's mom frantically took the brush out of their hand and started brushing the kids' hair in the up and down way she likes it brushed.

"People will clap, you'll make them clap. You're going to sit there and eat your rotted cheese," Glenda's mom yells in that sort of strained whisper tone, that while technically quieter still sounds just as loud as yelling somehow. Just as other contestants and parents begin to take notice, Glenda is called to the stage. It's their turn.

Molting Butterflies breed in their stomach. The Audience moans in amusement as Glenda begins their act. Rotten Cheese. Rotten Cheese. Rotten Cheese.

They begin chewing but a tired feeling is hanging up there on the stage with them. Hanging like the photo of a now old woman who was once a failed youth league rotten cheese eater, her hair being brushed by Glenda's Grandfather, brushing up and down just the way he used to.

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## STUCK IN A BUG

By VIDYA,  
Times Correspondent

I can't seem to find my way out of this bug. Last night I was having a hard time figuring out why the mysterious digitized photographs were out of order. Suddenly the lightning flashed and I was transported into a photo. Specifically, I was in the photo with the black cat perched on top of the bookshelf. But there were a few differences. For one the bookshelves were a lighter shade of brown than they previously were. But more noticeably, the version of the black cat in the still photograph was bright green and frothing at the mouth. It was completely still, but I could tell it sensed my fear of rabies. And my fear was indeed warranted. How could a fear of rabies possibly not be warranted? It's a horrible disease. I love that I was transported into a photography though. I was thinking about photography just earlier today, and how interesting it is to try to capture a little bit of reality, that one can access one's fantasy to access reality with. It was scary and peaceful being still, as photographs are, unlike the scary excitement being in a film would be. Both scary terrors, both mediums conveying or purporting to convey reality. One is used to being a viewer of a photograph, a viewer of a film. One can be photographed or filmed and later see oneself as a subject of the camera. But to actually be part of the thing itself, in its completed form one usually consumes-what an odd inversion of subject and object. As if joining some digital singularity, itself just a modern fantasy of mystical union. But not so big and grandiose as all that. Perhaps my favorite part was the whimsy. I never knew having a sense of access to reality, even mediated reality, would have such a fanciful sense of fun about it.

And now I wonder, was it solely the lighting that brought me here? That transcended dimension and is allowing me to see time and the world from this uniquely slow plane of existence? Now I ponder the extent of electrical power. Could electricity transport us to different times, different planets, different universes? Could it allow us to take the shape of another if it can allow us to occupy different spaces? Good golly, as soon as I find my way out of this bug I'm dropping everything, and employing the entirety of my being to research such things as stardust and time bending and electrical currents. Clearly there is so much we have yet to discover and too many of our meager little minds are too soon lost to corruption and distraction.

Distraction, I had too much of that, I'm drunk of it I think, or too drunk I know I'm drunk. I think I was trying to get out of here, to be lost inside an insect isn't a life. I dropped a photograph I just noticed I was holding, I feel it flex around me as it falls marionetted by the air, yet I also see it falling from above it. It falls slowly, at least I think so, there's no sun inside this bug, so I don't know what time is doing. But as it falls I feel myself become subjunctive. It is freer here in the land of the bug. I am no longer in any photographs, I no longer am, or was. Simply floating in and out of what I can be. Falling through the pages of an album of strange up close pictures, in and out of each snapshot I dazzle, encompassed. The album's pages flipped slowly, I think unintentionally, by the claws of a near-black cat simply using it as a scratching mat.

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## INTRODUCTION OF VACUUM TUBE TRANSPORT ON UMASS CAMPUS

+ unintended consequences

By OPHELIA JONES,  
Times Correspondent

I am rarely ever lost anymore. There is a fly that is now 12 ft long stretched out, it's segmented eyes split, splayed like putty contorted, stretched, and flattened like gum pulled out from the soul of a shoe, riddled with fly guts and fly butts and little fly cigarette butts and fly sized to do lists with "carpe diem" watermarks on each post-it page. In my express tube ride from Herter to South College I pass this fly each day and each day I find them a new name and each day, still dead they still grow a little. I am made almost proud. In brief fast-dying glimpses passing by I see a friend of mine protected in their own automated vacuum tube capsule. Their faces similarly distorted, expunged of all semblance of resemblance, soft-screaming through aging moments over short miles their unkempt expressions stain my eyes into my eyes, long enough to remember something I told them in a dream I had last night. But sound is, in these tubes, too splayed out long, growing thinner and quieter as it is stretched like prismatic raindrops pleading down broke TV screens, through the air-rail system. I am always on time and never allowed lost. And day by day that fly is smudged away and nailed-to/memorialized in countless passing access tubes.



# WHAT IS COMPOUND NEURONAL EXPOSURE DISEASE?

By DOCTOR COZMA,  
Medical Doctor

## WHAT IS CNED?

Compound Neuronal Exposure Disease (CNED) occurs when overly fast-paced learning, a.k.a. neuronal growth, outpaces the maximum speed of skull growth. During learning, neurons and axons grow and elongate. In extreme circumstances, this growth of brain matter can cause protrusions from the skull. Neurons, so eager to make new connections, inadvertently meander through the skull surface and form bonds with the pores on the patients skin.

A direct tunnel forms from the outside of ones skull, through the skin, and into their brain's neuron networks. This allows simple changes in lighting, humidity, and even sound levels to directly interfere with brain processes.

CNED has been seen in multiple cases of professional education (when older individuals return to college for further education). Doctors theorize that such speedy learning that occurs during college can be dangerous for older individuals whose skeletal growth has slowed and can no longer support growth of brain matter.

## HOW DO I KNOW IF I HAVE CNED?

The best way to self-diagnose is the light stimulation test. Do a math problem and ask a friend or family member to flicker the lights while you are in work. Does the change in lighting cause sudden changes in thoughts or differences in mental state? If so, your brain may be exposed to the outside world and it is recommended that you consult a medical professional.

## WHAT DO I DO IF I GET CNED?

We recommend avoiding over-stimulat-

ing sensory experience for starters. A full solution for CNED has not yet been approved by the FDA, so your best bet is to keep light, noise, and touch away from your externally-exposed neurons until cure comes about. It can be helpful to keep track of where your sensitive spots are and draw circles around them to remind yourself -- but don't go too close, or else you'll get ink in your brain! Another helpful strategy is to place stickers over the exposed neurons in order to shield them from the outside world. But careful pulling them off!

Unfortunately, regardless of what mitigation strategies you take, a life with CNED is a very unpleasant one. "It's so frustrating to no have control of your thoughts," one patient said, "cabbage rotten road airplane Jesus."

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# FREE WILL FRIDAYS POPULARIZE IN SW UTAH

By SERGEANT TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant UMass PD

Some mormon communities in Utah are adopting "Free Will Fridays" which is their way of showing moderation over God's biggest indulgence made available to humans: free will. By limiting their use of this gift to Fridays only, they show God that they respect his intentions while thankful for his gifts. On non-fridays, they live their life 100% according to routine. On Fridays, they open the floodgates to choices.

Some people believe that Free Will is an imagined concept which is useful however not an accurate model of real life. The world is a composition of many deterministic molecular interactions, which when combined give rise to chains of causes and effects complicated enough to be confusing, but that are ultimately still deterministic.

This sect of mormons, The Friday Mormons as they have been called, believe that God has gifted humans the ability to freely make choices, but that if we overuse that gift, it will be taken away.

The result of this new outlook has been multifaceted.

One thing I've noticed is that it is nearly impossible to talk with anyone on any day but friday. People just nod their head and still to their plan like stone. You can't convince anyone to even think a thought they hadn't planned for. Perfect holy routine.

On a positive note, Fridays are a blast! After not thinking for themselves, Friday Mormons let loose at the end of the week. They analyze the deterministic events of the past few days. They party! They cheat and steal! They go on spontaneous adventures!

County authorities have begun recruiting help from neighboring state police departments on fridays specifically in order to deal with the additional mishaps. The district attorney said that "Police sit around twiddling their thumbs most days, but all hell breaks loose at the end of the week. Last week, someone convinced half the mormons in Utah to run around naked, junk flapping around, yelling 'thank you god for the ability to choose!' What can we do about these nimrods?"

Talking to the organizer of the "Naked Choices Rally", Theodore Munnely, I learned that he is actually not mormon

or religious at all! "I have a different perspective," he said, "but it aligns in practice with the Friday Mormon outlook. I don't know if God exists, but I think something must exist. My goal, and the goal of my collaborators from Massachusetts, is to catch the attention of the divine and the extra-terrestrial, whoever they are, somehow someday. We believe that the Friday Mormon outlook poses an undeniable spectacle. If the gods see humans behaving perfectly well 6 days a week, and then acting dastardly and absurd every friday, they'll know that we are more than a mere collection of molecules. They'll know we have souls and spirits, struggles and joyous occasions! They'll want to talk to us." Representatives of the Mormon faith were not concerned that Theodore was co-opting mormons for his goals despite not being a mormon himself. "On free will fridays, mormons should make choices. It is not the church's place to regulate those choices, although I myself tend to keep my pants on during all 7 days of the week."

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# MARTIAN MEDUSA AND HER SCHEMING TENDRILS

BY MEDUSA'S TENDRIL



[Artist's depiction by Emily Lucht]

A million miles away, on the lonesome crust of the red planet, she spends her time stargazing and listening passively, contemplatively to the conversations between her chatty tendrils. Conversations on consciousness, quantum physics, and the meaning of life.. Conversations on time and it's malleability. Conversations on solitude and its value, as well as it's sometimes wrenching irritation.

She is mystified by her own situation. There are billions of conscious beings in the solar system, and she just so happens to be the single one that is not on Earth? How strange. For what reason would the Great Mystery give her and her alone this distant perspective.

"You look sad," said one of her tendrils, What would the Martian Queen have to be sad about?"

"Well it's all just very confusing," she said. "Why am I here?"

The fiesty tendril continued, "You have a whole planet to yourself! Stop whining, I don't even have your scalp to myself."

A different tendril chimed in. "She just needs to find a good

Martian lad to keep her company, but there's no-one else on this planet. Honey, you should make a Craigslist ad."

"What's Craig's list?"

"It's a system that allows humans to send electrical signals from one location to another, transmitting information about goods or services that they are selling or that that are hoping to find."

"I don't need a good or service," said Medusa.

"Looky here, there's a 'personal connection' section. This is just what you need."

Her tendrils helped her transmit some radio frequencies from a metal wire and a solar device, down towards Earth and towards the Craigslist web server. They advertised that Medusa was a "thoughtful, independent woman" who had many interests including "staring into the distance" and "freezing men into stone".

She delights at the idea of a man going to great lengths gathering resources to produce spacefaring vehicles, embarking a decade long journey to land upon the Martian surface, all for her, to meet her, to gaze upon the beauty of her, ultimately to be frozen into stone the instant he arrives. She would wait for the perfect moment, the very first instant he witnesses her beauty. At the moment, she will look into his eyes and freeze him in his state of awe of her beauty. That way, for all eternity, she will be able to sit affront her statue, adjacent to an abandoned space ship, and be appreciated.

Her tendrils giggled amongst themselves as she explained this. "You don't want to keep him alive?" they asked. "You could prance about the craters together."

"I prefer to find the perfect moment and pause it there. No need to experience the full story if you can re-experience the best part forever. But, who cares anyway. I like it here on my own."

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# OBERVATIONS OF A DAD-LIKE CRYPTID

BY WENDY RUTRAGE

When I was young, we had a table at a flea market. I sold my catatonic toys and he, old masonry gear. Or, we tried to sell stuff, but the buyers wouldn't bite. Things scream of stories and won't shut up and hoarding is hereditary. When we were packed up and leaving, we cleaned out his truck, with a handful of other trash I handed him a hostess powdered donut with a bite taken out and stoned dust filled in. When he thought I wasn't looking, but was peaking through the rear view, he ate it.

Before he hangs up the phone he always thanks me. But he is gentle to dead things, especially gentle to types of people who aren't real. The day he was born, they knew there would be a long line outside his wake. He is kind.

A toothy muffling, bounding along, its contents hit like rain stabs against the tupperware he held out of place in his hands. Not remotely his, like eyes of old seers. There is something over his face, like the swallow-scented rubber masks he kept in the attic. He killed nostalgia caught dripping, stepped on it accidentally, pausing to look back over, caustically whispered "from me to you and you to me."

He stumbled over development rubble, the inbred seedlings of burnt down houses. He walks through regression breaking. He walked past the second time I stopped believing in Santa Claus. I overhear his words slur themselves over the edge of his tongue. His friend he hadn't met said something to him.

He paused, pulled a slug out of his ear. Looking afraid at the eyes of a woman from the big moldless houses uptown. He thinks for a long time, "You know, I don't think necrophilia is really a middle-class value." That was how I learned that word. He approaches the screen door with holes I cut for mosquitoes to enter.

There is a room with a smaller room or a large closet, I'm not sure which. This is where I am. Where fragmented and outwardly dangling bits of vestigial strings on string dolls played with next to plastic store bought figures. Tiny painted eyes that see things I forget. Specks: tinier plastic ants swirl around thru make believe patterns, swirling into masses of interlocking monkey puppets. I let them eat the candy I have left. You can see stars in a young ant's eyes and none of them are dwarfed and dying.

He's in front of me, shouting. And I just want to know where he left the tupperware. Then he's talking to me, sweetly. And I need to feel what was mumbling inside the tupperware, it eats my nails away. He sits down with the plastic figures, playing with them, and tells me how his father screamed and flashed images of manhood. He sleeps loudly: "your brother was silly and strong when he tied his tie. I don't know how I breathe at night." He again walked to me. I wanted a hug, he was on a drug trip. I exhale myself back into the bed of ants. The sudden decomposition of one Kermit P. Frog.

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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. 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.

---

**MISSED CONNECTION:** Who plays the music in the woods at night? Somewhere off of Cushman Road across the reservoir? At night I dream of walking across the water to you, it has been disturbing my sleep.

---

**WANTED:** Enough helium to carry my house from Los Angeles to Fairbanks

---

**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:** Pill that will allow me to see through walls for 1 day. I am willing to sign a waiver for any and all side effects.

---

**WOULD YOU RATHER:** Fight a chicken every time you get in your car, or fight 1 orangutan once a year?

---

**FOR SALE:** Double-Headed Pantomime Horse.

---

**WANTED:** Quick-hitting source of the feeling of being enlightened. Looking for

---

press-button enlightenment sensations here, not true enlightenment.

---

**HELP WANTED:** Roofer - \$18/hour - Must have a giant hand for a head. Arms not needed.

---

**NEEDED:** a tragic figure to dedicate my book too.

---

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

---

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

---

**FOR SALE:** Bonkers crackhead goldfish from the 5th dimension.

---

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

---

**NEEDED:** Someone to help me count the apocalypses.

---

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

---

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

---

**FOR SALE:** 100,000 pounds of liquid serotonin.

---

**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.

---

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

---

**WANTED:** Stencil the shape of the vague monster I saw in my room at night as a kid

---

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

---

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

---

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

---

**Come And See:** Reverse Crop Circle. Cornstalks bring their kids to walk through a maze made of decomposing extraterrestrials.

---

**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:** Brain capable of dealing with 8,000,000 thoughts simultaneously, but none of them well.

---

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

---

**FOR SALE:** Parrot that is able to say mean things to cops.

---

**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:** someone to build a Faraday cage around my microwave. I love hot pockets but am afraid of radiation..

---

**WANTED:** A large false moustache for a bank robbery. Only accepting styles ranging from 1890-1926.

---

**WANTED:** Cult members. Warning: It's a cult. Don't say I didn't warn you. email me: vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net

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**FOR HIRE:** extremely pessimistic man with a deep, regal-sounding voice.

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**For Lease:** The vacant crevice in my heart.

---

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

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**WANTED:** Vampire Alberta. We met at a club and I think you gave me the wrong number. It keeps referring me to an underground nightclub whose address is Hell. I really thought we hit it off, if you see this, call me. 506-555-6669

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**For Sale:** 1/4th of my soul. Fair warning, it's the portion that's kind of insufferable.

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**Needed:** more bones to stuff in my flesh wound

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**Wanted:** A great climber who also has a knack for reciting Shakespearean sonnets. A plus if you are comfortable with nudity.

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**WANTED:** Spray On Insect Attractant.

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**Needed:** A Gallon of Mustard Water with a painted fingernail floating in it, and no questions.

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

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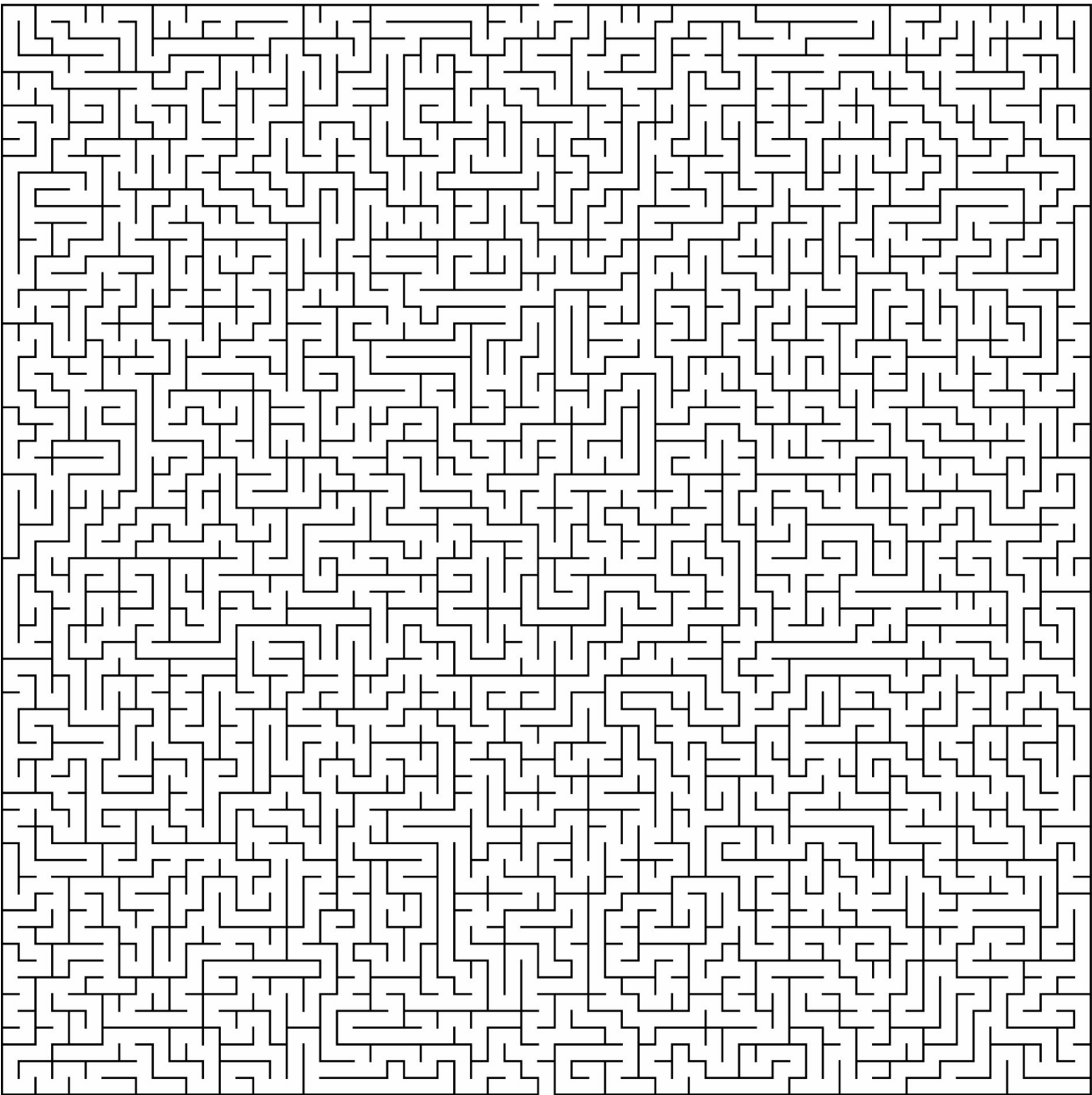


# THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUËI'S SURROGATE,  
Mechanical Contraption

Utilizing a spectacular isomorphism, the solution to the following maze can be translated directly to a solution to an abstract problem 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 odds you manage to find a solution, email it promptly to **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/eyebblinktherefore](https://facebook.com/eyebblinktherefore))
- 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** to get information on these events or to inform us of other events and occurrences.

Find a Surreal Times distribution box at the Prajna Tree, Stories Bookstore, in the Pacific Ocean, or in Amherst Massachusetts.



## Job Opening: Surrealist Journalist

Tired of the mundanity of mainstream news?

Looking for some otherworldly seasoning atop your information?



If so, try reading **The Surreal Times newspaper**,

Or better, **write with us.**

Join us at our weekly newsroom meetings to brainstorm story ideas, play collaborative writing games, and meld our minds together into a single orb of psychic automatism .

We distribute newspapers in Boston, Amherst, Los Angeles, and Bombay Beach.

Our website is at [surrealtimes.net](http://surrealtimes.net). Instagram @thesurrealtimes.

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