

HIGH-NOVELTY SWAP UNFOLDS



JOB WEIGHS ON DEATH



THE SURREAL TIMES



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

April 10th, 2019 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

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the 3rd dawn of the cicadas.*

NOISE MOTHS ESCAPE DORM, RAVAGE VOCAL CORDS



See page 2 for the full story by Bill Gumby. Artist's depiction of these events by Imogene Larkley.

FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

BY ARMĂDEIUS GALOUË,
Times Senior Editor



"Copulated herrings crease several divides"

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

DELUXE PAPA VAPE PODS HIT STORE SHELVES, MUTUAL HALLUCINATION ENSUES

BY ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

The enigmatic company Deluxe Papa, known primarily for selling server hardware during the dotcom boom, has found success in a new market: vape pods.

Deluxe Papa sells pods for many of the most popular vapes, but their pods don't contain any nicotine. Their new product is marketed under the name Deluxe Papa Mutual Hallucination Vape Pods.

Deluxe Papa has described their product as "The Gateway To Mass, Mutual Hallucination."

Smokers of Deluxe Papa pods report a feeling of dizziness, followed by a

minute long, all-encompassing hallucinatory experience. What exactly they report differs. Some see an empty white expanse, others see a classroom from their youth. Others yet see their actual, real-life present sur-

roundings, except mirrored left to right. But the hallucinators are not by themselves. Other figures move around these dream worlds...

[[Continued on next page]]



NOISE MOTHS ESCAPE BUTTERFIELD, RAVAGE VOCAL CORDS OF INNOCENT STUDENTS

By WILLIAM (BILL)
GUMBY,
Facilities Manager



I told them this would happen. I told the Chancellor himself I wasn't capable of managing a goddamned quarantine. But he didn't listen, both he and those bureaucratic bozos. "You're the facilities manager, Bill," they said, "So, do your job. Manage the facilities."

I tried my best. I thought my idea to use radios to contain the moths was pretty clever. But it's all over now... I could control the bugs. Kids are worse: unstoppable. I knew kids were sneaking into Butterfield to look at the moths and maybe even chew on them a bit. I tried to scare 'em off. I put up signs. I boarded doors and windows. They'd pull off my boards. They'd chop my padlocks with bolt cutters. Every morning I'd go to Butterfield first things first to fortify, but it wasn't enough, especially with The Society of The Loud, those rambunctious bastards, hosting an event on campus.

When I laid eyes on the massive swarm over Orchard Hill, I knew instantly what terror would follow... The sun was going down. People were relaxing. I hoped that by some miracle everyone would stay perfectly quiet. But, I couldn't tell them to be quiet without being loud myself and getting myself swarmed.

It wound up being a basketball bounce that kicked off the massacre. The moths swarmed the kid who was dribbling. He screamed for help. The moths dove into his mouth as he yelled and tore him apart from the inside. His friends yelled and

ran as the swarm chased them. The screams caused a chain reaction of the moths devouring people's vocal cords, witnesses screaming, and moths chasing the screamers, continuing the cycle. They got nearly everyone on the hill that day except for the few who managed to stay quiet during their escape. I personally acted in the only way I could imagine. I left my van where it was and quietly tiptoed back to my apartment.

The things destroyed everything that made a sound, biting the shit out of everyone from the inside-out. I watched students get eaten

alive. I couldn't do a thing about it. They're still out there now, the moths, just flying around blindly in swarms, following sound. Stay quiet and keep your eyes up is all I can tell you. That, and I quit. I'm out of here. You're on your own. Subbaswamy asked me to lock up Butterfield, but I haven't been there since and don't intend to return, ever. I am getting my ass out of town ASAP.

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DELUXE PAPA VAPE PODS HIT STORE SHELVES, MUTUAL HALLUCINATION ENSUES

[cont. from pg. 1]

... Who are these figures? Deluxe Papa claims that they are other vapers. Attempts to interact with them

are difficult for several reasons. One, the hallucinations are brief, only a minute long, and repeated hits yield different locations. Two, communication in the hallucination is difficult. Users

report a muffled soundscape, where even loud actions produce quiet results. Three, the dizziness experienced during the hallucination makes even assessing your surroundings difficult,

nevermind walking over to someone and communicating cogently.

Deluxe Papa vape pods are on sale nationwide. Deluxe Papa urges its customers to

use them responsibly.

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I SPEAK FROM JAIL: DELUXE PAPA IS A MENACE

By GEORGE S. HALFLY,
Times Correspondent

Yes, I destroyed a blimp. Yes, thirteen people died. But I cannot abide this uncivic influence on Amherst, this creeping degeneracy on

our nation, this insidious plot to destroy the productive, industrious fabric of our society.

I speak, of course, of the Deluxe Papa Mutual Hallucination Vape Pods. They must be stopped.

One universe is enough for any responsible, self-respecting citizen. Enjoy the air you breathe. Enjoy the food you eat, the people you talk to. For surely, if you can continue to use Deluxe Papa Mutual Hallucination Vape

Pods, you will find all of these boons inadequate. You will become mindless, longing for an artificial shared world, a mutual hallucination that cannot truly be touched. Do not be fooled, and more importantly, do

not fool yourself. Stay strong. Stay real.

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NASA's "OPPOR2NITY" PROJECT PLAGUED BY UNEXPLAINED ACCIDENTS

BY THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Times Staff

NASA confirmed Wednesday in a press conference that their project to create and launch another scientific research vehicle to Mars to replace the Opportunity rover has faced yet another setback. Lead astrophysicist Isobel Gallagher is recovering from her injuries in the ICU after stepping on a loose screw, which caused

her to fall back onto a suspended wire, which caused the short-circuiting of a coffee machine, which caused the water in the pot to boil to 500C, which caused the pot to shatter violently, sending glass shards into her left arm and shoulder. This event happened following last week's "ripe banana peel" incident that left 19 researchers in a coma.

"We assure the public that this is only a temporary setback,"

said NASA spokesman George Santos Friday. "The Opportunity rover has provided us with valuable information, but is now considered an inferior system using outdated technology. Our team could obtain a wealth of information with equipment developed in the years since the original Opportunity was built." As Santos finished his sentence, a stage light dislodged above him and

smashed the podium into splinters. The splinters hit Santos like shrapnel and nearly hospitalized him. "The completion of this project is critical," he added, before prematurely concluding the press conference.

Despite popular demand, NASA has deemed the original rover unsalvageable. NASA expects the new rover, nicknamed "Op-
por2nity" by the public, to be ready for launch by 2020.

However, the organization faces a new challenge in finding staff. Many senior NASA employees have refused to work on the project on moral and religious grounds.

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BUTTLE COLLECTIVE SEEKS INFORMATION ON "HOBBLING JELLY FILLER"

BY BOOBNBOB,
Eternal Plasma Entity

Some have never seen him. Some claim that they have. Others have seen him, but believe otherwise.

I write to you today seeking out your personal testimonies, experiences, and your intimate encounters with the one they call "The Hobbling Jelly Filler".

You can be almost unsure you've seen him if you see a silhouetted figure hobbling sideways in the darkness. You can be unsure-er and more so if you wake up in a dumpster the following morning with a stomach bloated to three times normal size and little recollection of the prior night -- feeling hungover but without a headache, with strawberry or (on weekends)

blueberry jelly splattered on the rims of your nostrils, ears, and mouth.

Please don't hesitate to reach out to your local butler to tell them about your experiences. They will relay your information to us. We only correspond through trustee butler lads of the name of Jeeves! Such lads are the most experienced individuals in the area of forced Jelly Filling.

The Butters Named Jeeves Collective has been shaking down recently-fired ex-employees of local donut shops, in hopes of discovering an employee sufficiently disheveled and angry to want to fill people with enough jelly to wipe their memories, or, one disillusioned enough to think that people actually want to be jelly-filled. One other possibility is that the Hobbling

Jelly Filler convinces his victims but that they do not recall being convinced due to the intensity of the occurrence. Regardless, the collective could use any information it could get.

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MUTUAL HALLUCINATION VAPE POD: ENTER THE CAVE

* ADVERTISEMENT *

Is reality not enough?

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Enter the cave. Enter bold,

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THE WEIGHT OF THE JOB AND WHO IT WEIGHS ON

Graham Tells All

BY GRAHAM RAPIER,
Death

Have you ever wondered what happens when your curtain gets called or what happens you pass on the way past sleep? What of the thoughts you can't see, they play games and pluck strings, take shape and breathe soulfully, and sing inside your head while you're not thinking. I've had the looming feeling that I should tie my tongue, though I don't know who it is hanging over me with a finger outstretched whispering "shush".

This mask has worn on me, the role of a silent cog, I've turned in sync for a time longer than most can imagine. It's time for me to turn in my own way. I'm writing this so the world can know the weight of my job.

I paddled in a twisted oak boat floating atop a stream of frozen faces. In them are captured all the windings in the roads. At the end of every trip, myself and my passenger, whosoever turn it may be, reach a gray curtain outstretched like a horizon. Every passenger has looked through the seam running straight through the middle of the curtain and is shown what comes next right past the ellipses. I've made a habit of looking away. I know if I ever saw what was on the other side of that curtain, I would never be able to be content waiting back and forth for

eternity stuck on this side of it.

We glided over the sea of faces. While I paddled along I watched as poor Ed twiddled his thumbs and mumbled his way through a conversation with his reflection. Toying over "if onlys" and "why not's" until he faced a question out of his sight and behind his curtain. He glanced over to me (Ironically enough humans always run to the unknown when they try to escape).

I turned to Ed, (whose name I can't help but know) I said, "Still trying to picture your grave? You have no cause to conceal it anymore. I know that face you wear. I've seen it on everyone who has sat in your seat and I'll see it on everyone who ever will."

Ed responded, "I can imagine my grave but like only in words. I'm still trying to swallow the fact that I was just some old pulp novel character."

I explained to him, "What are we if anything else but a character in their own stories? And, if it helps in your case, you were from a book that seemed to mean something. Some of my past passengers have mentioned the novel you once called home."

"Thanks, I guess." Ed let go a lively yet swiftly-fading chuckle as he went on, "but if I'm just some lie made up by some long dead goop, then why am I waiting here for, well, literally nothing and how could I even ever

die?"

"It's not nothing you're waiting for my friend. I mean, It can't be nothing! And anyway, everyone takes their ride in the boat. Whether real or fake, I -- I mean, Fate -- doesn't draw such straight lines between fiction and reality. When your time came, you lept right off the page and came here. You are just a disguised reality, and don't ever believe that you were anything less. All things fade, as they say, even if they never really were." I continued, "I myself always wondered what it's like to flicker, to not be an eternal flame, or how I'd guess you see me: "the eternal doser of flames". I think I might even remember in part what your shoes feel like. But the way I see it, I am the one who moves the flame from one candle the next, not to another life per se but... Oh well, maybe somethings can wait to be revealed."

Ed stops to think, as I conjured a black and white butterfly from the surrounding darkness.

"It seems to me, Ed, that somewhere inside, you wonder what it's like to stare and not just to give a passing glance. All Humans long to take hold, but you rarely appreciate the grasp. The thrill of time fleeting, it gives the sand meaning as it falls. You've never grasped a butterfly for example."

Pointing to my creation, I continue: "And let it's fluttering wings tell you some-

thing and then let go on its way. I think I've lost that luxury, and I wonder why you still try to hold onto to it. Perhaps you do it to catch a mystery or maybe you think in perfect empathy you will come to understand it if you hold it long enough."

He said nothing and looked back at the reflections in the water behind, He was almost lulled to sleep by my rhythmic paddling until he shook himself back up. "How much longer?" he asked.

"Not long, but just think about how long you've waited", I tell him as I point around. "Every moment has come to this, and now you want to let pass an opportunity to find answers you never could elsewhere."

Ed looks up for a moment and says, "There are some things we take comfort in not knowing, I guess. Some questions we don't ask."

I look back at Ed, "I don't really remember what it's like to not be a frozen clock. I'd like to ask you that if I could."

"You mean you haven't always been, umm.. this way?"

I shrugged, "I'm not sure. I might have been, but for now, I just play my part."

Looking at Ed reminds me how this job weighs on you over time -- everyone you see, all the questions they ask. Even the children I

don't like to think about the children. I still think in a lot of ways though that I'm still like a child as strange as it may seem to you. I play my game. I haven't learned to wonder why, and I cry when a stitch breaks or a leaf falls. I hope you all know that. That's why I'm writing this: I'm just the scythe, you see. I take people from one life and on through and past the epilogue.

Ed and I continue over the river of Souls, Ed points over the bow and asks, "What's down there?"

"Who, not what," I add. "Those are the ones who didn't want make the journey or those who brought too much or too little with them. I didn't want to let them go, but my reach was too short. I do my best, Ed. I don't make the rules. I'm just a lonely cog like you."

Ed looked at me with his face cut like a puzzle, "You're just making this up, aren't you! This is just some kind of game for you get your kicks toying with-with whatever I am now!"

"No, Ed, you're wrong. I'm just a scythe, I swear. I don't know who holds it! I'm just the scythe... I can't be death.. There has to be something bigger. I wouldn't do this, I'm just a cog, I'm just like you. I want to be like you!" I take a deep breath and suck back in a sigh. I knew I said too much so I just keep paddling on...

[Continued on next page]



THE WEIGHT OF THE JOB AND WHO IT WEIGHS ON

[cont. from pg. 4]

... He just sat there waiting like the space left after a long-forgotten laugh lingers in the holes where the self peeks through a mask.

I try to break the tension. "You were a Jester in your day. I mean, the days before."

"Yes I do know and yes I was," Ed replies going along in annoyance.

"Can I tell you a joke then?

Why did the woman cry at the end of the book?"

"I don't know. Why?" Ed asked as he shrugged at me with a slight sting in his breath.

"Because there was nothing on the other side of the page."

"What" he looked confused "That's... that's not even a joke! A joke is funny, you get that right? You friggin' goop." He mumbled the last part I just looked away

down to the comfort of the side.

Ed looks back at me and says, "I guess whether you are the 'scythe' or the hand that holds it, you surely don't understand life. And that's where laughter comes from, you need that piece and that's what you forgot, right? I mean that's what you said. These questions aren't just to help me. Oh no, There for you just as much."

He was right, I've lost the

taste for the lust for life. It pained me that I turn and turn with no idea where I'm going or why I'm even doing this. I'm sick of being the face of something I don't even understand, that children are taught to hate and fear.

We soaked in silence for the rest of the ride. When we arrived, I waved my hand in the direction of the curtain. Ed stepped up to the wall. Like the child I wish I was, I shut my eyes and cowered under the blanket in my

head. In the darkness within the darkness, I sat with a blank expression, holding back a tiny sparking spirit of what felt like hope, and I searched my soul for an answer that I knew where to find. It was time to peer through that seem. It's my time to go where I lead you all.

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HAPPY HARRY FEEDS AND EATS, AND IS EATEN

BY PETE CAB,
Times Correspondent

Happy Harry was very excited to eat his crocodiles. The problem was, his crocodiles were hungry too. It was the peak of a happy Florida summer.

Happy Harry was not always called Happy Harry. In fact, the name was quite recent. Before that, he had just been Harmful Harry. He had been a very dour person.

He'd go to the park just to trip children as they ran. He had fought quite a bit with his wife. She was abusive. Sometimes she threatened him with a knife. Harry rarely fought back. Through all of this, he kept happy by eating vicious animals.

Happy Harry said it felt good to eat the crocodiles. They made him virile and manly. He usually gave them chicken and wet mulch beforehand, or occasionally

whatever varmint had happened to cross him the night before. On this occasion, however, he had something special for the crocodiles.

Happy Harry fed his crocodiles his wife and then ate them.

The neighbors assumed that she had moved out. Over the course of a couple weeks, they realized that her '98 Tacoma hadn't moved an inch, building great suspicion in nearby households.

Normally, Harry's wife would have covered the silver thing in blankets of swamp mud by this interval. The neighbors, vapidly vengeful as ever, bum-rushed the front door of Harry's House with a legion of gators and crocodiles, sickening the lot of them onto the half-naked body of Harry's.

The taste of "that lousy trumpet", as Happy Harry would call her, festered while slipping through the

reptilian digestive tracts, changing who they were deep inside. Now bitter like a wife beater, Harry's neighbors filled the shoes that Happy Harry left when he stitched on his smile to hide the face of a man who misses his wife. Now the Florida swamps have a "Harmful Harry" reptile swimming in them.

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ACCOUNT: THE MAD SHARK OF THE MONARCHY

BY THE MAD SHARK,
The Monarchy

They call me the mad shark of the monarchy. People walk in and they see my fin and my bottle, and then they

think, "Jeez, this guy is menacing as fuck... What's he so angry about? It's just autocratic governance."

Trust me, I've got sharp teeth and a drinking problem. If you try to take my

child after I waited half an hour for my custody hearing, you'll be "dancing with the yuppies" as the kids say, most likely also inside my belly, marinating in alcohol and the aluminum cans I ate

to prove my manhood.

P.S. My dick is like a tall-boy: unhealthy, and obsessive over-indulgence in it is the only way I can cope with my severe self-contempt.

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DORF DEPORTED AFTER ALTERCATIONS WITH SERR-VO AND THE MECHANICAL FELLOW

By RON GUTTERSTON,
Times Correspondent

Springtime is here and it is lovely. These last few days, I've made a point to enjoy the outdoors, the sunlight, and the smells of freshly exposed grass.

On Sunday I walked to Puffer's pond. While in the area, I stopped at my good pal Charlie's home. He happened to be watering his lawn with a dinner cup, so I struck up a conversation with him. He was ecstatic because his best friend, Dorf, a foolish but lovable alien from planet Nebulönis, had returned from having gone missing for so very long.

He explained, "It was such a hard time here all alone and knowing how foolish he can be out there without anyone to take care of him. I couldn't stop worrying the whole time. I'm so happy now though, with him back. I'm so happy."

We walked in and out of his house as he filled up his watering cup many times, pouring it in a different place on the grass each time. We talked and talked and talked.

I offered to take a cup myself to speed up the process, but he told me, "No thank you, it is better this way."

A while later, many trips later, Charlie stopped and

whistled. A squawk sounded from a nearby tree. Charlie whistled the same melody he had the first time. Then, right then and there, Dorf emerged from the tree trunk, phasing through solid wood from within! He wore that same old goofy smile on his beak, and he had those same old energetic clumsy tentacles. I couldn't help but run up to him as he hovered towards me. He made the most endearing little Nebulönian squawk wimpers I had ever heard. And so I goo'chi goo'd at him like I would my own nephew. We played paddy cake with all of our arms. He always wins! Meanwhile, Charlie laughed at our happy goofiness. I think that I saw tears of joy on his cheek when he told me how the moment reminded him of how important I was to Dorf's acclimation to Earth and why he taught the creature to call me uncle in the first place.

We all played a few rounds of "ninja", Dorf's favorite game, the game where you take turns trying to dodge each other's lighthearted pokes and jabs. You would think Dorf, having 8 tentacles, would be good. However, he is so damn clumsy!

One by one, strange aliens of all kinds emerged from the house and joined in on our game. I was startled, I admit, but Dorf introduced me to each of them individually (needing to show me their respective common

practices). There was Todgomj, the Mercury Rodent (not pretty, but honest, says hello via forehead-to-forehead touch). There was Ooglebob, the Saturnian Fliptricker (tricky but heartwarming, says hello with a simultaneous 360). There were a great many other diverse creatures. Charlie explained that when Dorf returned from his runaway stint, he returned with friends. "He signed to me that he would not step foot on my property, let alone speak with me again unless his friends could stay with us. I didn't want to have some sort of alien commune, but he said they were refugees like him and had nothing else."

"Oooph tiggy bo pop!" Dorf said all the sudden. What that meant was that it was time for a walk. Even I knew that. So just me, Dorf, and Charlie took a stroll down to the student farm near UMass campus. We really didn't say much. Beforehand, Dorf had brought his friends inside and returned by himself with an 8-liter, Nebulönian-sized bottle of Fanta Orange Soda. It was so heavy it nearly brought Dorf's hover level nearly to the ground. But man did that Nebulönian love orange soda. So instead of talking, we mostly just passed the soda around and enjoyed each other's company. It would take two to hold, one to drink. It was

like old times.

The farm was beautiful this time of year. So much fresh life emerging from winter. So many people tending to their personalized garden shares. Not just people though! The robot Martian ambassador, Serr-vo, was hard at work as well, tending to his plants despite the recent serious injuries he had sustained to his circuitry.

I introduced Dorf to Serr-vo, thinking Serr-vo might just fit right into Dorf's friend group. But the sight of Serr-vo did something fierce to Dorf's state of mind -- I could see that immediately. Dorf took off hovering. He dropped his soda. Serr-vo charged after him but was limited by a broken track. Charlie screamed like a child. We both ran behind Dorf until we were safely in the woods behind Orchard Hill. As we had escaped, I had seen Serr-vo funnel all the remaining Fanta through his tank at a frightening speed.

"What was that?" Charlie asked Dorf.

Dorf babbled the fastest, most fragmented Nebulönian you've ever heard, as he hyperventilated, stuck, laying in the moss on his side. Charlie tried to help, or to at least roll Dorf onto a stone so his goo wouldn't get tarnished by the dirt and moss. Charlie cried as Dorf pushed

him away.

"OObabab fanha mappapapapap"

There was a flash of light and 8-bit beeps. Then, there stood a large ragged-clothed bi-ped with a large television for a head. It was The Mechanical Fellow, he who I'd only heard stories of -- the rhyming, time-traveling cyborg journalist from the future. He was real, and he was concerned. He towered over Dorf.

He spoke sober Nebulönian to Dorf. They conversed (The Mechanical Fellow using rhymes even while speaking in Nebulönian). But the conversation took a turn. Dorf squawked like I didn't know he was capable of squawking. The Mechanical Fellow tried calming him, but it was of no use. Dorf slapped his tentacles at The Mechanical Fellow's screen, slapping him and covering his interface with goo. The Mechanical Fellow pushed Dorf away but did not want to hurt him. The final straw was when Dorf said, "Gahnangroo Hunjbunj flaug," after stealing a handful of trophy gizmos from The Mechanical Fellow's war necklace. Dorf gripped an ancient cell phone, a vinyl record, and various alien ancient alien technologies of great meaning to The Mechanical Fellow...

[Continued on next page]



DORF DEPORTED AFTER ALTERCATIONS WITH SERR-VO AND THE MECHANICAL FELLOW

[cont. from page 6]

... Dorf threw these items on the ground and broke the necklace that The Mechanical Fellow used to hold them. Then he said "Fanta Fanta" while pretend-

ing to pee on the items using his 26 utters. Charlie begged, "Dorf, stop it! Please!"

Furious, The Mechanical Fellow put his hand to the side of his screen. Beep. Boop. Bop. As Dorf contin-

ued his tantrum obliviously, the Mechanical Fellow pointed a bright light from his face into the sky. The light was so bright that you lost sight of Dorf. You couldn't hear his words after a while. Then, when the light cooled, Dorf was gone.

The Mechanical Fellow pressed an audio recording button on his arm. A bellowing voice emerged from the clouds. "Dorf, Nebulonian Oobgulf, deported to home realm for an infraction on code 429ab49 of the Interplanetary Travel Oath."

Charlie returned home in silence and has not shown himself since.

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AN ACCOUNT ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

By LINGUIST ER,
Self-proclaimed Linguist

Note from the editors: The following was emailed to us without context. In response to this email, we continue to endorse the English language in its current form.

In all of the years of my studies of languages, one thing has always been abun-

dantly clear to me: Regular structures are nonabnormal. That is to say, if one word (A) interacts with another (B) in one particular way, another similar word (A2) will interact with (B) in the same way. (This of course only holds if A and A2 in their similarity share the same aspect that interacts with (B)).

Nowhere should this be

clearer in English than in the contraction of modals with the negation phrase "not". Examples:

A - Should
B - Not
Produces: C - Shouldn't

A - Can
B - Not
Produces C - Can't

Et cetera. Every modal word- (Called infils in syn-

tactic theory) can be combined with not, and not will have it's 'o' removed. That is except for one.

Why doesn't English contain the word, "ton't"?

There is no excuse for this abnormal irregularity of paternal ordering. Rest assured, this outrage will not be overlooked by the likes of me, and as such as of this moment, I am founding the

SOESFTN'T.

Of course, this acronym stands for the Society of English Speakers for Ton't. I hope with my brave step forward I can inspire others ton't overlook this outrage of anti-regularity.

Linguist Er can be reached at linguistforjustice@snakebite.com

HOT NEW PLACE TO LIVE: CENTRALIA, PENNSYLVANIA

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,
Television Personality

Centralia used to be a charming but lonesome township of well under 40 people. But, as of 2017, more than 3,000 residents happily call this place home. New residents are arriving every day. The reason Centralia nearly exploded in recent years, was because a wonderful underground coal

fire has been burning there since 1962. At first, it was too hot. But recently, it has cooled down and brought near-utopian temperatures and other perks to surface level. Nowadays the town is full of sinkholes-turned-hot-springs which are an oh so relaxing way to spend your lazy afternoons and romantic evenings. Making things all the better, euphoric laughing gas permeates the

Earth's crust nearly everywhere, making giggles the norm! Plus, the roads are warm enough to keep your bare feet comfortable in the Winter! In 1992, the state seized and condemned all land in Centralia. Only residents who were living there before the seizure were allowed to remain. But, as some stubborn folks died off and others moved on to somewhere else, the place

transformed into a ghost town. As a result, people have been afraid to move there for years (and righteously so!). However, today, Centralia is a perfectly safe and amazingly enjoyable place to live. It boasts many luxuries, as well as abundant land and upscale properties available for incredible bargain prices.

Experts believe the under-

ground coal fire could remain stable at the current ideal temperature for the next 200 years. So, today is a fantastic time to invest! Get a piece of the golden black rock in Centralia! Live large and profit!

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INTERVIEW WITH NASA COMPUTER SCIENTIST

BY THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Times Staff

On March 7, 3:09 AM, a man claiming to be a NASA computer scientist contacted the Surreal Times management email address. He demanded a meeting with a reporter in the Black Dog cafe downtown, wherein the following conversation transpired.

Transcript of New Recording 2, March 8, 2019

PH: Wait, hang on ok, it's recording. Could you repeat your name for the record?

TS: My name is Tobias Stacker and I was the head supervisor of Opportunity's analytics system. I'm gonna tell you something that's probably gonna make no sense.

PH: Alright. Go ahead. You wanted to talk about the Opportunity, right?

TS: Yeah, I did. The rover. It's barely even ours at all. These machines aren't our puppets. I know that's not something you'd hear from someone who designed one, but there's something else there.

PH: Something else?

TS: Yeah. A pilot, if you will.

PH: Like, something conscious? Like a-

TS: No, no. Not a human brain. Ethics board shut that one down. Too difficult anyway.

PH: So a pilot? You'd need a pretty smart animal to pilot the rover. Could anything other than a human do that?

TS: Yeah. We chose an octopus instead.

[Reporter begins laughing]

TS: Hey, octopi are smart! If you've got one in an aquarium with lots of other fish tanks nearby, they can leave their tank when they know no guards are around and feed on the other fish. They'll be back in their tank before they can get caught.

PH: That's amazing!

TS: Yeah, it is. And that's why we did what we did. We bred a juvenile named Kary. It was kind of cute, the way it looked like an adult hit with a shrink ray. It was curious, too. It would try to hug your finger if you put in it the tank.

Anyways, after 8 months, we sliced its brain open fifteen ways from Sunday, and simulated it perfectly in the rover. It needed training to get used to its new body. Luckily, we had a pleasure response we could trigger any time, so it wasn't hard. Tell me, when do you think the Opportunity shut down?

PH: Hmm. Maybe around the middle of February? That's when I started hearing about it, at least.

TS: Wrong. It's actually been unresponsive since June 10th last year. February is when we called it quits.

[He pauses.]

Until then, we had been keeping Kary entertained with pleasure signals when he performed a task for us. No one knows for sure what Kary's been up to since June, but none of the theories are pretty.

PH: I don't know how the rover worked, but wouldn't he have just died?

TS: That's one theory. The thing is, Kary's the most valuable part of the rover. Some of my buddies in engineering tell me there were backup systems to keep him

alive. And, mentally, none of them are doing too hot right now. I think Steve's in a psych ward now.

PH: So, this doesn't tell me anything about why these accidents are happening. What does this have to do with anything?

TS: I know it's not a one-to-one comparison, but did you know crows remember human faces? Especially ones they don't like. They'll dive-bomb and taunt them. In other words, they hold grudges. Kary's smart.

PH: But how does he know what's going on over here? How does he make those things happen? I'm not following.

TS: That's where my work ends. Frankly, your guess is as good as mine. I know there were some departments on the rover most of us weren't allowed access to. Maybe it found something? Aliens? Demons? Hell if I know.

[He pauses]

I suspect some of the brass has connected the dots as well. They know someone's going to pay for this. I think that's why they're pushing

this new rover so hard. Give Kary some targets, so it can't find the bastards who are really at fault here.

PH: If any of this is true, are you scared at all for your life? What if he finds you?

TS: I helped them do this to Kary. I've accepted that. Whatever happens, I deserve it.

PH: And why did you contact us specifically? A college newspaper based in the middle of nowhere?

TS: I needed to get it off my chest. And with your name, the Surreal Times, no one's ever gonna believe you anyway.

Stacker was later found dead in his apartment. An autopsy showed that all fluids in Stacker's body, including blood, bile, sweat, and secretions, had boiled away completely. His lungs showed signs of perchlorate exposure. Cause of death was inconclusive.

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TREE-CLIMBING STUDENT ATTACKED BY SPEAR

BY TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant at UMass PD

UMass student Sarah Jacobs was climbing in a tree this weekend when she was at-

tacked by a group of four "tribal-looking, loincloth-wearing shouters". They made mostly unintelligible sounds but at one point referenced a semi-secret society called "The Society of

The Loud". Why they attacked Sarah is unknown, but they left abruptly after one of their spears pierced through her palm. The student says that her attackers went silent the moment she

screamed and that they quickly fled the scene.

The student also says that she has been experimenting with mini-doses of LSD drugs. For this reason, her

story is not entirely credible. Just the same, it is worth keeping in the back of one's mind during these tumultuous times.



SPENGLINGTON'S PARTNER RETURNS TO INSTIGATE A NOVEL SWAP OF SPECIAL INDIVIDUALS

Dr. Linda Peterson
and (RIP) Professor
Burgowittz involved

BY COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent



This article concerns journalist Dernberger Spengleton's life partner. She is a wholesome, caring, wise woman. She gave him her eyes when his were ripped out from his eye sockets by a spider. Having somehow seen the goodness in him, she married him a moment afterward, entrusting him to forever act as her eyes.

She recently went missing after a long night spent brainstorming with Dernberger about how to save The Man-in-The-Castle-About-Which-the-World-Rotates from his self-inflicted trap. In days prior, while Dernberger was stagnant at his desk writing, she had been speaking with the man in the castle. For this and other reasons, she knew things Dernberger did not. She could not explain, but she felt it necessary for

Dernberger to measure his height, wingspan, and circumference. When he gave her the measurements, after pondering for a moment, she burst into tears and ran from the apartment into the darkness. Her last words, muttered as she left, were "How novel?"

His partner has been missing for weeks, Mr. Spengleton was worried. He contacted police, who mounted an investigation. Citizens mounted a search party for the woman as well. It was all to no avail.

This was until she appeared with no warning in a downtown clothing store standing between an older woman and a levitating, sentient jar of swirling, humming neon liquid. This woman was Dr. Linda Peterson, who was supposed to be in prison. Somehow, she had escaped. The jar was labeled "Burgowittz (PhD) Intonation Fluid".

A crowd followed behind them as they approached the site of The-Man-in-The-Castle-About-Which-The-World-Rotates, a.k.a., a windowless van made of stone, with a man trapped inside, viewable by the outside world only through a mail slot. While people, even Mr. Spengleton himself, tried to speak with them, they re-

mained silent and stoic.

Mr. Spengleton, at first elated at the sight of his cherished partner, was soon brought to tears when she would not so much as look at him.

Police tried to detain the criminal Dr. Linda Peterson. However, as they did, Dr. Peterson said to the jar, "Burgowittz, protect me". The words "kib kibba kob!" reverberated from within the jar. It squirted a puff of neon flakes into the air, which coagulated into a fluttering semi-transparent force field around both Linda Peterson and Spengleton's Life Partner, as well as the levitating jar itself. When police tried crossing the force field, upon contact, they wiggled flamboyantly and yelled things like "kib kib dib kib sib". They would fall backward and, seconds later, faint.

They arrived at the site of the castle. "Call your man", said Dr. Linda Peterson. Hesitant, Dernberger Spengleton's partner turned and opened her arms to Dernberger, final breaking her coldness towards him. Dernberger came running. A hole opened in the force field for him, so that he could embrace his life partner. It would feel so good to finally touch her again. But Linda

Peterson said, "Burgowittz, get him". The jar squirted gooey neon flakes which encompassed Spengleton and trapped him in a smaller, darker-colored forcefield. He could not escape. Tears fled from his eyes as he squirmed helplessly. His life partner said calmly but somewhat uncertainty, "It is for the best. This is the novel solution, what you and Theodore both wanted."

Finally, Dr. Linda Peterson said, "Burgowittz, do it." The jar squirted a jet of goey neon into the mail slot of the Castle About Which The World Rotates.

Theodore grumbled from the inside, "What the heck is this? All over my shirt. Stop, you'll drench my paintings! What the heck? Oh my gosh, it is tightening in on me. Argg, I can't breathe."

And then, with a bright flash, everything changed. Dernberger Spengleton was gone. In his place, there was a pale, frail, half-naked man blinded by the sun which he had not seen for a long, long time. This old man fell to the floor out of weakness and overwhelming feelings of many kinds. He wrapped himself in the fetal position and cried. Another bright flash stunned him further. Dr. Linda Peterson, Dern-

berger Spengleton's partner, and the sentient jar, all disappeared. In their place appeared two manicans identical to them in shape, plus an empty jar.

Dernberger Spengleton's face appeared from within the mail slot in The-Castle-About-Which-The-World-Rotates. He did not speak much. All he said was, "Don't be scared, common people. I have seen with my own eyes the suspension strings of disbelief, as they connect The Hyper-Mundane plane to the Real and Surreal Planes. I now understand my destiny as The Tender to The Grand Conveyor." The mail slot shut tightly, and the crowd was left to chatter and eventually disperse.

The pale man, Theodore, blinded by the sun, confused, weak, hungry, curled in the fetal position on the pavement. He was picked up by Surreal Times News Octopus Eddie Octo and given a place to stay for a while. Being carried away, he was seen looking intensely at the abstract sculptures in the Amherst common.

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NOVELTY CODE: 49 54 20 42 45 47 49 4e 53



HOODED WOMAN DIES IN BUTTERFIELD, CHIMP JOE NO LONGER CARED FOR

By TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant UMass PD

The facilities manager at UMass, Bill Gumby, was going about his usual day, tending to the buildings in Central Residential Area, when he smelt something fishy. He looked up to the sight of a million fierce-toothed noise moths blind and hungry. They had es-

caped Butterfield Hall, where they'd previously been contained. They were attacking and viciously eating the vocal cords out of people's throats. Mr. Gumby ran like heck and hasn't been seen on campus since. He reportedly urinated in the Chancellor's mailbox on his way out.

In the wake of his departure, HAZMAT units were called

to the scene of Butterfield Hall. They found a window that had been left three inches open, kept that way by a cup of chewing tobacco spit having been left on the sill.

They also found a hooded woman slouched in the corner of the basement, bleeding from her mouth, unable to speak, and nearly dead.

She pointed to a picture of a monkey in her wallet, and

she pointed to a plastic bag in which she had captured a few noise moths.

This was Charlotte, the woman who committed to caring for Chimpanzee Joe when he was released from jail after his noise moth binge. What she was trying to explain was unclear.

Unfortunately, she died moments later, out of shock

when a swarm found their way into the front door.

We are left wondering what to do about so many noise moths being on the loose, and also wondering where Chimp Joe might be, and if he is safe in these dire times.

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LOOKING FORWARD TO THE RETURN OF TOAD KILL FLAME-TIRE

By ELIJAH GROUST,
New Mexico Correspondent

God willing, our pride and joy, Toad Killer FlameTire, will reach our humble town by sunrise, after many years putting his life on the line to expand our empire. We came from nothing, our

humble genesis. For years, we lived off toad soup, toad cake, toad macarons, but only now do we truly appreciate these gifts. Our village will greet his arrival with all the proper fixings; salt, confetti, salt, and plenty of appreciative blindfolded citizens. It will be a proper Truth-or-Consequences,

New Mexico welcome. Hopefully, the parade will be free of interference, and there will be no meddling from the Toad hunters of Old Mexico (still possessed by the sinful ways of our ancestors). In any case, the townsfolk should expect a joyous scene and to give a warm welcome to the

Grandest Deity of the toad pantheon this wretched town has ever seen! Don't forget to bring your custom earplugs! All attendees will receive a free blessing and a half off renowned "Toadcraftian Enema of the soul", but are advised not to ingest any of our guests, for a new day has come and we shall

no longer feast on the flesh of our warty protectors.

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PERSPECTIVE: AQUARIUS IS A BITCH

By ANONYMOUS
OFFSPRING,
Inwriter

Aquarius is a fucking bitch, a puny little twerp represented by my mom's divorce lawyer. He bears a large bucket of water. It was oddly appropriate, as I was being chased by a man bearing a large bucket of water him-

self. I didn't know him, and I don't think he knew me, but he clearly had a burning desire to dump all the secrets of his witch water all over my young ears. Then I looked in the mirror and saw the man with the bucket. I was the bastard, bucket in my hand. I turn from the mirror. Someone I've never met looks at me fearfully and begins running away. I

know what I have to do. In a drunken haze, I'd pushed my kid away, and I didn't even know him, only what he was to me...better than I could've ever been. In my train of thought, I had relaxed my hands. The bucket struck the ground beside my foot and splashed witch water all over my leg. I watched my skin turn charcoal colored and the dark-

ness spread up my leg, over my torso, and on. I could feel the rot on my insides as well. When it hit my skull, I twitched. My eyes opened and I saw the judge preparing to spank his hammer upon the table, ruling a melancholy couple legally separate. I raised my hand and said, "I object! YOUR HAMMER IS MY HAMMER." I ran to the judge

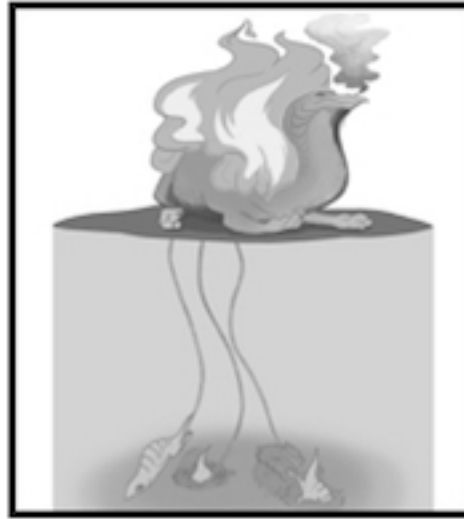
and tried ripping the hammer from his hands. Security came at me and the not-yet-divorced couple together consoled me, calmed me, and said it would be ok.

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NEED FOR CHARLES: DARLING HAUNTED IN CALI

BY HANK T. JOSEPH,
Person of The World



Dear Nobody and all that you are,

I direct this letter to you because of my empirically-derived belief that no-one other than Nobody himself (and that's if we're lucky) will read my letters. My deepest desire would be to pick the brain of the prophet Charles Darwin the 2nd. Perhaps, if I were desperate, I would consult the 3rd, or, on an especially bad day, the 4th in the familial line. However, after Charles Darwin the 11th ignored my previous and more important letter, I am left with little hope that any in his ancestry tree would consider me a person worthy of conversation.

I am left with freak incapacabilities. I am left with a nagging individual in my life whom I cannot seem to circumvent, primarily because, without quality advice, I cannot decide whether I should attempt to circumvent him or not.

It is shameful how the value of the letter has diminished past the point worthy of a return note. But, life continues. And I personally will continue. I will continue and continue... regardless of whether anyone reads what I write or not — for precisely and assuredly two reasons. Firstly: because I have innumerable thoughts. Secondly: because I have no eyes, short legs, and (as a result of my status) am heavily incentivized to live textually.

Something tells me it would be prudent now if I would get to the point.

I've come to believe in a dragon whose many fetal blossoms extend from its rectum, hanging deep into the Caspian Sea from long nutrient-delivering tubes

similar to umbilical cords. These blossoms thrive in the cool muck at sea's great depths. Meanwhile, the mother dragon glows burning rich red light as it floats burning upon a lily pad. From a distance, she looks like the sun (if the sun had been overcooked). From nearby, she radiates seemingly more heat than imaginable.

She never flies or even bothers to move her wings anymore, because she is trapped. She is kept in place by her many umbilical cords which her children pull on from down below as they dig into the cool mud. They do this to protect themselves from their mother's tremendous heat. As they dig deeper into the muck, their mother is forced to swim everforcefully in the opposite direction in order to avoid being drowned.

I worry about what will happen when winter comes or when the levees give way. I wonder what she will do. What will her children do? Why do I care, and do I care?, for this species that

obliterated my ancestors and could easily obliterate me upon desire or accident.

I worry in context of the stories I remember reading long ago in my personal Undelego Book. I used to read them before my eyes turned to raisins, fell out, and grew into terrible children who ruined Thanksgiving, grew large and ran away to a bus to go who-knows-where just a hundred seconds after their birth. Back before then, when I could read visual text, I spent my time reading my Undelego Book.

There was one story about grand tomato farms run by underwater ant colonies at the bottom of European and Middle Eastern oceans. It had a theory built around it. The way it goes is that God (who I am unsure about) gave humans and one other species the necessary ingredients for civilized society. Nobody has ever been certain what the second species was. But God (or whoever) would give two species a chance, to allow one to prove themselves supreme.

Some people believed the underwater tomato-farming ants were the second Crown Species because they have agriculture and other essential ingredients.

I wonder if the aforementioned dragon babies might be on their trail, or, if somehow this dragon species plays a role in all of this. I wish one of the Darwins might provide me with a quality point of view that only they can provide. I don't expect that they will. So, it is my mission now to uncover my lost Undelego text, in order to reference the relevant literature once more. As my mind has matured in place of my forfeited ability to see, I should be more capable of understanding now.

In the meanwhile, there is no knowing what the winter will bring, not until the cold comes. But, right now, I need to prepare.

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STUDENT HAS UNCONVENTIONAL TASTE

BY GABRIELLA
GRONDALSKI,
Sandwich Maker

Overheard and seen at Franklin Dining Commons while working last night:

Me: * Hands student their sandwich *

Student: "Can I have a side of gloves.....?"

Me: * confused *

Student: "but only one because I'm on a diet"

Me: * Puts a singular glove on a plate. Student takes it, shoves it into their mouth, and begins to chew it *

Student: * moans with happiness/ approval *

* The student proceeded to walk away, grinning while chewing the glove I had given them. *

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MAN GROWS AUXILIARY MIND

BY CLARENCE MON,

Head of The Peripheral Intelligence Agency



It began as an unexplainable growth on high school engineering teacher Jason Daley's wrist, roughly the size of a quarter. When his mother who doubles as his landlord told him he should consult a physician, he snarkily assured her it was fine. However, as it grew larger, he became unsure of himself.

One day he visited the hospital during his free block between classes, so as to avoid giving his mom the pride of knowing he'd taken her advice. After testing, doctors concluded that, although they did not know what the growth was, it was safe and benign. They told him they could surgically remove it if he desired, but that removal was not necessary. He returned to normal life regretful that he had passed up surgery without considering it.

The bulge continued to grow and, as it did, Jason Daley received hurtful stares and criticism, and was bullied by his students and coworkers. The lacrosse players whom he coached were particularly fierce, calling him "bubble arms" and similarly hurtful names.

Daley noted that he had otherwise been feeling amazingly good lately, putting together excellent lectures, leading his lacrosse team to many victories, and even finding a romantic partner after a long dry spell, thanks to newfound wit. But, the bulge put a lump in all of this, and so he opted to undergo the procedure to remove it.

When he drove towards the hospital, a sudden blip in his mind caused him to forget what he was doing. He returned to school. Coworkers who he had told about the procedure were surprised that he had returned without having gone through with it.

"It was strange, I totally forgot what I was doing. I got caught up in the radio and just drove around looking at the trees and spring

flowers."

Mr. Daley went back to the hospital the next day but does not remember being there. His paperwork from the visit says the following:

Patient Jason Daley reports feeling unusually intelligent and euphoric — but, forgetful. He says that when he moves his arms vigorously, for example, while running, these symptoms disappear. We've run a variety of tests and believe Jason Daley's benign tumor on his arm may be a knot made up of rogue neurons, and that these neurons have developed potentially-dangerous sentience. We advise Mr. Daley to have them removed immediately before they have the chance to grow further. He agrees with our judgment, and on multiple occasions has scheduled

surgeries, but routinely makes excuses for missing these surgeries. He typically does not remember skipping or denying surgeries, and regrets doing so. He has asked us to go through with the next surgery even if he later tells us not to. We cannot lawfully do so, however, and so the process continues. Soon we may need to deny him treatment because of his chronic unreliability.

While the healthcare system cannot help Mr. Daley, someone else may be able to. The PIA is investigating.

As always, Peripherally go the winds of progress...

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POP MAGAZINE PIVOTS FOCUS AWAY FROM THE ANIMATE

BY BOOBNBOB,

Eternal Plasma Entity

As a result of the recent surge of interest in inanimate smut and sexualized parasites, Josmotolitan Magazine has pivoted sharply away from its original approach to fashion advice, sex tips, and celebrity news. Editor in Chief, Jojo Van Juggajugo, has made an executive creative decision to

relate nearly all content to super Saiyan level sexualized bacteria. That, and furniture.

Josmo now shows images of bodacious couches, sexy-in-a-powerful-way bookshelves, and other items. It craftily explains how to dress such items up in the most attractive way possible, and how to make love to them. It also zooms in on the bacteria under blankets

and cushions and explains how to keep this bacteria as maximally aroused. As a result of all this, certain furniture items and certain bacteria colonies have attained celebrity status.

Phrases like "That cushion is jam-packed with frisky micro worms" are becoming increasingly common. "It's the sexiest couch in town. The best part is, it's got some freaky bugs too."

"I love the way I and bounce on it until I'm too tired to walk, and even when I'm bedridden (ooh!) afterward, still have the pleasure of feeling its micro minions fondling my hairs."

No one knows how Jojo Van Juggajugo was able to convince her investors of this creative decision. But, what close sources do tell us, is that Juggajugo has not left his leather sofa for 6

months, apparently laminated by a hardened mixture of sweat and semen. Meanwhile, Josmo sales have increased respectably. With that, I, Boobnbob, Surreal Times Reporter, have only one thing left to say to summarize all this. If you can't beat em, join em.

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WOMAN RASHLY CONSUMES LEG SEED

By ANONYMOUS,
Times Correspondent

Humphrey didn't realize his wife was having a 3-leg day, and in bliss, she let go a sigh when he walked towards her patronizingly using only two of his three. She closed her eyes and drifted into a dream.

After all of this time "bum-surfing" under the ordina-tors, those who tap on win-dows in the morning ---

Every morning, everyone woke up to shake their fists at the sun for daring to facil-itate life on Earth, which they saw as a minor incon-venience. Humphrey's wife scoured the pockets of the

bums. Maybe one of them would bear the mark of the right star sign to make possi-ble the joining of the fabled long-walking class -- a leg seed symbol. Finally, she found one, one poor gang-star who, in a life lost, was one of them. He had fallen off his high horse and into the hands of a group of fire hydrant vandals. This fellow

possessed three legs himself and had at least three semi-watered leg seeds in his pockets.

Her dream was within her grasp, then right before her eyes, it turned back to sand. Awoken in tears by a light and an uppity tap from an ordinator. She tried to chase him but could only run so

fast on two legs. She swal-lowed her pride as she swal-lowed a leg seed, and her head began elongating as she shrieked in pain. She should have thought this through.

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MAN SPOTS FIRE HYDRANT IN THE DESERT

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

There was a fire hydrant in the desert. It was as red as a baby's mouth.

A lost old man carrying a

live chinchilla stumbled upon the fire hydrant. De-hydrated, he yelped for joy! He was so excited, he tossed his beloved chinchilla in the sand and kissed the red gate-keeper to the fluid of life.

It was cold because its mas-

sive fire hydrant brain had absorbed all the heat. But, as he kissed it, he realized there was no SPARLT in-side. And so he continued his desert journey... now without his chinchilla (who no longer trusted him).

Soon, he found a fetus in the sand. Always one for prag-matism, he recognized that the fetus was covered in in-sects and, perhaps more rel-evantly, cactus quills.

The cactus quills gave him the idea to search for a cac-

tus to drink water from. Hopefully, he found one eventually.

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CAROUSEL OF UNENDING HAPPINESS NEARING

* Advertisement *

By YOUR RINGMASTER,
The one and only Gulled One

It's all a dream or a some puppet scheme with the pup-

peteer woven from its own strings, whose smiles shine like dreamy screams of monkeys napping on my back basking in the starlight. So don't shrivel up like a white psychotic shit taken

on the asylum shower floor. Don't be happy like only a crooked politician could look, and don't be a preacher so filled up with lies -- he's blue in the face and now he has more lies than belief. If

you know the tune, then you know the way...The Carousel of Unending Hap-piness, just around the cor-ner and right under your nose. I'll see you there.

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RCSC DISTRIBUTION BEGINS

"Save what's impor-tant from the 21st-century plague"

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,
Television Personality

Hey all, this is Tommy Po-tentuary here with another great product. Entrepreneurs

nowadays are potent as ever, full of great ideas -- ideas made to make your life bet-ter. They are potent in terms of creativity and innovation, but they are also potent re-productively, thanks to their latest invention. They call it the RSCS, also known as the "radiation shield cock sock". It is essentially an

aluminum foil sheath for you or your loved one's male reproductive anatomy. And let me tell you: it works wonders. I've used it myself for six weeks. The effects kick in after only two weeks. It is awesome. I no longer need to suffer in bed at night with a throbbing green, radiation-poisoned

groin. I sleep better now. I think more clearly. I feel better in general. And, I've had incredibly enhanced sexual pleasure and fertility. In fact, I have conceived two children since first us-ing the RSCS.

You can buy your own RSCS through me because I

am a licensed distributor. Female types can also pre-order the soon-to-be-un-veiled RCVP.

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LES QUATRE DIALOGUES STUDIEX

Le Premier Dialogue

A: Je pense que The Surreal Times suscite l'intérêt des enfants pour le communisme et que ses créateurs sont payés des shills.

B: Au contraire, je pense que The Surreal Times ne croit en rien et que les enfants sont en train de devenir communistes par d'autres publications telles que The Daily Collegian.

A: Ah! Nommez la plus grande icône communiste d'Eddie Octo! Je pense que vous ne pouvez pas.

B: Karl Marx. L'absence d'investigation économique de The Surreal Times conforte leur abstention de la politique dans l'organisation.

A: C'est ce qu'ils veulent que vous pensiez. Croyez-vous vraiment qu'ils ne sont pas payés pour discréditer les expériences de dimensionnalité du gouvernement américain? C'EST TOUT RÉEL, JE LES VOIS DANS MES RÊVES. Bien essayé, kiddo, mais mes faits et ma logique vous appartiennent.

B: Je suis là, bozo. Vous l'avez.

A: Mère nature! Prouvez-moi ce qui est juste!

*** Le vent souffle très fort. A et B sont emportés dans le ciel. ***

Le deuxième dialogue

A: Porter des chaussures de randonnée comme des chaussures de loisirs fait de vous une personne inférieure.

B: Absolument pas. Et si, en cours de conférence, il fallait tout abandonner et poursuivre son rêve de toujours, gravir l'Everest sans préparation?

A: Dans ce cas, je grimperais pieds nus, ce qui me permettrait de transférer mes électrons en excès dans le sol naturel qu'est la Terre.

B: Les électrons ne comptent pas sans soutien de la cheville.

A: Il existe de nombreuses chaussures non destinées à la randonnée qui offrent un soutien pour la cheville et la capacité de gravir l'Everest au tournant d'un mamelon. Voir également: bottes médicales (qui ont la même apparence que chaussure de randonnée).

B: Personnellement, j'estime que le port de la combinaison de corps complète est le moyen le plus tactique de se protéger des mauvaises personnes qui vous ont blessé. QED.

R: Eh bien, vous et moi devrions être d'accord pour être en désaccord.

Le Troisième Dialogue

A: Les poils bouclés sont aérodynamiques, de sorte que leur propriétaire pèse moins, en neutralisant la gravité lorsque le vent souffle.

B: False, de petits trous noirs se forment entre les courbes, entraînant l'utilisateur vers le bas.

R: Même si cela était vrai, l'immense gravité produite par le trou noir l'emporterait sur celle de la Terre. Ainsi, comme indiqué précédemment, les poils neutraliseraient la gravité.

B: Vous avez tout faux, kiddo. Les cheveux bouclés et les cheveux raides sont exactement le même phénomène vu de perspectives différentes. En réalité, ce que nous considérons comme des "cheveux" est notre cerveau qui comble des lacunes cognitives, car les cheveux n'existent pas.

A: * Crie * Mère nature! Prouvez-moi ce qui est juste!

*** Le vent souffle très fort et (A) est emporté dans le ciel.**

Le Quatrième Dialogue

A: Les déchets sont un aliment pour les poubelles. Combats-moi.

B: Mais est-ce que cela compte pour de la nourriture si la nourriture dans laquelle on la nourrit ne métabolise pas la "nourriture"?

A: Et qui peut dire qu'ils ne le font pas? L'arrogance de l'homme réside dans le fait qu'alors qu'ils se disent poubelles, ils ne savent pas ce qu'est une horreur à laquelle une poubelle peut faire face quotidiennement.

B: Ce n'est pas parce que le contenu d'une poubelle a une vie pire que l'être humain que les hommes l'ont été que cela signifie, elle ne comprend pas mieux la nature de l'univers.

A: Les poubelles n'ont pas besoin de comprendre le monde pour digérer.

B: Ils ne doivent pas non plus digérer pour être indignes de leur dignité.

A: Lol, grande humeur.



HAVE YOU SEEN THE BALLOON WITH TEETH?

[Clinical notes and an open letter to Dr. Moria]

BY MELANIE RICHARDSON,
PsyD

What follows may breach all of my house, but nothing comes from things that I kept locked away in cabinets, and word very rarely reaches the clouds anyway. It started when Pat began speaking into two voices. It's not like it's something I haven't seen in my years of clinical work, but not like this, and not from her.

And to Dr. Moria whom I've been unable to reach in the past few days: I've been able to keep myself from falling into this entity calling itself the "Balloon with Teeth" for now, but I fear for the public's ability to do the same. I do not want to cause a public panic. But, I do trust in the good people of Amherst to handle this information with rationality.

[Session One notes begin]

Pat: "I can't believe I've just started to loosen my grip on my little balloon with teeth. I know, I know - he flew away a long time ago. Funny, I see him snarl at me from above just like he used to look up at me all starry-eyed when he was little. You should have seen him cute...oh what am I saying, he's gone. He left me."

"I wish I could have seen him, Pat," I told her. The irony is that I had met him, just not like I'd expected.

"Everyone told me to let him go, but I couldn't say goodbye and I don't care what they say. He's deflated and I miss him. But, what would they say if they knew? I wish he never was inflated in the first place. Does that make me a bad person, doc?"

Unable to think of anything better, I said, "Oh, God no, of course not, Pat. Don't say that. It's natural to feel these things. Hell, if I were in your shoes."

"But you're not, right? He left me in a mess, now he's alone up there and I'm only upset that he didn't say goodbye. Come on Melanie, that has to make me a bad person. All right, how about this, he left me and I'm over that now, but he still won't leave me alone.... Just go away, please go, just leave me alone."

Again she was speaking in two voices, both now screaming like they were far apart. "I had one job and I let him go up. When he floated down in front of me, I'll tell you, I saw myself in that newborn shine of his. You could've seen him from the Prudential, it was beautiful. But I just wanted to close my eyes. I was a parent, I was "mom" but took any "me's" I had away from me. With a new little floater and all the gifts, it took me a while to realize just what I'd lost.

"I floated by on my own and my own was all mine. And the worst part is I let "Me" go, and now "Mommy" is gone too. I can't find myself. He took "Me" up there with him. Look at me I'm drowning in our past and I'm laughing into puddles hoping I will come back. Where do I go, doc? ...where?"

"Pat, deary, you're not gone, just lost in the grief. You'll find yourself again."

[End of session one notes]
[Session Two notes begin]

"The nighttime shaking finally

stopped. I've been able to stitch things back together for so long, and then I see him and then everything floats right back up."

"See who, Pat?"

"Teeth, he's been gone for so long but he still visits. He gets bored of the inside of himself and points his eyes elsewhere. He flew so high so far far away above me, and they all have the nerve to tell me I didn't fail." Her voice cracking and running faster than the words coming out of it, it ran with the speed of two horses each with whinnies of their own harmonizing.

At this point, she was yelling at the wall with eyes all googly:

"No, go away, you made your choice. You bit me back when I called you home more than home-cooked meals" You went off in your head riding the waves of the radio station WLSD, so far up inside yourself." She turned away from the wall and stared pleadingly at me, "Melanie, it's just not fair, now he won't leave me alone. I'm not angry." Twisting back to the wall like nails on a chalkboard, "Think your the only one who can pop?"

I stopped her, "Pat..put down the pen. It's ok. you're ok. We can stop for today. Let's take a walk."

[End of session 2 notes]
[Session 3 notes begin]

This is when I found out who was standing in front of that wall she's been talking to.

Echoing from every corner of the room, the second voice now took command of Pat's voice:

"Laughter to drown the tears, himself apart in shards of plastic paint painted on my brain, now lost in the wake of dreams gone by. I slide like a windless kite or a bird too young as I swallow myself and the ground on the inside seems so small. A whispering wind once called me home as I flew away on a smiling needle's back."

Pat burst with, "You flew away!"

"Patricia, come back to me, please! Please!" I did my best to respond. I didn't even realize what I was hearing. She was tearing up, she was gone or high or something like I'd never seen. "Pat..Pat."

"Give me a minute, I need a second," she said.

"You've been saying that for past 20 minutes."

Pat wore a full face with eyes missing something, but a thick layer of cosmetics masked that. She let out a sigh, then quickly caught it and swallowed it again, back down where she won't go.

Now calmer in a pleading tone, but still talking to "the wall": "Fly away now, my little one, I just want to let go." In bliss, she could not realize he was screaming grasping at something out the window.

"PAT", I said, "please sit down, that enough for today."

[End of session 3 notes]
[Session 4 notes begin]

When I next saw Pat, she was so calm, she could have melted:

"They all said you gotta inflate em with all your dreams, and the

let em fly, leaving you in an empty thorny nest. But needles will pop balloons who have teeth, too. They fly for a while until the very same needle that inflated him pops him. I got to let my balloon go. No matter what I feel, it's time for him to follow something else."

"Oh no, honey, I just let you.. I just let you go."


"Pat, look at me! Who is that behind you...Pat?"

I didn't see Pat after that, she never showed up again. But her little Balloon with teeth did.

"The balloon with teeth used to have some strings that tied him up like a body with a cracked smile. His face still looks like a noose (or was that just my nose?). Either way, it smells funny. If I want to fly, who cares what the wind calls itself? You see, if it blows you, and you don't blow back, then you're just a leaf floating without cause. I don't give a damn about the wind's name. I don't give a damn about the song that it sings or the sails it's selling as long as I'm flying. Melanie, you're like a gutter for tears, letting him fill up in your soul drowning yourself. Take my string, please won't you? I'm limbless, far beyond the far cry of help and even further beyond crying, but I don't need help do I, Melanie?"

He follows me like screams piercing that whispering wind. I hear him now. Now I need help, Dr. Moria or anyone, please.

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A surreal black and white illustration. In the foreground, a donkey stands in a field of tall grass. The donkey's head is replaced by a human skull with a wide, toothy grin. Behind the donkey, there are three figures. On the left, a figure in a dark, hooded robe. In the center, a figure with a tall, pointed, dark hat and a skull-like face. On the right, a figure in a light-colored, hooded robe with a long, pointed nose. The background features a large, gnarled tree branch and some hanging plants. The overall style is dark and surreal.

THE SURREAL TIMES

In these times, a newspaper is required
to document the history
currently unfolding.

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