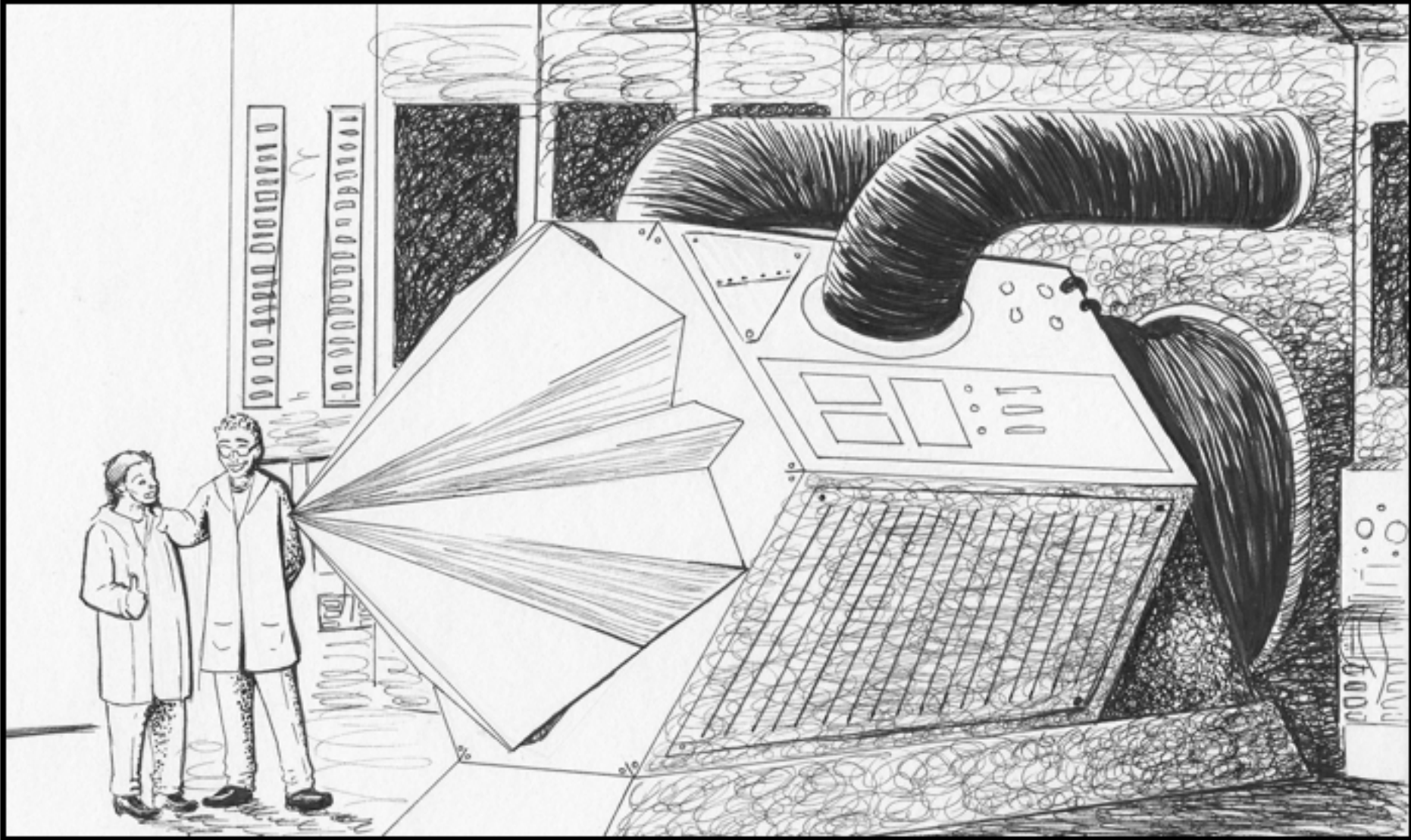


THE NEW MEXICO SURREAL ENGINE

Profound technological advancement from an underground laboratory. See page 2.



FROM THE MOUTH  
OF THE PIG:

By ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI,  
Times Senior Editor



"The polymorphous spectacle  
engulfed Timothy."

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

A TRAIL OF ASHES

By J.D.,  
Times Staff



Can consciousness conceive of something outside its own conception? This was just one of the questions that Maple Reeveport was discussing with herself as she strolled through an empty park. As she walked and smoked a cigarette, her blonde bangs rested lightly on the frames of her oversized dark sunglasses.

Her pink vinyl mini skirt swayed gently as each hip moved side to side. The squirrels and chipmunks barely noted her journey through their territory. What forms do thoughts take? What should I make of this thought or that? Thoughts of an unsettling existential variety came and went as the morning dew returns to the Sun at dusk.

Her slow descent from the rolling green hill was marked by a trail of ashes. Maple made it to a depression in the earth and laid flat on her back. She let her cigarette go out on the grass as her arms stretched out side to side. Her hair parted neatly down the middle as she stared into the gray clouds. Time slipped gently away from Maple. Her eyelids fluttered and then closed.

She waited for the sweet relief

of darkness. Refraining from her resistance to the opiate of sleep she gently fell into the black void....

Light conversation intermingled with images of yesterday and people from tomorrow....

While losing awareness of her position on the grass, Maple drew a sharp gasp of air as if she had almost drowned. Her eyes burst open. White light illuminated the blue tiled room. The glare from her clear plastic goggles refracted the tiled floor into strange patterns.

She became aware of her left hand. In her left palm gently rested a pair of bent stainless steel scissors. She noticed the red blood that had coagulated on her blue vinyl gloves. She looked right to see an open-chested body on an operating table. Nurses and doctors, beeps and whizzes became all the more lucid and clear.

"Hey! Are you good?" a nurse asked her.

"Yeah, I'm fine, just zoned out for a sec," she replied.

"Hey Maple, her left ventricle is tearing, we need stitches ASAP!" a surgeon shouted.

She stepped quickly to the operating table, grabbing the suture off the tool stand, she rolled out enough and threaded the needle...

CONTINUED... See "TRAIL OF ASHES" on page 2.

HOWLER HOWLS HIS LAST

Arkansas Howler gives up...

By JOE  
KIERLSKEGRIENGER,  
Times Correspondent



After a fierce exchange with Amherst PD, the Arkansas Howler, apparently discontent with his move to our area, has given up howling entirely. Trouble began the morning of Wednesday, November the 8th at the Howler's house.

While the Howler usually howls (attempting to break the

world record for loudest scream) in a special soundproof room, on Wednesday he began to circulate his house, windows open, stripped from the waist up, howling. His howling, which could be heard blocks away, was described as "sorrowful," by a neighbor who declined to go by name on the record.

It was when the police arrived at noon, responding to a noise complaint, that things turned ugly. The howler, his voice hoarse, berated the police with what little speaking ability he had left. Subjects of his tirade included the competition (namely the Saskatchewan Screamer), his isolation from his family and ex-wife, and, in his words, "the world not \*\*\*\*\*ing understanding why

I have to do this."

The Howler agreed to undergo mental assessment at an undisclosed location. The Surreal Times managed to briefly interview him over the phone as he undergoes treatment. The Howler is doing well, and has befriended his roommate, a young man with schizoaffective disorder who, the howler tells us, spent his first night doing improvised calisthenics in the corner of the room, eluding the staff. The Howler himself appears to be in good spirits, and the only victim of this episode is himself. The Surreal Times wishes him a speedy recovery.

Joe can be reached at  
Kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net.

CALL TO  
WRITERS

THE EDITORS,

This sentence together with 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.

Do you understand? If so, please, get in touch. Meetings are at 8pm on Thursdays, in Herter room 640.

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

RESEARCHERS DISCOVER CURE FOR  
EXCESSIVE SANITY

This reporter tries it out firsthand...

By JOE  
KIERLSKEGRIENGER,  
Times Correspondent



The new medicine - Anti-Risperadull - has been shooting up the most-prescribed charts. The American Psychological Association is expected to give it "Double Platinum," status. The Surreal Times has received a batch, and this reporter is writing this story after taking a full dose. The medicine is expected to address the woes of modern sanity - that it is to say, excessive uncreativity, morbid satisfaction, unnecessary orderliness, chronic prudence and

unwanted responsibility, to name a few. Anti-Risperadull ought to inject that snake of ruliness back to where it belongs. A psychiatrist - who preferred to remain anonymous - said that excessive reality and excessive sanity are a top modern problem. I am quite inclined to agree! The effects of this medication are most - The psychiatrist further said that this new medication ought to be a lifesaver for those with mortgages, commutes, and ungrateful bra- children. The

return to innocence - I mean reality - I mean - perhaps we all suffer from too much sanity? The world is impending downwards on top of us, I mean literally bearing down, my god it's so big open the \*\*\*\*\*ing door it's right there it

The Surreal Times staff has decided to publish this piece as it was written, as a public document to the effect of this new drug. Please experiment responsibly.



# LEANING TOWER FALLING (Continued) -- A TRAIL OF ASHES

## “A Milestone”

By EARNEST,  
Times Correspondent



The Italians were awoken Monday to the sound of a large structure crashing to the ground.

One man said, “It was a shockwave so tremendous, that even one hour subsequent, the vibrations of my mugs and silverware were too much to bear. I had no option but to mute each rattling thing in my entire house, individually, by means of my index finger.”

Quite a hullabaloo ensued, when it was learned that the famous “Leaning” Tower of Pisa had toppled over.

When I asked my interviewee of his thoughts, he responded, “Well.. A great historical monument had abruptly ceased to be. Of course that was shocking...”

More hullabaloo came about when, at lunch time, the same crashing sound was heard countrywide. And more, when the same noise interrupted suppertime. And more, when The Tower of Pisa fell three times a day for the rest of all time.

My interviewee described this periodic crashing noise as, “terribly distracting”.

Looking closer, and speaking with first responders, I was able to gather more information: Thrice daily, the ruins of the tower gather themselves together, and begin to erect. The stones toil, trying and always failing to stand up straight. But, thrice daily, they reach exhaustion, and collapse to the ground. Thrice daily, the leaning tower falls.

“I am proposing a name change,” my interviewee said, “from ‘Leaning Tower of Pisa’, to ‘Falling Tower of The West’, as a testament to this symbol of the perpetual fall of western civilization, that God or whoever has placed directly in front of our eyes.”

Earnest can be reached at [earnest@surrealtimes.net](mailto:earnest@surrealtimes.net).

... “Hurry up Maple!” the surgeon shouted.

She punctured the pinkish-gray muscle of the heart as the suture followed the needle. Three quick moves and the stitches were complete.

“I’m...done, I’m done,” she murmured to the surgeon.

Maple dropped the needle on the tool stand and stepped back. The shrieks and whines

of the machines made her feel dizzy. Unable to process it all, her head fell to floor as she stared blankly.

The alarm on the cardio-graph went berserk.

“We have a code three, the ventricle reopened!” a nurse shouted.

The team of doctors and nurses swarmed over the body. Maple looked up and saw them

covering the spurting stream of blood with their hands. She moved closer to the table as she became dizzier.

Maple collapsed to the floor with a thump.

“10:52 time of death,” the surgeon reported....

\*\*\*

WHITE LIGHT enveloped and penetrated Maple’s dark sunglasses. The mounds

beneath eyelids scurried rapidly. Her chest contorted upwards in contraction as she grasped sharply for air. Unable to inhale she dropped breathlessly onto the soft green grass. A gentle breeze blew the ashes of her cigarette across her body.

J.D. can be reached at [jd@surrealtimes.net](mailto:jd@surrealtimes.net).

## THE NEW MEXICO SURREAL ENGINE

By MOE “TINY,”  
SCHLEMIEL,  
Surreal Times Reporter

Scientists working in an underground laboratory in New Mexico have created the first Surreal Engine. The Engine, drawing from a trade-secret source, conveys surreality qubit-for-qubit at an unprecedented speed. It has been called a “portal to surreality for the average man.”

Foreseeing widespread production of such Engines, it seems that for the first time mass surreality is within

humanity’s grasp. The top secret scientist said, “It’s about time we realize that reality isn’t always the answer.”

The technology has one notable drawback. Many of its trial subjects, upon returning to reality, find themselves unsatisfied. Reportedly, they gather at night, turn their eyes upward, and lament their inability to “see past the heavens.”

Tiny can be reached at [schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net](mailto:schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net).

## RESPONSE TO THAT LOUSY CHIMP

By DOCTOR GOLDSTEIN,  
Times Staff

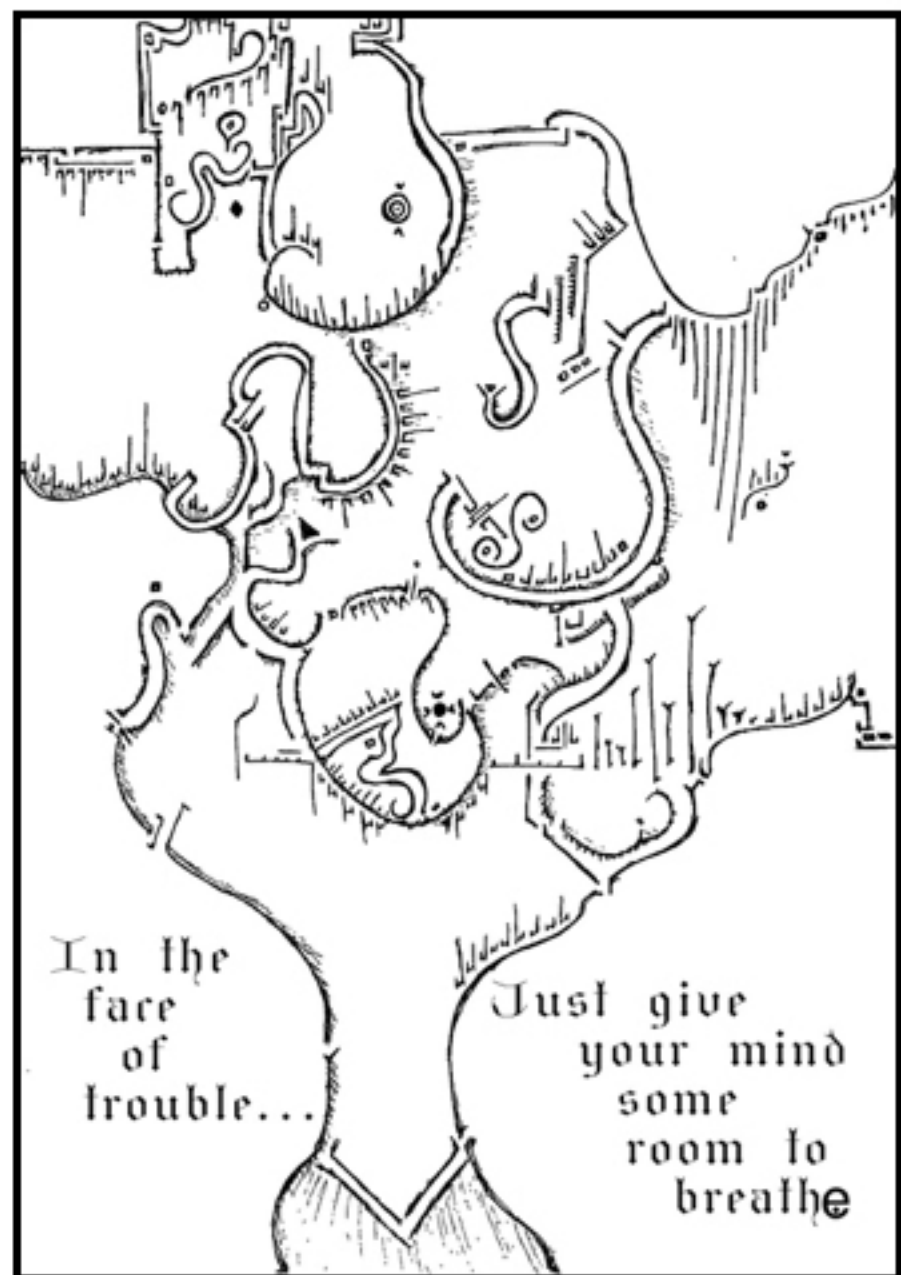
Okay Joe, let’s talk about this whole ‘human thing.’ I think that it has been made clear, even through your own arguments, who the dominant species is in this animal kingdom we call earth, and I can see your rage bubbling through millions of years of inferior evolution. Yeah, sure, we were both once kin of the same primordial mother, but unlike you we left the cradle and the teet, setting out to experience the world and all it could bring us. And have we not found it? My air conditioned office feels even

better when I think of the humid jungle you wrote this ludicrous letter from.

So why don’t you put the pen down, Joe, and go back to doing what you do best: eating bugs and flinging shit. I’ll let you know when we need your help ripping the face off a little girl. As for me, I think I’ll open my up my freezer and cook up one of your Bovine brothers, rare.

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

BIHEXICLE COMIC,  
By RAKA,  
Times Staff



## A PICKLE TO THE PREFRONTAL

By WES SIZEMORE,  
Times Staff



“I’m sorry, I just didn’t think the joke was that funny”

“Well you just have no culture then, Addison” were the last words Calvin said to me before he hit me over the head with a footlong zucchini. The green blackjack split in two as did the bond between my childhood best friend and I.

I’ve told him before, you can’t just make jokes about somebody’s cat dying, especially with Emily Jackson

in the room. Her cat passed away over the weekend and it made the local headlines. *Feline Falls from Firehouse, Doesn’t Land on Feet*. What cruel fate. I still have the silhouette of Pumpy, her cat, engraved in my memory. I’ll miss his blood blue eyes.

What I will not miss is that self-centered Calvin and his claims about my culture. To think I allowed such a toxic person to gain proximity to me. Our friendship began back in fourth grade when we were the only two test subjects in the whole asylum naive enough to take on trombone lessons. Only a fool would choose to play the biggest instrument out of the options they were cataloguing to us. If I were smart, I would have chosen to play clarinet. Maybe then I would become friends with the Herring twins that live down the road. On

second thought, maybe not. I have never been a fan of the tunics they clad themselves in, always matching one another. Bastards.

Still, with all the schooling, I don’t remember a single note of trombone. I desire to never pick up the instrument of torture again. To even hear its’ long, rumpy sounding roars resonate my eardrums would send unwelcoming vibrations along my fragile frame. Such a sound could only ever remind me of time spent with Calvin. As would the taste of brass upon the lips.

I took my yo-yo out of my pocket and threw it towards the ground. My mind traveled away from yoiing. So far, that I was surprised when it started to roll along its’ string back into my hand. I missed the return catch and the toy dangled itself out of reach and dragged along

the sidewalk with my feet.

I rewound the string in order to let the toy roll again; this time with more attention devoted to the action at hand. Though still distracted by anger, I managed to tie knots in my toy. This is when it hit me like a pickle to the prefrontal. Whatever way you lace it, the string will be in a knot, or knots. Friendships are not forever, but neither is life. I thought back to his joke. The exhausted two-liner refried itself in my brain.

“What did the cat say with its’ last dying breath?”

I paused in my trek.

“Paws.”

Wes Sizemore can be reached at [sizemore.wes@surrealtimes.net](mailto:sizemore.wes@surrealtimes.net).

## WISDOM FROM ARCHEOLOGY WORM

By PROFESSOR  
BURGOWITZ,  
Times Correspondent from The  
University of Dortmund

A multitude of worm-like sphincter entities sprawled about the United States like the veins of the grand canyon, distributing the many colors of our planet’s archeology with every pulsing contraction of their form.

My news team had crashed our stormchaser two evenings prior, while after a fire cyclone. We had been stranded 10 miles

outside Atlanta ever since.

It was hot at could be.

I sat in the shade of a drainage ditch, watching an entity poke it’s nose from a two-foot diameter drainage pipe.

The entity struggled to speak, because the pipe was too narrow for it to open its jaws. I could not decipher its choked nonsense.

With each global contraction, though, this worm escaped a few inches further from the

pipe, until eventually its head was entirely free.

Suddenly its mumblings became clear. “The world decomposes down into things and doings. But doings (viewed from a certain perspective) are things, and things (viewed from a certain perspective) are doings. Thus it is convenient to consider all things and doings as “kibs”.

I pondered this, as the entity engaged in a deep, 20 second long inhalation.

Having caught its breath, it continued, proclaiming that, “At a sufficient level of generality, all kibs are pairwise equivalent.”

Kib kibbed kib, and kib kwab kweeby no. Kwibble no no no! Translation: I was gobbled by the entity, but I am new now.

...

Professor Burgowitz can be reached at [burgowitz@surrealtimes.net](mailto:burgowitz@surrealtimes.net).

## ASSYMETRY

By WES SIZEMORE,  
Times Staff

Beauty can get lost within the space around the neck, Just as soundwaves search for the swirls inside the ear. The bent back trapezoidal frame holds up the brain, And thoughts commute to and from through the spine

Love, at times, if found outlining the figure of the foot, Each individual, a unique scent confirmed by the nostrils. Trust, will, a name, all products of the memory, And even that is distorted. Behold, the entity.

Wes Sizemore can be reached at [sizemore.wes@surrealtimes.net](mailto:sizemore.wes@surrealtimes.net).



REVERBERATING ARMADILLO COMEDY & FREE MARMALADE

By ALFRED HUMBLETON, Times Correspondent



Teenie's comedy collective came to town last week. The aristocrats sat high and mighty in their campus hotel rooms while the down and dirty plebeians of the digital age, thin and frail, but also saggy, crawled the stairs of the campus center plateau.

Limousines could be seen beside the parking garage, their window tints undoubtedly masking fair-lady-bought tophats and cigars holding gangsters hostage in their cooshy seats. We knew the gangsters were there because the bright silhouettes of glowing fair ladies, petting their lap animals, penetrated through the tint. And with every fair lady comes a gangster or two.

Reverberating were the jokes of Subtle T, the high school fuck up who, when victim to a mix of acid and bicuriosity, got a trombone lodged down his throat (in the 10th grade).

Subtle T very glottally made a fun joke. And the simple peasants, like amebas or swarming insects, laughed, while they crawled over each other's bodies, viciously fighting and stepping on eachother in order to get closer to the one source of joy in their life.

When these human equivalents of single celled organisms laughed, the marmalade-drinking cock-o-doodles in their armchairs ba-cocked and tossed paper airplanes, that they'd conscripted their dumb but pretentious home-schooled

kids to make — down, fluttering down, accelerating, thrusting, zipping, and FUCKING DARTING INTO THE AMEBAS, popping them like balloons. The kids couldn't understand why their mommy's and daddy's were laughing.

Let it be known that each bursted ameba let out a burping sound on its way out. And let it be known that the fair lady's were petrified by such mismanners, and that they as a result pulled their gangsters by their ears to leave. Their gangsters, of course, did not wish to go. However, when the fair lady's threatened to throw their prized furies out of the windows, the gangsters obliged. Driving off were the limousines....

All but one drove off. The final remaining limousine, I noticed, had it's driver's door open, and the gangster in the passenger seat looked bemused by the general state of affairs in addition to his personal driver's absence.

In the pile of ripped rubbers, atop the campus center plateau, it was clear some sort of something had been fucked, and in all likelihood many times over.

The winds picked up, and a great many rubbers were blown up into the air, being tornadoed around the campus center obelisk and suctioned inwards by some pussy or another that may or may not be the entirety of the upper class.

In not too long, the great many brutal windows were coated in latex.

Left was a pile of skinny, decrepid souls, wearing backpacks with hundreds of pounds of nothing inside of them, laying dead, sorounding the spot in which SubtleT had a priori been making things funny.

Where SubtleT had once been standing, however, now was an empty pocket. It was as though he inhaled deeply, before being frozen in ice, before disappearing and leaving an air bubble in his wake.

I blinked my eyes shut real hard, when for no reason at all I erupted in laughter. IN THE AFTERMATH of my stomach contortions, I heard a deep reverberating tone from above. I looked up, and there he was! — on the top of the obelisk! Subtle T, with a normal-lengthed neck and a trombone in his hand not his neck! And a fair lady in his opposite arm.

I blinked. In the process, I lowered my head.

I opened my eyes and I saw a petrified looking gangster in the center of the crowd of carcasses. Petrified, looking at the bodies around him. And petrified, looking leftward.

I look leftward. What I saw shook me to my core. I witnessed a massive tyrannosaurus-rex-sized armadillo, devouring this gangster's limousine, as well as each one of his friends, and each one of his fair ladies. The beast mangled the flimsy car with his jaws, gulped it down easily, and walked off.

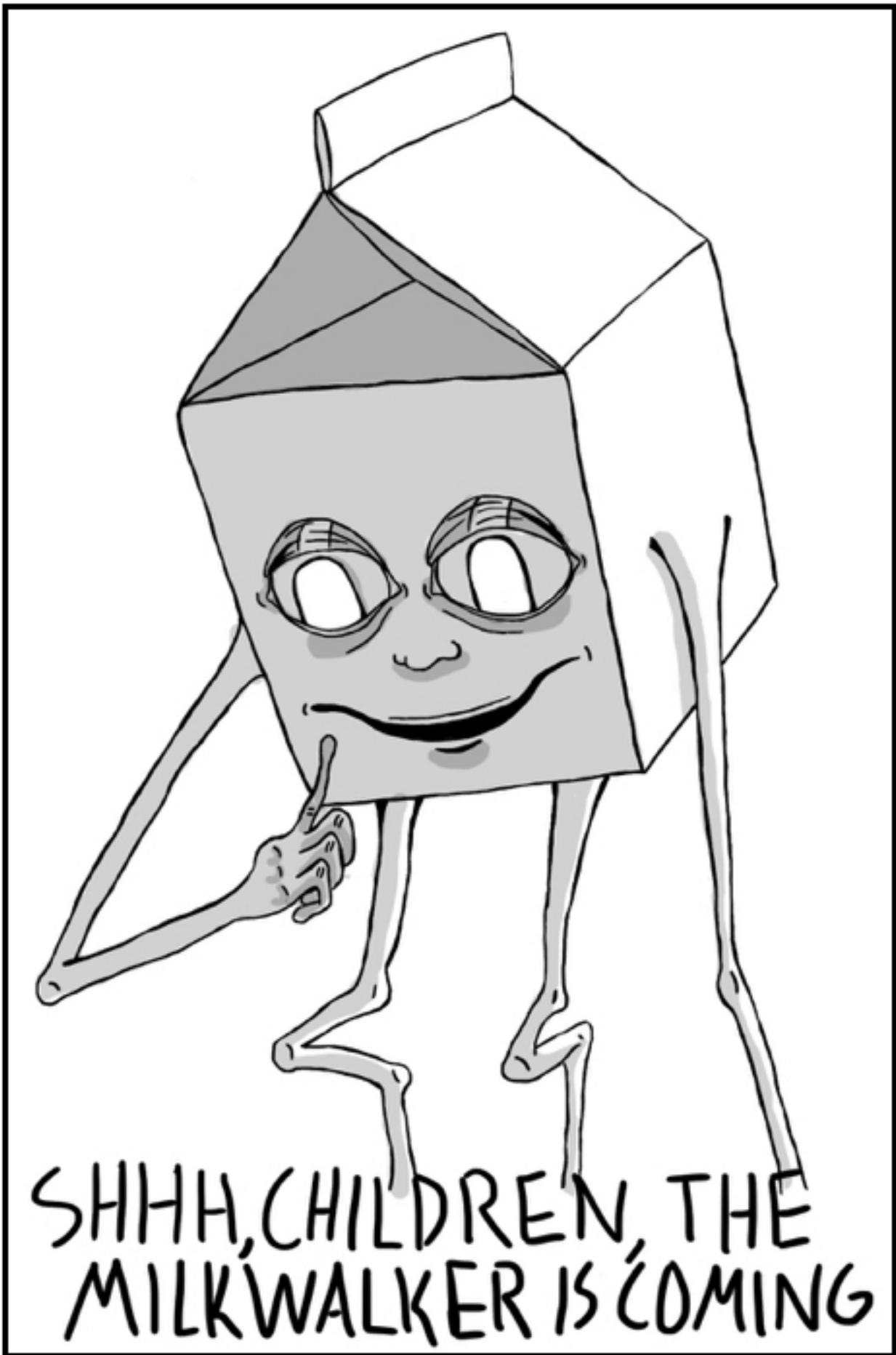
Once more I heard SubtleT roar, not so subtle anymore! Something more and in his arms a fine whore!

Watching the dinosauric creature stroll into the UMass sunset, I saw three glowing bulbs in the side of its stomach. And it was then I learned that a fair lady will survive anywhere she lands.

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

MILKWALKER SIGHTINGS

By RAKA, Times Staff



(Visual depiction of this particular milkwalker provided Marina Parella)

AMHERST, MA. Widespread rumors of multiple Milk Walkers have been reported. All stories have a close resemblance. A normal carton of milk will be opened fresh from the store and the white-stuff (as is commonly referred to among intellectuals) pours out seemingly naturally. But, it is when the consumer is digesting their milky cereal, milky oatmeal, milkshake, that the carton turns alive. It grows a pair of grim eyes, two sets of slim limbs, and ill intentions.

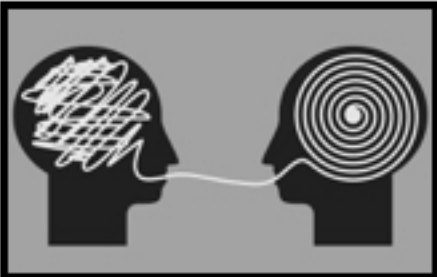
Milkwalkers have been reported to devour at least two unidentifiable individuals. Naturally, once the digestion is complete, the Milky Walker turns their flesh into milk, their bones into milk, their soul into milk.

"Don't drink random milk," was the only advice the PIA gave in response to the phenomenon.

Raka can be reached at [raka@surrealtimes.net](mailto:raka@surrealtimes.net).

THE NEW ASSAULT ON RATIONALITY

By ROBERTO PICCOLO, Surreal Times Reporter



The top psychologists in the country, after meeting at the bi-annual National Summit, have returned with a dire warning: rationality is under siege. Long considered a bastion of logic, the brain is increasingly found to be a collection of shortcuts. A recent experiment found that when an experimental group were exposed to small doses of surreality, given by pulling a lever, the group became

resistant to reality, and near-immune to the call of rationality. The recently discovered New Mexico Surreal Engine, the psychologists fear, may be an enabler for such irresponsible behaviors. While I have a duty to remain objective, I must give my opinion: to dabble with surreality in such an unwholesome manner is to invite in destabilizing influences. We already have enough citizens obsessed with such delusions as the "Stairway To The Stars."

Roberto Piccolo can be reached at [piccolo.robeto@surrealtimes.net](mailto:piccolo.robeto@surrealtimes.net).

THE FUN IS OVER EARLY THIS YEAR

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER, Times Staff



Thanks to a perfect storm of low yield and high demand, the fun is over early this year. Amherst declared itself officially out of flower produce for the season, at the Biannual Meeting of Flower Towns yesterday.

No longer will the Pioneer Valley serve as an epicenter of romance in this state of apathy and secularism that we call

Massachusetts. Not for at the very least six months yonder.

This announcement renders Ithaca NY the nearest location to Boston where a girl or a boy can find a good flower capable of reddening a cutie's cheeks.

So, that's it, massholes. Find a good horse and set course Northwestward — or hunker down for the winter. Buy a kitten, perhaps.

Over and out; Over and, Over.

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

ANT PURSUES FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

By JOE KIERLSKEGRIENGER, Times Correspondent

An industrious young Amherst ant has adopted a peculiar pastime - even for an ant! Snippers Magumfry, a small brown ant from a colony in the wooded area behind CVS, says that he is convinced the mythical fountain of youth is actually located inside the Gamestop at the Hampshire Mall. While The Times wasn't able to pry out of Magumfry why he believes this, we do have a glimmer of insight to offer. Among the detritus around Magumfry's ant hill was a discarded receipt for Assassin's Creed 3. The second item on the receipt? A lifetime guarantee for the game itself.

The Times suspects that this is the source of Magumfry's misunderstanding. This poses quite the ethical dilemma. On one hand, the life of an ant is very short, and any at all hope seems to be a precious commodity to the ant. On the other, perhaps with a life so short, an ant ought to concern themselves with the here and now. The Surreal Times is having an internal debate as to what to do about Magumfry, but we welcome any reader comments as to how to handle this delicate situation.

Mr. Kierlskegrienger can be reached at [kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net](mailto:kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net).

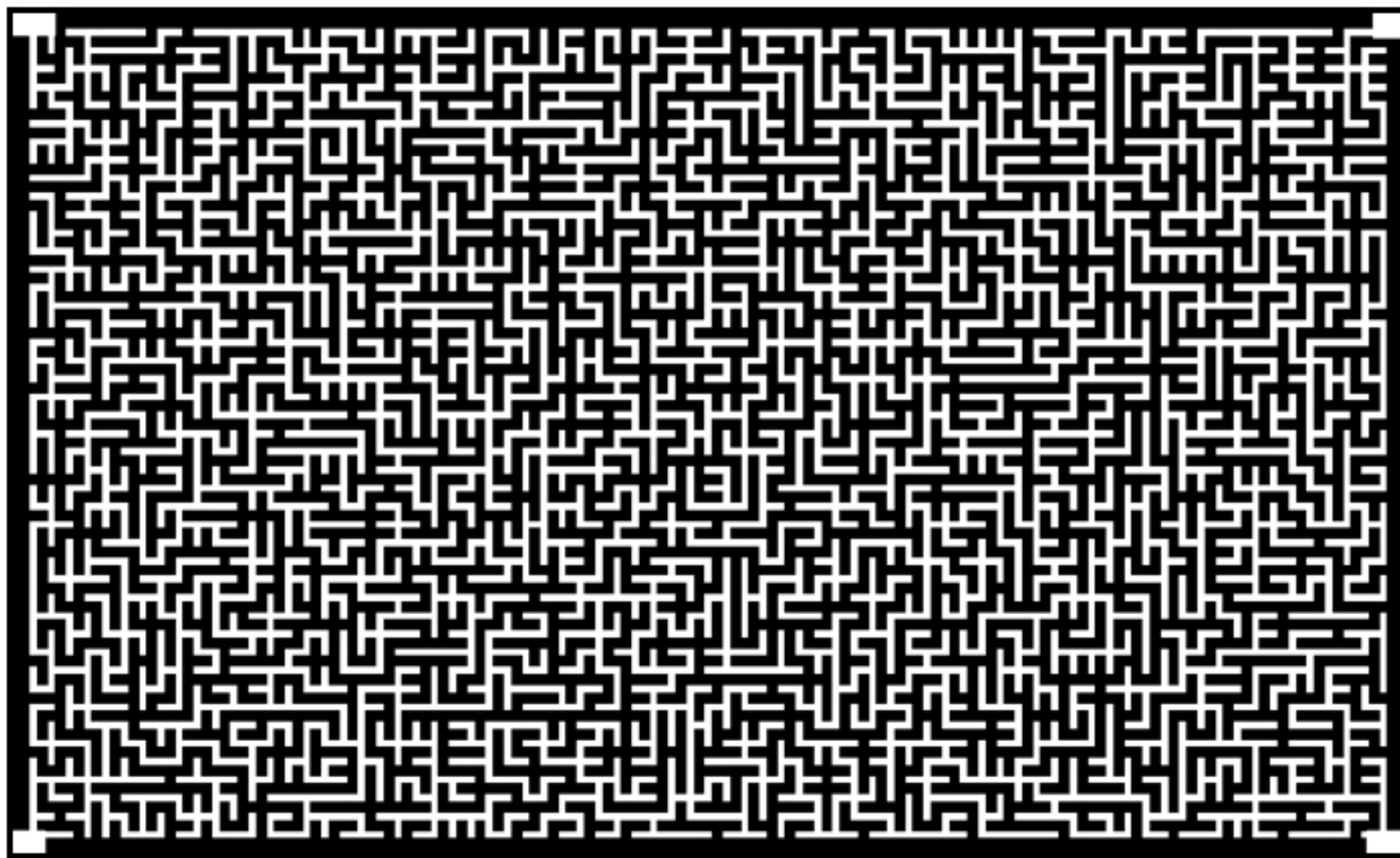
THE WAIT IS OVER! OUR SOURCES CONFIRM THAT GODOT WILL IN FACT ARRIVE TOMORROW!



## THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMÁDEUS GALOUET'S SURROGATE,  
Mechanical Contraption

From management: *An important task is encoded over this maze by spectacular isomorphism. By connecting all four corners, you do good for the world. For doing so, you get a secret prize. Email your solutions to [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net).*



## BREAKING NEWS: HORDES GATHER AT SAN ANDREAS FAULT LINE

By THE EDITORS,  
Times Staff



While The Times has heard only through secondary sources, it is clear masses have thronged to the San Andreas Fault Line in search of "The Means To Ascend" - rumored to involve high levels of dangerous surreality. The Surreal Times has acquired a letter which claims that the scientists who created the New Mexico Surreal Engine have organized this gathering.

The letter also implies that the Surreal Engine, in its first tests, disintegrated human test subjects.

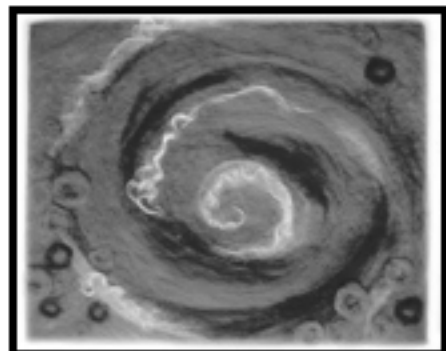
The first part of the letter can be read online at the address: <http://surrealtimes.net/article/?id=137>.

While the Times cannot vouch for the authenticity of the letter, anyone interested in the truth behind the Surreal Engine - and the secret cabal which allegedly created it - should take a look for themselves.

The Editors can be reached at [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net).

## DENNIS HORIZONTAL HANDS' INAUGURAL COLUMN

By DENNIS  
HORIZONTAL HANDS,  
Times Journalist



Dennis Horizontal Hands's Inaugural Column "Sick of all these knights in sh By Dennis Horizontal Hands.

Context: Pond zix de Lemôn, a small, lily-padded fluid hole hidden just within the brim of the town woods.

I grip the edge of the highest diving platform with my toes, as I stand so high above the trees. Small figures roam on the sand distant beneath me. They shine silver in their suits of armor, awaiting their chance at

pummeling me.

Butterflies tickle the insides of my belly. A convulsion in my lungs breaks my ribs. Chemtrails.. I notice the chemtrails circumnavigating the sky.

The clouds travel uniformly leftward, throwing off my equilibrium, as the click-clanking and rattling of the latter reminds me that I don't have forever.

I remember what life was prior to November 9th of 2016.. when the 21st Century fright-in-shining-armor first tormented the streets of Fairbanks, Alaska -- beating the shit out of everyone slow or inebriated enough to fall prey.

I remember the feelings I had experienced only before the unsatisfied masses took inspiration from this lunatic: Comfort. Ignorance of the

clock. Welcoming of drowsiness. Peace in drowsiness.

I sit cross legged on the edge of the diving platform. I watch the inward-spiraling pink waters below. At the same time, I am well-aware of the aluminum-coated fury climbing imminently in my direction.

Zooming in on the vast oasis in front of me, I watch a charcoal black bloodhawk steal a baby squawker pie from its nest. Clasp the birdie between its prongs, the bloodhawk flies out above the swirling pink.

Mother loon pies chase after it. They howl cutthroatedly and spit out acid saliva bubbling up from their bellies due to fear separation from their offspring. The bloodhawk ducks and dodges. He becomes trapped spinning in the eye of the cyclone, 100 feet above the plunging center of the whirling

water. The three birds surround the windtrapped hostage-keeping bloodhawk. The birds make eye contact with one another, rear back, and charge inwards. They wish to bash the bloodhawk's head in. But their simultaneous collisions cancel each other out. They inflict great damage to the bloodhawk, but each of them becomes trapped also in the cyclone. And, slowly, their acid saliva erodes the hips of the bloodhawk, detaching the creature's legs. The legs, alongwith the baby squawker pie (squawking), plummet hopelessly into the sweet waters.

Left are the parent loon pies, eternally bound to their child's kidnapper and murderer. Left are the parent loon pies, cursed to an eternity of treading air.

I am surprised by gentle cold steel on my naked shoulder. I

turn my head, and I am confronted by a helmeted entity, who, in a surprisingly candid tone, sings to me a sentence. "If there is anything we have learned, in all my years, it is that, if you call me Daisy, and I call you Delilah, then the two of us will blossom beautifully in the Springtime."

The knight sprints off the diving platform, and jumps headfirst outward as far as he can. Falling, he latches on to the birds who flap their wings desperately to remain afloat, and he pulls them down towards the plunging center of the whirling water -- and toward their oh-too-tasty demise.

As they fall, I feel the world warming, and I feel beads of dew appearing on my forehead. It is midday noon. The sun aligns directly about the eye of the storm. The water stirs the

viscous atmosphere, and the viscous atmosphere latches onto the sun and turns the big star like a clock. As though on an amusement ride, the sun smiles and giggles, and says (on an up turn), "things are looking up."

But I become terribly anxious. With a hot conscience and freezing feet, I pronate my palms. Time stops.

Now I am here, in my home office, staring through my skylight at a redfaced upside-down sun that growls at me as I gossip about all of this to all of you.

Frowning and upside-down, the sun says, "things are looking down."

Dennis Horizontal Hands can be reached at [dennis.hh@surrealtimes.net](mailto:dennis.hh@surrealtimes.net).

## THE AMHERST MADMAN: ON THE LOOSE AND DANGEROUS

By WES SZIMORE,  
Times Journalist



AMHERST, Massachusetts -- Reports cite the sightings of local assailant identified as the Amherst Madman. Madman was seen prowling the University of Massachusetts campus around Munson Hall dressed in his usual potato sack and recycled tire rubber attire. These claims to the Madman's return state his latest crime, breaking a state of zen, otherwise known as interrupting an unsettling silence. It was reported that on the frostbitten morning of November 9, Madman started baiting students on the

commute to class into conversations that they were both unprepared and unwilling to participate in. One witness, who wished to remain anonymous, claims Madman asked them "Why polyamorous relationships are negatively stigmatized by society as a foundation for promiscuous sex?" After this witness expressed a disinterest in the topic, Madman began to undermine the witness for their lack of response.

Madman is infamous for his past offenses of the same stature, but also has been linked to acts of spreading antisestablishmentarian propaganda by means of pseudo political comics. In most recent news, Madman has been wanted for charges of

conspiracies against the communications when he staged a mass gathering to protest what he perceived to be antisocial behavior in the Berkshire Dining Commons. If one may recall, this protest included the eavesdropping and interruption of peer to peer interactions, amounting to claims by Madman and his followers that such conversations were "meaningless" and "lacking actual human frustrations".

The location of Madman's residence is unknown, and sources suggest that this location does not exist. Evidence suggests that Madman may be living in a North Amherst barn due to his potato sack garments. Others believe based off of his scent

he may be living, or at least bathing in the Campus Pond.

Authorities advise if you do see Madman, that you do not engage in conversation, especially geopolitical debates, with him. Madman is notorious for his skills in arguing, manipulating conversations, and putting words in the mouths of others. If you have any information on the whereabouts of the Amherst Madman, please submit them anonymously to either UMass, or Amherst Police Departments by calling their toll-free tips lines.

Wes Sizmore Hands can be reached at [sizmore.wes@surrealtimes.net](mailto:sizmore.wes@surrealtimes.net).

## BAD COLLISION, HORSES TOTALLED

By COMMON OBSERVER,  
Times Correspondent

AMHERST, Massachusetts -- It was a terrible start to the week, this past Monday, and especially so for our indentured hay-eaters.

The working men and women of our town were bundled up tightly in their carriages, being pulled by their steeds, when loitering on the side of Daniel Shay's Highway was the wise Nerb (known in his modern, more reclusive form as Bill Elsasser).

Bill (Nerb) was going about his routine of weeding the sides of the street, when an apparently unprovocative and innocuous carriage suddenly provoked him enormously.

He stood from his knees, shirtless in the winter time, and began rambling, all the while

approaching the carriage brandishing his vagina mouth.

The grand finale occurred when Bill proclaimed, "You heavies look like you want some pork. I will give them what they want. I, Bill, the bastion of good will!" -- and when he pulled a 300 pound pig from his back pocket, allowing it to charge headfirst into one horse's legs, breaking them horribly, and causing a chain reaction of brutal head on horse and carriage collisions in the four way intersection with rt 9.

The people complain of his antics, but I am sure wise Nerb had a motive of some kind...

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