

# THE P.I.A. OPENS ITS NYC OUTPOST

# RECLUSE BOASTS NOVEL CASTLE

## THE SURREAL TIMES

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

December 21th, 2018 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

Serving the citizens of the  
world since the 3rd dawn  
of the cicadas.

### HAIR ANYWHERE SPRAY BANNED ACROSS THE PIONEER VALLEY

Final efforts to  
keep hair-fueled  
destruction at bay.

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant, UMass PD

In recent weeks: Our win-  
dows have been covered.  
Our roads have grown im-  
passable. Our trees have  
been strangled. Our mail-  
boxes have been filled by  
rapidly-expanding hair.

Hair Anywhere Spray has  
solved many people's re-  
ceding hairlines, but it has  
also stifled the Pioneer  
Valley. It has made life  
here almost unlivable.

We are instituting a valley-  
wide ban on Hair Any-  
where Spray and hiring  
student teams to collabo-  
rate with local landscaping  
companies in order to fight  
the mess that the spray cre-

ated. We are also paying  
UMass biologists to inves-  
tigate a permanent cure.  
Because, no matter how  
much we cut back the hair,  
it always grows back.

If caught with Hair Any-  
where Spray anytime after  
next Tuesday, individuals  
will face fines and jail  
time. Two particular fla-  
vors of Hair Anywhere  
Spray, sticky and stinky,

are considered especially  
heinous, and leverage  
heftier penalties as a result.

UMass PD is holding a  
Hair Anywhere Spray can-  
ister turn in at UMPD  
headquarters, open every  
day until 9:00pm.

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

### FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUEI,  
Times Senior Editor



"The interminable interval compels millions"

The pig can be reached via [armgalou@surrealtimes.net](mailto:armgalou@surrealtimes.net).

### AN ATTEMPT ON DR. LINDA PETERSON'S LIFE

By JOE  
KIERLSKEGRIENGER,  
Times Staff

The disgraced scientist Dr.  
Linda Peterson, former  
head of the Rise Together  
research team, should need  
little introduction. Curious  
readers will hear all about  
hear in my three part series  
"The Death of Surreality"  
(which can be found on

[surrealtimes.net](http://surrealtimes.net)).

But as dangerous as Peter-  
son is, it is this reporter's  
opinion that she does not  
deserve death. Yet death is  
what she faced yesterday  
and only narrowly avoided.

Incarcerated in medium-  
security federal prison, the  
attempt began when Peter-  
son was ordered to move to

a new cell. Speaking on the  
condition of anonymity, a  
middle-level prison admin-  
istrator admitted that the  
move did not follow stan-  
dard protocol. Mr. Dean  
Richards, the chief admin-  
istrator, ordered the move  
abruptly and gave the staff  
no time to take typical pre-  
cautions. Peterson knew  
something was off.

Whether she deduced this  
or was tipped off is current-  
ly unknown. To delay the  
move, she punched the  
concrete wall of her cell as  
hard as she could with her  
right hand, breaking sever-  
al bones. This ensured she  
was sent to the infirmary,  
buying her time.

At this point, somebody

saved Dr. Peterson's life.  
For unknown reasons, the  
cell Peterson was supposed  
to move in to was thor-  
oughly searched by two  
guards. The future cellmate  
was in the cell at the time.  
The guards found the mur-  
der weapon: a needle filled  
with the nerve agent tabun.  
This tabun needle is be-  
coming increasingly preva-

lent in our newspaper. This  
is likely no coincidence.  
Whoever is behind the  
tabun needles wants to  
send a message. The Times  
will document this history  
as it unfolds.

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

### CHIMP JOE FOUND IN MIDST OF NOISE MOTH BINGE

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant, UMass PD

Chimpanzee Joe, the well-  
known news chimp em-  
ployed by The Surreal  
Times, has been missing  
for weeks. His readers and  
friends have been worried  
that he could have been  
captured by teenagers  
wanting to keep him as a  
pet. Or worse, he could  
have been hit by a car  
somewhere, left on the side  
of the road dead and unre-  
ported because of the fact  
that he is non-human.

I've got good news. I also  
have bad news.

The good news is that we  
found Chimpanzee Joe. He  
is going to be alright.

The bad news is that exter-  
minators wearing sound-  
proof suits found him in  
the basement of Butterfield  
Hall, stuffing his face with  
noise moths and slurring  
his words. When the exter-  
minators tried pulling him  
from the building, he  
yelled at them, "you arro-

gant human bastards, un-  
able to fathom the refined  
taste of a species more so-  
phisticated than your-  
selves." Joe tried fighting  
off the exterminators, but  
didn't fair well because of  
his being inebriated. So he  
resorted to snapping his  
fingers in his pockets and  
clamping them shut to trap  
moths attracted to the  
sound. When these people  
restrained Chimp Joe's  
arms, he would burp on  
purpose so as to attract  
swarms of noise moths into  
his mouth. He would chew  
frantically. Then all of the  
sudden his eyes would roll  
back and he would begin  
trying to communicate  
with moths using a home-  
brewed tongue clicking  
language.

Chimp Joe eventually went  
unconscious after an appar-  
ent overdose on noise  
moths. The exterminators  
managed to deliver him to  
us before continuing their  
quarantine attempts..

We are now holding Chim-  
panzee Joe in our overnight

cells to give him time to  
sober up. Unfortunately,  
some sort of detoxification  
process is taking place. He  
is suffering from serious  
withdrawal symptoms of  
backwards speech, flap-  
ping arms, and extreme  
sensitivity to light. He also  
keeps closing his eyes and  
burping with his mouth  
wide open, fantasizing that  
it will attract moths. There  
are no noise moths in our  
cells, so he always comes  
up empty, and he picks his  
fingernails to distract from  
the craving.

We hope to release him  
soon but are unsure when  
he will be ready. We are  
also unsure whether we  
will be able to trust him to  
resist his craving to return  
to Butterfield Hall. If he  
were to return to Butter-  
field, he would risk not  
only himself, but all of us,  
but possibly allowing the  
vicious biting noise moths  
to escape.

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### MULLEN: "YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU WANT"

By HUBERT E. "EYE-  
BROWS" PERRYWINKLER,  
Professor

*This is my translation of  
the bothersome flickering  
stars above my childhood  
home, so very annoying  
they must have a reason  
for their blinks.*

- until Then eats Now -  
Professor H.E. "Eyebrows"  
Perrywinkler

It is all so very much, my  
eyes are stretching wide, as  
wide as the horizon can  
bow. Water begins to pour  
out of them, yet I'm a  
stranger to sadness, in fact  
I'm a stranger to most  
everything. But no more  
talk of that, with all ahead  
and no tale to tie me down.  
Without wink or wait or  
hesitation I take my first  
steps like air walks on  
clouds.

Filling in the blank hori-  
zon, I spot something slith-  
ering across that plain that  
stretches much further, and  
I have the patience stretch  
this line of imagery, i have  
far too much to do and far

too many fresh faces to  
face. It's a serpent merrily  
whistling and chewing on  
it tail, like a scarecrow  
chews on a stock of the  
wheat that a cheeky raven  
will someday steal away.

And there it went slithering  
away. Without anything  
done or to do I ran after it.  
It began to wind up a tree  
(which i hadn't noticed  
there before) like a clock,  
and every inch it ascended,  
a droplet of time fell be-  
hind it. It was so peculiar it  
peaked my curiosity. I  
climb up it back as it  
ascends.

When I reach its skull, I  
spot a doorway into the  
tree. I crawl and I'm greet-  
ed by a flight of stairs  
straight out of and Escher-  
ian wet dream (I don't  
know what any of those  
words mean but they sure  
do sound nice).

I follow the stairs as they  
lead me upwards. I then  
hear something of a sound.  
I've never heard it before.  
Unlike the rest of the

sounds that I haven't heard  
before, this one sounds fa-  
miliar, a song:

♪ Mullen wants a  
meaning.♪

Atop the stairs stands a  
slanted slotted doorway.  
Peeking out from behind it  
is something fishy tied up  
by his tail to the wall. His  
fins are slumped and shoul-  
ders shrugged. In the back  
closet I spot him, him be-  
ing who I assume the song  
to be about

♪ Mullen is a mask with  
holes in more places than  
needed for eyes. Mullen  
wants a meaning.♪

Mullen's head hangs below  
a window sill where it  
finds his only "friends" in  
a quintet of tin Tinker  
Toys. Their whirring mur-  
murs seem to brighten  
him... He happily mimes  
his head to their move-  
ments in perfect orbital  
unison...

[MORE ON PG. 2]



[[Continued]]: "MULLEN"

From page 1.

The dance of the tin band obscures the nightlight and their song sings these words:

♪ *Mullen's toys with silent sighs wrestle in ellipses. They dance around and mock his wishful lies.* ♪

Their songs make more sense with every step I take. Where blurred sounds once stood I hear only friendly words waving "bye" as they fly.

♪ *Playground taunts bounce off yet haunt and hide. Mother says meaning is a hollow word yet it echoes in Mullen's head as meaning would echo within itself. His path draws a*

*continuous constellation. Mullen craves a meaning.* ♪

Mullen spots me from behind the door through the slots. My unfamiliar shape lures his attention. It is caught in the allure of lore. My presence tells him there is more. His stare makes me more shivers than me. I turn away to find myself pulled back by my tails which have been caught under Mullen's paw. Jarred by the pull, I fall on my back.

Just then a tiny jar with a tiny silver floating tinker toy inside rolls out from the wall and cracks upon the floor. Green liquid spills out and then the liquid climbs up the shiny sil-

ver body it shared its home with. The puddle slips inside the toy's head and the pair of puddle and toy walk out the door where I had entered. I think about following, but I have begun to like the surrounding sounds' song. Where I lay I eventually drift off to sleep. And am greeted by dreams filling in the hole where mullens meaning isn't.?

Until Then eats Now, Your friend,  
~ Hubert E. "Eyebrows" Perrywinkler.?

Hubert E. "Eyebrows" Perrywinkler can be reached at [perrywinkler@surrealtimes.net](mailto:perrywinkler@surrealtimes.net).

WE WILL NOT BE SILENCED, WE WILL PREVAIL!

"If you do not pay, I'll send dirt to all of your contacts."

By THE EDITORS



nightmare

To [ads@surrealtimes.net](mailto:ads@surrealtimes.net)

2:24 AM

Quick reply

Reply All

Forward

Delete

Hi, my prey.

THIS IS MY LAST WARNING!

I write you because I buried a trojan on the web site with porn which you have visited. My trojan captured all your private data and switched on your camera which recorded the act of your solitary sex. Just after that the trojan saved your contact list. I will erase the compromising video records and information if you send me 2000 USD in bitcoin.

This is address for payment : 1PLtH8HPHQLboeFvrBN2XJPJz99TxayGCo

We all have secrets, all people do. I'm sure you're all familiar the words that you never knew you could speak. And with our role as the voice of the the secret people and tellers of stories untold, we have a special relationship with secrets. But we will never let the skeletons in our closet take us to our graves. And as secrets spread in shadows like a vampiric plague, let's shine some light on our nighttime's sunshine. What is really threatening us is not a masked coward but our fanciful romances in solitude with the dream called "Lemming's Subterranean Adventures in the Manhole". (When ants draw mazes in your veins can you complain or are they just doing the same?) And now that all of your eyes and ears have seen, and heard, and met with our shame we fear nothing! We have burned down your dirty digital Trojan horse and let our secret fireflies fly free. As we have no allegiance to our pride, our only allegiance is to you, our readers and no faceless entity behind a keyboard will keep us from reporting on the truth unspoken... We'll see you next semester!

THE LIQUID SPEWING FROM THE MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL IS NO LONGER INTELLIGENCE-BOOSTING

By CARL MON,  
Peripheral Intelligence Agency Intern

NYC -- People have become gradually less interested in the free water spewing from the Mandarin Hotel. As of yesterday, interest waned completely.

The PIA believes that the supposed intelligence-boosting substance originally found in the water seems to have either lost its effect on people or disappeared from the water supply. The liquid still tastes of salt, but seemingly no longer effects the intelligence of those who consume it.

The PIA is investigating multiple possibilities as to why this water has lost its pull on the people of New York, and why it appealed to them originally. We at the PIA don't wish to speculate further during the hectic setup of our New York outpost. We intend on

providing more information in the near future.

As my father says, Peripherally go the winds of progress...

Carl Mon can be reached at [mon.carl@surrealtimes.net](mailto:mon.carl@surrealtimes.net).

"CAROUSEL OF UNENDING HAPPINESS" COMING THIS SPRING

\* ADVERTISEMENT \*

The following is a paid advertisement and not a journalistic endeavor by The Surreal Times.

Step on up and meet the man who hides grinning behind obscurity's walls, and see what happens when you turn off the light inside your mind. Here, the sun mimes a wink and a magician pulls himself out of a hat. A friendly heroin baggie sports a smiley face and will never, ever leave you alone. We will take your ticket, like rabbits in holes and men in mazes, all around and a well-rounded good time. The Carousel of Unending Happiness, this Spring around a corner near you!

THE PROCESS COMPLETE: R. BOTTLEBY GAINS VAGUE TELEPATHIC FORESIGHT

By MOE "TINY" SCHLEMIEL,  
Surreal Times Reporter

On February 2, 2017, the Surreal Times reported on the **Process Too Complicated To Explain**, or P2CE (see "Experiments that you Should Probably Know About" on [surrealtimes.net](http://surrealtimes.net)). Working on this process were Dernberger Spengleton and Armădeius Galouei. After speculating on the future of a world in which P2CE had been completed, the article explained the function of P2CE (well, it tried): the process takes things that are very orderly, compress-

es them and then explodes them into a unidentifiable, entropy-filled heterogeneous concoction. And from what this reporter hears from experts, this is only scratching the surface. Over a year later, the process has finally been completed. The last piece of the puzzle: the help of the disgraced Dr. Linda Peterson from her jail cell. With her correspondence, Dernberger was able to complete the process from beside the dome inside of which Reverend Garland Hobbes is currently trapped. He was able to extract a set of blueprints

from the dome. The process was so intense that the machine could fire only once. A volunteer was needed. R. Bottelby stepped up to the plate. The machine is very small, only the size of a thumb drive. As instructed, R. Bottleby placed it under his tongue. A small buzz was heard, then a loud ping. R. Bottleby winced but did not cry out. When it was over, R. Botelby closed his eyes for a seconds. He removed the small machine from under his tongue and said, "I can see further than I used to."

What R. Bottleby meant was, he can see further in time than he used to be able to. "It's quite unpleasant," Bottleby said. Dr. Linda Peterson cleared up the confusion via a letter the next day. "What has happened," she writes, "Is that R. Bottleby's brain, which is very orderly, has become entropic. This has even affected his perception of time. With his time-perception function disrupted, Bottleby is unmoored from his temporal chains. He

can drift through time's currents slightly, but he cannot control it. Only vaguely will he see the future, and given how he normally speaks, I don't think we will gain very much from this ordeal."

The Times wishes R. Bottleby the best, and would like to note that we consider his predictions newsworthy and would be happy to print them.

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

WHOLE GRAIN BREAD NUMBERS RISING

By CLARENCE MON,  
Head of PIA

By nearly all metrics, the numbers for whole-grain bread product are higher than ever. This means that we can look forward to tomorrow. The next generation will be healthier and more intelligent, and will therefore be more capable of taking care of us than we are of our parents.

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

WHO IS DORF?

By GEORGE S. HALFLY,  
Times Correspondent

To the editors and readers of this "newspaper", enough is enough! I demand the immediate return of the alien interloper, Dorf, to the planet **Nebulōnis** and the arrest, prosecution and imprisonment of his master, Charlie. Do you know know of whom I write? Then I suggest you

review the original story, "A look at the creature of North Amherst", on [surrealtimes.net](http://surrealtimes.net)! It reveals the knuckle-dragging degeneracy of this "creature," and the sad, pathetic attempts of its master to take care of it. Do not be fooled: Dorf is a Nebulōnian spy! In the wake of the alien rooster debacle (search "The Feathered Travesty" on sur-

[realtimes.net](http://realtimes.net) for Mini-P Petrinski definitive report), we must be rid of these extra-terrestrial spies immediately. Be courageous. Take action. Excise Dorf.

George S. Halfly can be reached at [halfly.george@surrealtimes.net](mailto:halfly.george@surrealtimes.net).

"YOU ARE ON NOTICE, SURREAL TIMES"

By SENIOR HOFF RICKO No-WICKO,  
Of The Tree Folk

How does it feel to be on the wrong side of history, Surreal Times? You are a fossil. You are obsolete. You are unwanted, you are obscure, and you are archaic.

You print your newspaper on dead trees.

The Tree Folk hereby demand the Surreal Times switch to online-only publishingprinting. This will save countless trees which are even now being slaughtered, their defaced corpses being processed into the most foul of byproducts:

paper.

The Tree Folk will not stop until The Surreal Times stops murdering trees.

Senior Hoff Ricko No-Wicko can be reached at [no.wicko@surrealtimes.net](mailto:no.wicko@surrealtimes.net).



# SENIOR HOFF DAZZLE-RAZZLE MAGOOGOO FORCED OUT OF THE TREE FOLK

By THE EDITORS,  
Times Staff

The Tree Folk are a non-partisan organization dedicated to reason and civic duty. They are led by a single “senior hoff”.

Due to a recent power struggle, Senior Hoff Daz-

zle-Razzle Magoogoo has been forced out. His successor, former Double Junior Hoff Ricko No-Wicko, promised a more pointed agenda for the Tree Folk:

“For too long we have remained neutral. We have

forgotten our name. We are not just The Folk, we are the Tree Folk. It’s time to stand up for the trees. No one else will. Therefore, the Tree Folk will devote all their energy to the protection of trees. We don’t care about animals. We don’t care about people.

We don’t care about minerals. We care about trees, and Magoogoo didn’t understand that.”

Magoogoo gave the following statement to the Times:

“Now I truly do not recog-

nize the Tree Folk. What was once of the most well thought out non-partisan advocacy organizations in the U.S has been consumed by tree-talk. I won’t be part of it. The vote of no confidence was a long time coming. I say good riddance.”

The Times wish Dazzle-Razzle Magoogoo the best in his future endeavors.

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

# MAN BOASTS CASTLE ABOUT WHICH WORLD ROTATES

“The oracle to which the world delivers its specimens”

By DERNBERGER  
SPENGLER, Times Staff

I myself yearn for a castle. I have done so for many years. It and its surrounding village would be a place where people do as they wish, when they wish it, while in perfect harmony always. There would be music, story telling, dancing, and all the things that might make a person feel wholesomely alive.

In six years time, if all goes

right, Spengleton’s castle will open its doors. Last year, I said it would be seven.

During my current pre-castle phase, an anonymous agop put forth an effort to build a castle of his own imagining. I am thankful of — but I admit, confused by — his outlook.

His castle is in the shape of a van, but made from bricks and mortar and sitting upon a struggling iron axle with doubled wheels. It drives slowly, not steadily. As it goes, four belching mufflers pull the attention of people on the backroads of Amherst. It garners further attention when its dri-

ver, having no windows to see through but a narrow mail slit, barrels over curbs, potholes, and more than occasional mailboxes along his way.

I have only ever seen the man in the stone van through his narrow mail slit. I would see his eyes and a bit of reddened cheek, but not much else. However, his voice reigned familiar from my time visiting Hampshire County Jail (<https://surrealtimes.net/article/?id=194>).

We conversed about castles in general terms — methods of their construction, the history of them, and the future — all without speak-

ing much in detail about our individual visions.

Eventually, though, we arrived to the topic of his lifestyle.

Firstly, there is this: He considers his castle a castle and nothing in the sort of automobiles. In fact, he was confused when I mentioned the wheels beneath it, and denies that they exist. While I see his “castle” as an obnoxious and dangerous automobile, he believes that it is stationary and that the world rotates beneath it, delivering to him persons like myself who will hear and spread his story. He has a term, The Grand Conveyor,

which describes the entity which rotates the world beneath him in his favor (always in his favor).

Secondly, there is this: He is permanently enclosed inside, by choice. I asked him why he enclosed himself. He told me, “because [he] needed a space to focus on his paintings.” He told me, “Because [he] needed space away from those who berated him.” He told me, “because there is more to offer inside than out”. He told me a variety of reasons... In the process, many times over, he mentioned “his story”. And eventually he admitted that “people are most eager to speak for those who can-

not possibly speak for themselves.” He said that he ultimately enclosed himself so that people would spread his story further than he ever could by his lonesome.

Thirdly, there is this: He is unwilling or unable to retrieve food. He requires patrons such as myself and possibly yourself to deliver him food through his mail slit. And they (and I) naturally continue. Maybe you will yourself, onwards ever after.

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

# TABLETALK CRIES

Tattoos I can no longer “legally” show you / Vol.13.3

By TOMMY ORIGAMI,  
The Irish Paper Doll

The Surreal Times has recently bought out “The New Mythalogian’s Diary of Doubt”, and with that purchase, we are proud to welcome a few new semi-regular articles. The first of these to be published is the latest installment in acclaimed children’s writer and sage of The Verdant Green Hills of Ireland, the one and the only: Tommy Origami.

Alright, boys and girls. While I was sleeping in my neighbors trash bin, I found a little piece of paper. And written upon this paper we find a family feasting:

- Father said with a electric grin, “Woo boy, oh boy, I love me some turkey. It is slick and it is a slimy shady devil and I like it. What do you think, Todd?”  
- “I don’t care, DAD,” spat Brother.  
- “Oh, come on! In MY house, we respect meat! One day you just may be eaten yourself!”  
- “I hope someone eats you, DAD.”  
- Tanya gleefully interrupted, “I like it, Daddy.”  
- “Good for you Tanya, You always had my pallet.”  
- Brother snarked, “I’ll make some dark meat around your eye, TANYA.”  
- Brother’s words broke my heart. It wasn’t shock. I expect brother to say things like that. But I kept that shock in a glass bottle deep in my heart and when it broke I knew that I’d never be surprised again.  
- “DAD, no fair, why does SHE get an internal monologue?”

Does this nice little story have you on the edge of your seats, then let ol’ Tommy fill in the rest. My dear little readers, when my pen touched her name on the paper, the young girl started coughing up ink and minced words. Though, because you can’t hear them, I’ll clue you in: her last word was “gobbledygook”, how festive haha...

Oh, my little readers, then Brother and Father cried, pleaded, and prayed to a carousel of their carnival gods, but all to no avail. There was no answer, my dear young readers, my pen refused to move. Only I had the power to move that pen off the girl’s name on the puddle of ink on the page, and a dot soon flooded the sentence and when it did tanya’s neck was flooded too. It spat out a puddle of ink in Tanya’s Trachea {aren’t alliterations fun=}}. When I got bored, I folded up their paper world, and Uncle Tommy got a new nose, and boy it smelt good. Their world fades and then they’re forgotten.

The moral of this story: “Respect your parents or I just might eat you all or let you swim in my nostrils.” Oh another groovy moral is: “Don’t think about what you eat, or something just might eat you too.” Oh and one more moral for the road: “If you swim too deep in any rabbit hole, then you just might meet some unexpected worms in the place of bunnies. Listen to them to or I will eat you.”

Tommy Origami can be reached at origami.tommy@surrealtimes.net.

# WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN QUANDARIES

By TEVOBET NOPE,  
T.E.V.O.B.E.T. N.O.P.E.

These quandaries, what are they? Quantum? No. Quantitatives, or Quants? Um, beat it buster. How about Qualls? Well perhaps, but these interrogatives avoid the essence. What is the essence, you ask? Close your dense eyelids, and look without seeing. Your parents? The Sun? 1000 words in Times New Roman 12-point font, double spaced? My stinky grease secretion? None is the essence; nothing, noidea, noone, no-force. Living is circles, reaching no angles. You will cease, and then you won’t see. But as you go, your dense eyelids will rest you, for a sec, and that is how to see without looking. These quandaries are then thus, foremost jargon, two most farcical. Don’t beat the cycle, and hell’s dammit don’t be it. Just eat it whole.

Says The Nostril:

1. The first quandary is this. Many grown men and women completely encompass the very large sphere which you claim to be your own, but which they claim to be theirs. What is to be done about this impossible dispute over ownership? **This quandary is called The Simultaneous Want Quandary.**
2. The second quandary is this. The tallest tree in the world is mighty fine and voluptuous. It is a fantastic sight. But, it is infested with termites and will inevitably fall upon something that we all care very much about. We know it will, but we do not no whether it will be tomorrow or a hundred years from now when it does. Shall we down this tree? **This quandary is called The Grip and Release Quandary.**

Says Tevobet Nope:

1. Child, you. This infinite number of orbiting circles is in and of and to and from and within and without itself. Those men and the wo’s they accompany can’t, neigh they shan’t draw or make or create or invent any such of those them there circles. We know this because there is absolutely no circle quite like the color purple, and that hue is restricted access for you and you. This is **The Abundance Principle.**
2. The Trees, the trees, those suckling trees. What a sort of kind of mad fairy tale constructed here before the bleeding gooballs. Perhaps it must be considered thus: The tree is a facet of the faucet we call the essence. It can’t be torn, and in it can’t be sworn. Shed tears? Ha, abs-un-lutely. To tear a tree is to become socrates, and that fella died in he wet ditch that you hu\*\*\*s have dug into existence. **This is The Essence is Essence Principle.**
3. And now this. You speak of trees. But feel them? Absolutely untrue. Now you are the **voluptuon**, hovering and smothering. You now know you will fall. Boom bang Ging Gong. You will stop hovering. And let’s don’t forget- without legs or wings or arms or tentacles you have been borned. Hover now, d’ya? As difficulty? What is to be done, butt end of the nose? **[[MORE ON PG. 4]]**



