

NEW, IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

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THE TIMES, LOOKING FOR WRITERS

THE SURREAL TIMES

"All the weirdness that's
too unreal to print."

October 24th, 2016 .:|. surrealtimes.net

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world since 10/24/2016.

An Overture: the grand symphony of everything

By THE EDITORS
Times Staff

In these Surreal Times, a
newspaper is required to
document the history currently

unfolding. Four doctors of
journalism have dedicated
themselves to unearth the truth
that lies somewhere beneath the
crust of what was formerly
perceived. What they have

discovered so far has been told
in these stories.

The Editors can be reached at
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From the mouth of the pig:

By ARMÁDEIUS GALOUËI
Times Staff

"Spicy Algorithm.
Come forth Now..."

Armádeius Galouëi can be
reached at
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Baby Squeezers Spotted, Walking Calmly, Sometimes Grimacing

By ZULU Z. ZULU
Times Staff

ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico
- Recently there have been a
series of seemingly unrelated
assaults on the youth of New
Mexico's largest city. Most of
these crimes have been
committed by men, who tend to
have a female accomplice. In
every neighborhood: poor and
rich, black and white, with
cactus and without cactus these
acts have been witnessed. They
have even inspired copycats
and spinoffs.

Witnesses describe the
perpetrators as having babies in
what must be kevlar enclosures
strapped to their chests. Not
only does this compress the
babies' lungs, but these savvy,
inconspicuous delinquents are
using these children as human

shields. Kevlar is known for its
bulletproof properties, and if
you were to add a stone or two
(Yes, that is a form of
measuring weight. One stone is
equal to 14 pounds. Count on
the fucking British to come up
with some bullshit like
"stones". What's the weight of
a "rock"? Fuck it why not
measure things in "pelicans",
one "pelican" is equal 1.697
stones. Settled.) of human flesh
between you and the bullet and
the kevlar your safety can only
increase. Despite the obvious
health benefits to the wearer it
is a sickening practice.

Many of these deranged folk
with infant shields have the
child facing them so they can
slobber on the victim's face
while he asphyxiates, likely to
death. Witnesses report the

adult's favorite location to lick
the children is right between
their eyebrows. "The most
likely cause for this is that they
are trying to suck out the
child's pituitary gland. Many
vitamin C addicts are known
for this behavior as the gland is
rich in it. What most addicts
don't realize is that the gland is
inaccessible when it's behind
the skull, one would have to
remove it to get the valued
resource. A vitamin C
addiction can lead people to a
dark place, where they make
strange, very strange decisions.
I would recommend police start
tracking anyone who makes
large purchases of oranges,"
said local crime expert and
renowned homeless man
Ezequiel Zhivago.

The baby squeezers are not

hard to spot, they're usually
sweaty and they've got a
fucking baby strapped to their
chest! Aim for the head or the
legs please, don't hit the
innocent little kid. For God's
sake the last thing this city
needs right now is a bunch of
dead infants. Copycats have
started strapping the children
into small cars known as
carriages or strollers; detectives
are working hard to figure out
how the adult benefits from
this. It remains unknown how
the child and the adult come
into contact in these cases,
police believe the babies are
just hitchhikers in need of
some extra cash.

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A peculiar occurrence

By DERNBERGER
SPENGLTON
Times Staff

On the seventh day of October
in the year 2016, it was a
magnificent day. The sun
shined. It was not so hot. It was
such a magnificent day that a
group of cave dwellers
ventured outside their caves.
Among this group there were
two birds, there was an ant-
eater, and there was a curious
chipmunk.

Each individual creature
emigrated from its cave on its
own. So there were four
wondrous independent
discoveries on the seventh day
of October.

One bird smelled in the breeze
a potluck of smells that carried
from the previous nighttime's
rain, which had germinated the
world for this day.

The melancholy ant-eater

followed a stream of scurrying
ants. Without meaning to, he
ventured into the sunlight.
Rarely would he frequent the
sunlight. But on this day, the
colors and smells and the
warmth of the sun gravitated
with his soul. So he went down
to the watering hole where he
found the two birds yipping
and yapping and kissing each
other's beaks. He say hello.
They did as well. And when
the birds returned to their
business, the ant-eater had a
drink and sprawled out on his
back to get some sun on his
belly.

It took quite a while for the
curious chipmunk to build
courage enough to take part in
the watering hole congregation.
But with the encouragement of
Mrs. Bird, he did.

See "A Peculiar Occurrence" on
page 2.

An Explanation

By DOCTOR GOLDSTIEN
Times Staff

The mirror reflected a frown
cascading down the wrinkles of
an aged face. After 33 years,
life had painted itself on that
once clean slate with deep
scars and purple bags. A hand,
weathered from sifting through
strangers shit, grasped for the
Ben Nye White on his wife's
desk. "Fucking bitch" he
growled to the empty audience
of his bedroom as his jade face
was powdered into a clean
white template. He winked at
his reflection as a oversized red
smile began to bloom.

"Now" he exhaled to the room
with relief, digging through his
wife bureau, "where's my fun
knife?" He pushed a pile of
socks to the side, revealing a
steel meat cleaver. Picking up
the wooden handle, he giggled
at himself in the reflection
before licking the flat of the
blade. "Yummyyyy" he
whispered, dragging out the
first and last 'Y.'

"Daddy will you read me a

bedtime story" his daughter
chirped from her bedroom.

He froze with an ironic gesture
of shock, then tiptoed into the
kitchen with exaggerated
strides, trying to stifle his
giggles.

"Where are you going? Does a
clown need their septic
pumped?" his wife said coldly,
glancing at him through the
bloodshot corner of her eyes.
Her hands scrubbed angrily at
the dishes in the sink.

"Now Karen..." he said with a
bi-layered smile, "why the fuck
would I tell you?"

He honked her nose twice and
left through the front door, mud
dancing off his boots with each
step towards the company
truck. He paused at the door,
staring at the words painted on
the side - Hampshire County
Plumbing. Cocking his head to
the side, a growl purred from
the bottom of his throat, rolling
into an aggravated roar. The



jaundice in his eyes was
conquered by a white anger,
and leveraging the momentum in
his shoulders he slashed the
cleaver into the heart of the
logo.

He smiled and drove off into
the night, watching his wife
stare blankly down a foaming
drain in the rear view mirror
behind him.

The truck door swung open and
on oversized red shoe stepped
out. Prying the cleaver from the
metal slab of meat he tuned
into the sounds leaking from

the cracks of a lichen barn.
"And we're sick of it..." The
rest was drowned out with
supporting cheers.

Throwing the barn door open, a
chaparral landscape of
multicolored wigs was revealed
in front of him. Their shadows,
cast by a burning pile of
mannequins, danced on the
elongated body of a man in a
tattered blue suit. In his stiffs,
he

See "An Explanation" on page
2.

Letter of the editor

By REVEREND GARLAND
HOBBS
Reverend

Subjects of the God,

Please, reach into your soul
and find what is necessary to
relay the contents of this letter
through your prayers. In a
vicinity as sinful as mine, I
fear my prayers, though
genuine, could not distinguish
themselves from their
dwarfing surroundings. Please,
pray.

I have been jailed along with
the entirety of The Church.
My bishops and archbishops
and my cardinals. Even The
Pope! We have all, inside our
Grand Chapel, been trapped
within a Luciferian Dome.

I had been admiring the Grand
Chapel on that very day. In
fact, I remarked to myself,
then to a church-goer, how
grand our Grand Chapel was. I
remarked how fortunate we
were. See, but in doing this, I
focused on the it rather than
the all. So when the darkness

came, I thought immediately
that it was God's work. I
thought possibly it was a
lesson of how I ought to spend
more time in the all than the it.

But this was my Monkey
Mind at work, prompted by
the devil himself — a seed,
rather, made to thrive in the
climate that is my faith in our
Lord.

This dome is a blasphemy. So
I command you! Pray and do.
Do away with this dome. Free
me and the church to spread
the word of God.

Here, I am allowed only
meager food and drink, and
this is my final page to write
on. The guards refuse to
provide any more. As well,
they refuse to allow me to
provide to myself. Therefore I
place my faith in your, reader
of The Surreal Times.

Pray and Do,

Save me,

Your fellow subject,
Reverend Garland Hobbs.

An Explanation

(Continued). towered over the crowd facing him.

"Masked! They're all masked! Hiding their frowned faces behind painted on smiles. They're the real fucking clowns! And they dare to be scared of us?! God only knows what hideous reality lies behind that makeup!" The man danced with his hands and stilt for emphasis as he spoke. "The last thing they want to hear is the truth!" A cunning smile sprouted beneath his artificial red lips. "So, gentleclowns, if they don't want to hear us, we'll have to show them. Make them feel the truth!" His smile outgrew the paint on his face. "And we will, we will. But for now... let's fucking party!"

The stilted man's eyes rolled back behind his blue eyeshadow as 'Entrance of the

Gladiators' vented from a piano in the corner of the room. "A true circus classic!" he sang as his fingers danced on the broken keys.

The crowd erupted into a frenzy; dancing, juggling their knives, and drinking heavily. A midge in a green wig shattered his bottle of Smirnoff off the head of a burning mannequin, spreading the fire across the floor and igniting the leg of the piano. The stilted man continued to play and the crowd continued to revel as the fire danced up the wooden frame of the barn. He roared with a euphoric rage at the structure, collapsing above him.

The clouds of ash settled and the piano, still burning, hummed the final cadence of the outro. "Let's ride" he said, breaking the shocked silence. A herd of cars drove off in different directions, leaving their fallen allies behind, smiling, in the burnt rubble.

A pair of jaundiced eyes glowed from a thicket of trees, watching a flock of freshmen return home from a night of raging face. "Here we go" he said with a furtive smile.

"Rachel you're like gone" one of the guys in the flock boomed in a voice contrived deep in his chest.

"No i'm fine, i'm like actually fine," she replied back, words dribbling through her cherry lips.

"Ain't...no...telling...what... I'm...finna... be ooon!" Another girl sang over the baseline of conversation.

"I'm beyoooooonnd!" the other girls chimed back.

The guys exchanged irritated eye contact over the heads of the singing girls.

"That shit's so real" one of them interceded, coming to a halt in the middle of the South West tunnel. She wrestled a

phone out of her back pocket, angling it up and to the side.

"Hey lil' mama would you like to be my sunshine?" they bellowed at their reflection in that little glass screen, reflecting their immaculately painted faces and contorted bodies.

The camera panned slightly up, revealing an oversized pair of red shoes skipping towards them. They froze and the clown froze with them, pretending to be startled by their observation of him.

One of the guys let out a shrill, gargled cry from the top of his throat and hiking up his skinny jeans he sprinted towards Kennedy tower. The rest of the flock followed suit, leaving the clown giggling to himself, alone, under the sterile lights of the South West tunnel.

@CrispyBasil: Holy fuck theres a dude dressed up as a clown under the South West bridge #shitsfucked

Angry mobs poured from the South West towers, armed to the teeth with baseball bats, hockey helmets, boxing gloves, and plenty of booze. Confused at first, the sea of students soon boiled into a exulted riot, gushing towards the tunnel.

The Minutemen, equipped and ready for battle, halted at the mouth of the underpass, mesmerized. The clown stood there, giggling, at the opposite end, which seemed worlds away. "Uh oh" he snickered at the mob, waiting for them to make the first move. They charged towards the clown, still giggling to himself, as he hastily tip toed away.

Bottles catapulted from the heart of the frenzied horde, a 40 oz of Old English shattering off the clown's red wig. He fell and turned in submission to the swarm gathering around him. As he looked up, his blue eye shadow and white face paint ran down his cheeks, staining the frill of his polka-dotted onesie and revealing the

wrinkles on his jaded face.

"Did I... scare you?" he asked, looking back down sheepishly.

The only response was a ubiquitous blank stare. He smiled contently to himself. "Kind of felt good, didn't it?" he said, directing his attention to a boy holding a Louisville Slugger.

The look in the boy's eye didn't change as he raised the Slugger above his head. The clown held his hands up in defense, still wielding the meat cleaver. The boy caught a glimpse of his reflection in the steel blade, pausing for a moment, before bringing the bat down with an unearthed force.

He looked up, blood splattered across his pale face, and for the first time in his life, smiled.

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A peculiar occurrence

He circled inward and eventually laid on his back beside the ant-eater, who made good company for him. The two talked while the birds swooned and told each other how wonderful they were...

"How have things been?", asked the chipmunk.

"Good. Good. The bugs are abundant. And my, how wonderful the weather is."

"For me things have been good as well. My brother is growing healthy."

"That is good, Chip. I'm glad."

"These have been hard times, providing for the family myself," admitted the chipmunk.

"Yes?"

"I've been fearing that the supply is too low."

"Oh, Chip," said the ant-eater, "I have seen your supply."

"You have?", asked the chipmunk.

"Yes."

"Well... well, what do you think?", the chipmunk asked nervously.

"It is anything but low."

"Truly, you think so?", asked the chipmunk.

The ant-eater said, "Yes. Of course." And from those words came enormous relief on the part of the chipmunk. So if before he was not relaxed, he now was — perhaps more so than he ever had been.

Together, the animals watched the sun rise.

Then, precisely at a certain time, the chipmunk said, "hey.



Look at that. That there."

It was a peculiar item in a peculiar place. A pinecone balanced atop the upward-shooting water of the natural spring. For this, the birds stopped their swooning. It was as though a million little beings joined forces in grand ephemeral harmony to keep this great tree afloat. This grand tree up which the chipmunk climbed and found a great hole. This grand tree around which the birds flew and played and eventually where they built their nest where they would go on to raise their baby birds. This grand tree in which the ant-eater found a magnificent center hollowed but for a delectable supply of candy.

The chipmunk brought his old mother and his sick but healing brother to this grand tree. They started a new life of abundance there, trading tree grubs for acorns which the ant-eater would swiftly retrieve.

In the tree, the chipmunk met a lady chipmunk. And for one hundred million years, they and their offspring and their offspring's offspring lived in this grand tree. The birds and their offspring's offspring did the same, living a lovely life of harmonious love. All the while, the ant-eat had his candy; he retrieved what needed to be retrieved that couldn't be flown by air; and he cleaned away the tree's rot, thereby ensuring harmonious love for eternities to come. He was glad to serve more than himself, and he enjoyed his candy.

Every day henceforth, the animals swam in their watering hole.

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IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

By PROFESSOR BURGOWITZ
University of Dortmund

Last year, researchers at the University of Dortmund uncovered evidence confirming that the fabled Edo-be-nash society predated the Indus Valley people and the Sumerians as well. This discovery suggested to the archeological world that this society was indeed the first society there has ever been.

So came a wave of interest in archaeology from students and professionals alike. Students from far and wide abandoned their engineering and doctoral pursuits. Likewise, veteran archeologists and anthropologists redirected their attention. All these people had differing disciplines and motivations. Some looked for gold. Others wanted to understand how our world came to be. With their various reasons, these people converged to the grand ruins of Edo-be: where water is abundant and fruit trees grow uncontrollably.

In his book, *The Rise and Fall of Edo-be*, Jameson Eldar theorized that Grandpa Bom-nash, the principal master of the -nash dynasty, had at one point been a hunter-gatherer. He was born into the hunter-gatherer lifestyle. And until his late teens, he wandered with his parents in search of food and water. It is possible that Bom-nash and his family traveled with a small tribe of hunter-gatherers. Eldar argues this is unlikely, though, and he bases much of his subsequent theorizing on this judgment.

This Jameson Eldar separated Bom-nash's life into four stages. The first: his hunter-gatherer days. The second: the period after Bom-nash's parents became too old to continue hunting and gathering. At this point, Bom-nash hadn't a choice but to leave his parents for dead in order to provide for himself.

This second stage spanned two dozen years, by Eldar's

ARCHEOLOGICAL

estimate. It consisted of miserably cold winters and year-long hunger. It ended after a particularly cold, starving winter, during which their wasn't a berry to be picked or a squirrel to be feasted upon within miles. It ended when Bom-nash came upon a wondrous natural spring where warm, steamy water shot from the ground and formed a pool fertile with algae and fish and voluptuous mellow trees rooting under under the water. Grandpa Bom-nash bathed in this pool, and he ate its mellow and its fish, and he slept for longer in one night than he had in his whole life.

Elder paints a beautiful picture. At dawn, Bom-nash wakes up feely mightily confused. His belly is painfully plump. His legs are warm, but their is ice around his waist. The sun, reflecting off flowing water and the snow everywhere, the sun blinds him. But in his blindness, Bom-nash sees an odd shimmering in the three-foot wide border of ledge surrounding the water pool. The warmth of the water radiated enough heat to this border to melt the snow there. And in the exposed ledge, Bom-nash discovered a limitless gold. Finding this gold marked the dawn of Bom-nash's third stage, according to Eldar. Because with this gold, Bom-nash convinced hunter-gatherers from all around to come join him in Edo-be.

Eldar explained how Bom-nash and company constructed small huts around the natural spring. These formed the basis of a village, and how the village grew into a city, and how this city eventual became the Edo-be-nash Empire that we remember today by its three great towers, the enormous man-enlarged lake at its center, and its vast outward-pouring network of aqueducts.

That entails the "rise" section of the *Rise and Fall of Edo-be*. The "fall" occurred when the

empire grew so large, the citizens of its external most posts were getting only the trickling leftovers of the wealthy elite who perched themselves just beside Edo-be Lake. Eventually the masses grew so angry, they invaded the center, slaughter the wealthy and tore down their towers.

This fellow, Jameson Eldar, describes Granpa Bom-nash as the founder of civilization as we know it. Jameson Eldar was not wrong in this sense. But the impetus of this article undermines much of his tale. For it was not some hunter-gatherer who begun it all. According to cutting edge research, it was some peculiar molecule; it was a million evolutions of this molecule; it was the tidbit of DNA that arose from some molecular-level darwinism; it was the first single-celled organism; it was bacteria; it was the various gradually more complex stages of life that led eventually birthed Granpa Bom-nash, who birthed Edo-be-nash and the cities and empires that have since followed its way.

Edo-be was not merely the genesis of civilization. It is the birthplace of life itself.

This was the topic of a paper published out of Dortmund just last bihex citing various carbon-dating techniques as well as shamanistic verification. Supposedly, the parent molecule of DNA, EM-R31, came to fruition in the very waters of Edo-be. How curious! All that is left to know is whether all modern instances of DNA can be sourced back as derivatives of EM-R31, or if there is are no common ancestors between today's species. It is possible that DNA or a similar molecule was independently discovered somewhere else. But at this time, I cannot say if this is the case. Await further correspondence!

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Mayhem Consumes Local Backyard

By ZULU Z. ZULU
Times Staff

GREENLAWN, New York - Moss covered leprechauns dance while their fallen brothers,

the innocent and petite gnomes

and elves, suffocate on filthy

and encroaching all natural lichen.

No one bats an eye as the

engine-less lawn mower is pushed

silently across the lush fertilized

pasture where green is in, and

carcinogens are on the up, and

death and decay are the lowest

kind of status symbol. A beige

spot on a suburban lawn attracts the

glowering furrowed brow scorn of

uppity passer-bys. Fuck 'em.

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Wanna write?

By THE EDITORS
Times Staff

The Surreal Times is an up and coming conveyor of interpretations. Being up and coming, it is not entirely up yet. So if you would like to convey your own interpretations, we would be more than happy to print them here and thereby thicken our newspapers.

Email management@surrealtimes.net to see about writing an article.

DOG SEEN CLIMBING TREE

By DERNBERGER
SPENGLER
Times Staff

On the 5th day of October, the year 2016, a puppy dog climbed into a tree hole. The tree's leaves were brown, and its trunk was green. The dog was blue. The sky was pure. The grass was yellow. The mountains were mountainous.

The puppy dog climbed inside this tree hole and inside she found a birds' nest. With the baby bird inhabitants of this bird's nest, the puppy dog had a cup of tea.

The baby birds were wise, and so, to their tea, they added a teaspoon of a fallen star which had fallen into their nest just two days prior.

A short while later, The Momma Bird returned home from her hunt. She looked at the birds. And she looked at the puppy dog. And she thought, "what a wonderful world."

The puppy dog, prompted by a baby bird, made an offering of tea to The Momma Bird. The Momma Bird sipped the tea. Then she fed her babies worms from her hunt. Then, prompted by one of her babies, she fed the puppy dog a worm.

Since then, the puppy dog has lived happily ever after as a member of the bird family.

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That Looks Like This

By COMMON OBSERVER
Times Staff

Hello, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. Today Nerb the Great brings to you yet another wonderful connection between things. He sees, while walking upon the seashore, how birds fly and how fish swim, and how water waves and how death is grim.

He thinks: Some things are; some things are not. But the things that are, always, are in a particular way. Everything smells, and if it doesn't, then it is nothing.

What a fascinating observation by Nerb. I commended him for this reason. I told him I enjoyed his thoughts. He explained to me how his thoughts themselves were of a particular kind. He said he kept his mind axiomatic but for some necessarily cyclic but clearly labeled black-box machines.

And he continued, re-iterating that everything smells, and how things that don't smell aren't anything. But it turned out this re-iteration was not merely a re-iteration, but a revision with addition. He continued running past his aforementioned finishing point to explain a particularly particular idea.

He said: "Everything is nothing because it doesn't smell. In the same way, the color white is rather similar to black, though these shades could not be more different by technicality.

I'd like make a toast with Nerb for sharing these connections with us.

Thanks Nerb.

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

This grass is too damn prickly.

(letter to the editor)

By ALFRED HUMBLETON
Citizen of the World

The green on the mountain is terribly sharp and generally unpleasant. Walking atop it, even while wearing my floppy-floppies, I am overwhelmed by a nail pricking on the bottoms of my feet. This is strange, because there are rarely if ever dangerous objects under the water into which people jump. So many people jump from the rock and into the water, one assumes it is safe.

That is why, you, the Editor, ought to do something about this. You spent seven days or

whatever it was cooking dinner. You might as well put some sauce on all of it. Or at least give us ants some better jackets for the winter time. We're always freezing up when it's cold outside. And I can't even talk to a lady without my palms getting sweaty.

Good day, sir,

Genuinely Importantly,

Alfred Humbleton.

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

ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE RECRUITMENT OF NEW WRITERS

For we are in need.

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

As you may note, this paper is thin. As a matter of fact, these times are quite

overworked. We could use some young blood in the office. And you, having been bothered to read this far, you appear to me to be one who would fit quite perfectly.

Join us and you will have great

fun, I promise you. This business attracts individuals of a particular smell. We at The Times have the collective knowledge that says such smelly individuals often take interest in wafting in the

presence of fellow dirtballs, scumbags, rattleskags, and loogobblers. It is the nature of things.

Therefore, for our reasons and yours, we suggest that you first finish reading this paragraph.

Then we suggest you find a mighty fine mechanical pen and write us a good email stating your desired alias, your desired email address, and the various facts that there are about your self. Do such a

thing and the days to come will be dandier for the lot of us in every which way.

The Times can be reached at management@surrealtimes.net.

The Man in the Crows Nest

By RALPHIE WARBLER
Times Correspondent

It is now in the public domain that four freshman students discovered a key while stumbling around the central hill in the first week of the fall semester. The students were quoted saying that they were "looking for a place to chill" and found such spot in one of the many crab apple trees located on the hill. Though now unsure of the exact tree, as it was "dark af" that night, the student, who wishes to remain anonymous, found the key high on a limb and only pulled it down because he thought that it was a crab apple. The student in question held the key in his fanny pack, hoping to discover

the matched lock in the future. His attempts remained unsuccessful until Saturday of last weekend.

The students, now declaring themselves a "squad," stated that they had spent Saturday night attempting to get into a fraternity party and, like their luck with the key, were unsuccessful despite having "a 3:1 ratio" and "knowing many people there." Disgruntled, the group was supposedly returning to their dorm on the top floor of Van Meter when they heard "a dude howl" and scratching on the ceiling above them. They students would not have been confused if they had not lived on the to floor.

They continued with their pong game until inspiration struck the anonymous student dug the key from his fanny pack. "I just put the key in the thing, and it was like... click." The students heard a scuffling and an inquiring moan when they lifted the hatch open and thinking it may have been a howling rodent of sorts, the student in question climbed inside.

According to the student, "I went in and there was just like a dude chilling there, he was naked and staring at something so I was like 'what's up man?' and he just pointed outside to nothing. Then he looked at me with these crazy

eyes and was like 'ooba ooma dadadoo' or something like that and started dancing. I wasn't scared but I got the hell out of there and called the cops."

The police currently have this man in custody and are attempting to ask him his intentions. However, he is undocumented and seems to not speak in our native tongue. This account is still under investigation and more will be reported in upcoming editions. As for now, police are advising any discovery of keys to be promptly reported to the authorities and crab apple trees not to be climbed.

MAN SQUASHED BY METEORITE

For we are in need.

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

For the first time in 12 years, a man of Amherst was squashed by a flaming ball of debris. It

was a traumatic time for those involved. We wish the family the best and hope no more men are hit by meteorites.

The staff can be reached at management@surrealtimes.net.

WORLD DESTINED TO END IN FIVE DIFFERENT WAYS

People are curious which will come first

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

Doctor Goldstein will be collecting wagers on this race.

Money will be collected up front with favorable odds. Please email drg@surrealtimes.net for

further inquiries.

The staff can be reached at management@surrealtimes.net.

Trump still a prick

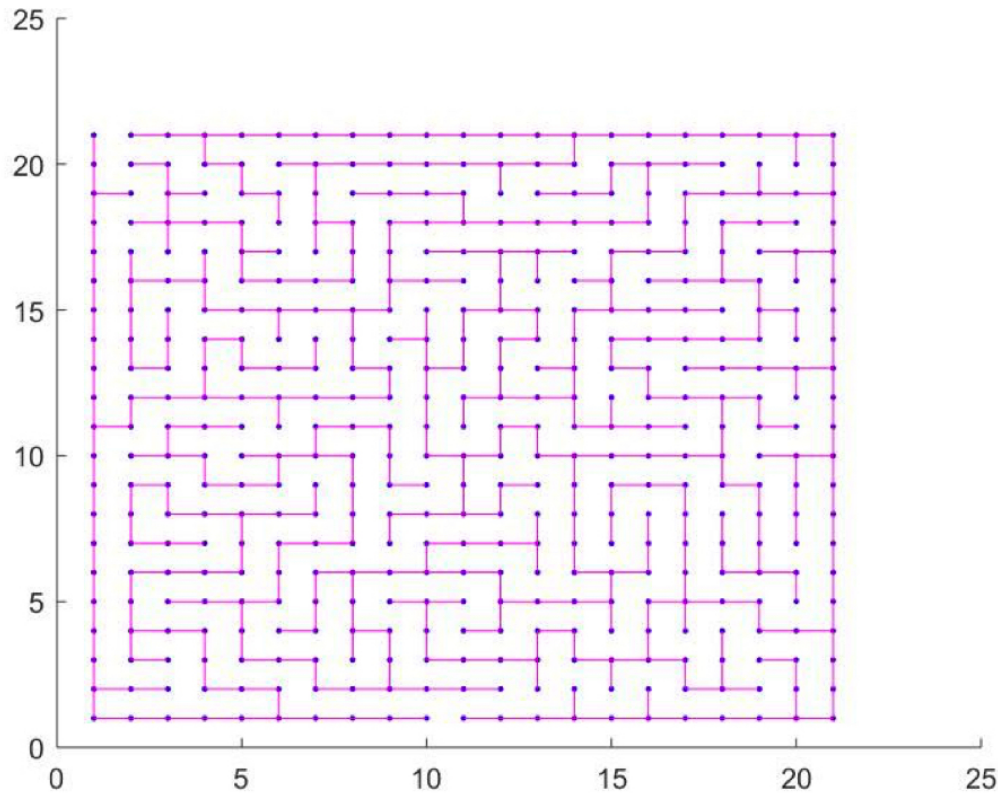
No further comments.

Hillary still a robot

No further comments.

THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMÁDEIUS GALOUËI
Times Senior Editor



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

Letter to the editor

By CHETT VILDERMESH
Citizen of the World

Good Day Sir,

I saw an advertisement on my god damn dog for a newspaper called the Surreal Times. What kind of shitty Idea are you trying to promote? Who puts an advertisement on a fucking dog?? In a day and age where we have real problems like:

The Quarterly Qualmph Obsidian Quakes

The Färjestad Hockey Team winning 6 straight <https://www.farjestadbk.se/artikel/30ltaiulh-23h01/>

Why am I typing in bold Now?

There is a new bowling alley opening on the campus of UMass, Amherst

What the hell is a UMass?

I am not a fan of your newspaper sir. You need an astute journalist like myself to turn your piece of sh*t newspaper into something worth reading.

Too Bad I am too busy running the most Surreal Newspaper that has ever come out of the middle states.

Warmest Regards,

Chett Vildermesh Senior Journalist The Surreal Inquirer 270 Agnes Ave McFarland, KS F*ck You Sir Its The Brown House

P.S. Wherever you live is probably way shittier than where I live

P.S. The Färjestad hockey team is the best. If you adopt them as the official team of the surreal times then I might think about considering marching your squiggle dust folder a hand.

Chett Vildermesh can be reached at chett.vildermesh@surrealtimes.net.

Letter to the editor

By CHETT VILDERMESH
Citizen of the World

Sir,

These people miscalculated the geographic center of the USA.

It is actually right on top of the little red fire hydrant in my front yard.

We need to prove them wrong.

Warmest Regards,
Chett



Kansas Historical Marker on US Highway 36 near Lebanon, Kansas.



This is the real geographic center of the United States.

This U.S. Geographic Center Chapel was destroyed by a speeding vehicle missing the turn at the T intersection at the end of K-191 Highway on June 1, 2008. It has since been replaced by a new chapel.



Chett Vildermesh can be reached at chett.vildermesh@surrealtimes.net.