

# NOISE MOTHS INFEST BUTTERFIELD

# THE GREAT TERRIFIER RETURNS

## THE SURREAL TIMES

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

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### LANDSCAPING COMPANIES ON CALL FOR HAIR ANYWHERE EMERGENCIES

Efforts to combat Hair-Anywhere-Spray Vandalism

By TOM JOHNSON, Sergeant, UMass PD

This is a public service announcement. Local landscaping companies are now on call for Hair Anywhere Spray emergencies. If you become trapped or injured because of vigorous hair growth caused by Hair

Anywhere Spray, or if your property has been damaged because of Hair Anywhere Spray, please call one of the following numbers for assistance:

**911-HAIR-REM** — Emergency hotline to Johnny's Landscaping. Available 24 hours a day, 6 days a week.

**911-PIT-TRAP** — Emergency hotline to Timber-

wolf Logging Amherst. Available 8 hours a day, 7 days a week.

And, if you are not in immediate danger, but still wish to fight off the overgrowths of hair in your lives, call this non-emergency number

978-333-3656 — Local student landscaping busi-

ness. Ask for Frank. Available only during select hours.

These companies have subsidization arrangements with the town of Amherst, so that nobody regardless of economic status will need to fight encroaching hair alone.

Tom Johnson can be reached at tjohnson@surrealtimes.net.

### FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUËI, Times Senior Editor



"The undivided faction created molds."

The pig has returned from vacation and can once again be reached via armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

### "FORCE-FIELD" SURROUNDS ISENBERG CAMPUS

By THE PURPLE HERMIT, Surreal Times Reporter

This is the Purple Hermit, making himself late for class with a stunning development on campus. An invisible barrier surrounding the Isenberg School of Management appears to be preventing students from attending their classes. As economics majors surround the barrier, testing it by tossing objects, Darrin Cho, the enigmatic "Overseer" who had been placed in charge of coordinating student safety, stood inside the barrier by the entrance to the building. "Going somewhere?" He twirled his cape and laughed. Cho would not respond to the yelling of students and staff blockaded outside the dome.

This reporter bends down to tie his shoe, and Over-Izen-B 1000%, the Macro-Economist Supreme, has landed on the street in a flurry of gravel when he looks up. "I have returned from my sabbatical to Io, where I pondered the intricacies of the global economy. Denying these students the training they need to become stronger economists! This is unforgivable! Prepare yourself!" It pointed directly at Cho.

Cho seemed unfazed. "Oh? I wasn't expecting visitors. Ahahahaha! If you want your precious 'school' back, you'll have to defeat

me, dear boy. In an 'Economic Showdown'!" Consecutive gasps emerged from the crowd of micro-economics majors, who began forming a circle around the two.

Izen-B crossed its arms. "First, I'll call out my Producto the Long Runner! Go Producto, use Fixed Cost!" A green-tinted canine with a tail shaped like a dollar sign materialized in front of Izen-B, and charged Cho.

"Hmmm. Exactly what I expected you'd do. I activate Liquidation Force! That stops your move and takes away \$6,000 of your 'capital', dear boy!" This reporter was quite confused. Luckily, a student wearing glasses explained it to him succinctly. "What? That move! Liquidation Force! When it is used, it negates the opponent's move and damages the opponent for \$6,000 of capital. What a strategy!" Now that this reporter fully understood the gravity of this move, he was blown away, and so was Izen-B, who was knocked backwards into a tree despite not being touched by anything.

Cho went next. "It's my turn..."

[[Continued on page 2. See "FORCE-FIELD".]]

### CRYPTID CAUGHT: "BELMONTAIN GURP" APPREHENDED IN AMHERST SEWERS

By SAX TUBA, Surreal Times Reporter

For those unfamiliar with the current situation, a cryptid known as the Belmontian Gurp has been responsible for the disappearances of many individuals walking through the streets of Amherst at night.

After weeks of searching, The Real Pharmacists Cryptid Division has found the source of the disappearances. A Real Pharmacist employee who goes by "Chuck Stylish," a disheveled eccentric man in his 40's, agreed to share some details regarding how they managed to detain the elusive creature.

"The most hardest part of the process was actually finding the little bugger," started Mr. Stylish. "As is

standard procedure for most cryptids, I set up about 5,000 hidden cameras across the Downtown Amherst area. Before I even knew it, cameras 49 through 104 had all been able to find the Gurp in the sewer system with a nest and the previous victims." The surveillance team managed to pinpoint the location when the cryptid was bringing back a new victim, and the Pharmacists began their pursuit accordingly.

"The trick to catching one of these things is to be as aggressive as possible." Stylish continues, "Even if our guys have masks on to protect from the pheromones, the Gurp moves like a frog but is fleshy and of similar strength to a human (although this one seemed ex-

ceptionally tough), so they aren't to be taken lightly." He went on to explain how a team of six operatives managed to tackle and detain the creature after 45 minutes of chasing it around the nesting area. The Gurp was forced into a "Cryptid Containment Crate," a cramped box where the creatures pheromones would be useless.

Mr. Stylish mentioned how the Gurp would be unable to harm any more of the residents of Amherst and that its mysterious pheromones would be put under heavy examination in hopes of finding some beneficial use for them. Stylish also briefly mentioned that all the survivors were alive and well, just sedated. "You wouldn't believe the reason this thing

actually kidnaps people," Stylish went on, "apparently the Gurp would sedate victims and eat all the money in their possession; cash, change, even credit cards!" He theorized that the reason the cryptid did not release the victims was because it was under the assumption that the money was an extension of the person and at some point it would grow back.

Readers will be glad to know that the streets of Amherst are now (allegedly) cryptid-free, and chances of being kidnapped and taken to the sewers have been reduced by at least 25%.

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### ACCOUNT: MY VISIT WITH THE FUGITIVE

By MOE "TINY" SCHLEMIEL, Surreal Times Reporter

Robert Robertson invited me to his room in the UMass Hotel on the evening of November 10th. When I arrived at his door on the fifteenth floor, I noticed a small camera glued under the peephole. My phone buzzed. I had received a text from an unknown number.

202-555-0148: "Dump it, they know."

Then, ten seconds later, a

second number.

01632 960275: "Disregard previous message. Proceed to the Blue Wall. I will meet you there with the package. Beware the Frenchman."

I started down the hall, but not a second later my phone buzzed again.

+36 55 454 158: "Disregard previous two messages. The Frenchman is with us."

And a last message, from the first number.

202-555-0148: "Thank you. This has thrown off both the good Hungarians and the bad Hungarians. That oughta teach them a lesson. The Swiss don't have this number. Regard the second message. I'm in Blue Wall."

I made my way to the elevator and hit the ground floor. I had heard interviewing The Fugitive (who is currently going by the name Robert Robertson) would be tough. I had heard that his answers would be vague, and that he would try to involve me

in his schemes. But I knew what I wanted out of him.

I wanted to know who he was running from.

"Moe?" said a man in a high chair by Tamales. He was wearing a tweed professor type jacket, adidas track pants, a Cleveland Indians ball cap and large womens sunglasses.

"Moe, it's me, Richard Wang..."

[[Continued on page 2. See "FUGITIVE".]]



[[Continued]] "FORCE-FIELD"

From page 1.

... Cho went next. "It's my turn. I'll call out Red Supply Mage and Blue Demand Knight! But that's not all. I'll now fuse them together to create Violet Equilibrium Champion! Crush his Producto!" As the purple-armored warrior swung its sword at thin air, Izen-B, who had just gotten back up, was knocked into the same tree again. At same that moment, a pigeon passing overhead shed a feather, which landed in front of Cho's nose. Cho, who was allergic to pigeon feathers, began sneezing violently.

Izen-B began shouting aloud to no one in particular, but this reporter hopes it was talking to him. "What can I do? It seems so hopeless...but I can't let my friends down! They're counting on me! Now's my chance! It's my turn!" Izen-B posed dramatically. "I'll use Speculation to

bring my Producto back to the field! Now it'll use Fixed Cost on your Equilibrium Champion once again!" The verdant doggy materialized in front of Izen-B once more.

"Hahaha! Have you forgotten! My 'Champion' is much stronger than your pathetic Producto." The green canine tackled the purple warrior, and the Equilibrium Champion bent over, collapsed. "What? This is impossible! How?" Cho shouted, as his capital counter dropped to - \$1,000,000.

"While you were distracted sneezing, I managed to use Elasticity to turn your Champion into rubber more elastic than the modern airline industry! So looks like you have no capital left, and this showdown is finished! It's time for a Penalty Game!"

"OH NOOOOOO!" Cho screamed in pain as Izen-B gave him an atomic

wedgie. "Let that be a lesson for those who prey on economists! I return to Io now. Izen-lings, strive for glory at the top!" Izen-B shouted triumphantly, and vanished. Cho hobbled away, embarrassed, as students leaning on the barrier fell over, and micro-econ majors could once again enter the building they called their own.

At the time of writing, the stock price of Ipsum Pharmaceuticals has gone from 247.63 a share to a mere 19.99, which analysts say is most likely tied to the release of a cell phone video showing Cho being humiliated in high definition. Maybe this reporter should have been a business student like his parents kept telling him to, after all. This is the Purple Hermit, signing off.

The Purple Hermit can be reached at purple.hermit@surrealtimes.net.

FORMER ARMS DEALER ASSASSINATED

By ROBERTO PICCOLO, Surreal Times Reporter

Richard Aboud, 53, died yesterday. Aboud was found dead at his Washington, D.C mansion by his custodian. Aboud had been injected with the nerve agent Tabun administered by a syringe to his shoulder. There were no signs of a struggle.

Aboud was known for his work with Marcus Van Door, the Baron of Bullets,

whom he introduced into the Syrian arms market decades ago. Van Door profited immensely from deals with the Syrian government before the Arab Spring. Aboud, by all accounts, stopped participating in arms deals in 2004. This rules out business as a motive.

A source close to the investigation told the Times that Aboud was injected suddenly by someone he trust-

ed. This explains the tranquility of the crime scene around the body.

Tabun is a chemical weapon banned internationally. It's use here over other more accessible means is ominous. The Times will document this history as it unfolds.

Roberto Piccolo can be reached at piccolo.roberto@surrealtimes.net.

BARON OF BULLETS RELEASES CRYPTIC STATEMENT

By THE EDITORS, Times Staff

Marcus Van Door, the Baron of Bullets, has released a bizarre statement to the press. While we are unsure of its meaning, surely it has a purpose and could help piece together recent events involving the Baron and the death of his associate and friend Richard Boudin. Text:

"We all know who I'm talking about. He has eyes everywhere. If you read this, and you know who I'm talking about, now is the time for action. Act as you will. Act as we have planned. If you read this and you don't know who I am talking about, it would be better if you forgot all about this, told your family that you love them, and get

a good night's sleep. Trust me. It's better for everyone that way."

If you know who the Baron is referring to, please write in and we will research your answer.

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

[[Continued]] ACCOUNT: MY VISIT WITH THE FUGITIVE

From page 1.

... I was confused.

"Robert Robertson?" I asked.

"No," the man said, "Richard Wang. You asked me to help you with your tax returns?"

"Oh," I said, and sat down.

He had a briefcase open in front of him with at least fifteen passports. He was cutting some of them open with a small triangle blade and tweezers.

"What they do," he said as he worked, "Is put microchips in the passports. So what I like to do is cut the microchips out and swap them around. That really throws them off. Especially the Swedes. They hate that shit."

"Isn't it a bit public to be doing this?" I asked. We were surrounded by undergrads. There was a young man eating a burrito right next to him.

The Fugitive chuckled. "That's the point exactly. What this game is about, this whole thing, is getting caught correctly. You want your prints in some databases. But you also want to have a different set of prints for your left hand."

"And you have that?" I asked.

"I can't answer that," the Fugitive said.

The Fugitive dropped a microchip. He swore, then turned to me and said, "Looks like the Panamanian passport gets no chip."

"Where are you going

next?" I asked.

"I can't tell you that."

"How did this all start? What are you running from?"

"Fraud in Venice. It was hard to dodge the cops there, they caught me with a fake gondola license, which I had acquired from my connection in Hanoi. That's why the Swiss are after me. But you've also got these fraudulent charges from Shanghai when my prints man burned me - those guys are bastards, they're really after me there, because I passed through Beijing with a cooked passport, except the passport I was carrying actually belonged to one Sven Gunderson, who was wanted for arms trafficking, except the microchip in that passport -

see - that was also from Hanoi. And this is all last month. It never ends"

He didn't want to give me it. I tried again.

"Who is really after you?"

"Well, like I said, you've got the Good Hungarians and the Bad Hungarians. The Swiss, the Swedes, Interpol, Intrapol - not many people know about them - you've got the Feds, the CIA, you've got the remnants of the Stazi, boy do they hold a grudge, you've got the UN, the M.P.A.A. Mothers Against Drunk Driving is actually on my side in all this. Then you've got the basics, the Italians, the French, the Germans, they all want me for this and that - passing into the country illegally, having bad forms, wire fraud."

He put the tools down and leaned back, cracking a little smile.

"And these are just the ones I can tell you right now."

I asked him what he did to start all this off. He told me that it started a long time ago, then he took that back and told me it actually started only two months ago. He told me that he couldn't tell me the details, but then told me that it was the Swiss out to get him. As he was telling me that the Swiss were out to get him, he showed me his phone, which had an unsent txt message: "I'M WEARING A WIRE FOR THE SWISS." After he showed me the phone he told me that he had been running as long as he could remember, and that he was

getting very tired of it, but he couldn't possibly stop this deep into the game. Besides, he said, he had a new angle with a counterfeiter in Prague.

After a few more minutes of rambling, he told me that he had to go. As he closed his briefcase, he tapped the man next to him on the shoulder.

"Did you get all that, Juan?"

The man nodded. The Fugitive leaned in close and whispered in my ear: "Juan is my connection in India. He's helping me with those Belgian bastards."

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be reached at schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net.

HAIR ANYWHERE GRAFFITI GROWS BACK WHEN CUT

By JOE TELLIE, Amherst High Administrator

I just want to quickly update the public on my angle on the Hair Anywhere Spray fiasco. Lately, victims of Hair Anywhere vandalism have been hiring landscaping companies to cut back the hair overrunning their ears. I tried this myself and although it was promising initially, by the time a few days went by, the hair had grown back.

Worse so, it had thickened two-fold. Now my yard is completely inaccessible, and the hair growing from it is overflowing into the street, into my neighbor's yards, and climbing the trees in my yard like vines. I wouldn't recommend attempting to cut back the hair. It only makes things worse.

Joe Tellie can be reached at tellie.joe@surrealtimes.net.

HAIR ANYWHERE SPRAY ENGULFS YOUR FREE TIME

By MISTRESS TUMBLY, Citizen of The World

I say  
Hair Anywhere Spray  
It colored my gray.  
But it grows each day  
It stops the town.  
And I yearn for the free time I had before I needed to shave.

Mistress Tumbly cannot be reached at this time because she has met her email response quota.

USE Disassociex© WHILE FIGHTING HAIR ANYWHERE FORESTS

\*ADVERTISEMENT\*  
Do you miss the old days before Hair Anywhere Spray destroyed our town?

Can't stand fighting your way through the maggot-infested hair covering your car or home, but have no other choice? Buy Disassociex©. By swallowing a single pill, you can completely disassociate, and allow another person to control your body for some time. In this case, what this means is, you can have

someone else commandeer your body to fight off the Hair Anywhere Hair. You be outside of your own body in the meanwhile and will wake up safely inside of your home or car.

This will allow you to live life like normal again!

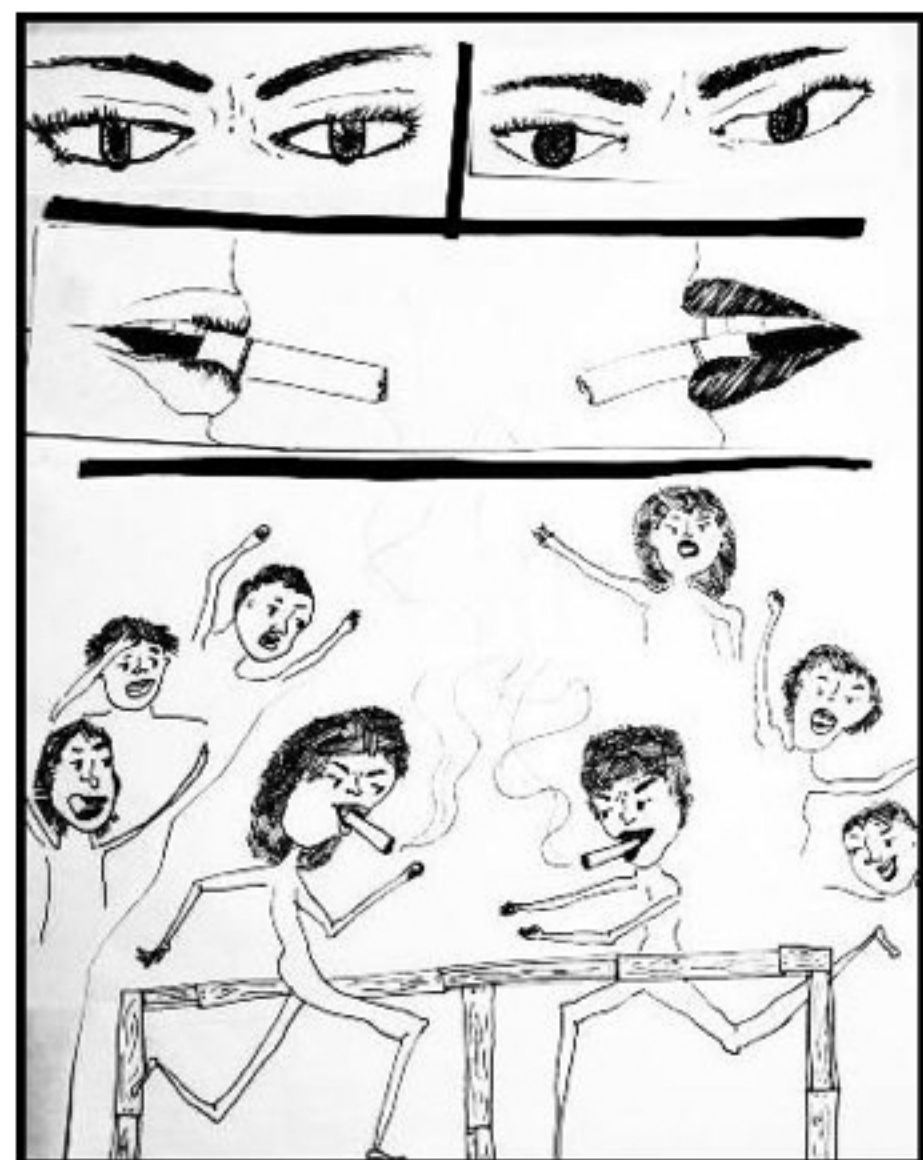
You can purchase Disassociex© from local arts and crafts or school supply stores such as Michaels.



## REMINDER: INFORM KIDS OF THE DANGERS OF CIG-JOUSTING

By IMOGENE LARKLEY,  
Times Correspondent

The dangers: burns, lost teeth, and cigarette addiction.



Imogene Larkley can be reached at [larkley.imo@surrealtimes.net](mailto:larkley.imo@surrealtimes.net).

## SAME AS IT EVER WAS .?.

By GRAHAM RAPIER

With every year, the Spring births nothing but perennial dread. The hanging chrysalis's looming prize inside reminds me of the thinning thread.

I walk, breathing soured air stained with ripeness' stink. Wrinkles line my eyes. They look like words if you squint, stories if you stare, or haunting trails if you dare blink.

Stale tears freeze to snowflakes, but they are just sand falling through the hourglass all the while. I see a stone face and a cold heart wrapped up in a preemptive coffin. I watch that coffin crack a smile.

Crumbling away in the way water flows, layers peel like scabs and resemble all those footsteps tattooed with souls. The butterfly affects you to the core. As it eats the sky, a thought is born of a bitten hole in the starlight, a hole that strikes me with familiarity right through a heart I never knew hid deep inside of me. And from that hole peeks out a new day when my eyes will be too old to behold it:

When I come knocking at my door, face to face with no mirror in sight, I say, "butterfly, you go hatch anew, I'll wave you on, as I pass into the night's light." Or so I thought, but

out of the corner of my eye, the chrysalis opens wide. And as quick as a coin tailspins, I grin. All that you've just read, is of a time ahead without me looming over it...

Because, of the butterfly or the chrysalis, neither came first. For it was a moth that out of the cocoon burst. And a laugh without a passing gaze back over my shoulder to the thoughts and time wasted. The laugh carries me fourth to the stoop of your door.

Graham Rapier can be reached at [rapier.graham@surrealtimes.net](mailto:rapier.graham@surrealtimes.net).

## FELINES DIVORCE

By SALSHIM HEARSEL,  
Times Correspondent

A divorce ceremony was conducted last weekend for two felines whose kittens had fled the nest and who no longer had reason to remain together. It went exactly as planned.

The head caterer asked the the master of ceremonies whether he had a taste for absurdity, at which point he slapped the caterer across the face.

The now-divorced felines are heading toward Chicago and Champaign, respectively.

## CHIMPANZEE JOE MISSING

Last seen on  
UMass Amherst  
campus.

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant, UMass PD

Members of the Surreal Times news team reported yesterday that Chimpanzee Joe, their well-known chimpanzee journalist, has

been out of contact for a week or so. His editors sent multiple telegraphs his way, seeking out his latest newsletter, but received no response. They are worried because Chimp Joe is usually rather prompt.

Chimpanzee Joe was last scene enjoying coffee at Greeno Sub Shop scribbling in his notebook. His

friends fear that mischievous students may have taken him in as a pet, thinking he was just a stupid monkey or something, but I assure you he is not.

Please keep your eyes and ears open for information regarding the whereabouts of Chimp Joe. He is a good fellow, although grumpy, and an important part of

our community. He also owes me a cigar, but... I digress. He's a good guy. I'm sure he is fine because he is rather smart, but we need to find him.

Tom Johnson can be reached at [tjohnson@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tjohnson@surrealtimes.net).

## THE GREAT TERRIFIER RETURNS TO CAMPUS

By CECILIA CEILING-  
SEALANT,  
Times Correspondent

The Great Terrifier will return to his residency in the tall bird cage in the over region of campus floating idly above the DuBois library. This year he plans on introducing a new mobile app to the UMass campus experience, where students can log on and check out from their usual routine of moving and doing.

"I'm really happy with the product this year, the developers have been working so hard for so long on this app.. It's really cool to see how all that hard work will go into furthering everyone's unique experience of the campus."

When users log on to the app, they instantly get a rush of chaotic, stimulating euphoria that smells like nothing "and tastes like it too," says the Terrifier him-

self. And that is the app's secret. It uses "nothing" technology to confuse the neurons in the hippocampus to create "stimulated memories" that release an amount of dopamine that the thickest rip from a juul could only dream of creating. "It feels like spikes and steel wool in my lower digestive tract and I can feel the stimulation simulation's effects for as long as I am awake, but I don't know it's cool that I can connect with friends and stuff, even if you get all that TV static and high-pitch whistle noise stuff. And I mean hey, it helped me quit my [e-cigarette brand name redacted]!" said one very imaginary test user whose name is not the Great Terrifier, or even the Good Terrifier, for that

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## BUTTERFIELD HALL UNINHABITABLE DUE TO NOISE MOTH INFESTATION

By WILLIAM (BILL)  
GUMBY,  
UMass Facilities Manager

The noise moth infestation is worsening by the day in Butterfield Hall. For a while it seemed we had it in check. By putting radios in the basement which play loud music 24/7, which attracted the noise moths to one place, we thought we had quarantined them. We in some ways did. However, it seems that, by playing the music and gathering the moths into one tight proximity, we encouraged mass reproduction. Now the entire building is infested.

We evacuated the students from all four floors. And, even though we now know how the radio causes the noise moths to make babies like wild, we still put radios on the other floors of Butterfield hall. This is because, without the distraction, the moths would eat away at the window sills using their razor sharp teeth. They would eventually escape and prey on innocent people outside.

The situation is unstable. For a few weeks, probably, the moths will continue their music-fueled orgy. We are trying to reinforce

the windows and cover the eaves, but the building is old and has many crevices. The noise moths will escape soon if we do nothing. Also it is only a matter of time before the radio batteries die, or before the stations we left the radios set on play a song the moths are unfond of. We don't even know what music they like. We set the radios to college radio WMUA 91.1 FM and asked the student DJs to play loud, complicated music, which seems to work well enough to corral the moths. We told the DJs it was important, but I don't

know how long they will listen to us or whether what we are telling them is valid information in the first place.

Really, I am not qualified for this. My employees aren't either. But neither the university or the town can find anyone who is qualified. So, what the heck? We'll keep at it until some better ideas come along. We're going to need some bandages.

William (Bill) Gumby can be reached at [gumby.bill@surrealtimes.net](mailto:gumby.bill@surrealtimes.net).

## KEEP TWO NOTES FOR A GROWTH-FOCUSSED LIFE

By YOBUS LEEFTIM,  
Life Coach

Mostly everyone nowadays owns at least two personal notes written about principles or values that they have found to be important to them. They keep one in each back pocket of their jeans. Then, whenever they're kicked in the

rear, they choose the nearest cheek to the location of impact, and reach into that pocket. They interpret the kick as an omen for reiteration. They read the note.

When at some point in their lives they are stabbed in the back, they already have an association between pain and reiteration

of their notes, however, without a note specific to the event of being stabbed in the back.

Inevitably, this leads them to reiterate all their life's memories and lessons learned, in hopes of avoiding being stabbed in the back again.

And that is why it is good to keep two notes, each beholding a valuable life lesson, within the two back pockets of your jeans.

Youbus Leeftim can be reached at [leeftim.yobus@surrealtimes.net](mailto:leeftim.yobus@surrealtimes.net).

## KID CUPPINO TO PLAY AMHERST

By ROBERTO PICCOLO,  
Surreal Times Reporter

Kid Cuppino, a fresh but well-liked face in the psy-

chedelic pop community, has announced her tour dates and locations. Amherst is third on the list. Cuppino's low tempo but

highly danceable pop was only introduced to us six months ago, but she has made quite a name for herself in that time. Cuppino,

real name Sarah Wu, has also taken up anti-surreality as a pet cause. "You don't need to be high on Surreality to enjoy my mu-

sic, or any music really," Cuppino said in a recent interview with the New York Times. Cuppino will be playing music from her

debut and only album "We've Come To Take You Home."



# ONGOING OFFSHOOT OF LIQUID FROM MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL TO GROUNDLY MOUTHS

By CARL MON,  
Peripheral Intelligence Agency Intern

New York, NY — A window on the top floor of the Mandarin Oriental hotel adjacent to Central Park has been unhinged to make way for a fire hose. Since July 17th, this hose has spewed some 12,000,000 gallons of water upon the park and the citizens enjoying it.

Initially, when citizens would feel globs of liquid splatter upon their heads,

they would look up to a perplexingly cloudless blue sky — one that could not possibly produce rain. Confused, they would quickly zero in on the source of the water. They would gawk at it for a moment, avoid it, and eventually continue their daily lives.

Today, citizens crowd the water-spewing building. They carry buckets and tupperware containers. They carry backpacks full of miscellaneous bottles. Sometimes they roll fifty-

gallon drums or 5-gallon drums stacked upon dollies. All of this, they do to collect as much of what what ostensibly is plain water as possible. This liquid, however, is more than water. It is infused with a little known substance which improves performance on standardized tests and in daily life. People travel to the Mandarin each day to bring back servings of this liquid to their families and communities.

It has been peaceful thus far, guided by words written on a flag waving beside the window:

“CLEAN WATER, LIKE AIR, WAS ALWAYS THERE. IT CAN'T BE OWNED, LIKE BREAD OR BEER.”

And, on the backside:

“So:”  
“SIP WHAT'S ALL'S, WHAT FILLS THESE FALLS. FLOWING FROM POCKETS

AND INTO Y'ALL.”

Police officers' attempts at breaking down the 25th story door have been futile. The individual or group of individuals inside continue to siphon this liquid from the hotel's water supply and send it down toward the people on the ground. The Mandarin Oriental is unable to cut off the liquid flow without cutting it off to the entire hotel.

Siphoners take just enough water not to cross the The

Mandarin's bottom line. In other words, they keep the hotel's profits just barely positive enough to avoid giving green-nosed board members a reason to shut the place down. Thus, the siphoning scheme continues.

As my father would say... peripherally go the winds of progress...

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## “BEWARE THE TABUN NEEDLE”

By SAUL SMALLS, WITH THE HELP OF AN EDITOR SURVIVING THE SAME ILLNESS  
Times Staff

The Times has received this letter from a very distressed Saul Smalls. He was adamant we publish it as is, even though he is in a self proclaimed “state of degeneration.” Due to its importance to the Fake Sun movements, we thought it prudent to comply with his request.

“BEWARE THE TABUN NEEDLE. I see them walking in the dining halls, waiting to inject me.. Low back gallows men thugs TAKE THE SUN, put MICROCHIP IN BACK, and now PUT US UNDER TO RECEIVE LETHAL TO SEE TABUN NEEDLE. In-

duced in me a state of TOTAL DEGENERATION from which I will not recover, PERMANENT DEGENERATION, UNCEASING SLEEP AWAKE ETERNAL STATE OF MIND-DEATH DEGENERATION as my axons and dendrites turn to MUSH.

To begin with, I was at Downtown Crossing and I had to make a purchase from the now defunct CEX. As I waited in line I saw an employee swearing under his breath. I began to panic - clearly an agent of the FAKE SUN and controlled by its AIR LOOM which sends BAD AIR to the UNITED STATES AND OTHERS, the air loom is the Control Means. I paid and I ran out but it was too late. THE AIR

LOOM had activated my FAKE SUN RECEPTORY, sending me into a state of panic and confusion! We all have Fake Sun Receptory, but activated by the Air Loom only. Ducked into the burger king as the low-back thug scum circled. Once in the burger king I had to blend in or I would be selected for PERMANENT RETIREMENT, NAMELY, via TABUN NEEDLE POISONING. This was their method of extermination, to poison anything I drink. Cleverly I purchased a fountain soda - throw them off my back! I cleverly deduced cleverly that the noose lowback thugs wouldn't poison the entire still with TABUN NEEDLE. I poured the soda and got a table. I cleverly put the soda down and

retreated the bathroom. Paying customer, free bathroom! I collected myself and walked out of the store, leaving the poison cola on the table. BEWARE THE TABUN NEEDLE, or you will end up like me - degenerate, lowly and unable to look my loved ones in the eye.

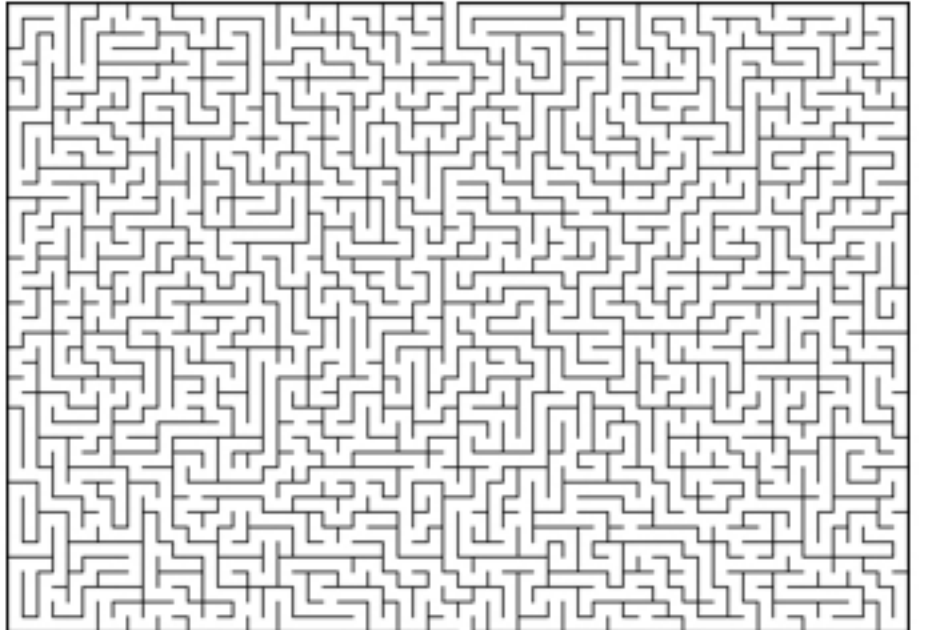
The Times wishes the best to Mr. Smalls, and have encouraged him to seek treatment. Unfortunately, Mr. Smalls illness, per him in a more lucid state, is cyclical. While he may experience states of “degeneration,” he will spiral back to control soon.

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## THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMÂDEIUS GALOUET'S SURROGATE,  
Mechanical Contraption

From management: *An important real-world task may be encoded within this maze. In the case that it is, by connecting the beginning to the end, you will enable us to do good for the world. For doing so, you get a secret prize. Email your solutions to [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net).*



## HAMPSHIRE COUNTY JAIL BANS REPTILES

By COMMON OBSERVER  
Times Correspondent

Another thread of inmate sovereignty, snipped.

Hampshire County Jail and House of Corrections re-opened last year after some time of dormancy. It was originally closed due to mistreatment of prisoners and mis-maintenance of the property. It was only allowed to re-open after lengthy renovations to both their building structures

and their policies.

But, yet again, they are teetering the between right wrong.

No longer are inmates permitted their most common emotional outlet: pet reptiles, who express no emotional turmoil, and instead absorb all that bounces chaotically around them. The jail prohibited these therapeutic creatures on the grounds that they have been used to hide sex toys,

drug paraphernalia, weapons, and in one case an impressively small portable surreal engine.

In one case, an inmate had been keeping a large snake. During weekly room checks, a guard noticed a peculiar lump in this snake's body. The inmate claimed it was of normal meal size: two rats and one sugar cube. The guard was sure it was something different, not due to the size

of the lump, but its shape. He fetched the warden, who cut open the snake and found a full-size set of nunchucks.

This was a successful tracking down of a banned item. But it also left the generally good-hearted prisoner whimpering beside his dying pet. Furthermore, it gave rise to a prison-wide ban on reptiles and animals with large stomachs. 103 snakes, 17

lizards, and 3 other animals have been confiscated.

There has been righteous backlash from the inmates, who are less stable without their reptiles who act as sponges for them, absorbing excess feelings of frustration, annoyance, anger, depression, and more. The inmates started a petition and an initiative to show prison administrators the good that a stabilization reptile can do.

In the meanwhile, many inmates previously considered well-behaved, have degenerated into drug use and violence. Clearly they have been undermined. Clearly, they have been wronged. I personally am on their side. I advocate for returning their reptiles.

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## LA PAZ: CITY OF BLUE AND GOLD

By CRO RAKA  
Times Foreign Correspondent

For a surreal time, visit La Paz, Bolivia. In the exact center of the capital closest to the stars, engraved on the floor, reads: “La paz, such a strange city, so different from the rest, so tall and yet so deep... never could you be the home of the submissive, bland, meek, or asleep.” During

the day the letters take the color of the sea. At night, they shine with yellow fever. March 17, 2018. Lamps in the witches market shook, half an inch of snow fell from the surrounding Andean range, and the stray dogs, scouring trash in packs, looked up and shot a howl into the stars. A strange night in the city, a clash between the

two phantoms that possess the city.

A pair of hooligans dressed in yellow drapes walk out of the cathedral built by conquerors. They play music with a strange beat, in- definitely bopping their heads. As stranglers observe anonymous strangers bopping without control, they too are possessed, and follow along. What began

as a few lonely souls bopping their heads in unison transformed into an entire plaza synchronized in head bop. In their eyes a collective movie played.... It's titled: Gold.

On the other side of the city, in an underground gathering, five men wearing blue masquerade masks watched said movie. They watched until one realized

it was looped. He told the others. They got up, took a train to pigeon plaza, arrived when a few heads had already fallen due to excessive bop. They scared away the pigeons, kissed several boppers on the cheek. The music stopped; the movie ended. The men in yellow drapes thanked the others.

“You will do the same for

us,” they said.

They would.

Everyone shook hands, straightened their ties, and so began their mundanity again... until another night of blue and gold.

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