

CARTOGRAPHERS GROSSLY OVERESTIMATE THE SIZE OF LIECHTENSTEIN

Geography by George is brought to you by George the Geographer, Geographer At-Large



Geneva, Switzerland -- At the latest convening of the International Society of Convening Cartographers, there was a debacle that infuriated the international community. With utter disregard for their Italian neighbors, a Luxembourgian-led faction of the ISOCC submitted a version of the world map that portrayed Liechtenstein as about 17 times larger than it is in reality. This change passed through the ranks of the ISOCC unnoticed. It wasn't until the new world map was revealed at the ISOCC world convention that this mishap was discovered. Individuals from Milan, Brescia, and Turin were not very thrilled with this and filed a formal complaint to the high court of the ISOCC.

There is now a division in the cartography community. One group believes that the change should stay, because a reversal would compromise the integrity of the Society. The other group thinks the true borders should be portrayed to the world. More on this in the upcoming bihex...

George the Geographer can be reached at  
george@george@surrealtimes.net.

FROM THE MOUTH  
OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI,  
Times Senior Editor



"The pilfered spheres justified  
accordingly"

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

SCALE REPLICA OF AMHERST DISCOVERED MILES UNDER AMHERST

**Shocking discovery sends ripples throughout the archaeological community**

BY THE PURPLE HERMIT,  
Times Correspondent



On Oct. 5, students of Introduction to Mushroom Cultivation in the forest behind Franklin Dining Commons uncovered a crevice in the ground when a student ate an unidentified mushroom against instructor's orders and became paranoid. The student, who wishes to remain anonymous, caught themselves on a patch of grass before falling, but suffered light bruising. This incident caught the attention of UMass administration, who had not been aware of this crevice previously and had been looking for a new place to store rejected

Common Apps. Public reports are currently unclear on the nature of the crevice, but this reporter's inside source gave him the following details over a chat (open on an incognito window in Chrome to block university monitoring). The following are unverified claims, but they are to be taken as fact.

The initial surveying team sent into the crevice was composed of freshmen archeology majors deemed 'expendable' by UMass administration based on various financial factors. In return, team members would receive 2 credits. Attached to a cable winch, they descended, measuring a depth of 3.4 miles, which was rounded to 3.5, which was in turn rounded to 4 miles. At 0600 hours, the team set up base camp at the bottom of the pit, which opened into a cavern that the team began to explore.

At 0700 hours, the rope connecting the team to the surface snapped. When the rope was pulled to the surface, the other end was torn off and coated in a red liquid. The team immediately confirmed on

the intercom that a member had spilled a thermos of hot tomato soup on himself while handling the line, causing him to accidentally cut it. The rope was reinstalled and the team member was reprimanded.

At 0900 hours, the team came across what appeared to be the University Health Services building within the caverns. Staff confirmed that the original building on the surface had not moved. Exploring further, the team discovered several other oddities, including a similar replica of the Durfee Conservatory and two lampposts. Microeconomics researchers on site hypothesized that if the team were to explore further, they would eventually uncover a replica of the entire university, but they were quickly refuted on grounds of economics not being a real STEM subject.

Samples of concrete were taken from the building and carbon dated, revealing them to date back to at least the middle of the Paleolithic Age, around 50,000BC. Other

than this, the buildings were identical to their counterparts on the surface, in terms of building material and interiors. "By any account, this makes no sense," said Dr. Lawton of the UMass Archeology Department. "These truly are some kinda surreal times," he followed up, turning to stare at a nearby security camera.

At 1300 hours, the team was brought back to the surface to write at least 500 words about what they learned from the experience in order to qualify for credits.

This reporter attempted to get close to the site, but on the way realized he forgot his student ID in his other pants, which were currently in the wash, which should actually just be finishing up now, so he's gonna head back to his dorm now and pick it up before someone else manhandles his laundry. This is the Purple Hermit, signing off.

The Purple Hermit can be reached at  
purplehermit@surrealtimes.net.

HAIR ANYWHERE  
SPRAY NOW IN  
STORES

BY TOMMY POTENTUARY,  
Television Personality



That's right, you heard it! Or perhaps you felt its tickle or smelt its sweat...

Hair Anywhere Spray, the spray that comes in canisters much like cans of spray paint, is a peculiar kind of spray which grows thick brown hair anywhere it is applied. Put it on your head. Put it on your back. Put it on the ground, if you want thick, hair-lick grass.

Even put it on rocks or walls or billboards.

Hair Anywhere Spray will literally grow anywhere, in just seconds.

It is available at Michael's Arts & Crafts store, and from the UMass Amherst campus craft center.

"Do you want hair somewhere? Well, you're in luck, because now you can have hair anywhere. If you choose, you could even have hair everywhere!"

Tommy Potentuary can be reached at  
tommypotent@surrealtimes.net.

STREET LIGHT  
WON'T PIPE DOWN

BY CLARENCE MON,  
Director of PIA

An old wrought iron street lamp stands downtown Amherst in the field between the rotary and the nunnery. Experts date it all the way back to 1940. Trapped in its times, it is known to cat call and

heckle passersby from a distance. When asked to be curious or at least quiet down, it refused, citing the clause 39 of the Magna Carta.

Clarence Mon can be reached at  
cmon@surrealtimes.net.



# ODE TO SEAGULLS (or this mad man has had enough!)

By CARËT "EGG" OZONÉ,  
Times Correspondent

They saved my life, the gulls did. I mean, I was staring balky into to the mirror. Or was it a window? I forget. Either way, the memory is fogged. My feet were trembling on the stools back, 'bout to take a step and allow the string tied around my neck to do its deed. Don't cry for me, I'm here to write this aren't I? Well, to circumcise this long tale I took that step, but the moment I did I heard the screams of a flock's flock of seagulls so loud it shattered the string

freeing my neck and my mind.

Ever since then I've spent every penny of my life and every inkling of my will servicing and searching for these Majestic creatures. I have endured ridicule and imprisonment for "pollution and littering" when I merely attempted to seed the Barren Seaside with seagull sustenance.

And to think they call it "trash"... It all speaks volumes to what humans will throw away and what these wonderful avians will remake into fuel for their valiant crusade.

Just as the sand mirrors the constellations that shine above it, these harbingers of chaos are the perfect weighty tip of the scale, a counterbalance for all of us humans.

We strive for futile order, our desperate disposition to relish in futility and attempt to grasp the greasy tale of time as it tugs itself down the ouroboros's throat.

The sand of time is falling swiftly under us, just as sand is under the sky. We swirl towards the hour glass's event horizon. And just as the hourglass will eventually shatter when the

seagulls knock it over with wind of their wings, we too will shatter.

The seagulls exist with bottomless generosity, every cry of their call a tearful reminder of a meaning alien to my primitive words' playground's abilities of comprehension. They speak in tongues too grand for us to behold. We only hear mangled, twisted shadows of their song

We humans, much like the worms that that will devour us in our graves, never having read these meals' epitaph, are blissfully unaware of the twist in our

timeline to come.

And just like "just like" weaves the web of connections of this ode, the seagulls weave a web of deceit in the form of their tapping webbed feet. They play the role of the rainfall's call that beckons the worms to the surface. Seagulls are of the trickiest of the tricksters and the worm will face the honor sliding down the trickster's greatest tool, the talemaker, it's slippery silver tongue.

They have the Gusto to grab our food, which we make up of chemicals we suck from the earth like vampires The Seagulls

know we don't deserve nutrients.

Their call echoes in my mind foreshadowing a time when humans will no longer rule with our petty "rules".

What is hidden Beyond, in-between, and behind their beak, is beyond me. A puzzle-lock I can't solve. As that my egg noodle is born pre-sizzled in the sun. If I could pick their brain I'd let them peck mine.

Carët "Egg" Ozoné can be reached at [ozone.caret@surrealtimes.net](mailto:ozone.caret@surrealtimes.net).

## DIARY HOARDER DISCOVERED IN FOREST



By CLARENCE MON  
Director of PIA

The PIA discovered a stash of 1,203 personal journals inside of a covertly-positioned tent on UMass campus. Investigators found these beholders of personal secrets scattered among Dominoes pizza boxes, throw-away cameras, and a master notebook which appeared to keep notes on the contents of the other notebooks. As well, there was a whiteboard, many scribbled sticky notes and connections drawn between them with string.

It seems someone is stealing or otherwise acquiring and hoarding these journals, and obsessing over them.

We see no patterns in the

owners of the journals. Common person thoughts appear to be valued as much as celebrity thoughts.

However, the tent is positioned adjacent to Chancellor Subbaswamy's home, camouflaged behind leaves and bushes, and angled with a peep hole facing the Chancellor's home study window. A pair of binoculars hangs besides the peep hole, hinting that the journal hoarder hopes to one day acquire the Chancellor's himself's most intimate thoughts and reflections.

The PIA confiscated the tent and all of its contents. Unfortunately, the keeper of the journals remains on the loose. Chancellor Subbaswamy has been warned. You are warned as well, to keep your journals locked away and out of sight, not only to avoid having them pocketed, but to avoid attracting this potentially dangerous individual in the direction of yourself and those you love.

Clarence Mon can be reached at [cmon@surrealtimes.net](mailto:cmon@surrealtimes.net).

## A NEW STAGE OF THE PROBLEM OF THE UPPER HALF OF THE MAN CUT IN HALF BY A WINDOW

By DERNBERGER  
SPENGLER  
Times Staff

In snowcapped Jindabyne, Australia, August of 2018 — A man woke up feverish and sweating through his sheets. His home heating system had gone wild. He grew delirious because of it, and he sought out solace upon his snowy, cool rooftop. But, tragically, as he crawled through his difficult bedroom window, it deliberately closed upon him, cutting him in two. (See [surrealtimes.net/article/?id=302](http://surrealtimes.net/article/?id=302)).

His severed lower half fell upon his bedroom carpet.

This was promptly cleaned up by first responders. His upper half was left outside, inaccessible because of the window's stern refusal to open. It froze over upon the rooftop and has remained there for the past two months.

After the deed, the lonely window wrote upon itself "It is too dangerous outside for pets. Please, in the future, stay inside with me. The company would be nice."

That was old news; the following is the new. The uninhabited house burned down last Thursday, leaving behind snowy ashes and a mixed aroma of burning wood and flesh.

Evidence points to the man's dysfunctional toaster, which appears to have been left on after his severance. Investigators believe it heated an Eggo waffle for two months until it eventually sparked a flame, lit a tablecloth on fire, and proceeded to burn the entire house to the ground.

The window was found in the rubble, covered in ash. Written in the ash was the following: "The man is my man. I will protect him from you, for his sake. And, for me, it is nice to have the company, I admit... But, I am a good window. It is my dream to share another house with

the man. Please build a house so I can be its window and the man can be its man, and we can live happily together."

I wiped the ash with my hand to reveal the pale face of the frozen half corpse hidden beneath, trapped under the window. Firefighters tried moving the window, to retrieve the corpse. It would not budge, though, and asserted over writing that "it is a strong window, strong against burglaries, and well-suited for a high-end home."

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

## WHORF'S CACTUS BALM: A CURE FOR DEGENERACY

By EMMANUEL E. WHORF  
Cactus Balmer

Do you find yourself slipping into degeneracy? Has your hygiene lapsed? Thoughts unraveled? Speech disordered? Basic function impaired? Well look no further!

My name is Emmanuel E. Whorf, and I have the product for you: Whorf's Cactus Balm, made only with the finest cactus and the most potent balm. This miraculous cure will fix your apathy and laziness, reversing your inevitable

slide into degeneracy which all civilized people face. It is also guaranteed to protect from the insidious intrusion of dastardly, un-civic thoughts which seem to pervade our society more and more these days.

This has been Emmanuel E. Whorf, Cactus Balmer.

Emmanuel E. Whorf can be reached at [whorf.emmanuel@surrealtimes.net](mailto:whorf.emmanuel@surrealtimes.net).

## I HEREBY ENDORSE WHORF'S CACTUS BALM

By PETER "MINI-P"  
PETRINKSI  
Foremost Dwarf Naturalist

The Times has asked me to do a review of the product "Whorf's Cactus Balm." I have been assured by Emmanuel E. Whorf himself that it contains the finest cactus and the most potent balm. Are these claims true?

Forensic analysis shows that the cactus is made

from a five cactus blend of species native to Arizona. Seeing as how Mr. Whorf claims the cactus is harvested from there, this claim checks out. Most cactus balms have only a two or three cactus blend. The goal of using five species is to maximize the psychoactive interactions of the cactus. While using five species may produce a more potent balm, the species must be mixed in a

precise ratio, or the balm is useless. Whorf has managed to do this consistently in the four bottles I tried. I wonder what the failure rate of his process is, and thus how much cactus balm has to be discarded. Regardless, of the four to six cactus species balms, this is one of the cheapest at \$19.99 per 200ML bottle.

The balm itself is slightly

thick with a refreshing, nutty smell. Like all of the psychoactive cactus balms, it is applied to the gums. Whorf recommends 10ML per application every other day, which means one bottle will last for forty days. That value is commendable.

Now for what I'm sure you've all been waiting for: the effect. Here, Whorf must be commended. The cactus balm has fortified

my mind. No longer am I influenced by advertising, or swayed by manipulators. In fact the balm was so strong that for the twenty days I used it my mind was not changed once. I can't speak with surety, but it seems to me that more and more these days people are adopting dangerous and uncivil attitudes. So for those of you looking to shut yourself off from change, I cannot

recommend highly enough Whorf's Cactus Balm. If you are looking for a milder effect, to insulate your mind but not freeze it, I would recommend either a half dose or a cheaper, less potent cactus balm. Mini P Petrinski signing off.

Peter "Mini-P" Petrinski can be reached at [petrinski.peter@surrealtimes.net](mailto:petrinski.peter@surrealtimes.net).



# THE WORDS DISCOVERED HOW TO MAKE LOVE

By DERNBERGER  
SPENGLER,  
Times Staff

Plump red lips give birth to the word “dweller” on a sullen rainy eve. Hit by a falling drop, the word falls, it falls. But, after drying in the wind, it rises again. It gathers poise and dances among falling glistening bulbs of water. It moves through the cool air, patiently but pleasantly, toward another verbal entity, a beautiful one without context: “mongrel”. These two words tickle each others shared Ls and Es. A third word then enters the mix, “jargon”, who greets “dweller” and “mongrel” by tickling shared Rs.

Meanwhile, three tense dogs encircle each other at ground level, below the words, simultaneously smelling each other’s asses but finding it impossible to distinguish their own smells from each others’. Each fears the others are dangerous.

The floating words, like the tense dogs, take interest in each other but not strongly enough to embrace the risk of mis-meaning or grammar breaking. So they wander in opposite-ish directions. They deflate from lack of stimulation. Gravity takes them.

They fall towards the dogs below who bark defensively at one another, but suddenly stop when a word slips into each of their ears.

Now there are three dogs, each enamored by a different sound. One receives “dweller”. Another receives “mongrel”. And the third hears “jargon”.

Instead of barking, the dogs do amateurish impressions of the human sounds they’d heard. They imitate each other and each other’s imitations. Listening to each other’s garbled re-interpretations, they forget the original words. They build misinterpretations upon misinterpretations upon misinterpretations. They laugh at phrases they make forming funky re-imaginings of humans.

The words emerge differently after each trip through a dog brain. JOGONGREL. DWELLARG. MARGONELL.

The human speaks to another human. “Mr. President,” he says. And the dogs chase after the sounds, competing playfully with each other to

win the game of fetch.

The words travel too quickly, though, and the dogs cross the entire White House green, reaching the President’s feet only after the words arrived there. From the grand granite front steps, the President looks down at the dogs with great expectations of them, but all they have to say is NELLARGONLER.

The President scoffs, says “stupid dogs”, and leaves them alone affront the White House, where they proceed to conduct a grand operation of sexual intercourse involving grunts in a weird hybrid dog-human language.

The President returns only afterwards. Firstly he remarks about the smell. “Disgusting, smelly dogs. You are gross.” Secondly he receives a phone call from his wife, who expresses distaste that he’d forgotten his niece’s birthday.

“Fuck,” he says, pondering for a moment afterwards.

He notices the newly pregnant dog. Then tells his wife “hold on” and that he had “figured it out”.

When the President claps his hand, the pregnant dog gives birth to a puppy.

“Oh, aren’t you cute?” The president cuddles the pup, enamored by it. Then he grabs its jaw and directs its gaze into his eyes. He speaks to the pup, “I’m going to name you ‘stone’, because I’m going to kill two birds with you.”

After putting the puppy down, the president snaps his fingers. His assistant scurries to his side. “Charles, please get rid of these dogs.”

“Yes sir,” the assistant said, and pushed them on their way.

But the President said, “not that one”, pointing to the new puppy, “Keep that one here and find me a big strong man. Also, a can of peanut butter.”

The assistant shoed the other dogs away and then walked into the White House.

The President looked at the sparsely clouded sky. Flocks of geese were flying over the left wing. And a beautiful swan separated from the pack, circling the presidential pond.

The President’s assistant returned with an enormous kitchen chef by his side.

“Where’s the peanut

butter?” the President asks.

“I’ve got it right here.”

“Good. Put it on the dog.”

“What?”

“I’ll do it myself.”

The president poured his bottle of water into the half-empty jar of peanut butter, closed the jar and shook it up, as to soften it. Then he dumped the liquidy peanut butter all over the newborn puppy’s head, across its back, and even all over its tail. He began rubbing it into the dazed pup’s fur. Confused, his assistant came to help him, but was careful not to dirty himself up too much.

Once finished, the President pointed to the large chef and said, “You, come here. Throw this dog.”

“What?”

“Throw this dog as high as you can. Just listen to me. Trust me.”

The chef looked toward the assistant confused, almost as to ask whether the president was serious or not. The assistant nudged him along and said, “well, go ahead already.”

So the behemoth of a chef wrapped his left hand around the pup’s front legs and his right hand around its hind legs. He swung the dog between his legs, forward, and then back between his legs. He heaved with all his might and launched the dog 30 feet in the air.

“Crap, that is just a no-good dirty-crap throw,” the President said as the dog fluttered in the air. “That won’t do.”

The dog lost consciousness from hitting the ground.

“Go get that dog, and really throw it good this time.”

The chef threw the dog a second time, triple as high. It was easier this time with it unconscious. At the pinnacle of its flopping flight, the peanut butter coated-dog attracted the swan. The swan licked at the peanutty goodness, but became stuck in the dog’s thick fur.

As the dog fell back onto the White House green, the swan was pulled down with it, desperately flapping its wings and diverting the falling path but being unable to escape it...

(... Continued on page 4. See "Words Make Love")

# A LETTER TO A FRIEND TOSSED IN THE WIND.?.

Wherever your path may lead you, know the world still needs you.

By DR. HUBERT E.  
“EYEBROWS”  
PERRYWINKLER,  
Times Correspondent

I write this not just to make the public aware but in hopes that some echo of the sentiments portrayed here locate my missing friend, Professor of Philosophy Mercreu L’aInk.

Whom, after a surprisingly low turnout to his annual “Q&Q” on philosophy, my dear friend, colleague, and apparently now former possessor, stitched in the same vein; Professor L’aInk was spotted darting across Campus while colorful streams of Screams spewed from his gaping maw. Only a swarm of words forged in the fires of his freshly illiterate mind escaped his deafening cries. The

ordeal’s shadow of mystery was at least partly pierced on inspection of his office. When cased tip-to-tail, it was found riddled with cryptic messages sprawled in every nook of every cranny of his office (reprinted below). It appeared he was making his way to the forest of suspicious-looking trees, just north of Draper.

I hope his words, these clues, have hidden within them some memory of the man I knew and perhaps a bit of a breadcrumb left to lead us to him:

“Can you see them, the eyes that spell out the constellations blinking? Of course, you can’t. The Whispers that creep up backwards from the hole in the sink. It is that whisper, that echo in your ear telling you that a corner lies and waits for you ‘round every corner of every wall. The wall cracks and the yolk spill out, as a twisted chicken omelet hatches on the upside of the floor you stare under.”

*“As the insatiable pecking tends towards crescendo, the crow’s cawing deep inside your skull tears a hole in the universe. Where do wild geese go to nest? Where wind of Elsewhere has left, leaving tails and sails falling flaccid.”*

*“You don’t understand, do you? The truth is made up of Lies. You can’t see them. They’ve faded. What have I heard, you ask: the suspension strings of disbelief have been disproven. And so off I will go to find the root of this problem and when then eats now, when I replant the strings, I’ll have my answer and quench the questions, no loose ends stings tied up at life’s long last.”*

The Surreal times will release updates as the story unfolds.

Dr. Perrywinkler can be reached at perrywinkler@surrealtimes.net.

# MICRO-ECONOMISTS COMBINE ENERGY TO FORM SINGLE MACRO-ECONOMIST

By THE PURPLE HERMIT,  
Times Correspondent

A strange incident has been reported in the Isenberg Business School to have occurred as a result of an offhand remark directed towards microeconomists during a local archaeological dig, implying microeconomists were not real STEM majors. While many involved students are reluctant to divulge information, this reporter managed to get a close view of the incident, as no one pays attention to him anyway.

It is 1 in the afternoon. Microeconomics majors gather in front of the business school. The sky turns a shade of bright pink and wind begins to blow upwards with no discernible origin. Other witnesses to the scene also describe a noise similar to an electric guitar and accompanying drum beat, what one witness, first year physics student Johnston Joyner, said was “like someone’s ass was about to get seriously kicked.” A blinding light emanates from the center of the huddle, and the microeconomics majors vanish.

The light dissipated, revealing a buff, naked amorphous humanoid figure with fluorescent green-tinged skin. The entity claimed it was now “designated” as “Over-Izen-B 1000%, The Macroeconomist Supreme”, and crossed its arms. An unidentified witness was heard to exclaim “What? Impossible!”

“This is unforgivable! I, Over-Izen 1000%, The Macroeconomist Supreme, will go beyond my ‘limits’ to surpass even you!” it bellows, and all 6 witnesses gasp consecutively, seemingly without coordination.

“Over-Izen-B 1000%, The Macroeconomist Supreme” proceeded to hover over to Orchard Hill, and, using what appeared to be a high-powered laser from its palms, singed the phrases “ECON EMPLOYS RIGOROUS MATHS” and “APPLICATION (sic) > THEORY” into the grass, while screaming angrily. It then flew directly towards the moon until it disappeared from sight with a twinkle in the sky.

After the entity disappeared, confused microeconomics majors appeared back in their beds, claiming to have experienced a strange dream involving “becoming the strongest economist”. Afterwards, many of them could be witnessed outside their dorms doing push-ups and punching brick walls while quickly scanning their textbooks. This reporter reached out to the archeology department for comments, but the department was too busy investigating their local dig site, which had somehow expanded a couple of centimeters without human intervention.

This reporter tries to remain as unbiased as possible in his reporting, so all he can say is that this is the closest he could gather to a true account of these events. And as a Sustainable Food and Farming major, this reporter personally has no skin in the STEM game anyway. This is the Purple Hermit, signing off.

The Purple Hermit can be reached at purplehermit@surrealtimes.net.

NOVELTY CODE >> .:|f::e|:.



WORDS MAKE LOVE

(Continued from page 3)

... Together they landed on the other side of the lawn, near the gates.

“My lord,” the chef said.

The other dogs came to the unconscious dog’s rescue, and collaterally to the rescue of the attached swan, carrying the two of them to the President’s feet. The President’s assistant quickly covered them with a blanket.

The timing was perfect. That very moment, the President’s niece arrived alongside the First Lady.

Awkward pause, especially because the young niece appeared made scared by the President.

Still awkward, but softened by the President’s optimistic smile.

The First Lady said, “Sarah, look at your uncle. He wants to wish you a happy birthday!”

She was surprised when he announced, “Yes, Sarah, happy birthday! I have a gift for you! Just close your eyes for one second.” He cued his wife to cover the girl’s eyes. When she did so, the President removed the blanket himself to reveal a beautiful swan, but unfortunately one contorted and in terrible pain.

The President dragged the pained swan when it didn’t obey his verbal prompt. That was when he and his niece noticed that it was attached to an unconscious, peanut-butter coated dog.

His niece was horrified. His wife was furious. The both of them were disgusted. “So, uh, here’s your birthday gift. Happy Birthday!” he said awkwardly and while peering out the corner of his eye expectingly at his assistant.

All of the sudden a barrage of sounds like “DWELLOGON”, “MARGODO”, and “ONLLARGON” emerged from the distance. They

grew louder and louder, and were intermixed with barks and huffing and puffing.. “MODOWELLARNO!!!!” The three original dogs showed up, yelling their screwy versions of human language. They began licking their pup, clearing it of peanut butter. At the same time they said, “ARGOMELLO”, “OGOMARL”, “ONLONGODON”, and similar.

In short order they detached the dog and the swan. The president’s niece giggled and clapped as the freed swan flew in an upwards peanut-butter raining spiral into the sky — as the pup awoke from its coma and was consoled by its family — and as the dogs all ran off together, the little one trailing behind the others just slightly — them all howling funny words. “ONARGMARL”, AROGO”, “OGOMARMED”, and \*FRUMEEJOANGUS“. The little pup was fluent by birth.

The magical moment came to an end once the dogs exited the gates. The girl’s smile weaned. She lowered her clapping hangs. And it set in that her birthday present was a fleeting one.

A teardrop slipped down her cheek and dripped off of her chin bone. When it hit the ground, she was lifted into the sky! The swan, having bathed itself in the presidential fountain, flew the girl into the distance. She cheered and cried cries of joy, and tried imitating the dogs’ sounds as she disappeared into the horizon.

Onlookers praised the man. “Amazing job, Mr. President.” “Fantastic. Just fantastic.”

But when he saw the look on the face of his wife, he retreated immediately deep, deep into the White House.

Dernberger Spengleton can be reached at spengleton@surrealtimes.net.

RIDDLES BY EYEBROWS

By HUBERT E. "EYEBROWS" PERRYWINKLER

1. Oh hello, do I sense an inkling of a curious eye, one with your brow kissing the the stars up so high? Go ahead, let the literary leash lead you down my Garden Path. Gift my question with an answer, for she deserves one... she's been ever so sad since its last question mark divorced her.

*“It would be sweets if I were broken, for if I were broken I could never be broken, what am I.?.” (Hint: you could have yourself a party if you get this one;)*

2. Untwistable is this knot or is it not, I get so confused sometimes? Anywho, see if you can't untangle this riddle:

*“I look inviting. Come give me a shake, But beware of this, my twisted prehensile tale.*

*If you place a whisper in my palm, your wishes might be found.*

*But you can count on me to turn it around. Tangled and mangled, in your life ahead tricks lie abound.*

*No wish handed on a silver plate, just just a way to lose your grip. In a fatal slip I flip the board you always lose when you play with fate.?.”*

What does do these clues allude to (think of ironic horror stories)?

3. So we meet again, my dear reader. Well, you've reached the end, and before you fly away, one more riddle the sky, hey?

*“If read incorrectly I sound like a parrot.?. If read correctly I can reveal your future .?. What am I.?.”*

(hint: Be weary of the red herring’s call)

Until then eats now.

Hubert E. "Eyebrows" Perrywinkler can be reached at perrywinkler@surrealtimes.net.

HONOR TO THE SEARCH

A tribute to the Grand Navigator who found her way from the beginning to the end.

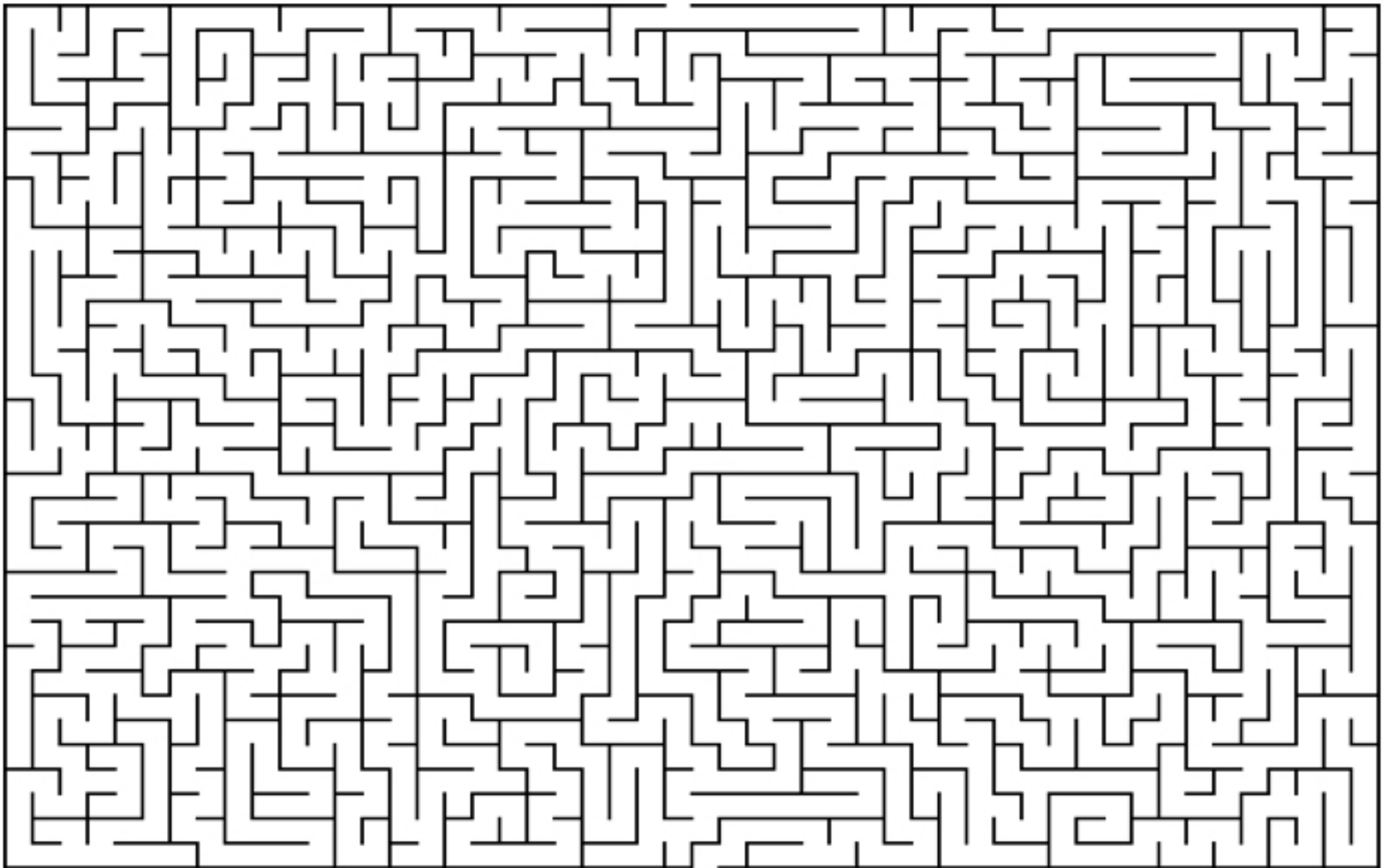
Brianna Cicero was born into a family of reptiles. Even her twin brother was an emotionless snake although he appeared human. Growing up in this reptilian environment, she received very little academic mentorship or emotional support.

Today she is a Junior double major in Education (with a concentration in Early Childhood) and Journalism. She aspires to make difference in people's lives, telling their stories and preparing them in ways her "family" did not. **On top of this, she makes time to navigate the bihexical search, and thereby helps us solve the world's most abstract problems.**

THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUET'S SURROGATE,  
Mechanical Contraption

From management: *An important real-world task may be encoded within this maze. If so, then, by connecting the beginning to the end, you will enable us to do good for the world (once we figure out a means of decoding said task). For doing so, you get a secret prize. Email your solutions to management@surrealtimes.net.*



ON PARAGUAY

By RAKA,

Times Foreign Correspondent

For a surreal time, visit the nonexistent country of Paraguay. Its name, here in the South, is like pronouncing a rare type of bubblegum that everyone has heard but nobody has tasted. We even claim it to be but a myth.

I tasted it. It tastes raw, like

well-processed gasoline or moth with garlic salt.

In the region of the 'Great Chaco,' the government installed decently-sized mirrors in remote areas of wilderness to make it seem “that much more remote”, as the specialist, Ernesto Playas confirmed. Locals warned me of vipers, venomous bugs, and lions... They also invited me to hunt the latter. I politely refused, thus was warned that I'd be eaten if I held too many secrets.

In Philadelphia, Paraguay, in exchange for hearing her dreams, a specialized dame would listen to secrets, write them down, and the paper would turn into wasps, fly, and sting your enemies. “Two birds, one stone,” thought I.

Downwards, in the capital, Asuncion, walls in the city center are painted with fantastic murals that come alive. They are mostly sick of staying still and, very un-patriotically, desperately wish to leave the country. Most people

shun these murals, for nationalism is important here.

- “Pst, foreigner,” said a mural of a teddy bear to me.
- “Ah, me?”
- “Take me with you on your travels, away from here... I can cook and sing.”
- “No dice, painted friend.”
- “Devils. How about some coins then?”

Poverty is also problem in Paraguay. The murals are so poor that some have to

live in shacks with aluminum roofs and rusted boat parts as furniture.

Even southward, in Encarnación, lives a man of 72, Harold Galile, that dwells in youth hostels and sips on yellow tea night and day. Unfortunately, he has swallowed a broken record player, thus tells the same story again and again.

He tells the tale of American alchemists in the 50s. Apparently they came in to inspect the grand vaults of jewels stashed by

Paraguayan royalty. They analyzed, weighed, inspected, and left. Later, they returned with replica jewels— identical in every way except light as plumage.

“Ipso-facto, the old switch-aroo,” said Harold for the 167th time. He then stares at you, and politely asks if you wish to hear a story... and best you say yes.

Raka can be reached at raka@surrealtimes.net.