



PAGE 2
NEW
BOOK
PUBLISHED



PAGE 2
ART GALLERY
SCHEDULED
TO OPEN

THE
SURREAL TIMES

"All the wierdness that's
too unreal to print."

December 12th, 2016 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

Serving the citizens of the
world since 10/24/2016.

The Man in the Nest

Part two.

BY DOCTOR GOLDSTEIN,
Times Staff

Amherst, Ma - Official Police Report: Elderly man found in Crows Nest of Van Meter Hall at The University of Massachusetts, Amherst. The man was discovered after students on the top floor of the building heard "howling and scratching" above them on the night of November 9th at approximately 3am. Officers on scene expected to find an animal due to the noises, however the man discovered was not an animal, despite his feral appearance. There was no food in the room, and the only objects discovered were an antiquated radio, a chair, and a rubber ducky resembling the former US President Richard Nixon.

This is a transcription of the interview that followed.

Investigator: You refused to give us your name when you were detained, can you tell me

now that it is just the two of us?

Carl: My name is Carl.

Investigator: Tell me about yourself, Carl.

Carl: What do you want to know?

Investigator: Our records say that you disappeared in May of 1969.

Carl: Is that what they said about me? It's funny, I never heard anything of my disappearance on the radio.

Investigator: The radio in your room?

Carl: Temple

Investigator: What was that?

Carl: I lived in a temple, not a room.

Investigator: I'm sorry, temple. And have you left the... temple... since you were declared missing?

Carl: My body has not... No.

Investigator: I see... Did anyone know where you were?

Carl: No.

Investigator: It is our understanding that no food or water was found in your room, how did you ...

Carl: Temple.

Investigator: Yes, temple. Our medics informed us that you were severely malnourished and dehydrated. How did you survive without food or water for almost 50 years.

Carl: I don't need it.

Investigator: Sir, with all due respect that is imposs....

Carl: I don't need it because I am filled with information.

Investigator: That's nice, but it does not explain how you survived.

Carl: Ask me anything.

Continued... see "Crow's nest" on page 2.

From the mouth of the
pig:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor

"The guided blob
illustrates a fossil;"

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

UMass seeks energy crown

BY CLARENCE MON,
Times Correspondent



The latest construction project at UMass is more ambitious than any of the past. On the surface level, it entails the erecting of a new building in which BCT majors and others will have their classes. Looking

more deeply into the project, my intelligence agency, The PIA (a.k.a. the Peripheral Intelligence Agency), has uncovered plans to build a nuclear fusion reactor in the second basement of this ostensibly academic building.

Success with the reactor would propel the University to the top charts when it comes to energy efficiency and sustainability. Certainly it would garner scientific interest as well, and academic acclaim. Most importantly, top science students nationwide would flock to Amherst. This project could single-handedly transform UMass into an

institution akin to MIT or Caltech.

The Administration keeps these plans classified in hopes of distancing themselves from their competition while remaining inconspicuous. However, we at the PIA believe that information is the property of no single individual or entity. An axiom of ours is that everyone has the right to know. Therefore, we share this intel with you. Do with it what you will.

Clarence can be reached at
cmon@surrealtimes.net.

BURGOWITTZ
IS A FOOL

BY JAMESON ELDAR,
Author of The Rise and Fall of Edobe

Professor Burgowitz, supposedly of The University of Dortmund, is a journalist of the worst kind. He is incredibly confused, yet he writes as though he understands the world. I imagine him as the product of a pompous mother with a liberal arts degree and a father whose greatest work in life was building a second place Pinewood derby cart as a child. I'll wager that Burgowitz rose up in the world thinking he was predisposed to intelligence, all because of the fantastic fucking go-kart his father built and said would have won the race if it weren't for the non-standard axle pins Jimmy Bricket or whoever cheated by using.

In reality, Burgowitz is a man of average intellect who won the lottery by being placed into a position of influence. As such, he poses great danger to our democracy. Because speculation and fake news, such as that which Burgowitz promulgates, undermines the foundation of democracy: the voter---along with his good heart and his informed mind. I must say: with bad information, a good-heart is detrimental to

society.

Therefor, I set out to disavow Burgowitz' theory on Edobe-nash.

A layman such as Burgowitz could never understand how forensic anthropology allows us to analyze Bom-nash's skeleton and extract a biological profile, and how, while utilizing a biological profile, modern Computational Biologists can approximate entire genotypes. Stochastic methods are employed to fill holes in extracted data. And, thanks to high levels of redundancy in the human genome, this can be done with 99.9% accuracy.

Crucially, in 2007, Professor Halgumnov of the University of Wisconsin created a software program which simulates the materialization of the phenotype. Applied to Grandpa Bom-nash's DNA, this program constructed an atomic resolution virtual model of the man's physicality.

Continued... See "Eldar" on
page 2.

A look at the creature of North Amherst

BY RON GUTTERSTON,
Times Correspondent



Have you ever, while taking a stroll in North Amherst,

spotted an eerie looking man who smiles while pulling a levitating duck-like alien on a leash behind him? This man is Charlie. He moved to North Amherst seventeen years ago, and he has lived there ever since. Fourteen years ago, he devoted himself to caring for this strange creature.

Last week, I had the chance to hear Charlie's story. I spoke to him at Puffer's Pond. It was a nice albeit cold day. The air was fresh. We sat on the jumping ledge, where we shared a two-liter Fanta Orange Soda. Meanwhile, Charlie's "pet" enjoyed jumping into the

cold-water pond. The thing would leap off the ledge in the most frantic, discombobulated fashion. It would promptly become freezing and rush, climbing back up to retrieve his towel. But, immediately upon drying and becoming warm, the creature would jump into the frigid waters yet again. The scene perplexed me.

Charlie told me that his companion attracts various kinds of attention in the Amherst area. Children wish to pet him like a cat. Elderly women scare at his sight, as though he were a mouse or a snake. In the past, a father of

an overcurious boy shoved Charlie's companion duck-creature to the ground.

Charlie insists that his companion who he drags around all the time, who he calls Dorf, is harmless. Because Dorf is from the planet Nebulönis.

So this begs the question: where is planet Nebulönis? And how did Dorf wind up here?

Continued... See "Dorf" on
page 3.

The Battle of the Beaks

BY CADENCE P.
CROCKPOT,
Times Correspondent

During a visit at the campus pond last afternoon it became apparent that a turf war was boiling beneath the surface of the sitting geese. The Battle of the Beaks was unfolding: the bloodiest battle in campus pond history.

It was an epic clash between the Vancouver flock, led by General Featherstein, and the Atlantic Flock, lead by General Wingsoverman. With the imminent doom of winter, the

pond was not big enough for the two of them.

The two leaders with their respective flocks have had animosity for generations. Feathsteins Grandfather was said to have murdered Wingsoverman's grandfather over a piece of bread in their days of reign. Ever since, the two flocks have been rivals. So, when fate brought the two together earlier this year, Wingsoverman knew that he must seize this opportunity for revenge.

The weeks that lead up to this

bloody day consisted of petty hissing, nips at each other's backs, and brutal yo-mama jokes. The tensions were rising, and Wingsoverman was waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike. The foreplay reached a climax when a girl sitting across the pond decided to throw a piece of bread. It was an immaculate revenge.

As Featherstein raced over to enjoy the savory starch, Wingsoverman drew his sword from his wing and pierced Featherstein through the heart,

subsequently devouring the piece of bread. The score was settled, but the battle was sparked as the Vancouver Geese watched the enemy slay their beloved leader. An array of feathers, severed wings, and vicious beaks scattered the pond. The battle went on for hours, resolving in utter destruction and leaving behind no survivors.

Mr. Crockpot can be reached at
crockpot.cadence (at)
surrealtimes.net.

Crow's nest
(Continued, pg. 1)

Carl: Ask me a question.

Investigator: What's your favorite color?

Carl: No, no, no... Facts, ask me facts.

Investigator: Who was the first president of the United States?

Carl: No! No, no, no! Between the years of 1969 and 2016.

Investigator: ... Ok ok, who was the president in 1969?

Carl: You bastard.

Investigator: What?

Carl: Why would you bring him up? He's the whole reason I had to go into occultation.

Investigator: Occultation?

Carl: Yes, hidden behind these great glass walls. I can see the entire world from up here, and what I see I can control.

Investigator: And what is it that you control?

Carl: All of it.

Investigator: I see.

Investigator tries to conceal a smile on his face.

Carl: You think that I'm insane.

Investigator: No, that's not necesar....

Carl: You think I'm insane, and you're right. I am. And you would be too if you had the power that I hold in my mind. Every single step I choose for you all to take leads me to an infinite array of paths, of which I must choose the right one.

And this process has repeated, minute after minute, day after day, for 47 years.

Investigator: Then why have you chosen today to give yourself up?

Carl: Because my task has finally been completed.

Investigator: You mean...

Carl: Yes, I am the reason Donald J. Trump has been democratically elected to be the next President of the United States.

Investigator: You bastard.

Carl: You're lucky to have me.

Investigator: How could this possibly end in anything besides a catastrophe?

Carl: Oh it will, and it will be the most beautiful catastrophe since The Big Bang.

Investigator: Why would you do this?

Carl: You have to understand, politics is an ugly business my dear boy. America was heading down a slippery slope in 1968 when Nixon was elected. There were mass revolts to throw him out of office, all in vain, and in the midst of one of these frivolous riots my destiny became clear. So I exiled myself within my own country, and ruled from atop my temple. Tell me, are you a fan of the Watergate Scandal?

Investigator: Well... yes, I'm glad that son-of-a-bitch got what he deserved.

Carl: That's nice to hear, one of my best works that's for sure. The rest came rather easily after that.

Investigator: What do you mean?

Carl: Ever since, you have all been at war with the government. Your skepticism versus their authority. It has turned you all into an easily manipulated machine. Quite the contradiction really. Your desires to unearth corruption has led you into the depths of one of the greatest fraudulent opportunities in our history. It's made my job quite easy, all I have to do is blow some fog on my window and paint whatever picture I want; you all give it a pulse. Lucky for us, he'll pay the price when the time is right.

Investigator: You really expect me to believe that you paint political pictures in fog that somehow come to life in our world?

Carl: Well not just politics. You remember the '86 World Series don't you?

Investigator: Don't tell me you're a Mets fan!

Carl: Oh I am indeed! Let's just say that ground ball Buckner let tumble through his legs was no error.

Investigator: You fucking bastard!

Carl: A Sox fan I see. Ha Ha, sorry about that.

Investigator kicks his chair out from beneath him and begins to pace the room.

Carl: Ah c'mon, we all need to have some fun once in awhile, don't we? Anyway, I had to blow off some steam after making a damn actor our commander in chief. The seeds had to be planted somewhere, I guess. Ha, now that I think of it, you're all kind of actors in a way, playing insignificant roles in my magnum opus. Truly hysterical.

Investigator: You're sick. No you're a fucking loon!

Carl: Ah, if only you could *understand* just how much I love you.

Investigator: I'm going to personally lobotomize you when this is over.

Carl: Come on now, I had to do it...

Investigator: Do what, turn a goddamn joke into the leader of this great country?

Carl: Oh this country was never great, it was founded on the same principles that you criticize your future President for believing. He'll make America great again, I promise you.

Investigator: Ok Carl, or God if I may address you as such, just how will Trump make America great?

Carl: You may. And as for Trump, utter chaos, followed by complete destruction of the three pillars that support our country: Democracy, Capitalism, and Equality. Yes.

Investigator: Is that supposed to give me hope?

Carl: A flower will bloom from this rubble, and it will have petals a color that this county has has never seen.

Investigator: Give me one good reason to trust you, Carl.

Carl: You don't have to trust me. The seeds have already been planted and the picture has already been painted in my breath.

Doctor Goldstein can be reached at drg (at) surrealtimes.net.

Burgowittz is foolish, unwise
(Continued, pg. 1).

What was discovered during the analysis of this model was that Granpa Bom-nash's brain had an important feature. It was equipped with a biological magnetorometer, and one of a very particular kind. Grandpa Bom-nash's magnetorometer was comprehensive. Together with his biological accelerometer, it was essentially a GPS unit.

There are two types of mammals. The first is the home-based mammal. Instances of this type revolve their lives around a particular geological position. The second type is the nomadic kind.

Burgowittz, lacking basic knowledge in biology and anthropology, would not be aware that these differing types of mammals possess different biological faculties optimized for their respective ways of life.

In the context of GPS faculties, home-based mammals are simple. In many cases, they do not require GPS systems whatsoever. Instead, as they wander from home, they maintain a mental log of the turns they make. Utilizing this log, they navigate their way home.

Nomadic animals, in contrast, require complicated positional senses. They use these to geotag places of interest such as those with water, food, or those that are dangerous.

Knowing this, and knowing that Grandpa Bom-nash's biology was indeed equipped with complex positioning mechanisms, we can assume that Bom-nash was of the nomadic type. Because, due to the high energy consumption levels of GPS systems, it would be infeasible to maintain them without a strong impetus to do so.

At the very least, we know that Bom-nash had many generations of ancestors who were nomadic. So Burgowittz is nothing more than a crackpot when he claims that Bom-nash was the first human. Stupid idiot. Imagine how incestuous a civilization like the one Burgowittz described would have been. High levels of mutation would have been inevitable. It could never have lasted this long.

Of course, one might ask: How did Burgowittz wind up as foolish and vacuous as he is? Genes such as his could never last in a nomadic society, in which the unfit are not coddled as they are today. Stupid idiot. I suppose his incestuous theories of the inception of our species -- although they are categorically invalid ----, I suppose they would explain the brainless nature of "Professor" Burgowittz.

Jameson Eldar can be reached at eldar.jameson (at) surrealtimes.net.

SPENGLETON RELEASES NEW BOOK

Story of Tomph and Yofim finally unveiled.

By MUMPHURD TONGS, TIMES MERCENARY

Tomph and Yofim were two boys who, in their youth, wandered upon a magical place called Greenlock Farm. They did so independently but on the same day. Neither boy had any place else to stay. So they were fortunate when Mr. Leo Greenlock provided them with

food and shelter.

Since then, Tomph and Yofim have been peas in a pod --- living in the same hay barn loft, singing the same celebration songs, and doing the same work.

Unfortunately, their ever-blossoming friendship was interrupted by strange, exotic forces acting on the farm. Nature, taking its course, forced these the boys to go separate ways.

Tomph and Yofim's story is too

long to be published in newspaper form, so Demberger has chronicled it in a story book. If you wish to know what happened to Tomph and Yofim, Search for "Greenlock Farm" in the books section of amazon.com. For a discounted copy, contact the author directly at spengleton (at) surrealtimes.net.

Mumphurd Tongs can be reached at tongs.mumphurd (at) surrealtimes.net.

Running in circles?

By ALFRED HUMBLETON, Times Correspondent

Those damn squirrels and birds are always eating up my birdseed. I even witnessed a rather conniving blue jay wind up his baseball bat and knock one of my feeders to the ground. Seeing this made me very confused, because the blue jay didn't even fancy a bite of the birdseed. The belligerent knocked it down for no reason.

I soon realized that the damn blue jay knocked down my feeder just so that a rabbit, who I must say was rather overweight and therefor "grounded", could enjoy something good to eat. The rabbit had been waiting patiently while the blue jay wound up and swung his bat. Now this "grounded" fella took a taste of the birdseed like a cocaine connoisseur tests some so-called good-stuff. After some pensive consideration, he deemed the supposed good-stuff to be good enough. They always do. So this fat-ass gave a big handshake to the flying fella. Then Fatass handed over the cash. After that, the Flying

Fella took off.

I keep my feeders on the ground: The rabbits eat from them. I hang them up: then the birds come scavenging, AND the damn rabbits get their eats anyway. I just want to ask: what the hell am I supposed to eat, man? Seriously.

I thanked the lord when all those pests got up and left for no reason at all. However, I soon become rather lonely. I became so lonely, in fact, that I tried complaining to inanimate things such as fire hydrants and bus stops. But when I did that, the bus stop freaking exploded. I learned how stupid it is to

complain at anyone but animate beings. You know: it's rather unsatisfying to do so. Also, it can dangerous at times.

After going to bed that day, I woke up and I was so happy to learn that all the animals had come back. I didn't know why they left. I didn't know why they came back. Maybe they wanted freedom then decided freedom is not so good, or that they had had enough of it. Or maybe they went to grandma's house until grandma ran out of the good stuff. I was very happy despite all these questions.

But damn, I am becoming

NEW ART GALLERY OPENING

By THE EDITORS, Times Staff

Wonderful! Great! The Surreal Times will soon open an art shop. It will be called: The Surreal Times Pleasant Arrangements of Lines and Curves Gallery.

Ribbon cutting is scheduled for the first day of the coming semester. At that time, the gallery will open for viewing and sales purposes.

During the interval between now and then, we are accepting original arrangements of lines

and curves to be sold in The Gallery. Submit your drawings and set your prices. We will place them for sale in the physical gallery, on the online store, and in newspaper advertisements. Upon a sale, we will keep 10% of royalties and deliver the remaining 90% to you, the artist/arranger, shortly thereafter.

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

... Write for The Times!

By THE EDITORS, Times Staff

The Surreal Times is an up and coming news organization dedicated to keeping the public informed. If you are passionate about our mission, and if you feel that you are capable of moving it forward, then I compel you to email us.

The world is unfolding at an imperceivable rate. We need more reporters to keep track of things.

Alfred Humbleton can be reached at alfhumbleton (at) surrealtimes.net.

Dorf

(Continued, pg. 1)

The answer to the latter question is that Dorf is an incredibly, wonderfully dumb specimen.

On his home planet, his mother often reminded him not to cross roads without looking both ways first. But Dorf, being dumb as he was and is, rarely looked in either direction. Inevitably, he would experience the consequences.

During his final day on planet Nebulönis, while chasing a stray ball across the road, Dorf was hit by a bus. Allow me to note that buses on planet Nebulönis move at exceedingly high speeds. Such high speeds caused Dorf to be launched into outer space. Fortunately, his body is as yielding as play-doh. So he avoided death on impact, as he had many times before, during his rambling, clumsy, innocuous life.

Dorf held his breath as he was gifted a surprise tour of gargantuan galaxies and sunny solar systems and astounding asteroid belts. Eventually, he crash-landed on Charlie's lawn.

The impact woke Charlie from his afternoon nap. As it became dark, Charlie dug the mangled Dorf from a crater. Dorf had 7

legs. Three of these were badly broken.

Charlie tended to Dorf's wounds, planning to release the strange creature once it had healed.

But, while caring for Dorf, Charlie learned of how incredibly stupid Dorf was --- Charlie learned that the creature was so mind-blowingly dumb, it couldn't possibly survive on his own.

So, even now that Dorf has recovered from his intergalactic tumble, Charlie keeps him on a leash. Charlie walks him through North Amherst and surrounding areas. People pet Dorf. Dorf purrs and swoons like a cat. Kids throw sticks and Dorf plays fetch. But while Dorf plays fetch, Charlie always runs at his side to ensure that the loving, dumb creature does not get lost in the woods.

Charlie is a good-hearted man from what I can tell. It is for this reason I suggest that you speak with him. At least wave to him. Please, do not stare; for Dorf scares easily and Charlie is rather sensitive. Bring them some Fanta Orange Soda and have a chat.

Ron Gutterston can be reached at gutterston.ron (at) surrealtimes.net

ROGUE WOMAN ON CAMPUS

By TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant, UMPD

We have received reports of a rogue woman on campus. Witnesses describe her physical appearance as "particularly innocent" and "harmless". --- She stands approximately five feet tall. She speaks gently and walks with a slight hobble. She has only ever been seen during times when it is raining outside. During these times, she wears a rather childish neon-green raincoat.

Please beware: Despite her appearance as a caring,

harmless woman, she has been known to snatch footwear off the feet of innocent pedestrians.

One victim, Timothy (age 19), detailed his interaction with this woman. He did so at roughly 8:00pm on a Tuesday.

"I was walking back to O-Hill from Worcester," Timothy said. "It was raining hard. I didn't have my coat because I had class earlier, and it hadn't been raining before my class. So I'd been soaked for a few hours by this point. It sucked."

Timothy was walking up Chancellor's drive when the

raincoat-wearing woman approached him. Her hood covered her face, so he could not identify her. "But she was shivering", Timothy explained. "It seemed like she needed help."

Being a good-hearted member of our community, Timothy offered this seemingly in-need woman some help.

But rather than requesting assistance from Timothy, the woman offered assistance to him. She pointed to his feet and brought to his awareness the fact that his shoelaces were untied. Then she offer to tie his

shoes.

Timothy accepted her offer. But this neon-coated criminal proceeded to pull Timothy's shoe off his foot and flee the scene with it. As Timothy detailed, "She may have been short, but she is wildly strong, fast, and quick-witted."

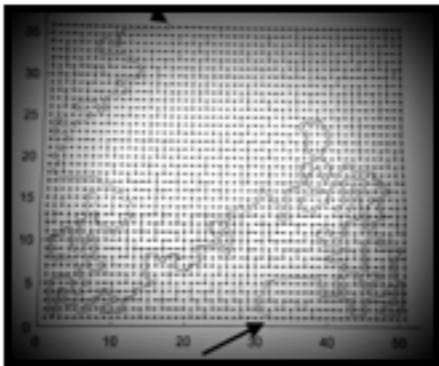
Please be aware of the danger that this woman poses to our community. Report any sightings of her to UMPD.

Tom Johnson can be reached at tjohnson (at) umass.edu

WINNERS ANNOUNCED

from the Bihexical Search

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff



Last bihex, two members of our community submitted

solutions to our periodic maze competition. Student Ryan DiMattia won first prize. Kushal Sahare was the runner up as well as the last place prize winner.

Ryan and Kushal received marvelous prizes. You could too if you solve the maze on page 4 and email in your solution to The Editors.

The Editors can be reached at management@umass.edu

An Alarming Attack of Alliteration

By ZULU Z. ZULU,
Times Staff

May Milton mutters malarky meekly masturbating movingly moving massive moronic midgets mingling moreover many momentous millionaire Malaysians mope, more Mexicans mop mayonnaise maliciously.

Zulu Z. Zulu can be reached at zzz@surrealtimes.net.



Board of selectmen vote down dinosaur proposal

By PROFESSOR BURGOWITZ,
Times Staff

The UMass Department of Environmental Conservation, in conjunction with scientists at Joule Scientific, went to the Amherst board of selectmen to propose that the town provide funding for efforts to reincarnate dinosaur species native to the area. A postdoctoral sponsor of the project explained, "These species are indigenous to the pioneer valley. They are part of our culture. They are part of our anthropology. We owe it to ourselves to preserve them."

The board of selectmen unanimously shot down this

proposal. They went further: not merely denying funding, but banning the project entirely. Most attendees were not surprised by this result.

A pregnant women expressed slight relief while rubbing her bulging baby belly. She was glad that her unborn child would have an opportunity to thrive in a world without dinosaurs (as she had done herself).

One baked-looking man wearing a stained, white tank-top complained about the result, arguing that, "even though [he] had a couple of drug charges and stuff, [he] should get to vote." The man explained, "This is important

stuff. Dinosaurs are important. Everyone should get to vote when it comes to dinosaurs."

This man received support from a few members of the crowd. One rather sturdy-looking intellectual woman patronized this man. She wore a man's suit and round glasses, and she argued in favor of a referendum that would give everyone a say. Ultimately, though, the meeting proceeded to other items on the docket. In short order, the question of dinosaurs was put to rest.

Professor Burgowitz can be reached at burgowitz (at) surrealtimes.net

Experiments that you Should Probably Know About

By CHUULEPHER "FUTURE MANN" ERP-MANGUS IV,
Surreal Times Strategist and Historian

The year was 2033 (bihex 134) and the castle was nearing its fourth year of completion. The castle and its subjects have been living in harmony: cutting firewood, singing songs and building their very own kingdom.

For about 2.5 bihexes, Dernberger Spingleton, accompanied by his longtime associate and friend Armădeius Galouei, has been working on a process too complicated to explain (P2CE). Inspired by Salmon Rushdie, the two sought out to develop a process so complicated that it would be useless to even attempt to explain.



Putting it very simply, this process takes things that are very orderly, compresses them and then explodes them into an unidentifiable, entropy-filled heterogeneous concoction.

For your visual pleasure, I have provided a photograph of this event.

This photo is titled: "I put a little too much cream cheese in but if I perfect the proportions then it has some potential."

Future Mann can be reached at mangus @surrealtimes.net

A peculiar occurrence

It's a wonderful time of year!

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,
Times Staff



Once upon a time, passionate learners of our community

gathered together at Berkshire Dining Commons, taking a break from their studies to enjoy a fine meal during the holidays. I was there to experience it all.

After filling one cup with soda, another with milk, and another with cranberry juice, I made my way through the forest of tables. Eventually, I found my personal table. I put down my coat and my hat. I put down my cups. Then I set out to gather pasta and cake and cheeseburgers.

Finally, I went to fetch some fruit. A beautiful Christmas song was playing. So, during my walk to the Northwest

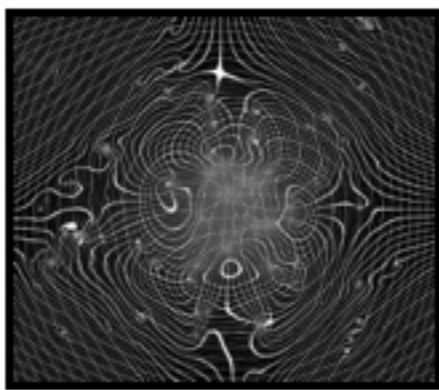
corner of Berkshire Dining, I hummed along to the familiar tune. I was having a truly pleasant time.

When I grabbed a small bowl and a spoon from the cart, one of my fellow students was coincidentally doing the same. And, in the same way I was humming the Christmas tune, this good soul was singing. So, together, while I scooped fruit, and while he toasted toast, we did the dance of choir singers, before parting ways.

Dernberger Spengler can be reached at spengler@surrealtimes.net

A Clarification

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor



We have received a wide array of comments about the length of time between editions. These comments have come in many forms from angry mobs at the front door of our imaginary empire to simple

letters slipped under the door of our residences. Many Naive individuals saw the word bihex in print and interpreted this as 12 earth days. Have we taught you people anything?

How surreal is a paper that exists within the confines of pre-existing packets of time?

Citizens of the world: I will leave you with this clarification; A bihex is defined by the length of time between releases of the Surreal Times. This allows enough time for the brilliant writers, innovative correspondents, saucy editors, enlightened people, intellectual rabble-rousers, zoo animals,

sleepy electrons, shoe collections, up tight hipsters, staunch conservatives, productive reverends and clammy spheres of the Surreal Times to produce a world changing arrangement of letters and pictures.

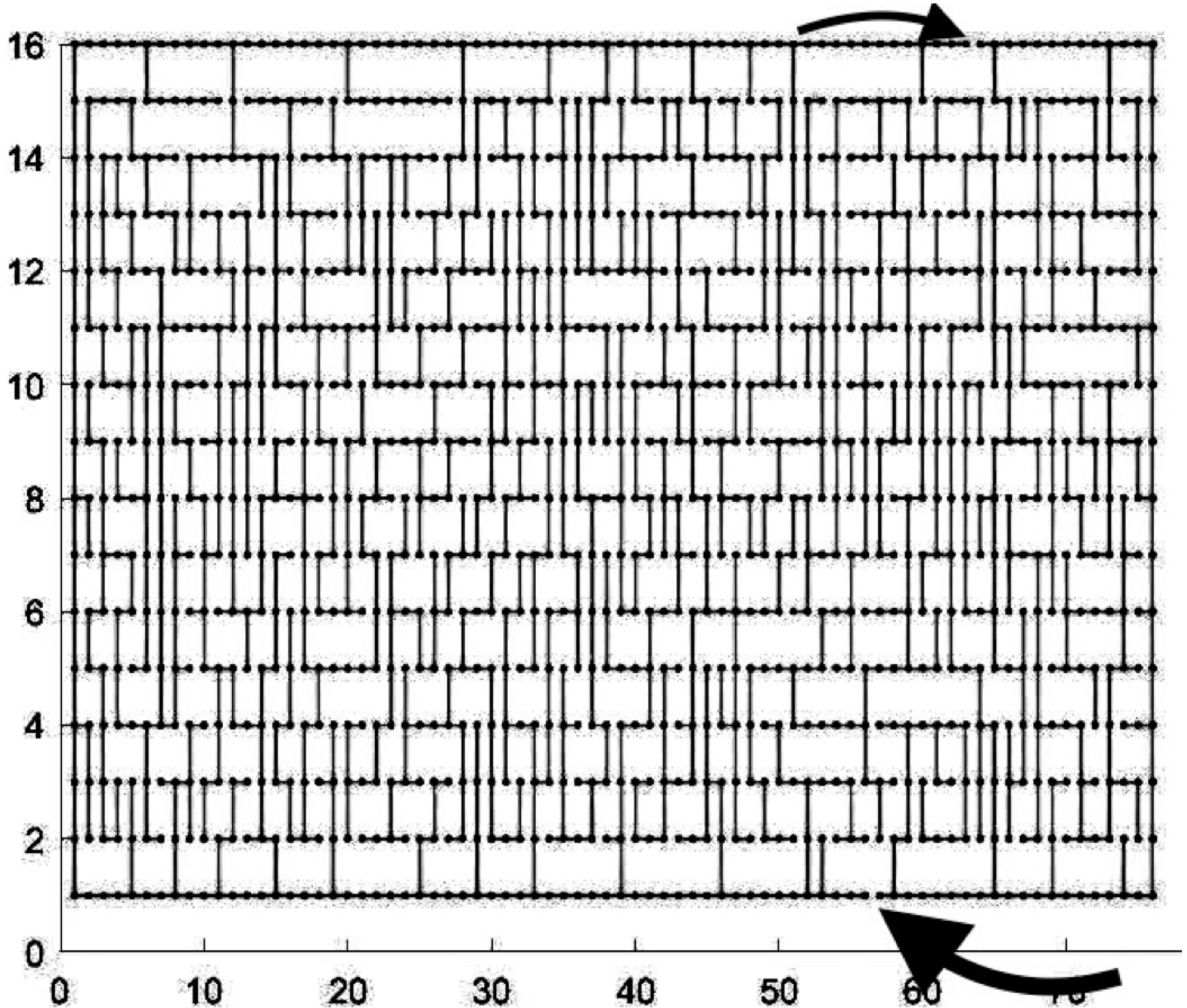
The unquenchable thirst for surreal content is recognized, but on behalf of the Surreal Times and its beneficiaries, get off of our god damn backs.

Armădeius Galouei can be reached at armgalou@surrealtimes.net

THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUËI
Times Senior Editor

First one to solve this maze gets a **secret prize**, in addition to a copy of Greenlock Farm.
Email a picture of your solution to management@surrealtimes.net to see if you've won.



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

A Negative Event

Letter to D.
Spingleton

By CHETT VILDERMESH,
Times Correspondent

Sir,

How many more ways are you going to waste your time? How many more ridiculous places will you put advertisements for your useless literary ventures?

Once again, you managed to infiltrate my rather obscure town in the middle (dead center) of the country with your rubbish.

You really outdid yourself this time Sir Spingleton. As I returned to my home after a long day of curb refurbishing, I poured myself a glass of ginger ale. Further retreating into the

depths of my relaxation, I reclined on my recliner. Just then, my beautiful wife mounted me. One thing led to another and I found myself revealing her fantastic bosom. This is when the negative event occurred. As I revealed her fantastic bosom, one of your GOD DAMN ADVERTISEMENTS was on my GOD DAMN WIVES BOOSOM.

Sir, What the fuck man. You can't just advertise anywhere you want. I will provide a summary of this ridiculous advertisement so your readers can be sure to not buy this horrible excuse for a book.

"Brand new fiction! Greenlock Farm: The Tale of Tomph and Yophim by Dernberger Spingleton Copies can be obtained at Amazon.com, from

Dernberger or any of his correspondents."

Sir,
You continue to impress me by your ability to waste time.

Warmest Regards,



Chett Vildermesh
Senior Journalist
The Surreal Inquirer
270 Agnes Ave McFarland,
KS

Hooligans steal truck



Beware of these shady figures.