



THE SURREAL TIMES

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

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

DOORSTEP TODDLERS STEALING DATA

BY TOM JOHNSON,

Sergeant, UMass PD

[[Artist's depiction of these events by Zotov]]



Toddlers from the Advanced Math Kindergarten have been going door to door, pretending to be lost and asking homeowners to help them find their way home. They appear harmless and innocent, but they are smart and manic. When you give them your phone to call their parents, they pretend to make a call and sneakily download your personal data onto a USB thumb drive. They then proceed to other households.

We confiscated one of their thumb drives. It had copies of 12 cell phones onboard. None of the toddlers would explain themselves. So, for now, all we could do was give

them a talking to and ask their parents to do the same. For future reference, if anyone, even a child, asks to make a call with your phone, we recommend you dialing the number for them and letting them talk over speakerphone while you keep ahold of your device.

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

FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

BY ARMĂDEIUS GALOUEI,

Times Senior Editor



"Congealed ideologies sacrifice noodle broth"

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MAN WHO WON'T STOP TALKING CAUGHT, APPLAUDED

BY MICHAEL O'REALLY,
Times Correspondent

Tuesday night, local pub leach Joseph Miller was found by Amherst police wandering the streets, talking to anyone who would listen, spitting up all sorts of strung together sentences.

Those local citizens unfortunate enough to be struck by Miller's verbal storm have reported it was quite a traumatic experience. One local woman added, "Regular people don't got to know those sorts of things. Yeah, some stories you just gotta

tie up in the basement and never let out."

Joseph Miller has been placed in police custody in the official Amherst town glass display box in the middle of Amherst Center Park, where a crowd of empty-headed masochists soon

gathered to see the loud-mouth freakshow in his crystal cube.

The Surreal Times asked Miller for comment. His response, although nonsensical, is published here:

"I saw a small chimp in a

street light with 17 tails, I watch it wail, and ya-know most coffee isn't actually coffee it's a small syrup containing the spirits of little tiny insomniacs, but you don't care about that..."

[[Continued on next page]]

MAN WHO WON'T STOP TALKING CAUGHT, APPLAUDED

[[from page 1]]

... "Do you know that tiny mice often times sing? the

weather won't stop talking to me about how much it loves the rain. And most tombstones are actually gargoyles with severe body im-

age issues and were given large doses of hallucinogenic drugs."

The Surreal Times will keep

the community informed with succinct updates as needed.

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MOUTH OF PIG DISCOVERED IN ROADSIDE SOUP

BY ZULU Z. ZULU,

Times Foreign Correspondent

Have you been wondering recently about the delays in the production of our beloved newspaper? I have solved this problem. Before a recent revelation I, much like you I assume, chalked up the Surreal Times' tardiness to the antics and indifference of the Pig. We the paper and readers rely on

him to produce only 5 words every bihex yet consistently he demands more time. At times, in bouts of rage, I demanded that our leadership fire our friend the Pig. Don't get me wrong, the Pig is still a lazy swine, but he has fallen on hard times as of late.

Tucked in a small, damp noodle shop in the Ba Dinh district of Vietnam's capital city, Hanoi, is the Mouth of

the Pig. It sits in a bowl with other pigs' mouths, at the front of a plastic display case for those passing by to view. Next to it, is the bowl of cow tongues. A small woman of about 50 years stands behind the case with a greasy, razor-sharp meat cleaver. With careful and precise motions she slices the pig mouths into thin and fatty slivers. She collects a

few dozen slices and places them neatly into her customers' soup. Soon the Mouth of the Pig, yes the Mouth that has brought us such joy these years, will be devoured.

I will be eating at this restaurant three times a day, every day until our friend's mouth is gone. Not because I want to eat my friend, but because I want to make sure

he is returned to his proper home and gets there with the love he deserves. After I eat him I will probably burn an enormous pile of fake money outside my home, so he is rich in the afterlife, sending plumes of ash into the air and water supply.

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PROFILE: THE STUDENT FARM'S NEWEST CARETAKER

Serr-Vo!

BY THE PURPLE HERMIT,

Times Staff

Editor's note: This article was intended to be published two months ago, before Serr-Vo's recent coming together with Reverend Garland Hobbes. However, that interaction, which resulted in the death of the Reverend, took precedence. We are printing this article now to document Serr-Vo's development.

The UMass Student Farm couldn't ask for a more dedicated worker than Serr-Vo, a 7-foot automaton deposited on our campus last month. Since then, it has proven an invaluable re-

source in weeding and plowing the fields. It quickly rose to head farm supervisor in a record time of just 5 hours on the farm after it managed to increase the native bee population by so much that swatting them is now socially acceptable. "There's no way Serr-Vo could have bred that many bees in such a short time. It had to have brought some of those from somewhere else," said former student farm coordinator Eugene Vaughn. "But who are we to complain? Save the planet!"

Each day, Serr-vo works continuously from dawn to dusk, only taking several short breaks to dig itself into the soil for a few minutes, and the reason it does this is currently unknown. While it

has accepted course credits for its work, claiming "credits will do fine", it appears to be confused to the exact type of credits being offered, requesting "Republic Credits" instead.

As we walked through the pollinator garden, it explained that its database was pre-loaded with information on all Terran plant species known and unknown to humanity, calling gardening "infant amusement". It then rolled over a large hidden root and fell over cursing, requiring this reporter's assistance to right itself.

Serr-Vo and this reporter walked through a blueberry bush field it had created yesterday with a rotary flamethrower. As it explained the importance of

napalm in blueberry production, it pricked itself on a sharp twig, and a drop of a dark-red substance appeared on its hand. It apologized, assured this reporter it was okay, and quickly explained it was a special type of sap growing inside the twigs.

Serr-Vo seems to have a particular fascination with termites, much to the chagrin of maintenance staff. It told this reporter about how it intended to construct a single giant termite mound on the property to "honor the true kings", and had already stolen every single doorstep in the northeast dorms to shred for termite food. Despite its encyclopedic knowledge of plants, it did not appear to understand basic facts about termites, ref-

erencing their "beautiful mating song" and believing them to eventually grow to the size of a small dog. Nonetheless, it appears to genuinely care for the well-being of our local termite population.

Serr-Vo claims its next goals are the complete and utter subjugation of the local ant population, as well as the clear-cutting of the entire state for more termite residences. The student farm seems to be in capable hands, at least for now. This is the Purple Hermit, signing off.

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MAN IN CASTLE ABOUT WHICH THE WORLD ROTATES WISHES TO LEAVE HIS CASTLE

A transcription of my latest visit to the man in the castle around which the world rotates.

BY DERNBERGER
SPENGLETON,

Tender to the Grand Conveyor

A transcription of my latest visit to the man in the castle around which the world rotates.

I said, "man of the castle, I don't know your name, I don't know your depth nature. And you have treated me badly. You have degraded my partner in life, who I care for infinitely. Still, for a reason or another unexplainable, I wish to help you spread your story, I care to

tend to the Grand Conveyor as you call it, and I desire to fulfill my potential for novelty which I don't hope to understand. Do you have any words for me?"

"I'm so sorry. So, so, so, sorry, Dernberger, for the taste and aftertaste of my last visit. It was wrong of me and not in my usual nature to treat you or anyone with such rash disrespect. I admit I was feeling sick. I hadn't eaten or opened my slit for light in many days. Probably, I was vitamin and sun-deprived. And, in all honesty, I have been depressed in my castle. It has not been serving me and I am depressed because of it. I am so sorry to have let my inner darkness seep out and upon you. I hope we can make amends."

"Tis settled, then. We are of the same likeness, and let us move forward, us castle fellows."

"I thank you, Dernberger. And I've been craving to tell you that I can't help but dream of dare I say escaping my confines here. I am ashamed to say, that my dreams of infinity are weaning and browning. My paintings are bland. My life is bland. I am hungry. I wish I were you, or at least like you, upon the Conveyor as opposed to being its destination, but know that I never can be."

"Man of the castle, what is your name?"

"Call me whatever the current mythology says. That is

my preference."

"But, what is your name?" I asked him.

"It matters not. Call me using the language that conveyers well."

"I will not," I told him. "Going forward, I will call you by your name, as you call me by mine. And we will get your sheltered feet upon this here land. Tell me your name, and I will leave you to reflect. When I return, I will return with a sledgehammer."

"It won't work. But fine.. Fine... My mother named me Theodore Douglas".

"Okay, Theodore, I wish you well and will return soon."

"Thank you Dernberger. Thank you very much."

As I left, I heard Theodore call out from behind me, "Be careful that the Grand Conveyor does not carry you away from me."

"Worry not, Theodore. You are speaking to the Tender to the Grand Conveyor. I know which grass to water and when, and I do so with prowess."

I imagined he smiled when he said "Oh, right, I forgot. I do trust you. See you soon, my friend."

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TAKE A WHIFF OF AN AROMA FLICK AT THE AROMA-THEATRE DOWNTOWN AMHERST

BY TOMMY POTENTUARY,
Television Personality

* Advertisement *

Bummed about the tabun needle tragedy? Bored in your barren, clean-smelling apartment? Well, I'm here to tell you to stop your wallowing right there, because the town of Amherst is home to the country's first Aroma-theatre, a movie theatre for smells. It's a fantastic place.

Come, sit — but don't eat any popcorn, because the senses of taste and smell are interconnected it'll distract from the showing. Lay back comfortably in a custom-tuned sensory-depriving float tank. Wear an eye mask and earplugs to keep the visual and auditory distractions away. Then, once your mind is at ease, tune in to stories told over the medium of scent.

Let me tell you, smell is the most potent of the senses. It connects deeply with our memory and pheromonal systems. So, when your other senses are calmed, you can really tune in.

The Aroma-theatre projects smells into the air. As you breathe them in, they bring up sequences of fragments of memories in your head, in a particular order, such

that you experience a unique story written in terms of fragments of your memories! A story that, in whole, is fictional, but which is made up of real components from your memories. The story is different every time, but always relatable, because all of its parts come from within your head! The PJs (particle jockeys) build stories out of the legos within you!

To attend the Aroma-theatre, visit Amherst Cinema and ask for the best-smelling theatre. As you're doing so, snort your nose firmly but not obnoxiously. When the coast is clear, you will be led to the place.

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

DESTROYER OF BLIMP GOING TO JAIL

Justice in the wake of the tabun needle tragedy

BY TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant, UMass PD

Weeks ago, a man named George Halfly stole a single-engine plane and flew it into the storage blimp floating above Amherst. He narrow-

ly escaped the resulting explosion.

From the blimp's hull, a potpourri of personal items and millions of poisonous tabun needles rained upon the population. Some people were crushed. Many were impaled by the tabun needles, poisoned, and killed painfully. The current death toll is 13. At least 5 citizens of

Amherst remain missing and are likely dead.

I write today to inform the public that George won't be stealing, destroying, or killing again. He's going to jail, and for a long time, on

1 count of larceny over \$250.

12 counts of destruction of property.

13 counts of manslaughter.

No appearance in court was necessary because, at first, Halfly put up a fight, but he eventually admitted to all crimes accused and more, including, "failing to foresee the negative consequences of excessive civic-mindedness". He said, "a civic-minded person like [him-

self] can do more good from the inside than out," and he continued, "I always thought I'd have good conversation with the Despair Leaders in Hampshire County. They'd rile me up good."

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THE SUNKEN HEAD SAYS "HI"

BY ANONYMOUS,
Inwriter

Sitting on some forgotten shelf somewhere in a jar, vacancy possess the face looking out through the glass, the Sunken Head's eyes whisper, "hello out there".

We can't help but wonder how the head got trapped in there, but I think we're just

confusing the dream and dreamer. If there ever was a difference it is just diffused a flip of a coin suspended in shaded space.

I thought you all should know in case you missed him, not that you can really miss him. The Sunken Head says "Hi." I swear, swear I heard him say this:

"The Sunken Head says hi."

At first sight, his words, his song ring out onto a stage deep inside my swallowed sigh.

As the curtain closes around the play acted out by the Head's words, the head now finds itself in a curtain no one could weave but itself,

now floating: mummified. Tales forever forgotten wrap the head and its song in a blanketed womb like every other jar on the shelf.

I hug the song so tight it suffocates. I hug the words so tight they wear blue. Hugs coated in blue as I soak in the shade of the head's blue thoughts. It all seems blue,

even the water the Sunken Head floats in. Breaking through the cloud of blue he says to you:

"The Sunken Head says hi"

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MONSTROUS HOUSE CAT DONATED TO SHELTER

BY OPA KANRUS,
Administrator at Craig's Place Shelter

Amherst, MA --- Caretakers found a cardboard box labeled "DONATION" at the front step of Craig's Place Shelter. This was unusual, given that they have a designated donations box on the property.

The situation made more sense when caretakers heard scratching sounds from inside the box and read the accompanying note:

I love my dearest fuzzy pickles so much. But I also know that a lot of people in this world are in need, so I am willing to give him away to a good cause. He has gotten quite fat in his later years. Surely his meat can fill many bellies. My apologies for not using your donations box. I don't think FP would like it in there much.

Sincerely, Granny

This box did contain a live

striped Persian cat, both old and extraordinarily fat. Going further, this anonymous "Granny" had shaved it, as she explained in the postscript:

P.S. I gave FP a shave to help out in the preparation process. I know hair is considered unsanitary these days, with the lice epidemic and all. I figured you would appreciate being able to jump straight to the cooking phase.

Although the shelter is in need of food donations at this time, it is unable to accept living meat products. Unfortunately, without knowing who's grandmother sent in this note, we were unable to return it to its home. Meanwhile, our patrons have enjoyed spending time with Fuzzy Pickles because Fuzzy Pickles, although not the most handsome cat around, is enormously loving and a pleasure to share space with.

Please get in touch if you know whose "Granny" it is who donated Fuzzy Pickles. We would like to thank her for the donation. Also please get in touch if you have any potential food donations which are of the typical kind -- canned food, bread, and et cetera.

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ACCOUNT: "I FEED MYSELF TO MYSELF"

BY HUBERT E. "EYE-BROWS" PERRYWINKLER,
Philosophy Professor

I think I just might feed myself to myself, to see who's been toying behind the curtain in my soul. Up until now, I was left toying with broken feelings and just taking time to feel for feelings. All the while, I'm unable to recognize a mirror from a window.

I think I just might feed myself to myself to see through the stitches deep down inside.

Like a child with blanketed eyes, I'm tired of breathing in withered lies and watching dreams run from under the bed. Feeling like I orbit in some scripted scheme, the only escape is feeling anything at all. So I sit talking to corners, wondering who waits waving in cracks beneath my head. I'm left stuck up on the thoughts you can't see, with a cracked smile and a painted porcelain face. I can feel them sitting in my soul like the weight of wood floating on water.

I feel a breath in my bed. Like the times when you look down and you see a tear smiling back up at you, I have to know what or who is down there. I need to see them and read the stories in

the wrinkles in their faces. And so I packed my bags and left for my insides. I'm heading down past the throat horizon. When I look up at the roof of my mouth, I'll bet I'll see the sky.

I think I just might feed myself to myself, to see what grows from the shards of a dead babushka doll. With their crackling skulls, they'll tell my tale. I'll wither within myself if I have to wither at all.

I hum a sailor's prayer as I sail past the throat horizon. I slip and I slide down my gullet. Swimming in darkness, I slip and slide as the streaks of a life behind me is my shadow. As I swallow myself, I fall and fall and leave to meet with myself way deep down there.

I've spent enough time swallowing sighs and never wondering why. And being tricked into to sleep by the hope of a dream. It's time to find out who turns the wheels. If meaning is missing, I'll find out where'd it went. So I'll feed myself to myself.

As I fall further down, I think about how funny it is why the tighter you close your eyes the more the wind can look like streaking faces I may've known. The

streaks bore the same faint familiar feelings painted on the walls lining my innards which are illuminated by the memory of the lost light from above.

I found myself waiting where a seed goes before it decides to grow. I think about lies I've heard about how you can get lost in the twists and turns of your guts where everything disappears.

Standing inside of myself, my feet sinking into the soggy ground beneath and in me. I think to myself this must be where tears come from. How come I have never seen myself from the inside before?

In the distance I see a tree riddled with nuts drooping off the frayed branches. Where two or more meet, you can see images drawn in between them. After a while of time staring blankly, I see a face emerge from the rustling tree. The Face's wooden eyes look like they have seen the night sky a hundred times over without sleep or a dream in between. And the Face has an elderly presence exuding an allure of some hidden depth inside, but that could be me mistaking the face for the tree.

Treenuts fall from above,

crack on the ground and fly back upward rejoining their friends in the tree. The face from between the trees whispers to me from across a distance I would have thought too far to whisper from. "If they're inside of you, you must be a nutcase yourself," it said this in an aged voice that disguised cynicism as wisdom.

I laugh to myself but from the ways away it appears the Face could still hear. It spoke,

"You laugh to drown out any belief that it might be true. Tell me, little silly one how exactly did you feed yourself to yourself? Hmm, boil you up in alphabet soup, then close your eyes and swallow. Tell me, do you really think you've made it down here, little boy?"

Again I chuckle to myself and try to not think about what The Face said, but as I watch the nuts crack and fly back upwards, down and up and down again and again. I begin to think to myself, how do I really know myself if I'm sitting down below? I fed myself to myself, but it's far too dark to see if I'm made it. All I know is how much I wanted to meet that winking sky that lies waiting behind every curtain

stitched so deep down.

Though I'm trying to forget the face's words, I can't help but hear him again:

"Silly little you, does it matter if a tree is hollow inside, if when the wind whistles you hear a song? You can sit in the darkness telling stories to the walls and maybe they listen intently, stewing and swimming in you."

"Silly eyes, I can see you possess them, you're left hollow with your dreams afloat and hooked on sunken heads in jars, men made of seagulls too scared to fly, and you see flies on the walls and wonder what they look like through the eye of that little painted porcelain doll who smiled so wide she cracked her skull so many years ago."

"You may be you, little Silly One, but I know you."

These stories the Face dug up now so raw are enough to bring me back. I fly upwards and out of my mouth, and then I see myself in a puddle of spit spilling out of my mouth. I looked down at the puddle and it laughs back. He too... we...we feed ourselves to our self.

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WEBSITE DOWN, PEOPLE DEPRIVED OF NEWS

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUET

A rogue, extremely undertalented programmer has singlehandedly brought down Amherst's

premier source of visceral content. At about 22:34 on February 26, a bug in the HTML code of the surreal times website caused

a "403 Forbidden" error message to be displayed when the URL is entered. At the time of writing, the website has been down for

about ten minutes. The phone lines at Surreal Times HQ are currently in danger of going offline due to an overload of indi-

viduals thirsting for information. This is an embarrassing moment for The Surreal Times. Stay tuned for more...

HIPPO CAUSES DESTRUCTION DOWNTOWN AMHERST, QUICKLY STRUCK DOWN BY GOD

By BOOBNBOB,
Times Correspondent

On Sunday, as churchgoers exited their churches, they saw a scene of destruction all across downtown Amherst. In the middle of the 4-way intersection, they observed a ginormous hippopotamus gnawing on two mopeds and a bicycle like a sandwich.

They immediately turned to Father Frank, as they always do in times of uncertainty. "Father, what a sight. What

does this mean for us?!" They frantically asked in unison.

"Well, my children..", Father Frank started off, making awkward eye contact with a couple twice his age, "It could be worse, couldn't it? Mr. and Mrs. Jemersfon. Why don't you tell your Brothers and Sisters God, about your bedtime gumbo? Maybe it will help them see the bright side of this situation."

"Oh yes, Father!" Mrs. Je-

mersfon exclaimed with that old lady twinkle in her eyes. "Well, first, you add the oil, some crab, a little bay leaf..." She continued on, as her Brothers and Sisters flicked their eyes back and forth from a recipe as entertaining as spoken word. Meanwhile, the ginormous hippopotamus made its way inside the church.

A creak in the floor alerted the crowd to the hippo in the foyer. When the crowd went silent, the hippo announced,

"I love bedtime gumbo" and proceeded to devour 7 people, starting with the Jemersfons.

Father Frank quickly called upon God's wrath, "thou shalt be punished for your sins of greedy gluttony!" At that moment, a lightning bolt zipped through the front door and incinerated the hippo.

A sister that was very eager try out Mrs. Jemersfon's gumbo recipe immediately took two teaspoons of the

final and most important ingredient; wench, above 60, covered in stomach fluids of large mammal recently incinerated by force of divine origins.

"How convenient", she said, before whipping up a big batch made for the purpose of feeding first responders to the destruction caused by the hippo rampage.

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IPSUM COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE AIMS RADAR AT 4TH MOON OF JUPITOR

By THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Times Staff

This is the Purple Hermit, with an exciting new development in corporate history. Ipsum Pharmaceuticals has begun seeking out investors for what spokespeople claim is an innovative new project. Darrin Cho, Ipsum CEO, made an appearance in the campus center speaking about the project on Thursday.

"It is my pleasure to announce our latest project, the [I S H M A E L] Initiative, which seeks to bring massive amounts of beneficial 'radio' waves and good fortune to anyone or any-

thing living on the surface of Io using several Ipsum 'satellites' already in orbit," said Cho. Moments later, Cho issued a retraction of his previous statement, claiming that he had mis-spoke and no such satellites existed at the moment.

This reporter was fortunate enough to have the opportunity ask Cho a hard-hitting question during the Q&A portion of the panel.

"Where does the name of the project originate from? Is it a literary reference?"

Cho's face turned a bright shade of red as he answered "No." After pausing to consult his handlers backstage,

he announced that the project had been renamed to the [M O N T E C R I S T O] Initiative.

REVISION: On December 6 at 3:12 AM, a simultaneous massive blackout was reported in rural areas and several major cities in the USA, China, and Russia. Seconds beforehand, Cho's official Twitter handle had sent out a tweet explaining the blackout as an unfortunate result of the [M O N T E C R I S T O] Initiative's activation. "The [M O N T E C R I S T O] Initiative has been a resounding success thanks to your efforts. Astronomers and astrologists employed by Ipsum

Pharmaceuticals have confirmed that Io has taken a direct hit from our health-enhancing radio waves, and no longer 'exists'. In its previous form. It still exists, but in a healthier form."

Microeconomics majors across the UMass campus reported a sharp chest pain and an overwhelming feeling of hunger at roughly this instant as well. According to firsthand accounts, the sensation was strong enough to wake those who fell asleep minutes ago studying for exams. Many of these students who had access to a writing tool wrote the phrase "pare-to optimum" multiple times on the nearest surface. No-

tably, only students who knew the meaning of the phrase and its application in microeconomics were affected. Others reported an intense feeling of inferiority following a dream involving a buff, naked being with glowing green skin scolding them.

This reporter cannot say for sure, but he is expecting a long, overdrawn story arc involving the power of friendship and becoming stronger. This is the Purple Hermit, signing off.

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

FOR SALE: NOISE MOTHS

By WHALER S. FISHPOLE,
Freelance Journalist

These are some high-quality psychedelic consumables I've got here. I'm not talking half-potent bullshit that makes you feel like you huffed too much paint. I'm not even talking the kind of drugs that make you believe the world got turned inside out by a comet's magnetic

field, or that the sun is fake and the real sun is hidden in the earth's core. What I have here will open doors to completely new, internally-consistent and infinitely expansive yet completely ridiculous worlds, all within your mind.

I've tried a lot of substances in my life, some legal, some

not. I've seen others do it too. I have never seen anything like this before. I'm talking pupils as wide and as deep as the ocean. I'm talking sweat pouring from your ears because your brain is sweating from moving so fast. I'm talking shitting your pants and enjoying it because the shit feels like the warm air emerging from

the volcano over which you are soaring in a squirrel suit. All you need to do is swallow one, maybe two, of these noise moths. You don't even need to worry about them flying around in your mouth because I'll squash them for you beforehand. I will also mail them straight to you (discreetly).

You also cannot be human. For some reason, the noise moths do not affect humans.

Hit me up. I'll give you a deal.

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SGA ELECTIONS DELAYED BY COLLECTIVE BURP

By COMMON OBSERVER,

Times Correspondent

[[Artist's depiction of these events by Imogene Larkley]]



Hello, students, citizens, and everyone. We still hear the echoes of last week's inconvenient but necessary, township-wide belch. It relieved stress during a time when politics ran hot at UMass, during the days leading up to SGA elections. By now, the stench has faded but for a few absorbent garage sale couches in college kids' apartments.

It was so powerful and long-lasting that one student, Sasha Whimsers, remarked, "The rumble reminded me of the hypotenuse of a very obtuse triangle." I personally appreciate her insight and think it adds a valuable perspective on the matter.

SGA reported basically that the burp is more serious than an innocuous thunderstorm you might watch from your porch with your dad. It, unfortunately, occurred during the SGA presidential election verification period — more specifically, when SGA senators were considering complaints filed against the candidates. It caused real problems.

The resulting gust of air swooped into the Student Union and blew the complaint paperwork out the door before senators could finish their review. The paperwork was lost. "For this reason," SGA says, "it would be unjust to go forward with the

election until students are given a chance to re-file their complaints."

An SGA senator explained, "The candidates mounted particularly effective campaigns this year. We wonder if they might have been *too* effective, though, because many have been accused of misdoing. The Margolis ticket, for instance, was accused of using student organization funding to aid their campaign. The Sullivan ticket was accused of using University social media accounts to promote themselves. The McCandless team received complaints as well. We will need to investigate these cases before moving forward with the election. And, if we cannot finish the process in 30 days, Chapter 20 Section 3 calls for a special election."

I'm not so sure about those involved with this year's SGA presidential election. I'll wait on the SGA investigation results. But I will say I am thankful to know that we have some good people in the SGA senate. As someone who is personally not a fan of corruption, I appreciate the extra effort the SGA senate is putting into making this election fair.

WIVES ASPIRE TO PSYCHOLOGY RESEARCH

By BOOBNBOB,
Times Correspondent

Many of the married men of Johnstonstiville have started acting awry. Troubled wives have begun taking meticulous notes of their husbands' behaviors, and have just be-

gun sharing with each other these oddities.

At first, they would convene only once a week (on Saturdays) to discuss their husbands' behaviors. However, the frequency of their meetings has increased steadily.

At this point in time, they spend 8 to 10 hours a day discussing their husbands together at the park, and 5-6 hours observing their husbands at home. In the future, they hope to confine all of their husbands to a single containment cell with one-

way mirrors, so that when they observe their husbands, they may discuss them at the same time.

One of these women concluded, "It would be more fulfilling than having children simultaneously with

your 8 best friends in the same room, if only we could psychoanalyze our husbands together".

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REVAMPING CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT IN THE HAMPSHIRE COUNTY JAIL

By COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent

Home to educational institutions, progressive ideas, and beautiful scenery, the Pioneer Valley is known for its pleasant, laid back way of life. Unfortunately, such a lifestyle doesn't come without a price.

Structural changes in the governments of Amherst and Northampton have given rise to many changes in policy lately. Officials have made a point to reexamine archaic legislation and to re-

work or dismiss outdated laws.

One policy in question is Article 34, Section G, of the Pioneer Valley charter. This Section permits the use of Despair Leaders in Hampshire County Jail. What these individuals do, is actively trying to conjure states of despair in the minds and hearts of inmates. Their job is essentially to eradicate tranquility, peace of mind, and other positive mental states from the prison.

In many cases Despair Leaders are professional psychologists, or ex-CIA agents, trained in the art of psychological manipulation. They sit in comfortable chairs outside inmate cells and pester them endlessly, using information from their files and personality tests, as well as conversation, to understand their assigned inmates, and tear them apart from the inside.

Some argue that this is cruel and unusual punishment. Some argue that this is necessary to maintain the Pio-

neer Valley's status as a wonderful place to live, whether cruel and unusual or not.

Amherst citizen Bill "Nerb" Elsasser weighed in. "What difference does it make?" he asked. "Walking around these streets and in those grocery stores, basically everyone is trying to be a despair leader, trying to make my mind confuse itself about itself. What difference does it make if people in jail need to deal with the same thing?"

The recent town committee meeting brought inmates and jail guards in to tell their stories. Much of the committee was unhappy with what they heard, but could not achieve the necessary number of votes to repeal the law.

I personally can relate with all sides here, Nerb's included.

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GENIUS OFFERS SECRETS

By BOOBNBOB,
Times Correspondent

Self and societally-proclaimed genius, Edwin Lochrishterhowel, recently discovered the easiest way to do easy things. He shouts three times an hour that "this is the easiest discovery I ever made, but I had a hard

time making it."

Edwin thinks that people from around the world who are inclined to have a difficult time with things, should write "thank you, Edwin" a million times on a blackboard, hand-draw a copy of the room in which he did this, and carry the copy di-

rectly to Edwin, before having access to his secrets. This would be evidence of their willingness to work hard for ease.

Edwin believes that only the stupid work easy, and the smart work hard—in order to gain his easy methods. You can read more about

Edwin's methods on the large stone outside his house, of an undisclosed address. This makes it hard, to find what makes things easy. Be warned: do not arrive without the aforementioned requirement (a million "thank you, Edwin"s...), as well as 100 pounds of stone

on your back and evidence that you traveled from a long way. Or else, you will have to learn the hard way (not the easy kind of hard way, either).

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"&-POSE" TREND SWEEPING NATION'S YOUTH

BY THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Times Staff

Start taking notes, multinational corporations, because there's a hot new fad among Gen Z. Kids, teenagers, and immature adults are reacting to the latest internet meme by twisting their spinal cords in ways modern physiology says they shouldn't!

The joke consists of contorting one's body to resemble an ampersand, and appears

to be, at the very least, exceedingly painful. The origins of the meme are unclear but may have began from a series of viral tweets containing Renaissance-era anatomical sketches. The subjects of these sketches were performing said pose, while the tweet itself was captioned "when it's summer and you're trying to find a good sleeping position". Notably, one appears to be unable to perform the pose unless they have visit-

ed the tweet's original Twitter link.

This reporter encountered a group of fellow freshmen performing this "&-pose" in front of the Totman Gym. the following interview transpired between himself and a freshman who requested to be identified as "DU".

PH: "Hello? Could I talk to you for a second? I'm an important reporter."

DU: "Yeah, sure, my dude."

PH: "Tell me about this '&-pose'. I don't get it. Does it mean anything? Like a symbol of solidarity for something, or, say, rising up against oppressors?"

DU: "Hmm. Nah, I don't think so. No one knows what it means. But it's provocative."

PH: "So you're doing it to get a rise out of people?"

DU: "Whatever. Memes,

bruh!" he replied. (At this point, DH, contorted himself into an anatomically impossible shape.)

This reporter will stick to the fax machine for his daily meme dosage. Until next time, this is the Purple Hermit, signing off.

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WEATHER IN THE REALM OF IDEAS

BY ALFRED HUMBLETON,
Idea

Note from the editors: Alfred Humbleton remains in the Realm of Ideas. He did not write this article directly. The following was transcribed from morse code in the flickering in the starlight.

Greetings, material people. This is A. Humbleton, reporting from within the Realm of Ideas, from the perspective of an idea. I am an idea now, and I bet your uncle can't claim that, no matter how many medals he

has pinned to his jacket.

Since I teleported into the realm of ideas, I've been living as a pure and static idea. (However, I have temporarily renounced my 50% of my status as an idea, in order to complete this full report.)

I'm alone up here, and it's gosh darn better than being down there. It's quiet and peaceful, being an atomic thing with no waveringness to it, no indecision. You don't need to deal with the stresses of changing your

mind, your personality, or how others view of you, you know what I mean. Frankly, I've only been physical & kicking for 30 seconds or so and I'm already craving a return back to 100% non-physical idea status.

But I've got a couple things to say first.

Firstly, it's windy up here. The wind doesn't bother us, but us ideas are getting pushed around by forces outside our control. Rain, wind, lightning, ice storms - you name it. I wonder how

all of this affects you material people. Maybe the realm of ideas wasn't narrowing after all. Maybe ideas divisible by 8 aren't the problem. Maybe there is a whole science of the weather in the realm of ideas, of what kinds of ideas are possible when. Maybe it is out of our control, but maybe we can make sense out of it and react and plan our thoughts and activities ahead of time, so as to best collaborate with the weather of ideas. Maybe. We'll see. If I can model it, I will start an idea weather report.

The second thing I have to say is: the mazes are dumb. Armădeius Galouei's Surrogate possesses a solution algorithm. So, by solving mazes, you are just wasting your time. You're walking through snowtracks that he already plowed. Go ahead and do them, though.

On with it then. Goodbye.

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LIZARD SURVIVES BLIZZARD, DIFFICULT TIMES AHEAD

BY BOOBNBOB,
Times Correspondent

We had quite the blizzard this week. I mean, it was snowing flakes big enough to crush Lizard. Nonetheless, we're glad Lizard is

safe. And ever since he showed up on the doorstep of Significant Man #4, we knew something big was going to happen. We knew he would face a series of tumultuous times. What we

didn't know was whether he would survive. But here he is, having survived.

In other news, the financial district has crashed. But most importantly, Lizard is

safe, unaffected, and has an admirable sum of seaweed snacks -- which, in addition to his seaweed-woven socks, will provide him with a big advantage over his nemesis, Snapping Turtle,

during their next tumultuous time.

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A STUDY IN COW PELT AND CITRUS

Part two.

By **EDDY CRUISE**,
Cow Pelt

I have claimed myself unworthy of indulging in you. I am but a simple apparatus meant for closing an open leather circuit unto itself-myself. Cursed by some misanthropic creator, we are burdened to experience a lucid monologue without the power of parlance. It is anguish that we feel in ourselves upon recognizing our supreme inability to let loose our lips and dribble life from our fecund mouths. We are two inanimate beings sentenced to a lustful life void of definition. Yet here you are, lying in two unequal parts on this homely table, your piquant vibrance numbing the pain of

a burdened existence. What are we to do with one another? How could my prong, this virile horn, ever pierce into your cooing underbelly with proper consummation? I hear you say, in that voice of yours that echoes the soothing drone of the outside air within a flash of nostalgia, "Well, if we can't speak our thoughts, shouldn't we just do them? Why don't you come over here and make me burst at my celluloid seams."

Then let the thoughts cease and the sploofing commence. I'm gonna rock you, I'm gonna sock you, I'm gonna pick you up and drop you. Raising my head now, the lone slice of your body becomes cast under my belt like an innocent plot of grass under a ride-on mower. And here I come to rip

you to shreds. In a burst of inanimate energy, my metal bit meets the flesh, inseminating the sterile air with your untainted juices as they are emancipated from their cellulose cage. O, but the walloping can't cease here, orange love. You take your incomplete body, and under it, I become the nothing I've always deserved to be. That's right, keep compressing yourself under your own weight, I love the way your sharp secretions trickle down my prong. I feel as if I could decimate you with one quick flick of my nickel coated face, but I allow my self-control to take the reigns. Out of juice? There's always more juice, you just need some help letting it. But you know this already, you knew what would come of this. You turn over to rest

on the dome portion of your body, and there's that look again. Only this time you're not asking for anything, you demand it. I measure the angle perfectly, letting my virile horn dangle over the white core of planet "you", hesitating in order to pull the invisible string farther from you. Are you ready? Here it comes- oops I've fooled you again. Not so quick. Now? Not quite. I could sit here until you rot. Look at me and let the air go stale. Feel this? Tranquility in the eye of this horn storm. Then- at once- a sharpness in your center, and again, and again, and now the bullseye has become unimportant- any points a good point for you, citrus freak. Darling, where is up? Where is down? The only place we can be certain of now is in-

side, we are moving too fast to comprehend the unimportant. I feel the loop of black leather that fastens my freak-frame to my tease-tail starting to tear, and my prong is making contact with the table. Rapidement! Rapidement! Black Angel bring us to Aphrodite's gallows and allow us the orgasm of death!

A thin inch of metal rests in a white-stained-yellow stew made with orange juice broth. A black leather strap idles vegetatively in the muck, detached from its brain. Serenity.

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A MAJESTIC DANCE: A CRUSTACEAN'S ART

By **RAKA**,
Times Southern Correspondent

For a spectacular scene, one of such subtle delicate texture, and a flavor of silver screens, visit the nymphs lagoon in the central island of the Galapagos archipelago, the port of Ayora.

Be eloped in the sly serenade of cricked and chirp, the whistle of the leaves, fruit of mango falling on water. Although famous for its villainous nymphs (sirens that dwell in the lagoon devouring the unexpected

tourist), dragonesque sea lions (that slip and pose for a picture sake), and roots that imprison and inspire visitors (able to change vibrations of the thoughtful into rhizomatic formation), the true gems of the lagoon is the dance of the silver-pawn crustaceans.

Darwin Vernetette, a young English researcher who has settled on the island and has claimed the silver-pawed crab as his muse, said: "Hilarity. Real Hilarity. As merely all that is... only a fine eye, a patient statue,

and a good sense of humor can observe the magnificent dance."

Another witness, Lokaj R., muralist and professor of painting, said: "Did you see it? Did you see it? What in the name of Krishna! Did you see that shine?"

How to witness the phenomena: Firstly, enter El Manglesito (as locals call it) with pure thoughts during low tide. Right before the mouth of the beast (the beginning of a boardwalk that sur-

rounds the lagoon in a fashion suitable for a utopian vision) sit and face the rocks that are otherwise drowned when the tide is high... Sit and sit in absolute stillness, for not only are the crabs extremely anti-social, they also seem repulsed by movement as well, sensitive to touch or sound as gas is to fire. So, sit still, wait, and watch as one by one the sly silver-paws (which are no bigger than an index-finger nail) emerge from their holes, resume their infinite art.

And what exquisite performance! A show like watching a night sky void of clouds, of light, a nebula ignite with infinite stars. The crustaceans are no bigger than a fingernail, are blackish red in flesh, bearers of a hammer silver as lighting. They stand an inch or two away from their respective hole, and shake their silver paw to and fro, fro and to, dangling and catching the light, calling forth brothers still shy underground...

[[Continued on next page]]

A MAJESTIC DANCE: A CRUSTACEAN'S ART

[[from page 10]]

... As stillness settles (as not even the pupil of the observer moves), they emerge and emerge, dance and dance, flicker their majestic snow-tipped claw in an ode to the

moment, in appreciation of nothing less than pure ephemerality, an embodiment of the true art: the pleasure of the aesthetic sparks, of individual displays of light creating a single expression, a portrait of

the silver-hoofed crab.

These creatures exist only to dance; they survive through their art. One can only wonder what visions their dance creatures, what fabulous symbols it represents while no one is looking, while

only that hoof of silver moves in the darkness.

Unable to resist the temptation, I have managed to capture one. I trapped in a glass chamber within my abode imagining a fine light-bulb... Since its kidnap, not an inch

of its body has moved, and its claw has turned into a horrendous black.

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RATS CARRY MESSAGES THROUGHOUT DOWNTOWN AMHERST

BY ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

Downtown shoppers and passerby have been shocked recently when they receive handwritten messages from a swarm of rodents. The rats

bore small handwritten messages tied to them with twine, written with a faint red ink. The rats paused before the passersby, and before long people realized the rats meant them no harm.

As some took pictures for social media, others, at first gingerly, plucked the messages from the rats. Despite being written by hand, each message was exactly the same:

"My name is James Tilly Matthews. I was born in 1770 and I speak for the rats."

The Times will document this history as it unfolds.

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MAN IN CASTLE ABOUT WHICH WORLD ROTATES CANNOT BREAK OUT OR BE BROKEN OUT

BY DERNBERGER
SPENGLER,
Tender to the Grand Conveyor

There is a man in an eight-wheeled van made from stone. To him, this van is a castle below which the world rotates, thereby delivering to him all the nutrients he requires. The Grand Conveyor, which is what he calls it, carries painting supplies to him. It finds conversations and conversationalists for the man to engage with. It finds eyes to gaze upon his paintings and ears

to hear his ideas. Most importantly, it brings people with legs to carry his ideas and mouths to spread them.

The Grand Conveyor has for a long time failed to supply this man who I call Theodore with what he requires. As a result, he is depressed. He wants desperately to escape, to join us in the real world, but cannot do. He says, "I planned to prevent my own escape but I wish I hadn't. I enclosed myself permanently. I set traps for myself and my

paintings, such that if I escape then as consequence I and more importantly my paintings would be destroyed. I did this in order to give myself the necessary inertia to be a truly novel artist, but I wish I hadn't."

I insisted that he give me a chance to swing my sledge, but Theodore told me "no, it will not work, it will do harm as opposed to good."

And when I offered to use concentrated hydrochloric acid sourced from Morrill Science Center in order to

dissolve the stones, Theodore said, "it would dissolve my paintings as well"

"I am hopeless," he said. "I can only hope the Conveyor ceases to feed me so that I will die."

I didn't know what to say, so I pushed the sandwich that I had made for Theodore through his mail slit and I assured him "It is necessary that you consume the goods the Grand Conveyor delivers to you, for they are meant to be con-

sumed by you."

When he grumbled, I reminded him, "Once you refuse gifts from the Grand Conveyor that you do not wish to receive, the Grand Conveyor may cease to bring you gifts all together."

Then I parted ways, and I began to think about how I would save Theodore.

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NOVELTY CODE: 57 65 20 61 72 65 20 73 61 63 72 65 64

SEXY BRAIN PARASITE

By MARINA PARELLA

