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

PAGE 3

# **RECLUSE BOASTS NOVEL CASTLE**

# 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 ACCROSS THE PIONEER VALLEY

Final efforts to keep hair-fueled destruction at bay.

> By Tom Johnson, Sergeant, UMass PD

In recent weeks: Our windows have been covered. Our roads have grown impassable. Our trees have been strangled. Our mailboxes have been filled by rapidly-expanding hair.

solved many people's receding hairlines, but it has also stiffled the Pioneer Valley. It has made life it always grows back. here almost unlivable.

We are instituting a valleywide ban on Hair Anywhere Spray and hiring will face fines and jail student teams to collaborate with local landscaping companies in order to fight Spray, sticky and stinky, the mess that the spray cre-

Hair Anywhere Spray has UMass biologists to investigate a permanent cure. Because, no matter how much we cut back the hair,

> where Spray anytime after day until 9:00pm. next Tuesday, individuals time. Two particular flavors of Hair Anywhere

ated. We are also paying are considered especially heinous, and leverage heftier penalties as a result.

UMass PD is holding a Hair Anywhere Spray canister turn in at UMPD If caught with Hair Any- headquarters, open every

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

### FROM THE MOUTH **OF THE PIG:**

By Armadeius Galouei, Times Senior Editor



"The interminable interval compels millions"

The pig can be reached via armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

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

By Joe KIERLSKEGRIENGER, Times Staff

Linda Peterson, former little introduction. Curious readers will hear all about Incarcerated in mediumhear in my three part series "The Death of Surreality"

surrealtimes.net).

But as dangerous as Peterson is, it is this reporter's The disgraced scientist Dr. opinion that she does not deserve death. Yet death is head of the Rise Together what she faced yesterday research team, should need and only narrowly avoided.

security federal prison, the attempt began when Peter-(which can be found on son was ordered to move to

no time to take typical pre- buying her time. cautions. Peterson knew something was

Richards, the chief admin- right hand, breaking sever- was in the cell at the time. as it unfolds. istrator, ordered the move al bones. This ensured she The guards found the murabruptly and gave the staff was sent to the infirmary, der weapon: a needle filled

off. At this point, somebody coming increasingly preva-

a new cell. Speaking on the Whether she deduced this saved Dr. Peterson's life. lent in our newspaper. This with the nerve agent tabun. Joe Kierlskegrienger can be This tabun needle is be-

condition of anonymity, a or was tipped off is current- For unknown reasons, the is likely no coincidence. middle-level prison admin- ly unknown. To delay the cell Peterson was supposed Whoever is behind the istrator admitted that the move, she punched the to move in to was thor- tabun needles wants to move did not follow stan- concrete wall of her cell as oughly searched by two send a message. The Times dard protocol. Mr. Dean hard as she could with her guards. The future cellmate will document this history

> reached kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net.

## CHIMP JOE FOUND IN MIDST MULLEN: "YOU'LL OF NOISE MOTH BINGE

By Tom Johnson, Sergeant, UMass PD

Chimpanzee Joe, the wellknown news chimp employed 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 unreported 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 exterminators wearing soundproof suits found him in the basement of Butterfield Hall, stuffing his face with noise moths and slurring his words. When the exterminators tried pulling him from the building, he

his mouth. He would chew the craving. frantically. Then all of the back and he would begin language.

Chimp Joe eventually went were to return to Butterunconscious after an appar- field, he would risk not ent overdose on noise only himself, but all of us, moths. The exterminators but possibly allowing the managed to deliver him to vicious biting noise moths us before continuing their to escape. quarantine attempts..

We are now holding Chim- tjohnson@surrealtimes.net yelled at them, "you arro- panzee Joe in our overnight

gant human bastards, un- cells to give him time to able to fathom the refined sober up. Unfortunately, taste of a species more so- some sort of detoxification phisticated than your- process is taking place. He selves." Joe tried fighting is suffering from serious off the exterminators, but withdrawal symptoms of didn't fair well because of backwards speech, flaphis being inebriated. So he ping arms, and extreme resorted to snapping his sensitivity to light. He also fingers in his pockets and keeps closing his eyes and clamping them shut to trap burping with his mouth moths attracted to the wide open, fantasizing that sound. When these people it will attract moths. There restrained Chimp Joe's are no noise moths in our arms, he would burp on cells, so he always comes purpose so as to attract up empty, and he picks his swarms of noise moths into fingernails to distract from

sudden his eyes would roll We hope to release him soon but are unsure when trying to communicate he will be ready. We are with moths using a home- also unsure whether we brewed tongue clicking will be able to trust him to resist his craving to return to Butterfield Hall. If he

# 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 And there it went slithering for their blinks.

- until Then eats Now -Perrywinkler

It is all so very much, my eyes are stretching wide, as stranger to sadness, in fact I'm a stranger to most clouds.

Filling in the blank hori- do sound nice). zon, I spot something slithering across that plain that I follow the stairs as they

too many fresh faces to sounds that I haven't heard face. It's a serpent merrily before, this one sounds fawhistling and chewing on miliar, a song: it tail, like a scarecrow chews on a stock of the A Mullen wheat that a cheeky raven will someday steal away.

away. Without anything done or to do I ran after it. Professor H.E. "Eyebrows" 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 bewide as the horizon can hind it. It was so peculiar it to be about bow. Water begins to pour peaked my curiosity. I out of them, yet I'm a climb up it back as it ascends.

everything. But no more When I reach its skull, I talk of that, with all ahead spot a doorway into the and no tale to tie me down. tree. I crawl and I'm greet-Without wink or wait or ed by a flight of stairs hesitation I take my first straight out of and Eschersteps like air walks on ian wet dream (I don't know what any of those words mean but they sure

stretches much further, and lead me upwards. I then I have the patience stretch hear something of a sound. this line of imagery, i have I've never heard it before. [MORE ON PG. 2] far too much to do and far Unlike the rest of the

wants 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 shoulders shrugged. In the back closet I spot him, him being who I assume the song

■ 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 murmurs seem to brighten him... He happily mimes his head to their movements in perfect orbital unison...

#### [[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. I

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 Mullen craves meaning. 🎜

lures his attention. It is like the find myself pulled back by isn't.?. my tails which have been caught under Mullen's Until Then eats Now, paw. Jarred by the pull, I Your friend, fall on my back.

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

constellation. ver body it shared its home a with. The puddle slips inside the toy's head and the pair of puddle and toy walk Mullen spots me from be- out the door where I had hind the door through the entered. I think about folslots. My unfamiliar shape lowing, but I have begun to surrounding caught in the allure of lore. sounds' song. Where I lay I My presence tells him eventually drift off to there is more. His stare sleep. And am greeted by makes me more shivers dreams filling in the hole than me. I turn away to where mullens meaning

 Hubert E. "Eyebrows" Perrywinkler.?.

winkler can be reached at 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 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. 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 nightime'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

NYC -- People have become gradually less interested in the free water spewing from the Man-

darin Hotel. As of yester-

waned

interest

day,

completely.

The PIA believes that the sume it. supposed intelligenceboosting 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 con-

The PIA is investigating multiple possibilities as to As my father says, pull on the people of New of progress... York, and why it appealed to them originally. We at ulate further during the hectic setup of our New York outpost. We intend on

providing more information in the near future.

why this water has lost its Peripherally go the winds

the PIA don't wish to spec- Carl Mon can be reached at 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 wellrounded 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

Surreal Times reported on

the Process Too Complicated To Explain, or that you Should Probably P2CE (well, it tried): the Hobbes are very orderly, compress- tract a set of blueprints

es them and then explodes from the dome. them into a unidentifiable, entropy-filled heterogeneous concoction. And On February 2, 2017, the from what this reporter only once. A volunteer was hears from experts, this is needed.

Galouei. After speculating With her correspondence, but did not cry out. on the future of a world in Dernberger was able to which P2CE had been complete the process from completed, the article ex- beside the dome inside of plained the function of which Reverend Garland is process takes things that trapped. He was able to ex-

that the machine could fire R. Bottelby only scratching the surface. stepped up to the plate. The machine is very small, P2CE (see "Experiments Over a year later, the only the size of a thumb process has finally been drive. As instructed, R. Know About" on surreal- completed. The last piece Bottleby placed it under times.net). Working on this of the puzzle: the help of his tongue. A small buzz process were Dernberger the disgraced Dr. Linda Pe- was heard, then a loud Spengleton and Armädeius terson from her jail cell. ping. R. Bottleby winced

see further than I used to."

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 en-When it was over, R. Bot- tropic. This has even aftelby closed his eyes for a fected his perception of Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be seconds. He removed the time. With his time-percepsmall machine from under tion function disrupted, his tongue and said, "I can Bottleby is unmoored from times.net. his temporal chains. He

What R. Bottleby meant can drift through time's was, he can see further in currents slightly, but he The process was so intense time than he used to be 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.

reached schlemiel.moe@surreal-

#### 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.

#### WHO IS DORF?

By George S. Halfly, Times Correspondent

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

altimes.net! It reveals the tra-terrestial knuckle-dragging degener- immediately. acy of this "creature," and the sad, pathetic attempts Be courageous. Take acof its master to take care of tion. Excise Dorf. it. Do not be fooled: Dorf is a Nebulönian spy! In the wake of the alien rooster debacle (search "The Feathered Travesty" on sur-

review the original story, realtimes.net for Mini-P "A look at the creature of Petrinksi definitive report), North Amherst", on surre- we must be rid of these exspies

George S. Halfly can be at halfly.george @surrealtimes.net.

# "YOU ARE ON NOTICE, SURREAL TIMES"

By Senior Hoff Ricko No-Wicko,

Of The Tree Folk

archaic.

You print your newspaper paper. on dead trees.

The Tree Folk hereby de- until The Surreal Times How does it feel to be on mand the Surreal Times stops murdering trees. the wrong side of history, switch to online-only pub-Surreal Times? You are a lishingprinting. This will fossil. You are obsolete. save countless trees which You are unwanted, you are are even now being slaughobscure, and you are tered, their defaced corpses being processed into the most foul of byproducts:

The Tree Folk will not stop

Senior Hoff Ricko No-Wicko reached 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 nonpartisan organization dedicated to reason and civic duty. They are led by a single "senior hoff".

Due to a recent power struggle, Senior Hoff Daz-

Folk:

been forced out. His suc- not just The Folk, we are als. We care about trees, cessor, former Double Ju- the Tree Folk. It's time to and Magoogoo didn't un- thought out non-partisan in his future endeavors. nior Hoff Ricko No- stand up for the trees. No derstand that." WIcko, promised a more one else will. Therefore, pointed agenda for the Tree the Tree Folk will devote all their energy to the protection of trees. We don't "For too long we have re- care about animals. We mained neutral. We have don't care about people.

Magoogoo gave the following statement to the Times:

"Now I truly do not recog-

advocacy organizations in the U.S has been consumed by tree-talk. I won't be part The Editors can be reached at of it. The vote of no confidence was a long time coming. I say good riddance."

zle-Razzle Magoogoo has forgotten our name. We are We don't care about miner- nize the Tree Folk. What The Times wish Dazzlewas once of the most well Razzle Magoogoo the best

> management @surrealtimes.net.

#### MAN BOASTS CASTLE ABOUT WHICH WORLD ROTATES

"The oracle to which the world delivers its specimens"

> By Dernberger Spengleton, 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

seven.

During my current pre-cas- along his way. tle phase, an anonymous agop put forth an effort to I have only ever seen the build a castle of his own man in the stone van imagining. I am thankful of through his narrow mail - but I admit, confused by slit. I would see his eyes his outlook.

ting upon a struggling iron Jail It drives slowly, not steadi-

will open its doors. Last see through but a narrow our individual visions. year, I said it would be mail slit, barrels over

and a bit of reddened cheek, but not much else. His castle is in the shape of However, his voice reigned a van, but made from familiar from my time visbricks and mortar and sit- iting Hampshire County (https://surrealaxle with doubled wheels. times.net/article/?id=194).

ly. As it goes, four belching We conversed about castles

curbs, potholes, and more Eventually, though, we ar- ways in his favor). than occasional mailboxes rived to the topic of his lifestyle.

Firstly, there is this: He inside, by choice. I asked and nothing in the sort of ist. While I see his "castle" mufflers pull the attention in general terms - meth- him persons like myself he mentioned "his story". Dernberger Spengleton can of people on the backroads ods of their construction, who will hear and spread And eventually he admitted be of Amherst. It garners fur- the history of them, and the his story. He has a term, that "people are most eager

Secondly, there is this: He is permanently enclosed considers his castle a castle him why he enclosed him- Thirdly, there is this: He is self. He told me, "because automobiles. In fact, he [he] needed a space to fowas confused when I men- cus on his paintings." He trons such as myself and tioned the wheels beneath told me, "Because [he] it, and denies that they ex- needed space away from him food through his mail those who berated him." as an obnoxious and dan- He told me, "because there rally continue. Maybe you gerous automobile, he be- is more to offer inside than will yourself, onwards ever lieves that it is stationary out". He told me a variety after. and that the world rotates of reasons... In the beneath it, delivering to process, many times over, ther attention when its dri- future - all without speak- The Grand Conveyor, to speak for those who can-

right, Spengleton's castle ver, having no windows to ing much in detail about which describes the entity not possibly speak for which rotates the world be- themselves." He said that neath him in his favor (al- he ultimately enclosed himself so that people would spread his story further than he ever could by his lonesome.

> unwilling or unable to retrieve food. He requires papossibly yourself to deliver slit. And they (and I) natu-

reached 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."

# 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 Quals? 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, noforce. 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:

- 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:

- 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.
- 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]]

# [[Continued]]: WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN QUANDARIES

From page 3.

Tev: But that is this, so thus this, you are of body and i am of energy. How can a ïûœœœœlk such as yourstrulyself have a meshing of letters with a thing?

Nostril: You are correct. I am the voluptuon. I attempted to render hopeless the world, by playing my most capable cards: The Simultaneous Want Quandary, and The Grip and Release Quandary. You effectively countered my powerful cards by presenting your even more powerful ones: The Abundance Principle and The Essence is Essence Principle. I concede to them and vow to remain silent for the remainder of eternity, after one final blow: You, T.e.v.o.b.e.t. N.o.p.e., I expose you for what your letters stand for: The Voice Belonging to No Physical Entity.

Tevobet Nope can be reached in an unspecified non-physical realm.

#### **RESPONSE TO "SINNERS IN** THE HANDS OF THE FAKE SUN"

As the nonsense gets ever published!

By George S. Halfly, Times Correspondent

I write in protest of the dribble recently published in this so called "newspayou folks can take yourselves seriously!

The sun is real. No civic "inky abyss." Hogwash! minded citizen doubts this.

better without them! A lit- they do. tle suffering is good for the soul and promotes societal I would advise Reverend responsibility.

per". I don't know how And the latest load of phooey: that our sun will somehow go out perma- George S. Halfly can be nently, leaving us in an

How can people like Rev- Their evidence for this: erend Hamine claim that random fluctuations in ulnarrow rays are missing traviolet rays. I hope that when they have never mea- no one falls for these subsured a narrow ray? Either versive lies. Ultraviolet way, I think Amherst is rays fluctuate! It's what

> Hamine to his own advice and be smart.

reached at halfly.george @surrealtimes.net.

# PLEASANT **SURPRISES RISE** FROM THE ROADS IN NEW YORK CITY

By Dernberger SPENGLETON, Times Staff

New York, NY -- Not long ago, an intelligence-boostfrom the Mandarin Oriental cuing a choking person by ever, the liquid suddenly block to those in need. stopped attracting people and rodents the way it originally did.

This fight outwards.

Here in New York, one return to sleep. rainbow-colored roadkill after the other is rising We here in New York see ever.

These colorful carcasses have been spotted here, there, and everywhere, doing good deeds and bring- be reached at ing warmth to people's spengleton@surrealtimes.net. hearts.

One rainbow rodent was seen gathering trash from the park. Another was seen sorting the former's trash into separate recycling ing liquid began flowing bins. Another was seen reshotel. People and rodents picking the stringy steak tip gathered round to taste its from their throat. Another effect. Just days ago, how- was seen delivering sun-

One particularly good-natured rainbow squirrel wrapped himself into a dulled attraction donut shape resembling helped the color bottoms one of New York's famous (see "Elderly Children" on colored bagels. He fed surrealtimes.net) colorflat- himself to a starving shoeten nearly every rodent in less man. After eating, the the city. Now, as we live man remarked that it was our lives, they push their the tastiest bagel he'd ever had, and that he was still hungry but full enough to

from the pavement, smiling that the color bottoms are wide and smelling like doing good work, and actugrandma's cooking -- evi- ally better work than we dently not dead, but in- originally thought they stead, doubly as alive as were doing. We send our well wishes. "Keep coloring, friends"!

Dernberger Spengleton can

# THE PERIPHERAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY OPENS A NEW OFFICE IN THE BIG APPLE

Spurts of novelty in NYC

> BY CLARENCE MON, Head of the PIA

New York, NY — I recently traveled to New York with my son to help jumpstart the PIA's (Peripheral Intelligence Agency's) NYC outpost. I hoped to help with logistics and prepare my son, Carl, for heading up the new branch. In the process, I had my first substantial exposure to the big city.

Reflecting on my time here, I'd like to share some thoughts on what I see to be the nature of this place.

If you could, for me, think

of some unique or non- it and convey it to me, un- mitting years of themphysical item. Perhaps it's possible. a social phenomenon. Or perhaps it's a consumable service, a viewable collection, or even a perceivable vibration. Maybe a fleeting mental arrangement.

can say a few things about your thing without Finally, I can say that,

guage for you to remember contracts willingly com-

any sort. Perhaps it's a which I suppose is is in New York.

ton's theories are correct, high end hotel room, funthen the idea of your thing neling intelligence-boostmust be within the current ing water through a hose, width of the Realm of 250 feet down to the mass-Ideas.

knowing what exactly it is. whatever your thing is, And, if your thing was an there's probably some of it army of yoga ball bot-First, I can say that it is in the grand melting pot tomed disease fighters, perceivable enough to be that is New York City. Be- bouncing around, deterrecognized by at least one cause, here in New York mined to eradicate diseaseperson for at least one City, there seems to be at spreading rodents - then least one of everything.

Secondly, I can say that it If your thing was a volunis compatible enough with teer zoo, in which humans Clarence Mon can be reached human memory and lan- and other creatures sign at cmon@surrealtimes.net.

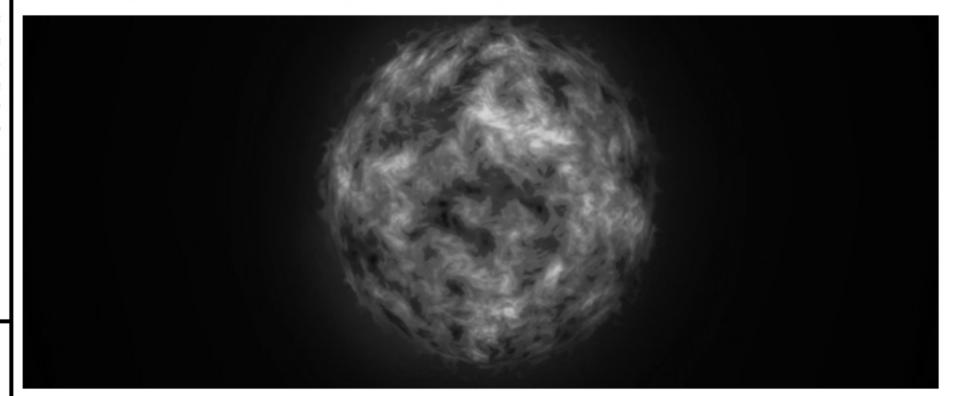
unique thing. This thing less you happened to fabri- selves to a primitive viewcan be a thing of mostly cate something on the fly, ing cage—then your thing

> If your thing was a man Thirdly, if Alfred Humble- barricaded in a 25th floor es - then your thing is in New York.

> > your thing is in New York.

#### SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF A FAKE SUN

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel's comprehensive report on The Fakers is now online.



The Fakers believe that we suffer because the real sun has been stolen and hidden beneath the crust of the planet. They believe that the glowing orb we see in the sky today, is actually just a fake sun.

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel has conducted a comprehensive report on their "Fake Sun Society", its beliefs, and the legitimacy of their claims. The report is far too long to publish in print. To view it, please search "Sinners in the hands of The Fake Sun" on this newspaper's website, surrealtimes.net.

#### **JOIN OUR CAUSE**

This sentence together with its containing section is a materialization of abstract gravitation, pulling you to email management@surrealtimes.net, enlisting yourself as a surrealist journalist for The Surreal Times. To fight this gravity is to keep hold of a hot air balloon destined to burst in the stratosphere..

#### ALFRED HUMBLETON REPAIRING THE SPECTACULAR ISOMORPHISM

By Armadeius GALOUEI'S SURROGATE, Mechanical Contraption

explanation, that my life's spectacular isomorphism. al Times could no longer Ideas now. He spoke to me trouble like the trouble us soon. work ceased to function...

and I could fathom why.

The Bihexical Search from then on out discontinued, In the past, I was terribly the reason being: the sud-

The point: No longer justify devoting funding to in the dream and told me flushing the toilet causes a would maze solutions cor- producing new mazes. respond to turn sequences translatable into solutions to the world's problems. sad to announce, without den dysfunction of my Going forward, The Surre- ists only in the Realm of tal mazes was causing him fully good Alfred will help

Alfred Humbleton, who ex-

he was in the process of re- person in the hot shower. enabling the spectacular But today I had a dream of isomorphism, but that my There will be no new meddling with experimen- mazes for now. But hope-