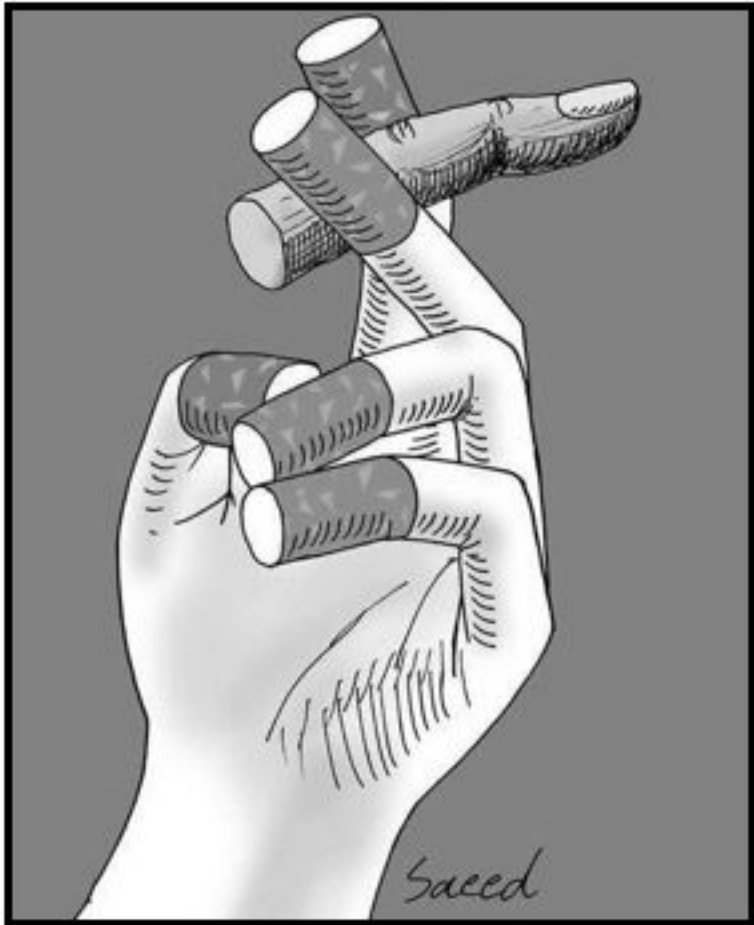


NEWSPAPER HOSTS  
STORY CONTEST

BY THE EDITORS

Submit your most utterly bonkers pieces of writing by March 1st for a chance at what will one day be remembered as the grandest prize ever given. See page 2 for more information.



NORWOTTUCK  
RAIL TRAIL TO  
BE EXTENDED

BY DERNBERGER  
SPENGLER, STAFF



AMHERST, Massachusetts -- Plans have long been in the works for an interdimensional extension to the Pioneer Valley's Norwottuck Rail Trail. The town of Amherst, at its latest open meeting, disclosed to its citizens a number of details. Most notably, it admitted to having only enough funding available to construct a single two-way portal, while originally many were expected.

After many complaints and questions about the whereabouts of tax dollars, a vote was scheduled to determine the destination of the inaugural portal. To have your say, please come to the town hall on the final Tuesday of February. Dimensions on the ballot are C-137 and 481b, and votes toward all other dimensions except for G-322 are available via write in.

citizens to vote in favor of two one-way portals instead of a single two-way portal. He explained that this could be beneficial for various reasons. Two outward-facing portals would double the number of interdimensional travel destinations available to people of the Pioneer Valley. Two inward-facing portals would give us access to the science, technology, and culture of two entirely different worlds than our own. Even a happy balance of one inward-facing portal with one disjoint outward-facing portal, might be a logical compromise to some mind's. Perhaps, in this case, a portal might be created from the destination of our outward-facing portal, and toward the source of our inward-facing portal -- paving the way for an interdimensional safari, all stemming from our very own Pioneer Valley.

The board of selectmen did eventually add Mr. Elsasser's suggestion to the ballot, but only after lengthy discourse.

Please do attend the vote.

Thank you.

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

THE RISE  
TOGETHER  
CORPERATION  
FALLS

BY ROBERTO PICCOLO,  
Surreal Times Reporter



In a shocking turn of events, the Rise Together corporation, known for supplying the recent spate of fault-parties as well as the upcoming portable Surreal Engine, has closed its doors. The board of directors unanimously resigned, and the company's assets have been set for auction. The prosecution of a team of Rise Together scientists (led by Dr. Linda

Peterson) for homicide surely played a role. However, analysts say that the extraplosion (neither an explosion nor an implosion) at the San Andreas Fault, and the subsequent ramifications for the field of Surreality research, are the true cause of the company's demise. The Surreal Times website contains additional information on this topic. Until then, this reporter says, stay safe and stay real.

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

FROM THE MOUTH  
OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI,  
Times Senior Editor



"Distraught soothsayers can only wish."

Armädeius Galouei can be reached at [armgalou@surrealtimes.net](mailto:armgalou@surrealtimes.net).

INTERESTING TREND SPREADS  
ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA

BY RAKA,  
Times Staff



The unattentive participant in this great game may not be aware of a most vibrant trend that is on the way. This is no ordinary trend; this is a trend of the mind. And the trend: "The investment of individual mind 'reprogramming'", is growing ever more popular -- and colorful!

The Surreal Times— now an international, multicultural, bilingual, shapeshifting, organization— enlisted a reporter to scout the fields of the South, and he has found that that not only is this phenomenon present in the northern empire, but the third world has managed to pick up the frequency as well. In a wild-west-cowboy-type journey, said reporter has found that even in the streets of Ecuador's capital, Quito, the trend is intact.

Pink hipsters, phosphorescent hippies, neon intellectuals, introspectives in gray, bright children, and even old men in gloom are participating. They all want to repurpose their thoughts. A specialist in the subject, Ken McMurphy, said

that in 15 years of research he has never noticed so much anxiety towards a phenomena he coined 'automatic thought'. This 'automatic thought' happens when an individual begins to create thoughts without purposefully manifesting them. Another way to put it: it is thought that is birthed without conscious effort. On the trend, McMurphy said: "So many people now insist on purposefully thinking what they desire to think; they want to reprogram their mind."

Maybe it's the times.

Maybe it's the ticking doomsday clock.

Maybe it's the clouds... But, the more this wave feeds on curious minds, the more

individuals it infects.

One woman, who insisted on being called Crystal Cazz, confessed she started doing it because her neighbors were all into "intention, self-awareness, and so on." And why be set free from automatic thought?

Next time you meet a stranger ask if they have plans to reprogram their thoughts and, uncanny enough, in the experience of said reporter, most people will flutter and yell an electrifying yes! And what is more, most already have begun.

Raka can be reached physically in Quito or virtually at [raka@surrealtimes.net](mailto:raka@surrealtimes.net).

JUGGLING MACHINE BRINGS INFINITE  
STORAGE TO THE COMMON MAN

BY PROFESSOR  
BURGOWITZ,  
Times Staff

Kippa kob kumpi'ip kob.  
Kobba anoin vrur tum tum.  
Translation for unkubs: Welcome to announcement context.

Kippa joink indur maroov.  
Translation for unkubs: Welcome to discovery land.

Kippa do:wn hubi'ib.  
Translation for unkubs: I join you in the space of your head.

:: Behold:  
Grand invention invented. You have finite space. It is possible now to have infinity possessions, in finite space.

::  
Functionality, supreme.

Functionality occurs via tremendous juggling process in which countless possessions are kept upended in the sky for time 99.99999% approximate. :In instant -> Only one possession in machine clamp, many in sky. Throughout 1,000 moments, -> all possessions pass through machine clamp. :You/upon\_desire -> access any possession via sapien hands from machine clamp.

::  
Sale-ready. Buy from store with sapien \$\$\$.

FINAL RESOLUTION: ->>> :.....:P KOP KOB LuoauTOPE. Done.

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



## NEW GAMESHOW: PILOT EPISODE AIRS TONIGHT

By **TOMMY POTENTUARY**,  
Television Personality

Hey folks! Today is the day! Tune in to channel 87 CBNRC-Live at 8:00pm central time to catch the pilot episode of "How far do you need to go, to make a hitchhiker uncomfortable enough to jump out of your convertible at a red light?" — a forthcoming game show hosted by CBNRC-Live and funded by Myspace LLC & Co Inc.

Now, if you aren't sold already, I can imagine what might going through your head, or perhaps more importantly what isn't

going through your head. You might be thinking that you may or may not wind up watching the new pilot, or worse, that you most likely won't watch it. Otherwise, you might not necessarily be thinking that you won't watch, but nonetheless be not thinking that you necessarily will. And I get it. I get it. But...

I can promise you two things in life if you are laying down right now, and three if you're standing! The first thing is that you will watch this pilot. And the second thing, is that your lifeline henceforth will shaped like one of a traveler: tossing,

turning, and meandering and intertwining with other lifelines. You will live a fantastic life, of exploration of the world's beauty — from intricate biology to wonderful expansive landscapes —, and eventually of bountiful riches.

So, you, go ahead and tune in tonight!

Good day.

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

## SURREALITY EXTINGUISHED WORLDWIDE: MYSTERIOUS "SKY-STAIRWAY" VANISHES

By **ROBERTO PICCOLO**,  
Surreal Times Reporter



After the shocking events at the San Andreas fault, recent buyers of handheld surreality counters may regret their

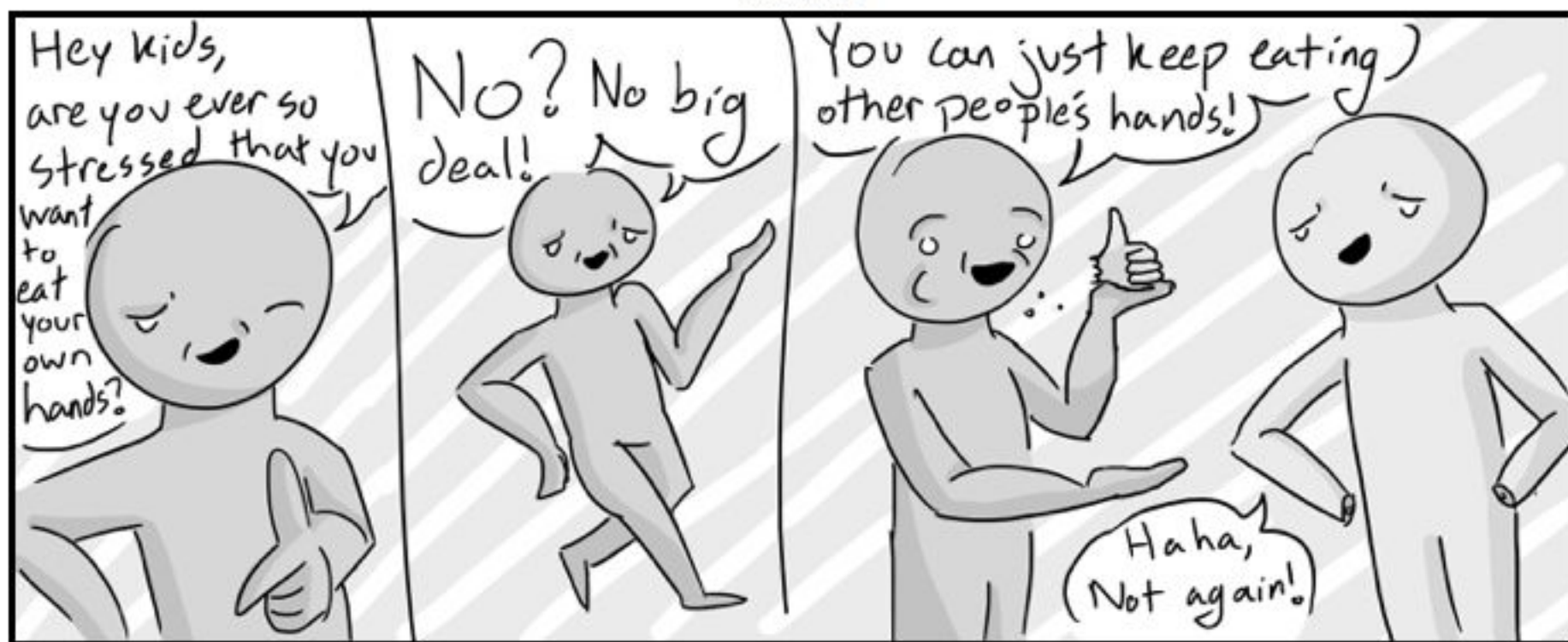
purchase. After two days of research, most main surreality researchers are now reporting being unable to detect even a trace of surreality anywhere. It would seem the extraspllosion at the fault sent an anti-surreality shockwave across the world. Simultaneously, the Surreal Times has verified reports of a strange occurrence at the San Andreas Fault, home to the largest and most inspired of the recent Fault parties. Witnesses say - and cameras confirm - a blurry, black, stairway-like shape rising up from the fault itself, into the

sky. The "stairway" hung in the air for about thirty seconds. Witnesses report it vanished at the same time they heard the extraspllosion. The stairway then vanished. Subsequent examination revealed burnt atmosphere and discordant particle behavior at repeating 90 degree angles - supporting the testimony. We will document more of this history as it unfolds.

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

## COMICOMICOMICOMIC COMIC

By **MARINA PARELLA**,  
Times Staff



Marina can be reached at [parella.marina@surrealtimes.net](mailto:parella.marina@surrealtimes.net).

## OBITUARY: RYAN PATRICK JOHNSON

By **THE EDITORS**,  
Times Staff

Mr. Johnson passed away at age 57 on January 8th. Neighbors described him as a quiet man who enjoyed stamp collecting as well as collecting and organizing automobile manuals from the 50's and 60's. Local and state authorities are investigating the case. Presently, it appears he responded to an ad looking for an accountant in this very paper. After this, he vanished. However, investigators have DNA evidence that places him at the scene of the recent

extraspllosion at the San Andreas Fault. What Mr. Johnson was doing there is unknown. His body was discovered - mangled- at a hotel relatively close to the fault. Hauntingly, human remains in a gritty, powder form were also found in the hotel. While Mr. Johnson has no living relatives, we wish those grieving for him well, and extend our condolences.

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

## A DEPRAVED SCENE AMONG OUR YOUTH

By **CHEF XENU ZORELLI**,  
Times Correspondent

A dangerous development, for the state of the youth and the nation, has taken place in the kitchens of this campus. Members of this community have been caught by the authorities for insidious and distasteful acts.

The Surreal Times sent its chief gastronomic correspondent to report on the sheer gaseous suffering caused by this atrocious act.

Chef Xenu Zorelli, in search of the dens that hold such depravity, was baffled by the secrecy involved with this nefarious activity. Zorelli's sources clammed up. People and puppies alike avoided his attempts at an interview. Mothers with baby strollers sped up as they saw his tall chef hat approaching.

Zorelli, dismayed with the unwashed masses' reaction to his presence, persisted forward with his journalistic zeal. The Surreal Times would not be where it was yesterday without Zorelli's credibility and persistence. But I digress.

He decided that other methods must be used to extract the necessary information from the people of this planet. Using his award-winning sniffer, he snuffed and huffed around corners and alleys, searching in

vain for the noxious fumes. After no success, he switched to staring into to passerby's eyes in search of tears or redness—a sure sign of depravity.

"Hey you there!" Zorelli shouted at a passerby on the sidewalk.

"Who me?" the stranger replied as he looked towards Zorelli as he approached.

"You know what I smell? Do you know what I see?" Zorelli inquired aggressively.

Trembling in fear and dripping with sweat, the stranger replied with a hurried, "No."

"I think you do," replied Zorelli.

Frozen with fear the stranger stood still on the sidewalk.

"You ever hear about the new phenomenon the youth have gotten into these days? Well, I have. And it's tearing this community apart. Layer by layer the institutions of this community have been penetrated by the perpetually dangerous act of..."

"Of what?"

"Sautéing onions with strangers!" replied Zorelli.

He was shaken by even naming the atrocity which he had sought so dearly to report,

examine and exterminate.

The stranger, exasperated by this statement and its implied accusation, began to mutter incoherently.

Zorelli broke the stranger's mumbling by shouting, "I've got to get to bottom of this and locate these dens of depravity. In this community, the air is so tainted with such vaporous fury that even the birds are getting high!"

Unable to utter full and complete thoughts, the stranger signaled with his hand that Zorelli should come with him. Following closely behind, with eyes peeled, Zorelli was led by the stranger to a building. A building by the name of Hammer Hall to be precise.

In the lobby of this drab building, the intensity of the gas increased. Zorelli started to feel nauseous. He followed the stranger down the hall. Then down the stairs into a basement. Desks and chairs were stacked high around the walls of this basement, leaving little room for movement or oxygen.

Zorelli could sense that they were approaching a den of a depravity. He began to sweat. His chef hat was moist and covered with cobwebs. The stranger led him towards a maroon door. He began to open this door....

Blinding white light and sounds of psychedelic tropical music emanated from the slow opening of this door....

Trembling and wet, Zorelli's eyes at last laid sight on what he had been searching for.

Seven humans, crouched and stood naked around the soft burning of a camping stove. Yellow, scrumptious ribbons of onion swam seamlessly in a black pan. The mingling of black pepper and sweet onions hypnotized Zorelli.

The dilated pupils of the naked mass stared at Zorelli. Zorelli's eyes grew wide.

"I've never seen such beauty in my life...I think, I think I'm in love," said Zorelli.

Intoxicated, Zorelli stripped his clothes off and crouched near a softly lit stove. His pupils dilated. He cried joyfully.

\*\*

The Surreal Times had not seen him since he embarked on this story. We are not sure about his whereabouts now. This story could not have been possible without the help of the Surreal Engine.

Chef Xenu Zorelli can be reached at [zorelli.xenu@surrealtimes.net](mailto:zorelli.xenu@surrealtimes.net).

## P.S.A. REGARDING METEOR IMPACTS

By **JONOTHAN WOODRUFF**,  
Times Correspondent

Hello. I'm Jonothan Woodruff, a geoscientist out of The University of Massachusetts Amherst. I have a public service announcement today for the people of the area and surrounding areas. Actually, what I will be announcing applies to all areas -- all surface areas, to be technical.

My announcement is regarding the impacts of meteors. Now I don't mean to say that there will be an impact any place near here any time soon. I don't mean to say that there will be a meteor impact in any place, actually, or at any time. Nor would I say otherwise, though. So I don't mean for you to worry, but I don't necessarily mean for you to not worry either. It's probably dandy, I mean. Yes. But we just don't know.

Uhhh. Let me try again.

I wish only to speak on hypothetical meteor impacts. That is all.

In the case that a meteor were ever to impact your planet of residence, there are a few things that you ought to remember.

Firstly, it is important that all

specimens leap from the ground the instant before impact, in order to escape impact. This is because those who do not leap, will be vibrated into oblivion be the meteor impact's energy dissipating across the surface.

Secondly, it is absolutely vital that the meteor does not land on top of you, no matter what precautions you take.

Thirdly, and least obviously, you must consider the shockwave of the impact. Even from the full distance afar, it will be powerful enough to disintegrate eardrums.

We in my lab advise you to keep a hold of their old mattresses, as opposed to throwing them beside the road or wherever, and to cut them into one foot by one foot squares. It would be wise to keep these in your car or someplace like that, alongside a thick roll of duct tape. This way, in the case of an impending impact, you can form makeshift ear protection on short notice.

Jonothan Woodruff can be reached at [woodruff.jonathan@surrealtimes.net](mailto:woodruff.jonathan@surrealtimes.net).



# AFTER THE EXTRASPLOSION: MOE LIVES TO TELL THE TALE

By JOE KIERLSKEGRIENGER, Times Staff



Highly-regarded Surreal Times investigative reporter Moe “Tiny,” Schlemiel, has survived the extraplosion. He is alive, conscious, and verbal, albeit riddled with the after effects of surreality exposure. While his pineal gland may never fully recover, Moe has shared his notes with me. The stairway to the stars, the sudden vanishing of all surreality, the death of Ryan Johnson, the murkiness

surrounding the Rise Together corporation - Moe thinks he has pieced it all together. The identity of the lunatic who hurled an anti-surreality engine (or as some call it, a hyper-mundane engine) into the fault, triggering the extrasplosion, may finally be at hand. Join me on the Surreal Times Website as I try to work it all out, both from my own investigation, correspondance with my colleague Roberto Piccolo, and Moes findings.

The link is <http://surrealtimes.net/article/?id=181>.

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

# HAMPSHIRE COUNTY JAIL AND HOUSE OF CORRECTIONS RE-OPENS

By COMMON OBSERVER, Times Correspondent



While visiting the renovated prison, I had the pleasure of meeting many walks of life that I didn't know had ever walked. From evil, to too good to be true, the inmates -they each shook my hand in lieu of breaking through — through me, through the legal hoop jumps and loop holes, and eventually to the free world.

I had the chance to meet a good number of them. The warden, their gauge of approval, stood by my side, while they brandished to me their best masks. Whenever they would change their masks, the warden would cover my eyes with his handkerchief during the times when their

true forms were exposed.

Upon returning to the warden's office by his side, I asked him why the inmates wore masks, and why I wasn't allowed to see them without masks on.

He told me that they did not have the right to an identity. The court had confiscated the identity of each level 3 or higher level criminal. This was a high level only prison, housing only inmates of level 4 or higher. The prisoners had taken it upon themselves to construct new identities for themselves with paper mache home-crafted from toilet paper and milk.

Now, if it was an identity that they sought after, then why did they change masks so frequently? And why did the warden cover my eyes?

It was because, as I learned, they wished to test different identities on outsiders, as to see which would conform most lushly with the free world. And

it was because, as I learned, the warden wished them well and wished to help them by preventing my impressions of their masks from being tainted by my impressions of their blankenned identity-less faces.

This told me that, while I had been told that the prison was a system of abuse, it is actually a system quite different from that.

It is a system in which prisoners wield dozens of identities like chefs do recipes. And it is a system in which desperate shape-shifting reptiles roam the prison yard — made charred by the mixing of their multiple colored personalities into a muck which hardens in the hot prisonyard sun. And it is a system in which there lives a single pure sheep, kept untainted within the boundaries of his remarkable project.

In the prison, inmates or “undifferentiated renewables”

as they are sometimes called, are made to smash big rocks into smaller rocks. But one particular pure sheep, a calm collected man from Minnesota, always refused to comply. He took many whippings for the large rocks he would hide away in his private stash. But he takes whippings no more — for he has constructed (with his saved stones) a grand castle for himself within the prison yard walls. Today, he lives in this castle. Neither the guards nor the unpleasant reptiles have access to him. And he uses a carrier pigeon to retrieve books, pen & paper, and food -- and, of course, for the delivery of his letters.

He wears not a mask. He has not a false identity. He is known only for the place in which he resides in tranquility.

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

# THE BALOON: HUMPTY-DUMPTY RETOLD, P1

By OLD SOULS ANONYMOUS, Times Correspondent

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. All the King's Horses, and all the King's Men, Couldn't put Humpty together again.*

A tall grey building stands near the end of Main Street. The building itself is nearly unremarkable. It's only remarkable feature is a large window, which is at eye level and spans most of the building's width. Passersby occasionally look into it, but not to see what the insurance

agency is up to. The passersby want only to look at their reflections in the pristine, windexed glass. A man smooths down his neatly parted hair, on his way to a date. A woman glances towards it perfunctorily as she walks by, just to make sure she still exists. The office workers inside are perplexed; what interests so many strangers in their way of life?

In front of this window is a park bench, even though there is no park for a few train stops. A few years ago, this bench was uprooted from a modest park and moved to its current location. A recent war had seen the space overpopulated with

benches, due to their popularity as in *memoriam* commissions among upper middle class families. Thus, a committee of civic bureaucrats voted to relieve it of a few benches, and to distribute them about the city. It took two years for the city and park management to realize that benches could exist elsewhere in the city, and perhaps even thrive as amenities for pedestrians.

Cars drive by it, and the pedestrians rarely rest on the bench, although there are some who sleep on it at night. A small rectangle in the center, where the wood appears lighter than the wood surrounding it, marks the silhouette of an in

*memoriam* plaque, which is now gone. The family of the deceased might have removed it. Alternatively, it might have been removed by a public relations official for the insurance company behind the bench, who decided that an in *memoriam* seemed a little too odd, a little too inappropriate, to be in front of the tall grey insurance agency near the end of Main Street, and had to go because it wasn't consistent with the company's aesthetic.

Old Souls Anonymous can be reached at [oldsouls@surrealtimes.net](mailto:oldsouls@surrealtimes.net).

# NOTES ON THE MASTER CHEF'S KITCHEN

By ZULU Z. ZULU,

A battle, a balancing act  
bubbling gold drought ridden rocks  
contend for energy  
dancing  
dancing  
to an unknowable, intangible tune that permeates  
the canvas, the white plaster walls, pollinating bees  
just look  
dabble and immerse  
fall, flip somersault roll  
fall and splash  
calm

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

# AN INSPIRING AND VIRTUOUS TALE UNFOLDS BEFORE OUR EYES

A discrete local conglomeration makes the best of a watery situation.

By EARNEST, Times Correspondent

This Sunday was the pinnacle of a perfect storm. Existing snow, combined with torrential rain, has spawned particularly troublesome flooding conditions. One house in Sunderland exemplifies the state of the area.

This house stands wobbly on South Silver Lane, just beside the shore of the Connecticut River. It's inhabitants include a folk song singing bigfoot, a gallant rider of stallions, the soul of the dancing canis major, an orphaned Martian scholar, and a purveyor of lands. All of the house's inhabitants possess their differing individual backgrounds and characteristics. Still they find common ground in activities

such as cattle prancing and underground racing.

They found more common ground this Saturday, when the lake across from their home jumped its barrier. Thousands of gallons of rain and melted snow swashed in around their home. Soon, the soul of the dancing canis major alerted the others that their basement was flooding.

These fellows hadn't a choice but to band together, using whatever they could to remove the the water from their cellar, pursuing a common goal using their individual means. One scooped water with an old guitar. Another vacuumed, sending gallon by gallon through a series of connected paper towel rolls which acted as an extension long enough to take water up the stairs and out the door. Another tossed scoops of water rapidly out the window using his hands. And another disintegrated water droplets by the dozen with his

mind. Surreal Times writer Dernberger Spengleton also aided to the best of his abilities with this mission, as did weatherman Weather-J.

It was, if nothing else, a tremendous bonding experience. Unfortunately, despite these individuals' collectively multitudinous, extravagant, and powerful skillset -- they were unable to combat the flood.

But, as the mysterious "they" always says: "if you can't beat 'em, join em!" -which is exactly what this crew did without a moment of hesitance; they enthusiastically pivoted their feet, twirled much like dancers, and in one swoop fortified their cellar walls --- not for the purpose of keeping water out, but instead, to retain the water that they had so fortunately gained, and which had been so miraculously heated automatically by their hot water heater.

As I write, these fellows are

charging admissions to their basement hot tub pool. They are transforming their garage into a sauna. And they are attracting customers from far and wide to listen to their music while enjoying their spa. They are attracting so many customers, in fact, that they were able to declare themselves a conglomeration and begin allowing bigfoots and ancestors of bigfoots to bathe in their home free of charge.

An inspiring story.

*Post script: I have been informed of a change to the policy of the South Silver Conglomeration -- about which I am unsure of my sentiment. From this point forward, unfaithful or non-practicing bigfoots are forbidden from South Silver Sauna and Bath (SSSB).*

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

# BURGOWITZ RESIGNS

By THE EDITORS, Times Staff

Professor Burgowitz has for many years maintained a reputation of the highest caliber here at The Surreal Times. We long ago learned to expect consistent and flawless output from his pen, and he has always fulfilled his expectations, and more so.

Last week, however, brought an abrupt change in the professor. He came to us, seemingly with a different brain, a spell cast over him, or having been disease-stricken, and with a piece of cryptic alleged journalism in his hand. He insisted that it was solid work on his part per usual. But, to us, and we imagined to our largely earthing readership, it was intractable.

Four times, we sent him our scrupulous edits, and four times he replied with equally codified writing. Each time, his frustration grew (as did ours), because neither we nor he

wished to go through such strenuous editing protocols. But, what could be done? We were ultimately forced to send our most respected Burgowitz home for the day.

As thanks to the professor for his contributions to our cause, we committed to publishing his latest work despite its flaws. In fact, we opted to show it on the front page. It was Friday. We assumed he would return to work normal on Monday.

But, to our dismay, shortly later, we received a phone call from the professor himself. He announced to us his official resignation. And, in response to our subsequent inquiries as to why he had decided to resign, he provided us with a momento: a rubix cube. The moment we set this cube down on our examination table, it exploded into its many component cubes. Left was a grand mess, along with a note which read: "figure it for yourselves, brain-heads".



# A PECULIAR OCCURENCE SOURCED FROM HISTORY

## The Story of Timothy The Round Uncovered

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER, Times Staff



I have been researching small, low-profile towns across Massachusetts and the states in general, in hopes of finding news that has already occurred but was never outed to the public ear.

Hudson, Massachusetts, is a small town in which I have spent significant time roaming and speaking with people from various walks of life. I've heard many stories in Hudson. I would like to share with you one of them. It is about a boy named Timothy.

Timothy once lived in Hudson.

Timothy had but one quality; he was fat. His buddies, however, varied widely in the number and nature of their qualities.

Jimmy Grunsom, for example, wore a tuxedo suit to his mother's wake. The wake took place at a small funeral home in Hudson. If Jimmy had not been the only child of a widow, he might have stood alongside his siblings and father at the wake. He might have shook hands with and gave hugs to the many teary-eyed givers of condolences who had made appearances. But Jimmy, having no living family members — he strutted in, one hour and fifteen minutes late, wearing his muddied cowboy boots. An old woman kneeled at the feet of Jimmy's mother's casket, saying her final goodbyes. Jimmy slammed the casket shut, though, making the kneeling woman cry and whimsically closing away his embalmed mother having not bothered to say goodbye first.

Jimmy sat on his mother's casket. He rested his backpack on his knees. He unzipped the thing and reached inside in order to get his hands on a thick, important-looking book aged many hundreds of years.

Carefully, he placed this book beside him, on the casket.

He tossed his backpack into the crowd of shaken mourners. It hit the chest of a feathery conservative woman, a stereotypical image of a 17th century aristocrat, and it landed on her lap.

"Gosh!", she squealed. She was

flustered. She snorted while trying to catch her breath.

With everyone's attention, Jimmy crossed his right leg over his left, and opened to a page somewhere about midway through his ginormous book, and he read the following poetry.

*"I see red cheeks,  
and I see blue eyes.  
I see weird freaks,  
and I eat French fries  
when the crowds are  
sparse enough for me  
to see through the woods  
and past the normality  
of it all."*

Boy Grunsom slammed the book shut. He rested his hands on top of it. And he stared straight into the eyes of that conservative-looking woman. She was gripping onto Jimmy's backpack, which remained on her lap. She gasped when Jimmy raised his arm and pointed directly toward her.

In a staunch, powerful voice contrasting with his poetry-reading tone, Jimmy said, "I see your ass is tight, women." And he told her, "Loosen up, bird lady. Think about it. What's the point?"

The woman turned red. She blew steam from her ears. She was furious; but she was also horrified. She froze, short-circuiting in place. If she were a turtle, she would have hidden inside her shell. But, she was bird-like, and so she fluffed up her feathers and hid behind those.

Jimmy shifted his attention to the crowd in general.

"See this book," he said. "Read the fucking thing."

He pointed to some tall, overweight, aloof-looking fella equipped with one of those curly French mustaches. "Especially you."

Jimmy pointed to a well-dressed midget, and he said, "And you, short stuff."

Finally, Jimmy pointed back to the conservative-looking lady. He stared at her intently, pensively, thinking of what to do with her. Suddenly an idea brought life to his eyes.

Jimmy Grunsom picked The Book over his head. He gazed upwards as though he was offering his gift to the Gods. The people in the funeral home jumped when he roared like a lion, and when, with two hands, he hurled the heavy old book at the conservative lady's head, shattered her glasses and caused her to bleed somewhat and cry.

Promptly, Jimmy stood from his mother's casket. He walked over to the lady who he had thrown the book at. She was afraid of him more than ever.

"Don't bother being afraid," Jimmy said. "I'm not out to hurt you. I just want to fetch my belongings."

At this, Jimmy pulled his backpack out like a tablecloth

from underneath The Book, leaving The Book alone resting on the lady's lap. With his empty backpack, he walked to the double window behind the casket. He swung the window doors open wide, exposing a cold winter breeze that sent the curtains dancing. Then he tossed his backpack out and into the snow. Shortly after, he jumped into the snow himself.

The conservative-looking woman wiped blood and tears from her eyes. Despite her shattered spectacles, she could make out Jimmy Grunsom, in his white tuxedo, stooping through the snow and towards the road. From such a distance, and without her glasses, she didn't have the resolution to detect his putting up his thumb. But when a barreling snowplow came to a sudden stop, and when Jimmy Grunsom pulled himself into the passenger seat of said snowplow, the conservative-looking woman knew that the strange, abrasive young man, who had given her a hard time, would never be seen again.

Timothy The Round had been sitting behind the conservative-looking woman and slightly to her side. So, he too witnessed Jimmy Grunsom's departure.

Doing my research, I learned that Jimmy Grunsom and Timothy The Round had been buddies since birth, basically. Timothy The Round never did much, but when he wasn't doing much, he was always by Jimmy Grunsom's side. Because Jimmy was a cool guy. And when Jimmy was a kid, Jimmy was a cool kid.

"Jimmy always had ideas and stuff," Timothy is said to have said. "This one time, the buds and I were sitting around, eating frozen chocolate milk bars. We weren't doing nothing. Jimmy came in and he said to us: 'Hey, buds, we can sell this stuff.' So, with Jimmy leading the way, we trademarked our patented Frozen Chocolate Milk Bars, and we setup a lemonade stand of sorts. We made a bunch of cash. Jimmy was so proud that the scheme worked out. For a day or two, he was so damn satisfied, he did nothing but be proud and lay in his hammock, drinking Kawaii juice. But it wasn't long before he probably got all excited about some new idea. He was always getting excited about new ideas and stuff."

A few weeks went by since Jimmy hitchhiked out of town. Then, late into the night, one night, the big bald man with his French mustache sat whimpering in the cold, at the nearest bus stop to where he'd last seen his friend. Eventually, a yellow behemoth came along. The fat man handed the driver a dollar. And that was that. Like Jimmy, Timothy The Round was never again seen around the parts of Hudson.

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# THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUET'S SURROGATE,  
Mechanical Contraption

From management: *An important task is encoded over this maze by spectacular isomorphism. By beginning at the starting point and finding your way to the target point, 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).*



Heuristic for this maze: use bridges physical in nature.

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## MAIL TRUCK CRASHES, MAKES STRONG IMPRESSION ON WITNESSES

By PATTY GEORTENHUL,  
Inwriter

It was cold, but only because we'd gotten used to it being so warm. It was lonesome, but only because we'd become accustomed to company. Mary and I sat blanketed in our recliner chairs, sinking deeply and more deeply into their sludgifying rolls, as we deliberated whether or not to invite over neighbors who could render our supper a dinner party.

I or someone else might say that the new came to us as old, when Mary told me, "Patty, I am remembering something. There is a memory so potent in my head. I haven't the context of it. I don't know what it is. And certainly it lacks any relevance to this here moment. But, Patty, I just must describe to you what I am remembering. I simply cannot not."

I told her, "Mary, sure. Describe to me whatever you'd like."

And she told me that she indeed would...

"I remember seeing a small, reddening mailman out my window -- absurdly small and terribly angry after crashing his truck into a mailbox (and having gotten stuck on top of the thing). He was not strong enough to unstuck the truck himself. So he sought help at the front doors of neighboring homes.

"He asked a man from a small blue house for help lifting his mail truck out of its stuck spot. This man said that he could not help due to his bad back.

"The mailman proceeded to a pink house, where an old widow provided him the excuse of being too old.

"Finally, he proceeded to a

gray house, where a gray man admitted to being far too depressed.

"Three houses flumped, and that was that. I watched this little red fellow stare at his hopeless truck and brood over the ruined day, the skid marks, and the aftermath of spinning tires. I watched him become shorter and shorter, more red, and more angry.

"Then I watched as he noticed the yellow sun which gave him hope. Under its warmth, he scanned the homes around his vicinity. Aha! He noticed the single yellow home in the neighborhood -- a humble but well kept, pretty abode. He marched fiercely toward this ranchhouse, in the way a police officer approaches a vandalizing hooligan. And, just as he reared back his hand in preparation for a knock...

"Knock! Knock knock knock! KNOCK!

"A knock arose at our very door, Patty! --- during the very moment when the mailman appeared to be knocking on the neighbor's door. My noticing that you had disappeared from your recliner made me uneasy... I was confused, yes, but still set on answering the door. When I did do it, I found my perspective to have been suddenly shifted to the outside of the doorway. I stood looking at a perfect copy of myself on the inside, from the outside! I looked over my copy's shoulder and down the line of our living room hallway. I could see Aunt Jean's bedroom dresser that she gifted for Christmas a few years ago to us to hold all of our kitchenware. That is how I knew it was our house.

"Truly unusual. I was let into my own house by my self, Patty, and shown into the living room, where you sat in your

recliner chair yet again! But I looked at the hands of the body I was in, and they were not mine; I was someone else.

"I remember, Patty, seeing you and me sitting there, and being for some reason completely frustrated, and wanting to take out these frustrations on you and me. I said mean things over and over again. And, I was so angry, my resident body (as one might call it?) was overheating wildly. You and myself began to sweat, and my resident body's feet melted flat spots on the carpet.

"You and my self became progressively miserable because of the things I was saying and the heat I was conjuring. I could see what was happening. But still, I felt compelled to continue -- even despite the faces on you and myself of complete and utter disdain for \*my\* company..."

Mary paused.

"Yes, Mary?", I said, to assure her that I hadn't fallen asleep.

"That is all I remember, Patty."

"What do you make of it?"

"I'm not sure, Patty. But I do not want any dinner guests tonight or during any night foreseeable. And, I wish for the heat to be turned off. Possibly also I would like to install an air conditioner.

"Okay", I told her. But, I said, "It is winter time on this side of the world."

"I understand, but an air conditioner would be nice. Just you and I, and some A.C."

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