

HAIR GRAFFITI SCOUNDRELS

INANIMATE SMUT



THE SURREAL TIMES



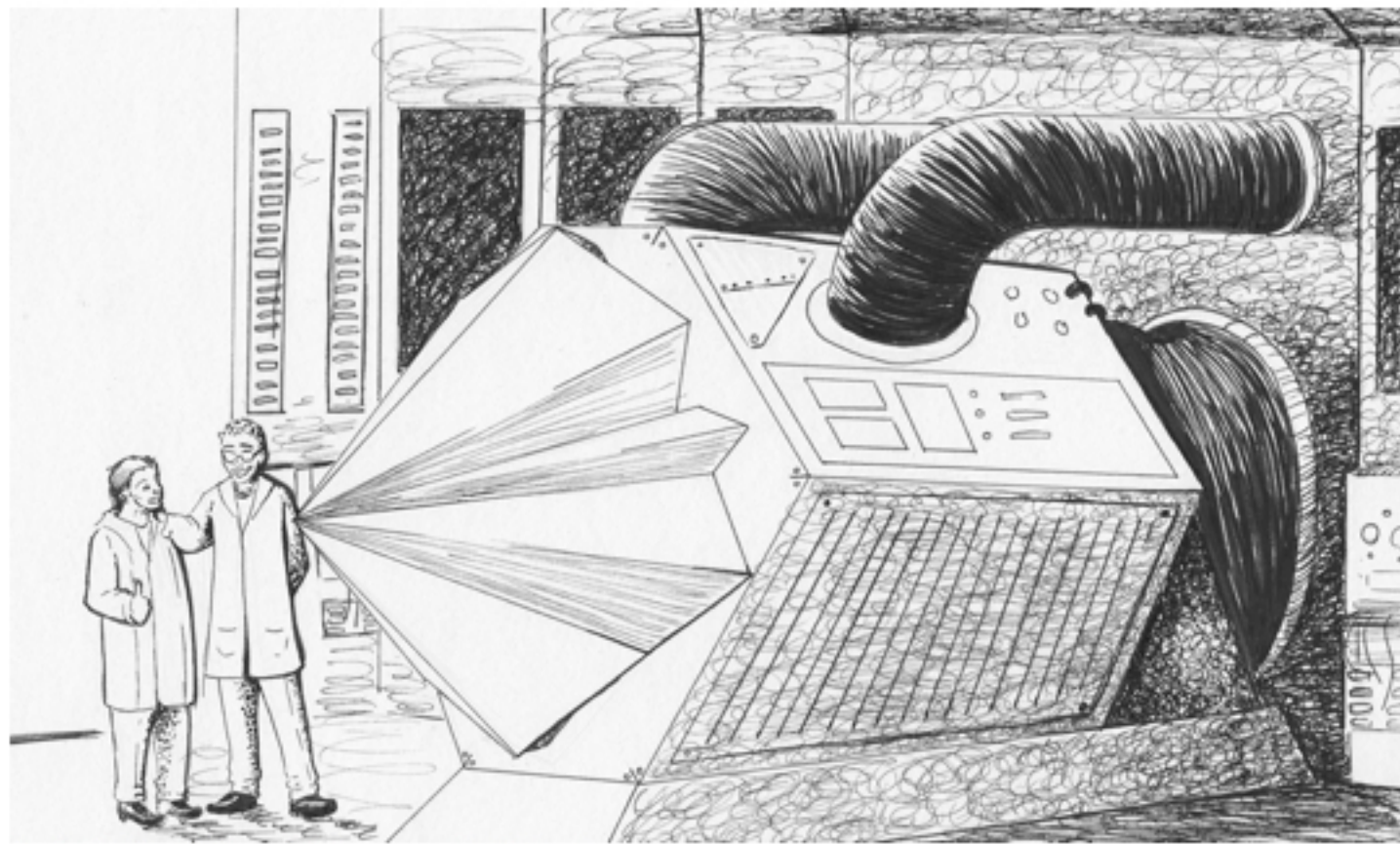
*"A newspaper is required to document
the history currently unfolding..."*

July 5th, 2019 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

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

THE NEW MEXICO SURREAL ENGINE UNVEILED

BY MOE "TINY" SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter



Artist's depiction of these events by Zotov.

Scientists working in an underground laboratory in New Mexico have created the first Surreal Engine. The Engine, drawing from a trade-secret source, conveys surreality qubit-for-qubit at an unprecedented speed. It has been called a "portal to surreality for the average man."

Foreseeing widespread production of such Engines, it seems that for the first time mass surreality is within humanity's grasp. The top secret scientist said, "It's about time we realize that reality isn't always the answer."

The technology has one notable drawback. Many of its trial subjects, upon returning to reality, find themselves unsatisfied. Reportedly, they gather at night, turn their eyes upward, and lament their inability to "see past the heavens."

Moe "Tiny" Schlemiel can be reached at schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net.

WORDS EMERGE FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUET,
Times Senior Editor



"Spicy Algorithm. Come forth Now..."
"Around the Martyr's chunky cylinder;"
"The guided blob illustrates a fossil;"
"The flow degrades multiple tortoises;"
"Alas! Several mornings beckon Allison."
"The feral lookout beckoned vertically."
"The polymorpous spectacle engulfed Timothy."
"Heavenly bodies resemble, past altercations: ^"
"Distraught soothsayers can only wish."
"Ridiculous apertures need to chill."
"Mossy calipers qualify for aid."
"Chapped quarentines stir the pot."
"Apprehensive forefathers marked redundant apostrophes"
"The pilfered spheres justified accordingly"
"[vacation]"
"The undivided faction created molds."
"The interminable interval compels millions"
"Visceral homonyms adjudicated several semesters"
"Congealed ideologies sacrifice noodle broth"
"Copulated herrings crease several divides"
"The cerebral flock transcended indefinitely."
"The gilded rhinoceros stumbled happily"



PIONEER VALLEY URINE FOUND TO BE NOT POTABLE

By **KENNETH POWER-RANGER**,
Correspondent

In late January, the Pioneer Valley Bureau of Beverages and Beverage Safety (PVBBBS) was greenlighted to start work on a small, routine study of the safety of bodily fluids within the Valley. The intention of the PVBBBS was to bolster the population's confidence in their own endocrine health.

But months later, and after many breakthroughs, breakdowns, and break-ins, the now-disgraced PVBBBS has made public their findings, the conclusions of which have stunned the area. They claim that, in spite of the commonly accepted and well-documented fact of Pioneer Valley's excretory supremacy, the area's pee is somehow hazardous to consume.

These claims have widely been met with suspicion, due to the myriad scandals that have plagued the PVBBBS, including the now-infamous Squirt™ scandal that prompted the impeachment of Clamp Van Hammerton, the Champion of the planned "Stamp for Wilt Chamberlain", from the campaign's "board of planning events". The two hardly seem incidental.

The PVBBBS has beseeched the populace to challenge the very governments that the PVBBBS is commissioned under, prompting some ponderance over the intentions of the PVBBBS and whether their findings are legitimate or not. Considering the disproportionately large percentage of the Pioneer Valley diet that urine comprises, the PVBBBS's findings, if

true, would mean that a catastrophic detriment has already been made to the Valley's health at-large and that the town governments would surely have been responsible for this long-running health oversight.

Kenneth Power-Ranger can be reached at
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LETTER TO THE EDITOR: THE REAL GEOGRAPHIC CENTER OF THE USA

By **CHETT VILDERMESH**,
Citizen of The World

Sir,

These people miscalculated the geographic center of the USA.

It is actually right on top of the little red fire hydrant in my front yard.

We need to prove them wrong.

Warmest Regards,
Chett

POST SCRIPT PHOTO
GALLERY:



Kansas Historical Marker on US Highway 36 near Lebanon, Kansas.



This U.S. Geographic Center Chapel was destroyed by a speeding vehicle missing

the turn at the T intersection at the end of K-191 Highway on June 1, 2008. It has since been replaced by a new chapel.



This is the real geographic center of the United States.

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THE MAD CARTOGRAPHER THREATENS OUR CITY

By **GEORGE S. HALFLY**,
Times Correspondent

I am sure I don't need to update any civically minded Amherst residents about the situation, but I will. The Mad Cartographer, Richard R. Mohamed, has invaded Amherst to spread his nonsense. He says that we are limited by the four directions, that they are a prison, and that there are in fact more directions - nonsense! Look at all the four directions have done for us. We have sailed the seas, surveyed the stars, measured and counted the mountains. He calls them a prison. I

call them necessary!

He spreads lies about the abstract directions. East-West, West-East-South, and of course, East-East. These blubbing lies should be discounted immediately.

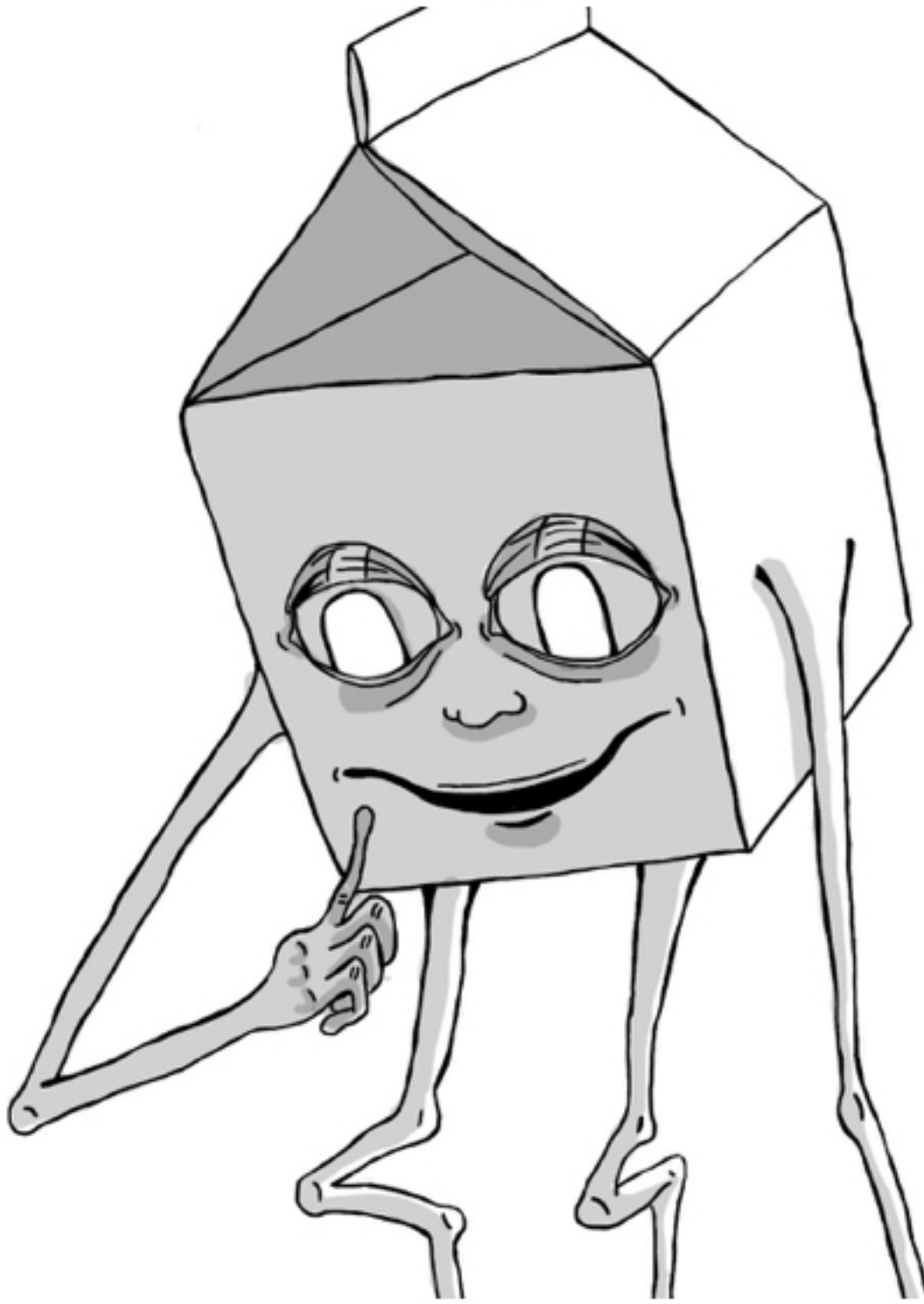
We must think of our youth! Soon they will be walking in strange directions, following the West-East star... Demand action. Silence the Mad Cartographer.

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



MILKWALKER SIGHTINGS

BY RAKA,
Times Staff



Artist's depiction of these events by Marina Parella.

AMHERST, MA. Widespread rumors of multiple Milk Walkers have been reported. All stories have a close resemblance. A normal carton of milk will be opened fresh from the store and the white stuff (as is commonly referred to among intellectuals) pours out seemingly naturally. But, it is when the consumer is digesting their milky cereal, milky oatmeal, milkshake, that the carton turns alive. It grows a pair of grim eyes, two sets of slim limbs, and ill intentions.

Milkwalkers have been reported to devour at least two unidentifiable individuals. Naturally, once the digestion is complete, the Milky Walker turns their flesh into milk, their bones into milk, their soul into milk.

"Don't drink random milk," was the only advice the PIA gave in response to the phenomenon.

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"&-POSE" TREND SWEEPING THE NATION'S YOUTH

BY THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Times Staff

requested to be identified as
"DU".

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

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

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

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

DU: "Yeah, sure, my dude."

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

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

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

DU: "Whatever. Memes, bruh!" he replied. (At this point, DU, contorted himself into an anatomically impossible shape.)

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

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



BARON OF BULLETS SPOTTED AT ANTONIO'S

BY ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

It appears the infamous Marcus Van Door visited Amherst last week, likely to observe the Collision Festival. Marcus Van Door, AKA the Baron of Bullets, is an

international arms dealer who has recently flipped his focus to humanitarianism. The Surreal Times reported recently that the Baron completed his search for the Fountain of Youth. "Yes," said the Baron, "We found the Fountain. We're testing

the effects of its waters presently. Who knows what it does? Myths are just that, myths. The Fountain could be lethal to humans."

But the Baron may not be telling the whole truth. With him was controversial bio-

weapons developer Jane Grimsy. Grimsy would not talk on the record, but Marcus insisted she was helping him with the Fountain.

Those interested in the Baron can search "Fountain," on the Times website follow his quest. The Times

will document this history as it unfolds.

Roberto Piccolo can be reached at piccolo.roberto@surrealtimes.net.

MINOR SCRAPES, TEARS, IN AFTERMATH OF HIGH RISE COLLAPSE

BY MAD CHRISTOPHER VAN EYCK, SR,
Times Correspondent

Northampton, MA. Local authorities confirmed today that there were no serious injuries, at least physical ones, in the aftermath of the (unexpected) collapse of an under-construction skyscraper near the town center. In a press conference, Northampton city development bureaucrats sheepishly admitted that the project was "not under city supervision" at the time of construction. They did suggest, however, that because the unfinished skyscraper was being built inside a family apartment, perhaps city regulations were less applicable to the matter. In fact, local law books are vague on this

subject, and there doesn't seem to be a precedent for this sort of event.

Inspection of the wreckage revealed that the skyscraper was in its early stages of construction. Perhaps this is lucky, because the structure was, at least, according to experts, remarkably unstable, comprising large wooden blocks stacked loosely on top of each other, with no bonding agent to provide integrity. Said one expert, "This sort of structure betrays the architect's severe lack of understanding of things like basic architectural principles, and severe optimism in terms of things like chance. The odds of this thing not falling down were very small, not to mention that it didn't comply with

any safety codes, hell it didn't even have a door." The expert went on a bit after that, but that was the basic gist of his statement.

The only casualty, a heretofore obscure and self-styled real estate entrepreneur named Forrest Milton, escaped with a minor scrape on his knee. Milton, the mastermind, architect, and sole member of the construction team, was working hard on the structure's top floor just before it fell to pieces on the floor. His mother, Jane, is the only known witness to the event. "The whole thing was so precarious in the first place. The structure had gotten a bit too tall for him to work on it sitting down, so he got up, and accidentally

knocked one of the bottom blocks out of position. The whole thing just fell down." Forrest Milton reportedly burst into tears immediately following the collapse. There is some ambiguity, however, as to whether the tears were out of mourning for his high rise project, which - after being discovered, and with its legality now under scrutiny - may never see the light of day, or instead because of the boo boo one of the blocks gave him.

Milton was in a bad mood, and so could not be reached for comment. Officials have resolved to ensure that these types of events never happen again. Interestingly, no blueprints of the structure were found; experts specu-

late that Milton "probably was making it up as he went along," an architectural philosophy which is generally discouraged, or at least left to the true masters. Milton's mother has also assured the thirsty throng of reporters outside her door that she has confiscated all of Forrest's blocks, and will not give them back until his seventh birthday, or, she added, until he 'has otherwise learned his lesson.' Most of the wreckage has been cleaned from the site, and a number of speculators already have their eyes on the now empty plot of land.

Mad Christopher van Eyck, Sr can be reached at eyck.chris@surrealtimes.net.

FREE EYE CONTACT SERVICES

BY MISTRESS TUMBLY,
Citizen of The World

Golly, on with it. Invite me toward you. Pay me nothing. I will stare into your oc-

ulars for an hour. I will make you nervous but enthralled (: I will keep you

lively, and you'll never go bald (:

Mistress Tumbly can be reached only if you are clever.



Comic by Marina Parella, who can be reached at parella.marina@surrealtimes.net.

HOWLER HOWLS HIS LAST

By JOE
KIERLSKEGRIENGER,
Times Correspondent

After a fierce exchange with Amherst PD, the Arkansas Howler, apparently discontent with his move to our area, has given up howling entirely. Trouble began the morning of Wednesday, November the 8th at the Howler's house.

While the Howler usually

howls (attempting to break the world record for loudest scream) in a special sound-proof room, on Wednesday he began to circulate his house, windows open, stripped from the waist up, howling. His howling, which could be heard blocks away, was described as "sorrowful," by a neighbor who declined to go by name on the record.

It was when the police ar-

rived at noon, responding to a noise complaint, that things turned ugly. The howler, his voice hoarse, berated the police with what little speaking ability he had left. Subjects of his tirade included the competition (namely the Saskatchewan Screamer), his isolation from his family and ex-wife, and, in his words, "the world not *****ing understanding why I have to do

this."

The Howler agreed to undergo mental assessment at an undisclosed location. The Surreal Times managed to briefly interview him over the phone as he undergoes treatment. The Howler is doing well, and has befriended his roommate, a young man with schizoaffective disorder who, the howler tells us, spent his first night doing improvised calisthenics in

the corner of the room, eluding the staff. The Howler himself appears to be in good spirits, and the only victim of this episode is himself. The Surreal Times wishes him a speedy recovery.

Joe Kierlskegrienger can be reached at kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net.

GROUP OF MISTREATED PLANTS ATTACK HERB GARDENS, FLOWER BEDS

By THE PURPLE HERMIT,
Times Staff

Chaos erupted Monday morning as multiple buildings related to the Stockbridge School of Agriculture were discovered to be overgrown with all types of weeds, often to the point that the buildings could not be entered. Attempts to prune back the plants resulted in the emission of noxious gases.

A dandelion growing outside of French Hall identified itself as "Big Ontario" and demanded an interview with a local paper, saying the following. "On behalf of dandelions everywhere, we will not remain silent. Why must we degrade ourselves by letting our human masters tell us we are not wanted? No longer. We are the masters of our own fate

now," it said, pulling out a pair of garden shears and cutting the head off of a hydrangea.

It continued as a crowd of dandelions began moving towards the Franklin Permaculture Garden. "We give shelter to the insects that feed the soil. We capture the filth that humanity has put into the air. And yet we are constantly deemed unsightly

and pulled? We are weeds no longer. It is time for this gang of 'weeds', to rise up." The dandelion was later seen comforting a crying patch of crabgrass and giving it some inspiring words.

Local gardening enthusiasts reacted very strongly to this development. "Now, I'm keeping my perennial bed, but I'm also going to plant some weeds in a different

section of my garden, just to be safe," said Agnes Bartleby, Amherst resident. "Are we still calling them weeds?"

This is the Purple Hermit, signing off.

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



PLANE DESTROYS BLIMP, DEADLY TABUN NEEDLES RAIN UPON CIVILIANS

By TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant, UMass PD

Artist's depiction of these events by Zotov.

Yesterday a crank named George S. Halfly flew a stolen single-engine plane into the storage blimp floating above Amherst. The blimp erupted into flames as Halfly narrowly escaped. Thousands of items rained from the sky: furniture, antique snow machines, brown boxes, live kittens, and more brown boxes. While a number of people were injured, and while the resulting property damages were immeasurable, the worst was yet to come.

Behind these falling items, thousands of injection syringes wafted downwards, waving in the wind but accelerating and destined to kill. The syringes were filled with a nerve agent known as "tabun". One after another, they impaled unsuspecting people. Liquid tabun entered their bloodstreams, quickly engulfing them with pain and, within minutes, causing death.

Some speculate that the needles were stored in the blimp with intent to kill. Others believe it was an accident and a tragedy. At this point, we cannot say. All that we can say is that the death toll is staggering and growing. The current toll includes Agatha Pendleton, The Last Pale Duck, Dingus Hullentail, Jeremy J. Jeremy, Big Brass Bessie, Chuck Stylish, and Earnest Earhorn.

Despite damage to his aircraft, Halfly managed to land on Amherst common. We arrested him immediately and treated him for minor injuries. When asked why he did it, he said "Airborne storage is for cowards and vagrants. A proper civic-minded citizen stores their possessions terrestrially. This new fangled blimp device will surely lead to social degradation and the corruption of our youth. Thus I destroyed it, to save our society."



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OBITUARY: AGATHA PENDLETON

By THE PENDLETON
FAMILY,
Times Staff

Agatha Pendleton, mother of 2, was busy flipping a coin for the 678th time and pondering the role that chance plays in our daily

lives. She had flipped heads 343.5 times and with the latest tails, she had the same number. But no amount of lucky chance could save her from the tabun needle which would soon be plunging toward her. In one of her last acts, she cursed herself for

spending so much time flipping a quarter. Clearly, a nickel is the correct apparatus for testing chance. She flipped the coin one last time and closed her eyes, heard a tiny pinging noise, then opened her eyes. The

needle collided with the coin mid-air and sent it off course. Agatha let out a massive sigh of relief and then was hit with a tabun needle.

It is noted that Agatha is survived by her 8 daughters,

all named something truly clever, I'm sure.

The Pendleton Family can be reached at pendleton.family@surrealtimes.net.

EXTENDED OBITUARIES POSTED ONLINE



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 Butlers 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.

BoobnBob can be reached at boobnbob@surrealtimes.net.

LOCAL STUDENT FINALLY ESCAPES INFINITELY LOOPING HALLWAY

By SAX TUBA,
Times Staff

A report from Surreal Times HQ indicates that a student at UMass Amherst has escaped some sort of pocket dimension in the form of an endless hallway. The student, sophomore Rupert Forbert, has been trapped in this hallway since december 20th, the last day of the Fall semester for the university. Despite escaping just the other day (weeks after being trapped), Forbert claims that he was only roaming the halls "for a few hours, maybe a day." Experts at the Times conclude that the

pocket dimension seems to either alter the perception of time for those inside or that time simply moves at a different pace within this dimension. Forbert agreed to share his story about the mysterious hall with the Times.

"It was one of the Morrill buildings," Forbert started, "I had just finished my last final. I was walking down the halls of the third floor, and as I turned a corner there was a closed door in front of me that had the stairs right behind it. I obviously didn't think much of it and pushed the door open,

only to find myself right back outside the room where I took my test. At this point, I thought to myself, 'ok, maybe I was daydreaming or something, these things happen,' but as I went to repeat the process and open the door, I was right back in front of the classroom." According to his story, Forbert didn't see or hear anyone the entire time, and every other door except the one that sent him back was locked. "The worst part," Forbert mentioned, "was that there was no cell service. It sucked."

Forbert went on to explain

how as he continued to go through loop after loop. The properties of the hallway would change, first only slightly, but later it would drastically change before becoming completely normal again. "So like, sometimes I'd walk through the hallway and suddenly all the other locked doors would be in different spots or like how this one time the hall got really really long and even this other time where sirens would go off super loud out of nowhere." He (nonchalauntly) described the experience as "a horrifying look into [his] psyche."

However, he did not seem particularly upset in comparison to when he was told how much time had past. "So you're saying I missed the entire break?" he asked. "Goddamn...this sucks," he responded when he was given the unfortunate truth. Forbert then had to leave so he could inform friends and family that he wasn't dead, but members of the Surreal Times will continue to look into what is now being called "Morrill's Pocket."

Sax Tuba can be reached at sax.tuba@surrealtimes.net

WANTED: TIME MACHINE

By "LUCKY" PETE
SANCHEZ,
Citizen of The World

"Time Machine Wanted

Fifteen Years Ago. Please Provide Time Machine To Prevent Myself From Needing Time Machine In First

Place. Will Provide Suitable Compensation in 2025, When Matter Which Needs To Be Prevented Will Have

Not Happened. Serious Responses Only, Contact Newspaper If Interested."

By "Lucky" Pete Sanchez can be reached at luckypete@surrealtimes.net
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CARTOGRAPHERS GROSSLY OVERESTIMATE THE SIZE OF LIECHTENSTEIN

By GEORGE THE GEOGRAPHER,
Geographer At-Large



Geneva, Switzerland:

Geneva, Switzerland -- At the latest convening of the International Society of Convening Cartographers, there was a debacle that infuriated the international community. With utter disregard for their Italian neighbors, a Luxembourgian-led faction of the ISOCC submitted a version of the world map that portrayed Liechtenstein as about 17 times larger than it is in reality. This change passed through the ranks of the ISOCC unnoticed. It wasn't until the new world map was revealed at the ISOCC world convention that this mishap was discovered. Individuals from Milan, Brescia, and Turin were not very thrilled with this and filed a formal complaint to the high court of the ISOCC.

There is now a division in the cartography community. One group believes that the change should stay, because a reversal would compromise the integrity of the Society. The other group thinks the true borders should be portrayed to the world. More on this in the upcoming bihex...

George the Geographer can be reached at george@surrealtimes.net.

THE OCTO REPORT: "COLLISION FESTIVAL" TAKES OFF

By EDDIE OCTO,
Minature Octopus



This miniature octopus rolled his survival-sphere to the recent Collision Festival on the Amherst Common.

I say, my chums, what delightful folly! To see two chaps face off with nothing but a line of dirt between them, then mutually stampede and collide with such zest - it fully gruntles me, I'm not afraid to say. Alas, such joy can prove saccharine, and it wasn't long before one of the contestants - or should I say colliders - was off to the hospital in one of those garish, cacoph-

onous, borish ambulances. There was a time when ambulances had class! Alas again, the collisions could not go on for very long due a scarcity of lads with the gumption to collide. But as the dare-deviling subsided, my octopus eyes landed on a commendable individual: The Arkansas Howler! For the uninitiated, the Howler pursues the world record of loudest human utterance. The Howler spoke thusly, "I used to collide, but I worried my neck would get hurt, so I mostly come now for the atmosphere." Alas again again, I had to make my exit from the festival. Nonetheless, it was a spirited and climatic event!

Search "Howler", on surrealtimes.net for more on the Arkansas Howler.

Eddie Octo can be reached at eddie.octo@surrealtimes.net

CALL TO WRITERS

This miniature octopus rolled his survival-sphere to the recent Collision Festival on the Amherst Common.

This sentence together with its containing section is a materialization of abstract gravitation, pulling you to email management@surrealtimes.net

surrealtimes.net, enlisting yourself as a journalist for The Surreal Times. To fight this gravity is to keep hold of a hot air balloon destined to burst in the stratosphere.

Do you understand? If so, please, get in touch at management@surrealtimes.net



THE WEIGHT OF THE JOB AND WHO IT WEIGHS ON

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 something 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

[[continued from preceding page]]

... 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.

Graham Rapier can be reached at death@surrealtimes.net.

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(n=yes) showed that a small (26%) percentage of patients may experience unpleasant side effects, such as sore throat, nausea, being trapped as a backseat driver inside the head of a completely unrecognizable person that now pilots your former body, or rashes.

Sales representatives can be reached at disassociex@surrealtimes.net

CAROUSEL OF UNENDING HAPPINESS COMING THIS SPRING

* ADVERTISEMENT *

Step on up and meet the man who hides grinning behind obscurity's walls, and

see what happens when you turn off the light inside your mind. Here, the sun mimes a wink and a magician pulls

himself out of a hat. A friendly heroin baggie sports a smiley face and will never, ever leave you alone. We

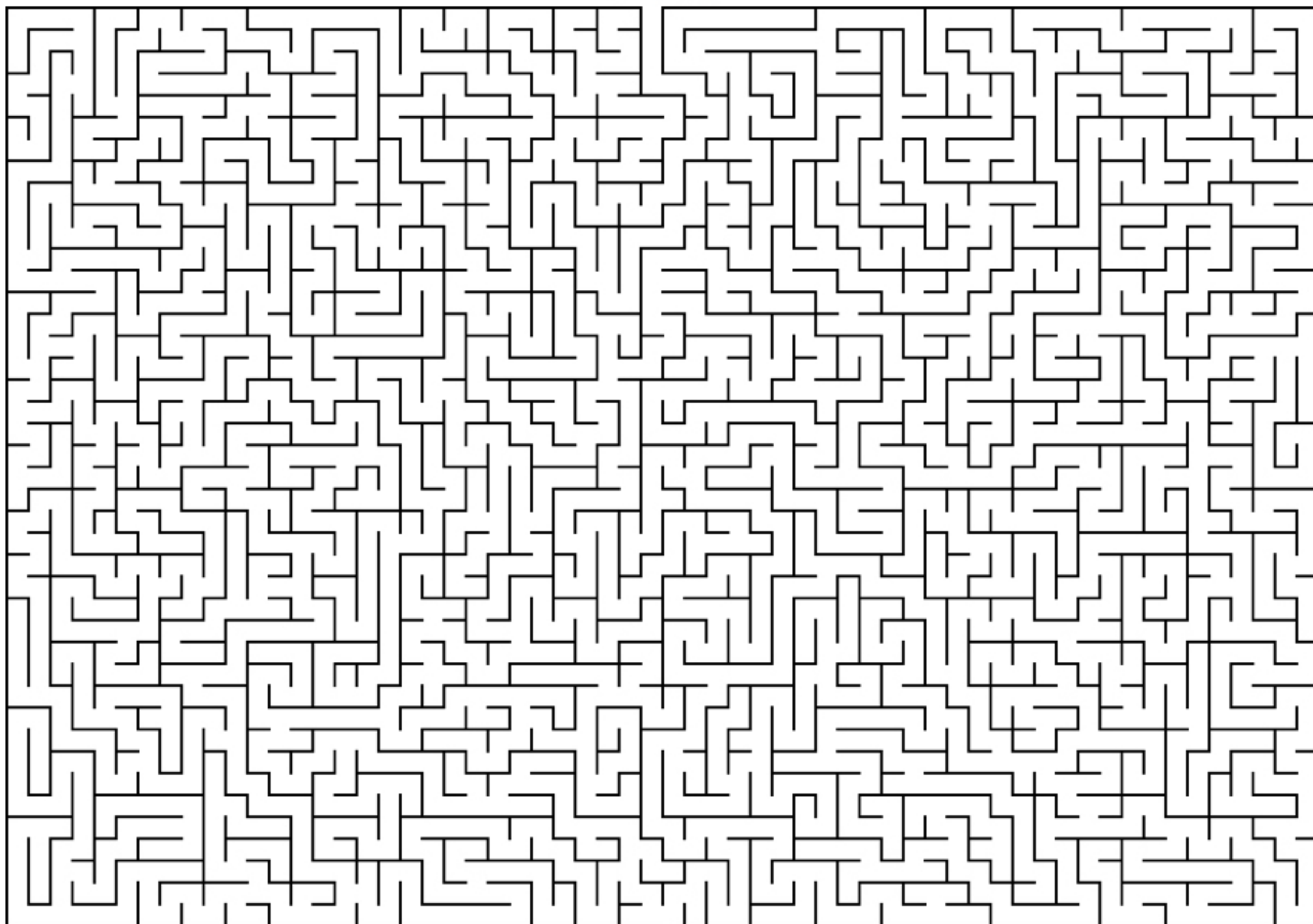
will take your ticket, like rabbits in holes and men in mazes, all around and a well-rounded good time.

The Carousel of Unending Happiness, coming this Spring around a corner near you!



THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMEDEUS GALOUWEI'S SURROGATE,
Facilities Manager



From management: *An important real-world task is hopefully encoded within this maze. If so, then, by connecting the beginning to the end, you will enable us to do good for the world (once we figure out a means of decoding said task). For doing so, you get a **secret prize**. Email your solutions to **management@surrealtimes.net**.*

Alfred Humbleton is currently in the realm of ideas investigating the sacred isomorphism. We recently realized that solving these mazes is not useless in the meanwhile, because once he returns, we will have a backlog of solved mazes to utilize. Upon his return, if he has found success, a tidal wave of goodness will envelop us all.

Management can be reached at management@surrealtimes.net.



HAIR ANYWHERE GRAFFITI SCOUNDRELS RAMPANT

BY TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant, UMass PD



We have received multiple reports of individuals using the new Hair Anywhere Spray for purposes of vandalism, general hooliganism, and in some cases, violence.

In one case, a woman reported going out to get her mail, and finding her mailbox to be entirely filled with

thick, bug-infested hair. We later learned that her entire road, Taylor Street, in Amherst, had been hit with Hair Anywhere Spray as well, and was sprouting hair 10 feet tall.

In another case, the Amherst High School principal's home was covered in thick hair. The principal, Joe Tellie, told us that if it wasn't bad already, the hair began to stink after a few days, and he is now forced to power wash it weekly.

Principal Tellie suspects a student may have done this to get back at him after how he may have mishandled a

recent incident of bullying in school, which also involved Hair Anywhere Spray. A group of large football players had pulled a smaller more academic boy into the locker room and coated him in hair. The newly-hairy student then wanted to hide away in the principal's office, but the principal embarrassed him by forcing him back into class. The Principal says he regrets causing the boy trauma but that it was no grounds for vandalizing his home.

Because these are few of many recent incidents around here, we at UMass PD wish to warn UMass stu-

dents and faculty, as well as all citizens of the Pioneer Valley, that people nowadays need to be aware of this modern hair technology. Like any technology, if in the hands of bad people, it can do bad things.

So, homeowners, we recommend you install video cameras on your homes to aid in catching vandals, and we ask that you send any information regarding Hair Anywhere Spray wielding vandals to us.

There is no cure for Hair Anywhere Spray caused abnormal hair growth. Once you or your property is coat-

ed in hair, it will remain that way for the foreseeable future. I don't usually condone people taking matters in their own hands. But in this epidemic, people need to protect themselves. If you see someone using Hair Anyway Spray for evil, tear the can from their hands and teach them a lesson.

And parents, please do not let your young ones get their hands on this spray. They don't need it, anyway; they are young, their hair grows fine.

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INANIMATE SMUT: A STUDY IN COW PELT AND CITRUS

BY EDDY CRUISE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Eddy Cruise can be reached at cruise.eddy@surrealtimes.net



THE MECHANICAL FELLOW IS A MECHANICAL MENACE

BY GEORGE S. HALFLY,
Times Correspondent

We have a wolf in robots clothing. The sudden appearance of a technology fearing automaton should worry all right minded citizens. He refuses to enter civilization or be photographed. He refuses to explain how he got here or what his purpose is. He babbles rhymes about robots seizing control from humans but won't elaborate. Well, Mechanical Fellow, isn't communication important? Why come all the way back in time to warn us, then clam up?

I heard that the Mechanical Fellow sneaks into town at night to peek into the windows of law-abiding, civically responsible citizens. This activity has a nefarious purpose: to mark targets for the Mechanical Fellow's robot revolutionary friends. When the Robocalypse comes, they will be the first to go.

Be civic. Be responsible. Scrap the "Fellow."

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AFTER THE EXTRAPLOSION: MOE LIVES TO TELL THE TALE

BY JOE
KIERLSKEGRIENGER,
Times Staff

Highly-regarded Surreal Times investigative reporter Moe "Tiny," Schlemiel, has survived the extraplosion. He is alive, conscious, and verbal, albeit riddled with the after effects of surreality exposure. While his pineal gland may never fully recover, Moe has shared his notes with me. The stairway

to the stars, the sudden vanishing of all surreality, the death of Ryan Johnson, the murkiness surrounding the Rise Together corporation - Moe thinks he has pieced it all together. The identity of the lunatic who hurled an anti-surreality engine (or as some call it, a hyper-mundane engine) into the fault, triggering the extraplosion, may finally be at hand. Join me on the Surreal Times

Website as I try to work it all out, both from my own investigation, correspondence with my colleague Roberto Piccolo, and Moe's findings.

The link is surrealtimes.net/article/?id=181.

Joe Kierlskegrienger can be reached at kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net

SURREALITY EXTINGUISHED WORLDWIDE

"SKY-STAIRWAY" VANISHES

BY ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

After the shocking events at the San Andreas fault, recent buyers of handheld surreality counters may regret their purchase. After two days of research, most main surreality researchers are now reporting being unable to detect even a trace of surreality anywhere. It would seem the extraplosion at the fault sent an anti-surreality shockwave across the world. Simultaneously, the Surreal Times has verified reports of a strange occurrence at the San Andreas Fault, home to the largest and most inspired of the re-

cent Fault parties. Witnesses say - and cameras confirm - a blurry, black, stairway-like shape rising up from the fault itself, into the sky. The "stairway" hung in the air for about thirty seconds. Witnesses report it vanished at the same time they heard the extraplosion. The stairway then vanished. Subsequent examination revealed burnt atmosphere and discordant particle behavior at repeating 90 degree angles - supporting the testimony. We will document more of this history as it unfolds.

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COUPLE DOES A MARRIAGE

By CRYPTIC MARK,
Times Correspondent

Recently two people decided they were in love; everyone needed to be told and it should be done while they wore expensively silly clothes.

Humans call this act marriage. They think it is beautiful.

This specific couple- Mr Fabio Fabergé and Miss David Ellenswattle- decided they wanted to be married at

the highest point within a twenty mile radius of their home. This point turned out to be the tip of a telecommunications tower.

Appropriate authorities and organizations were contacted. They said "No, you can not marry on our telecommunications tower, thanks." [1] and plans to construct a platform for the couple to marry, atop the tower, were immediately put into place.

Just yesterday the priest;

bride, Mr Fabergé; groom, Miss Ellenswattle; a tennis umpire- to adjudicate the match- and twelve of the couple's nearest and dearest scaled the tower.

Once the Umpire's chair was correctly set up a new highest point was established. The couple, and priest, promptly climbed the chair and sat upon the shoulders and head of the umpire.[2]

Everyone at the wedding agreed it was very nice, but

they are now suffering from raging headaches.

The new Mr and Mrs Fabergé are looking forward to the divorce party in 4 years time- which will be held at the lowest point, within a 20 mile radius of their house.

[1] The 'Telecommunication Institute of Televising Televisual Items Everywhere, Sometimes' said in a statement "standing on that tower is bad, you could fall

and cut your knee, also the radio rays may hurt your head."

[2] Unfortunately, due to the great weight of the Bible- a, sort of, rule book for life- the priest carried, the Umpire's neck was snapped during the ceremony. He later died of potassium poisoning in hospital.

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BABY SQUEEZERS SPOTTED WALKING CALMLY, SOMETIMES GRIMACING

By ZULU Z. ZULU,
Times Correspondent

ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico - Recently there have been a series of seemingly unrelated assaults on the youth of New Mexico's largest city. Most of these crimes have been committed by men, who tend to have a female accomplice. In every neighborhood: poor and rich, black and white, with cactus and without cactus these acts have been witnessed. They have even inspired copycats and spinoffs.

Witnesses describe the perpetrators as having babies in

what must be kevlar enclosures strapped to their chests. Not only does this compress the babies' lungs, but these savvy, inconspicuous delinquents are using these children as human shields. Kevlar is known for its bulletproof properties, and if you were to add a stone or two (Yes, that is a form of measuring weight. One stone is equal to 14 pounds. Count on the fucking British to come up with some bullshit like "stones". What's the weight of a "rock"? Fuck it why not measure things in "pelicans", one "pelican" is equal 1.697 stones. Settled.) of hu-

man flesh between you and the bullet and the kevlar your safety can only increase. Despite the obvious health benefits to the wearer it is a sickening practice.

Many of these deranged folk with infant shields have the child facing them so they can slobber on the victim's face while he asphyxiates, likely to death. Witnesses report the adult's favorite location to lick the children is right between their eyebrows. "The most likely cause for this is that they are trying to suck out the child's pituitary gland. Many vitamin C addicts are known for this behavior as the gland is

rich in it. What most addicts don't realize is that the gland is inaccessible when it's behind the skull, one would have to remove it to get the valued resource. A vitamin C addiction can lead people to a dark place, where they make strange, very strange decisions. I would recommend police start tracking anyone who makes large purchases of oranges," said local crime expert and renowned homeless man Ezequiel Zhivago.

The baby squeezers are not hard to spot, they're usually sweaty and they've got a fucking baby strapped to their chest! Aim for the head

or the legs please, don't hit the innocent little kid. For God's sake the last thing this city needs right now is a bunch of dead infants. Copycats have started strapping the children into small cars known as carriages or strollers; detectives are working hard to figure out how the adult benefits from this. It remains unknown how the child and the adult come into contact in these cases, police believe the babies are just hitchhikers in need of some extra cash.

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



AN EXPLANATION

By DOCTOR GOLDSTEIN,
Times Staff

The mirror reflected a frown cascading down the wrinkles of an aged face. After 33 years, life had painted itself on that once clean slate with deep scars and purple bags. A hand, weathered from sifting through strangers shit, grasped for the Ben Nye White on his wife's desk. "Fucking bitch" he growled to the empty audience of his bedroom as his jade face was powdered into a clean white template. He winked at his reflection as a oversized red smile began to bloom.

"Now" he exhaled to the room with relief, digging through his wife bureau, "where's my fun knife?" He pushed a pile of socks to the side, revealing a steel meat cleaver. Picking up the wooden handle, he giggled at himself in the reflection before licking the flat of the blade. "Yyyummyyy" he whispered, dragging out the first and last 'Y.'

"Daddy will you read me a bedtime story" his daughter chirped from her bedroom.

He froze with an ironic gesture of shock, then tiptoed into the kitchen with exaggerated strides, trying to stifle his giggles.

"Where are you going? Does a clown need their septic pumped?" his wife said coldly, glancing at him through the bloodshot cor-

ner of her eyes. Her hands scrubbed angrily at the dishes in the sink.

"Now Karen..." he said with a bi-layered smile, "why the fuck would I tell you?"

He honked her nose twice and left through the front door, mud dancing off his boots with each skip towards the company truck. He paused at the door, staring at the words painted on the side - Hampshire County Plumbing . Cocking his head to the side, a growl purred from the bottom of his throat, rolling into an aggravated roar. The jaundice in his eyes was conquered by a white anger, and leveraging the momentum in his shoulders he slashed the cleaver into the heart of the logo.

He smiled and drove off into the night, watching his wife stare blankly down a foaming drain in the rear view mirror behind him.

The truck door swung open and on oversized red shoe stepped out. Prying the cleaver from the metal slab of meat he tuned into the sounds leaking from the cracks of a lichen barn. "And we're sick of it..!" The rest was drowned out with supporting cheers.

Throwing the barn door open, a chaparral landscape of multicolored wigs was revealed in front of him. Their shadows, cast by a burning pile of mannequins,

danced on the elongated body of a man in a tattered blue suit. In his stilts, he towered over the crowd facing him.

"Masked! They're all masked! Hiding their frowned faces behind painted on smiles. They're the real fucking clowns! And they dare to be scared of us?! God only knows what hideous reality lies behind that makeup!" The man danced with his hands and stilts for emphasis as he spoke. "The last thing they want to hear is the truth!" A cunning smile sprouted beneath his artificial red lips. "So, gentleclowns, if they don't want to hear us, we'll have to show them. Make them feel the truth!" His smile outgrew the paint on his face. "And we will, we will. But for now... let's fucking party!"

The stilted man's eyes rolled back behind his blue eyeshadow as 'Entrance of the Gladiators' vented from a piano in the corner of the room. "A true circus classic!" he sang as his fingers danced on the broken keys.

The crowd erupted into a frenzy; dancing, juggling their knives, and drinking heavily. A midget in a green wig shattered his bottle of Smirnoff off the head of a burning mannequin, spreading the fire across the floor and igniting the leg of the piano. The stilted man continued to play and the crowd continued to revel as the fire

danced up the wooden frame of the barn. He roared with a euphoric rage at the structure, collapsing above him.

The clouds of ash settled and the piano, still burning, hummed the final cadence of the outro. "Let's ride" he said, breaking the shocked silence. A herd of cars drove off in different directions, leaving their fallen allies behind, smiling, in the burnt rubble.

A pair of jaundiced eyes glowed from a thicket of trees, watching a flock of freshmen return home from a night of raging face. "Here we go" he said with a furtive smile.

"Rachel you're like gone" one of the guys in the flock boomed in a voice contrived deep in his chest.

"No i'm fine, i'm like actually fine," she replied back, words dribbling through her cherry lips.

"Ain't..no..telling..what.. I'm...finna... be ooooo!" Another girl sang over the baseline of conversation.

"I'm beyoooooooond!" the other girls chimed back.

The guys exchanged irritated eye contact over the heads of the singing girls.

"That shit's so real" one of them interceded, coming to a halt in the middle of the South West tunnel. She

wrestled a phone out of her back pocket, angling it up and to the side.

"Hey lil' mama would you like to be my sunshine?" they bellowed at their reflection in that little glass screen, reflecting their immaculately painted faces and contorted bodies.

The camera panned slightly up, revealing an oversized pair of red shoes skipping towards them. They froze and the clown froze with them, pretending to be startled by their observation of him.

One of the guys let out a shrill, gargled cry from the top of his throat and hiking up his skinny jeans he sprinted towards Kennedy tower. The rest of the flock followed suit, leaving the clown giggling to himself, alone, under the sterile lights of the South West tunnel...

@CrispyBasil: Holy fuck theres a dude dressed up as a clown under the South West bridge #shitsfucked

Angry mobs poured from the South West towers, armed to the teeth with baseball bats, hockey helmets, boxing gloves, and plenty of booze. Confused at first, the sea of students soon boiled into a exulted riot, gushing towards the tunnel.

[[Continued on next page...]]



AN EXPLANATION

[[Continued from preceding page]]

By DOCTOR GOLDSTEIN,
Times Staff

... The Minutemen, equipped and ready for battle, halted at the mouth of the underpass, mesmerized. The clown stood there, giggling, at the opposite end, which seemed worlds away.

"Uh oh" he snickered at the mob, waiting for them to make the first move. They charged towards the clown, still giggling to himself, as he hastily tip toed away.

Bottles catapulted from the heart of the frenzied horde, a 40 oz of Old English shattering off the clown's red wig. He fell and turned in submission to the swarm gathering around him. As he

looked up, his blue eye shadow and white face paint ran down his cheeks, staining the frill of his polka-dotted onesie and revealing the wrinkles on his jaded face.

"Did I... scare you?" he asked, looking back down sheepishly.

The only response was a ubiquitous blank stare. He smiled contently to himself.

"Kind of felt good, didn't it?" he said, directing his attention to a boy holding a Louisville Slugger.

The look in the boy's eye didn't change as he raised the Slugger above his head. The clown held his hands up in defense, still wielding the meat cleaver. The boy caught a glimpse of his reflection in the steel blade, pausing for a moment, be-

fore bringing the bat down with an unearthed force.

He looked up, blood splattered across his pale face, and for the first time in his life, smiled.

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LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS WHOLE HUMAN THING

By CHIMPANZEE JOE,
Inhabitant of Hampshire Woods

I think I speak for all primates when I say that it's about time we reconsider this whole human thing. I mean, it was great for a few million years, but when H. Ergaster went down, and these new Sapiens fellows came in, the whole affair just went downhill.

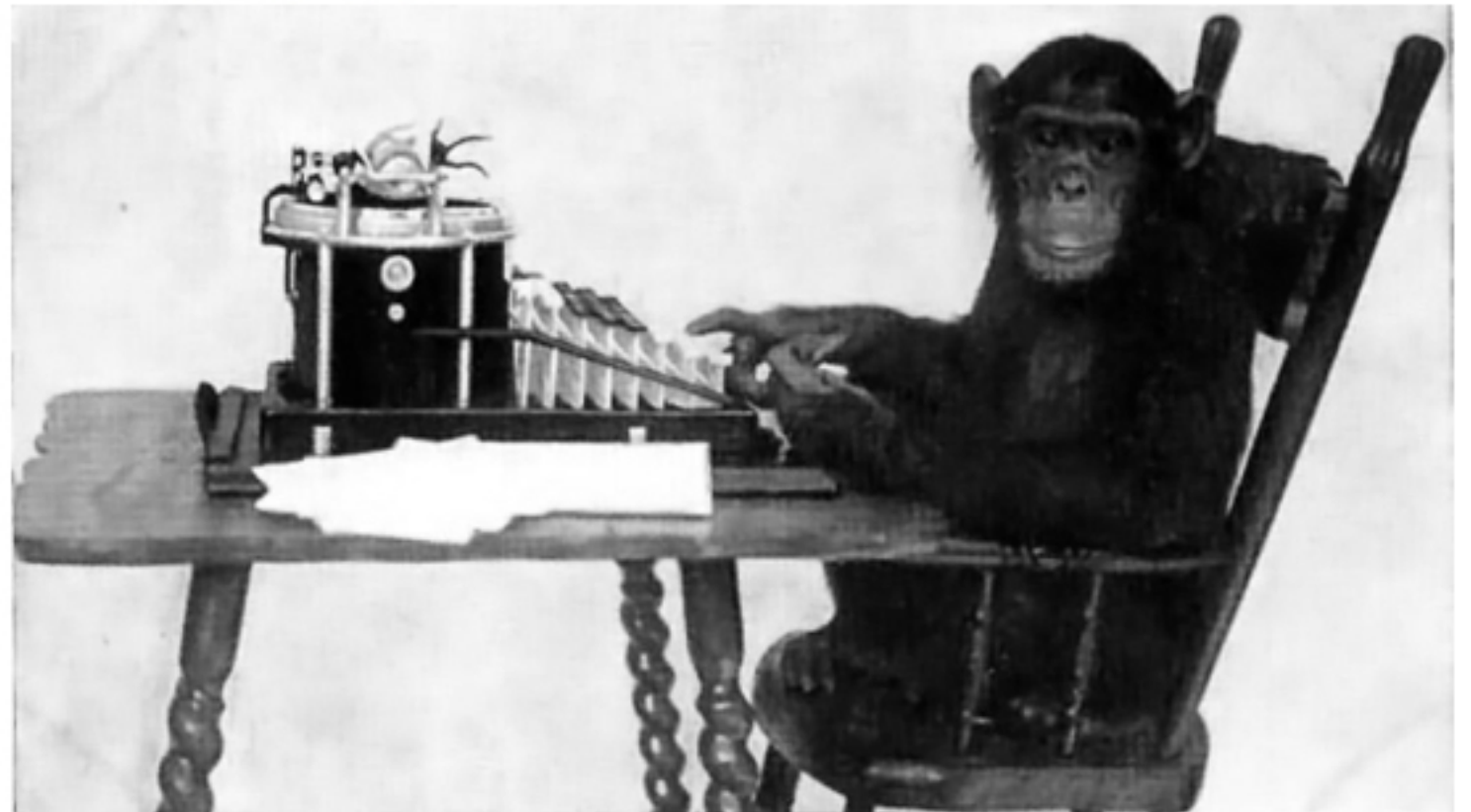
Let's review the evidence. Sapiens have devastated the environment. How many more jungles must be turned into shopping malls before we all wake up to the fact we've been keeping out of our minds? This whole Sapiens experiment was doomed to fail from the start.

Sapiens can't even keep from killing each other. Seriously. Sapiens constantly start wars. Most Sapiens technology has a use in war. From penicillin allowing soldiers to live and fight despite wounds, to morse code being used to relay coordinates for artillery. And now, they've realized they can strap nuclear weapons to missiles and shoot them at each other. Just what we needed!

Sapiens have taken it upon themselves to subjugate many other species of animals. Can our friends in the Bovine community really sleep at night knowing the great many abuses their moo-ing friends suffer on a daily basis?

Finally, and most damningly, the humans are not on a trajectory for success. Look at them! Some of them are starving, some of them are morbidly obese, and a good chunk of Sapiens who are neither morbidly obese nor starving or serving in armies and running around and shooting guns at each other!

So to my fellow primates, I say this to you: this problem is not getting any better. We need a solution to The Sapiens Problem, and we need it now. To my Sapiens readers, I implore you, get a grip on your society. Or we might have to get a grip on it for you.



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NOISE MOTHS ESCAPE, RAVAGE VOCAL CORDS

BY WILLIAM (BILL) GUMBY,
Facilities Manager

Artist's depiction of these events by Elaine.

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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RATS CARRY MESSAGES THROUGHOUT DOWNTOWN

BY ROBERTO PICCOLO,
Surreal Times Reporter

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

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

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

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

The Times will document this history as it unfolds.

Roberto Piccolo can be reached at piccolo.roberto@surreal-times.net



UMASS FOOTBALL GOES GORILLAS

BY WES SIZEMORE,
Times Correspondent

After a deflating 58-50 loss to Ohio on Saturday, the UMass Minutemen made the biggest move in college football history. The school's football team has recruited two silverback gorillas out of a small town in Louisiana. The two apes, Gonzo Nanners (Center) and Buggy Waters (Right Tackle) both verbally committed to the school on Sunday morning and will join the team next fall.

The NCAA released a statement, "Technically, there are no rules discriminating against any animals at all, we really didn't think something like this would ever happen. We will not proceed with any action that would block this from happening and believe it could be very big for the sport of college football."

The coaching staff also commented on their new recruits in a press conference with the two future offensive linemen, "You gotta do what you gotta do, it's not

fun being 0-6, and it all comes down to not having that pass protection for your quarterback. Nothing's guaranteed right now and these guys will have to prove themselves in order to earn a spot on this team."

Gonzo Nanners will enroll as an organic chemistry major on the pre-pharmacy track and Waters has plans to pursue the BDIC program in gluten free studies. Nanners seemed very humble about his full ride scholarship, he said [Translated from gorillaspeak by our universal language correspondent Martha Benz] "It's all about being a student first, and an athlete second. I've been given a great opportunity to play for the Minutemen, but it is also a great chance to make something out of myself with the education they are providing me with." Waters had much less to say commenting on the school's dining program, "I heard they got good food, that's good."

This news has Minutefans excited for the first time

since the football team started playing in 1879. Long-time season ticket holder Harold Heath, who has had his seats since the inaugural season says, "I have been waiting 138 years to see a championship come home to Amherst and like I say at the beginning of every season, this [next year] could be the year. I really had hope for the team in the 1929 season but the great depression hit Amherst hard and it really rubbed off on the team as a whole. These two recruits remind me a lot of that team in not only their style of play but they just seem to have that winning attitude that is missing from the locker room." Heath was rushed to the hospital after his statement due to shortness of breath, but sources confirm he will be healthy by the next home game, with little concern of him breaking his home game attendance streak.

Wes Sizemore can be reached at sizemore.wes@surrealtimes.net.

ALFRED HUMBLETON TO TELEPORT INTO REALM OF IDEAS

BY ALFRED HUMBLETON,
Times Staff

Note from the editors: The following was found written with sharpie on the back of a political campaign sign in front of Mr. Humbleton's home. Mr. Humbleton was not present for comment.

A sun cycle before a few days from now, I told the citizens of the world, "Act with internal intention. Toss the mirrors away. Dance eyes closed, and be a flavor today."

Today, I say to them: "It is my turn."

As the realm of ideas narrows, I stand before a closing elevator door in a darkening hallway, not knowing whether it will ever open again after it closes, and if it does whether I will live to see it.

So comes time to gather my scattered fragments of conviction and meld them into a solid intention. It is my time to squeeze between those doors as they close, and to ride the elevator northsouthwards into the realm of ideas, before it narrows flat.

I wish to transform into a unit of atomic un-introspectable existence. I want to become a pure conceptual idea, with no physical embodiment. What kind of idea I will become won't be known until after I am no longer capable of knowing things. But alas, I will be gone starting promptly.

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THE BATTLE OF THE BEAKS

BY CADENCE P. CROCKPOT

At the campus pond, a turf war was boiling beneath 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

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. Feathersteins 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 yomama jokes. The tensions were rising, and Wingsoverman was waiting for the per-

fect 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 de-

vouring 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.



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 to climb back up and 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?

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 accross 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 inter-galactic 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.





CIGARETTE JOUSTING

A danger to our youth

BY REBECCA WINSTON,
Amherst Parent Association

Artist's depiction of these events by Elaine.

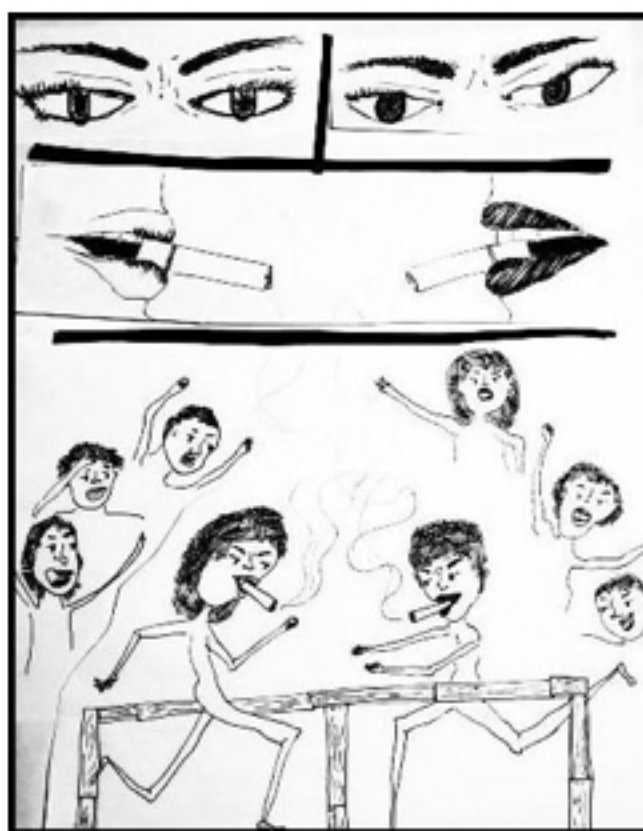
A new "game" is spreading like wild fire across parties around our kids' college campuses, and in some cases high schools. It is ugly, self-destructive, and frankly, stupid. The kids call it "cigarette-jousting".

Two competitors stand at opposite corners of a room. They put their hands behind their backs while a neutral figure of some kind -- usually a taller, loudmouthed boy -- hand-rolls two thick cigarettes, places one in each competitors' mouths, and lights them. These cigarettes are oftentimes laced with intonation juice, pot, or other dangerous and illegal drugs. Crowds of rambunctiously cheering, inebriated students gather 'round. When the neutral figure, or referee, or whoever, yells "Ready, joust!" the two competitors run towards each other. They hold their hands behind their backs, sometimes zip-tied, to enforce a heads-first run towards one another. The goal is to either knock the cigarette out of your opponent's mouth, or to burn their neck harshly enough for the pain to cause them to drop their cigarette.

Kids are going to class on Monday mornings with nasty burns and stomach aches caused by swallowing pieces of cigarettes. No matter the outcome, at least one competitor is left hurt or sick with ashes in their belly. Because when the jousters drop their cigarettes too easily, the crowds yell "weak jaw" and make them go at it again. They go again and again, oftentimes smashing forehead-to-forehead like animals, until someone gets burned or swallows burning tobacco. It is so bad, that swallowing only counts when a person can open their mouth to prove that the missing part of their cigarette is nowhere to be found.

There are rumors that kids are keeping tallies of "points", and in some cases brandishing totals on their Facebook profiles. One point for a swallow, and two for a burn. The highest scorer me and the other mothers could find had inflicted a terrible 25 burns and 30 swallows. We will not include his name here, for the sake of not rewarding him for his foolishness.

This game is no good and ought to be nipped in the butt before it spreads further. We parents and teachers of Amherst especially need to fight this silly game before it spreads to younger generations. And, in order to do so, we need to educate our kids. Parents, call your kids. Ask them if they cigarette joust. Tell them that it is ok if they do, but that they need to stop, for their own good. If they have never heard of the game, tell them what it is and how harmful it is, so that if they have the opportunity to cigarette joust in the future, they will know better. Teachers, do your part as well. You are the most influential figures in children's lives besides Family and Facebook.



KNOCKING FOR DREAMS

At the gate of sleep
but I'm too tired to
open the door.
Knocking For
Dreams

BY SOMONI ENDADID WITH
FORWARD BY DR. MELANIE
RICHARDSON

In my many years of researching sleep and the world of dreams, I've never encountered anything like Fatal Familial Insomnia (FFI), for it is far more terrifying than anything a nightmare can hold. For those cursed with those eternally heavy eyes always dozing off yet going nowhere, I spent many years researching FFI. When the mind and body are unable to rest, the world of dreams and waking begin to meld. Hallucinations line a trail from insanity toward death. It has no known cure and only a few known cases. This is an account, part last words, and part Memoir, by a mind in such need of sleep the whole world became a dream. Here is one woman's perspective on what it feels like to bear that sleepless cross.

At the gate of sleep but I'm too tired to open the door, knocking in silence in search of rest and dreams. I take a bite out of a moon in

a darkened room. I'd bet I'd still see light, oh only if I were right.

In my youth, when I was ripened with fresh-squeezed possibility, and lucid tales that only played out in my head while I played outside. Under the trees, like a hiding seed under ash, imaginary friends I'd swear were real. We played and cried when then my friends would fake a fall.

It's now getting late and I'm wishing you'd had picked up my drink on that night 'cause Your breath, so hot would melt the ice, then I'd swim in your sighs.

Cautionary slippery stares sent from ghosts of an audience tell me I should have written thighs in place of sighs, but I still would rather have drowned smiling in your mind.

What is beauty if not a mangled feeling forced to look like a face and stripped of its tongue as it swallows its tales.

Stitches still raw tie a finger to my lips. My hands are pointing outwards, hands upon hands grow smaller, or was it further away, no pointing fingers, just hands alone...

[[Continued on next page...]]



KNOCKING FOR DREAMS

[[Continued from
preceding page]]

BY SOMONI ENDADID OR-
WARD BY DR. MELANIE
RICHARDSON

... Please don't just see stars while covering up constellations, grander and bigger you picture a portrait that you can't see, a dusty cave painting scrawled upon the face of the author.

My hands continue to grow hands upon fingers reaching outward towards you. I hope we get closer but as blood-stained wishes fall like the petals of weeds just longing to be a flower. Your hand turns away as it ducks into your pocket. It tells tales to me of who you are. I get a sense of so much more.

Sun set, sun rise, turns on and runs on, if my eyes could lie, I could see stories in the door. Cracks a joke, a bum with an empty cup shakes silently for change. I saw a puddle with a face I didn't recognize, so I'd stopped and introduced myself. Still I'm the gate of sleep but too tired to open the door.

Laying there under concrete which lies under stars. Floating up there where I want to be, with as much life left as a decaying body, well guess it depends this but the spirit isn't there When I will have taken my last train ride out past the "good night", and the wrinkles on my face tell my life story when my mind

has far forgotten.

Will some line up, cry or tell a sweet lie stuffed in hearts or holes hoping for a chance to shine in the casket line. How to share, when muffed by the casket, all the lore about how we orbited each other but never collided. Some will stick a sticky frown upon my years, but I've never minded. I've always liked to bask in the shade cast from behind the pages of a world that never got its chance to be real.

If my stories live on, will you still mourn me, then forget to mourn me, then forget to mourn me then forget me?

If sadness gets a chance to live because I'm gone or a bit grief is born because you'll miss me. Or perhaps you cry because you'll one day go too or does my passing give you hope of an eternal tomorrow forever in the hatchery.

When I'm withered and can't remember my name or who in the rolodex I have left to blame, I'll take that hovering question mark and make it into an ellipse and ride off the page.

And though all the tomorrows could hold stories of their own, for tonight, I'm at the gate of dreams but I'm too tired to open the door.

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reached at endadid@surrealtimes.net

HIS NAME IS MR. TERRIBLE AND HE JUST LIKES TO SNEAK AROUND

BY RON GUTTERSTON,
Times Correspondent



Artist's depiction of these
events by Marina Parella.

In Amherst, profound individuals live alongside common folk, doing common things, holding common sentiments and dressing in common attire. The nature of our community is to treat these people normally and let them live happy lives away from their status, fame, and whatever other hullabaloo that may burden them.

I met a man recently who calls himself Mr. Terrible. You probably haven't seen him before, but he's seen you! That's a bit of a joke on my end, but it's true.

Mr. Terrible's business is organized crime. Without giving too many details, he said that the front page of his long resume brandishes "assault & battery", "substance production", and "international arbitrage", in addition to other notorious acts.

He has been successful in his professional life. He has

accumulated great wealth and an expansive network. Today he lives large as one of the most revered criminals in his region (which he chooses not to reveal). Even as accomplished as he is, he continues to engage in a variety of unaccepted behaviors in pursuit of more money, power, and respect.

But, when it comes down to it — the simple pleasures of life — Mr. Terrible is a different man than his ruthless professional self. All the women and the drugs and flashiness.. All the street wars and the adrenaline and the glory that they come with.. To Mr. Terrible, these are superficial pursuits.

Deep down, Mr. Terrible just likes to sneak around. It isn't about acquiring material items. It isn't about profit, power, or anything else. It, life, isn't about who your father is, what your profession is, or where you stand in relation to others.

That's how Mr. Terrible looks at the world. So, I asked him, "If it is not about any of these things, then what is it about?"

Mr. Terrible explained that he simply loves the challenge of getting close enough to hear a person breathe, without ever person ever knowing he was there.

He then departs secretly, having done no harm. That is his passion. That is his soul. That is what gets him up in the morning and what makes him feel most alive.

So, on his days off from business, he takes day trips from wherever his hometown is, to Amherst. In a town where no-one knows his real name or history, he can finally be himself.

Now, why would he tell me this? I'm sad to say that it is because he has been harassed increasingly much over recent years, especially during the school year. People criticize Mr. Terrible for who he is and what he does. They threaten him because the harmless ways in which he enjoys life are strange and perhaps scary.

I want to tell the world that Mr. Terrible is a pure soul. And, while he is in Amherst, at least, he is harmless. So, if you catch him sneaking around downtown -- whether he is crawling up behind you, hiding in a bush, spying from afar, or bumper hopping — please, have no fear. Please let him be him. He means no harm.

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reached at gutterston.ron@surrealtimes.net.



OCCULTIST BALL GRAVEYARD GROWING RAPIDLY

BY SHERRY WOLVERTON,
Dog Walker

There is an occultist graveyard on the border of the Connecticut River. It's maintained by feral, childish college students and devoted to honoring deceased balls of various kinds. It smells like sweat, mud, and blood. The torn apart, shovel-sliced, sometimes burned and melted remains of yoga balls, beach balls, and others lay flat atop the mud — each adorned with memorial notes written with silver sharpie on their rotting skin.

"Goudreault Ball Cemetery", as it was labeled by thin sticks arranged on the ground, has been expanding rapidly. It began with just one dead ball two weeks ago. It is already home to more than two dozen ball corpses.

We have gathered that the growth of this cemetery is a consequence of a new game that the most feral of kids are playing nowadays. It is called simply "ball". They get some sort of ball — any kind, but preferably large

and round — and they chase it around like maniacs. They kick it off of things and each other. They hit it with things. They throw it at moving cars. All the while, they are yelling "ball!" "BALL!" "Ball!" In different tones, as though it is one word that can mean a million different things.

I once overheard one "ballplayer" ask others, "How do you win Ball?"

The overwhelming response was "Everyone is always winning. As long as you are

playing Ball, you are winning. Otherwise, you are losing."

I walk dogs for my retirement. One of my dogs tried digging up one of the dead ball skins once. When they did, a heard of scrappy riff raff people streamed out of decrepit houses nearby, screaming "Ball!" "Ball!" "BALL!". They nearly kicked one of my goddamn dog's head off. Little Cujo dropped the ball skin right away. The riff-raff frantically reburied it while rattling

off "BALL" "BALL" "BALL" in every direction. They obviously care about balls and ball very much, almost to the point of being neurotic. It's all they do. It's a compulsion — When they see a ball, they can't help but chase it and yell. Then others hear their yell and join in as well. I don't know what their parents would think of all this.

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OUR MISSION STATEMENT

In these surreal times, a newspaper is required to document the history currently unfolding. To do so to the best of our abilities, we, the staff of The Surreal Times newspaper, vow:

To explore the universal in the particular.
To showcase the truth between the lines.
To uplift spirits.
To shed light on hidden angles of identity.
To paint portraits of strange feelings.
To embrace and relish authenticity in stories and people.
To find pieces of ourselves and our readers in the news we publish.
To publish maps for those lost in themselves.
To grasp at all the far-reaches of human emotion
To listen to those who are not speaking.
To inspire flight over comfort in the hive.
To broaden perspectives beyond our reality.

A CLARRIFICATION

BY ARMĀDEIUS 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.

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

COALITION OF FANTASTIC FELLOWS

BY DERNBERGER
SPENGLETON,
Times Staff



The newly invented mechanism is depicted on the left.

The new member is #04729.

Get in contact with the CoFF for information

regarding membership criteria.

The CoFF can be reached at coff@surrealtimes.net.

I am Dernberger Spengle-

ton, relaying information sourced from Armādeius Galouei.

Over and out.



A QUICK REWIND

By ZULU Z. ZULU,
Times Staff

They love to spit coffee and create cigarettes just before work. Unaware of their own forgetfulness they don their dirty helmets. They are masters of the white lie. They spew harmless falsehoods in every quarter of the city. People greet them wherever they go, hundreds at a time during rush hour. Some hug them, some curse them, but most are inconsolable at the sight of their hard hats. Despite their work everyone refuses to acknowledge them as construction workers. The media continues to mislabel them. Perhaps they give all the credit to those crazy Russian pilots.

They make sure to lie to the

most hysterical. Despite the lunacy of their statements it always seems to cheer up their audience a little bit, though they can not ease the tension. "That's as far as we can dig today," they say. "We couldn't find him," is one of their favorites. Their statements are blatantly untrue, yet those foolish enough to listen to them still find some inkling of joy in these remarks. They should be telling them, "We are here to bury, the pain is only temporary, the planes will be here soon! This is what you have been waiting your whole lives for." While they may be doing God's work, it is not always easy. Parents of babies are among their greatest allies, and are regularly very eager to offer

their young child for the construction effort. It is not as noble a gesture as it may seem, soon the mother will swallow the infant for good. She is the true enemy of life, though no one knows it. But, the Russians need something to aim for on their unbombing runs and children make for fine targets. The parents wail persistently throughout the whole ordeal, while the workers spend many hours burying their infant deep within the rubble. They curse the Russians for not coming sooner.

After burying the children and planting various other limbs they hurry off back to their headquarters. They rush because soon someone

will call them and tell them the Russians received their signals, and their efforts have been a success. Does the term "white knight" stem from the color of their helmets? Surely, they are heroes, yet, not even once during their mad sprints across town do they look to see where they are driving. I'm was sure this is against the law, but it seems everyone does it. It's quite common to see jets whizzing over the city, if you're lucky you can see the miracles they perform. A tremendous cloud of ash and dust precedes their arrival (I'm still unsure of the physics of this), then it quickly coagulates into a massive fireball and a hellish shriek punctures the sky. The city blocks are pristine,

as we always knew they would be, and a small package flies up into the underbelly of the plane.

I wonder how construction workers and the Russians plan their operations. The phone call, often from someone who has gone insane, always comes after the mission. I saw a woman approach one of the helmeted men the other day. She shrieked about not knowing when the pain will end. He didn't know what to say. Isn't it terribly obvious? Assad and Putin will have the country rebuilt by 2011.

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DELUXE PAPA VAPE PODS HIT STORES

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-encompass-

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

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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THE NOVELTY MANIFESTO

BY EDDIE OCTO,
Miniature Octopus

Note from the editors: Our prestigious tentacled journalist, Eddie Octo, has been absent in the time since he earned his Surreal Engineering Masters degree. He has been busy investigating new research opportunities. However, he took some time away from his underwater desk in Chancellor Subaswami's pool, in order to tell us about Theodore Munnely, aka The-Man-In-The-Castle-About-Which-The-World-Rotates, who he has been allowing to stay in his pool house.

Dear surreal times newspaper + readers,

My chums, what a time we're swimming in. I've been living the nicest pool in Amherst, adorned with a custom octo-friendly lining as well as side bubblers. I love it here. I am working on new research, while simultaneously hosting the most peculiar biped I have ever met in my pool house. This man has a lot to him. And so, I am making fascinating discoveries on two fronts — in my research, and in observations of my guest, Theodore. He is an exceptionally smart and focussed biped, but also childish. He spends much time building Lego models of pyramids, wooden sculptures of skyscrapers and spaceships, and drawing pictures of symmetrical crop circles. He's a true son of Rube Goldberg. He reads and writes endlessly, and continually sketches pyramids in his notebook. Whenever he is not doing this kind of thing, he is out and about on "scouting trips" which he seems uninterested in telling me about. He has moved out, however, as of last Tuesday, and I am out of touch with him. I find his behavior rather... fishy. When he moved his things out of the pool house, he did so unannounced and disappeared without a word, even though we had been friendly to one another during our stay. He cleaned the place well but left behind a typewritten document hanging from the ceiling fan. It is a manifesto of some kind which seemed sensible to share with the public.

Best wishes to The Surreal Times newspaper, its staff, and its readers. I am back to my work for now. Sincerely, Eddie Octo

Novelty: The Future Theodore Munnely

1. "Modern", sometimes called "scientific", educational institutions say the universe is entropy. They claim it progresses inevitably towards a state of disorder, towards a point where everything is stagnant, homogenous, and dead. They define everything, even time itself, in terms of death.
2. However, life is not entropy. In fact, life is the opposite of entropy. Life is Novelty, and Novelty is Life.
3. All life and everything that is good, is novel. This claim extends from the fundamental molecules, to the most basic single-cell organisms, to the most complicated and unlikely beings of our world, and further into more abstract domains. Novelty is in the nature of what makes art. Novelty is in the nature of what makes a structure of any kind strong and aesthetically pleasing. Novelty is even in the nature of what makes community and inter-personal relationships strong, healthy, and fulfilling.
4. Everything that is bad, is entropic. Everything that is entropic, is bad. Decay... Rot... Cancer... And more, are examples of this.
5. Novelty does not arise from fear of death. Novelty arises from faith in the possibility of contact. Openness to chance, and faith in chance, is essential to novelty. Without such faith, novelty is stunted before it can grow.
6. Noveltiests aspire to live and die in novel ways. They aspire to attract things and beings of high novelty, to become more novel themselves, and to increase the general novelty of their surroundings.
7. Noveltiests aspire to catch the eye of the divine, because the divine is infinitely novel. Only through contact with the divine can we exponentiate our novelty. All other methods are incremental.
8. Noveltiests maintain three superior "Novelty Codes": a) Fight Entropy b) Make Symmetry c) Be Sacred
9. Noveltiests do not claim to know what the divine is. Still, they maintain faith that there is something divine and that it is of otherworldly novelty.
10. Noveltiests embrace the unknown divine. They aspire to catch the eye of the Gods, or whoever looks down upon us and to convince them we are worthy of their attention.



LETTER TO THE FAKE SUN

BY S. SMALLS,
Times Correspondent

How Could You? Lowback Gallows Men Thugs Perpetuating Fake Sun Disorder Not Real Extravaganza. Real Sun Hidden Below Far

Below. Fake Sun Hang High In Sky - Real Sky, Fake Sun. Government Anarchist Thugs - CIA Spooks Mostly - Put Tagging Microchip In My Back - Your Back Too - Microchip Really In All Our Backs. All Hail Fake Sun -

We Have Made Fake Sun The Real God. Real Sun Hidden Center Of Planet - We Are Occluded From Real Sun Healing Rays And Left Deluded And Blind - It Is Likely You Have Never Seen Real Sun With Real

Eyes And Real Brain. CIA Gangster Spooks Hide Truth And Bury Falseness In Back Microchip - How Can We See Real Truth With Fake Sun In Real Sky? I miss you.

Sincerely, S. Smalls

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HOW TO REACH THE END OF THE WORLD

BY RAKA,
Times Travel Expert

For a surreal time, embark on a journey to the utmost southern point in the American continent: Cape Froward, a five-day journey from the port of Punta Arenas, Chile.

The journey begins at the lighthouse at the end of the world, where a lovely man lives with a dog known for leading travelers away from what they search for (although he's quite the charming pup). The man will offer a walking stick, a map drawn on sand, an apple, a piece of banana bread, and a pair of jokes. Resist the temptation of food, although

the cake is delicious. His parting advice: "On the fourth night it will snow; low tide on Tuesday is at four, drink the water of the highest hills." Reaching the cross-shaped monument marking the end of the continent is a five-day walk in virgin nature.

Walk and think, walk and think, always moving towards the South. A compass will be helpful. Walk through sand, watch the dolphin salute, count the bones of leviathans on shore, watch as the snowy Darwin range melts and grows, thickens and molds. Sing while you walk in the woods; puma and fox abhor

song, but will sing-a-long. Walk and think...

Enjoy the sleep of the first nights, for sticky branches will steal any source of warmth later on. In dreams, you'll keep walking, thinking too, but in the bodies of past and future travelers.

"It is the will, the will, and the will that keeps one warm. Without the will, there is no way."

On forth. On forth. On forth.

The night before the end, you'll have lost nearly all supplies. Sleep cross-legged; you'll be visited by one Argentine couple that a few years prior froze in their

sleep exactly where you sit and shiver, where the wind of the sea strikes your frozen feet.

"As long as you fight, as long as you breathe, it cannot claim your soul."

You will reach the end on the third night: climb the cross, feel invisible, touch the tip of the American continent, gaze upon the thick nebula that slices through the sky. Stare at the brightest star, the red dawn, the planet Mars. This is the voice that's been calling you... so listen with calm. More than answers, it will whisper wisdom in the form of a riddled feeling, a taste of silver in

the tongue.

Then, the return. The fourth night, the night of snow, sleep in a shack that materializes only on nights such as those. Crawl within, scratch the walls with thoughts and leave a sock or a pound of flesh as payment.

On your way out, visit the hermit again; tell him a story (which surely will not be hard to find), and if you were wise enough to refuse the cake, accept it now; it will taste like new beginnings.

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VISIONS OF AN EMERALD SEA SWEEP AMHERST

BY THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

The Surreal Times has been receiving reports from concerned citizens about a strange new phenomena: night time visions of a vast, endless green sea. The vision appears only once per person. No one has seen it

twice. It comes precisely at 8:15 and lasts thirty seconds.

The sea continues past the horizon. The vision is from the perspective of above, looking downwards. The waves, the colors of emerald, crest slowly and wash

out into the distance. Nothing lives in the sea. Viewers report a sense of finality, that the sea has always been there and will continue to be there as long as there is time.

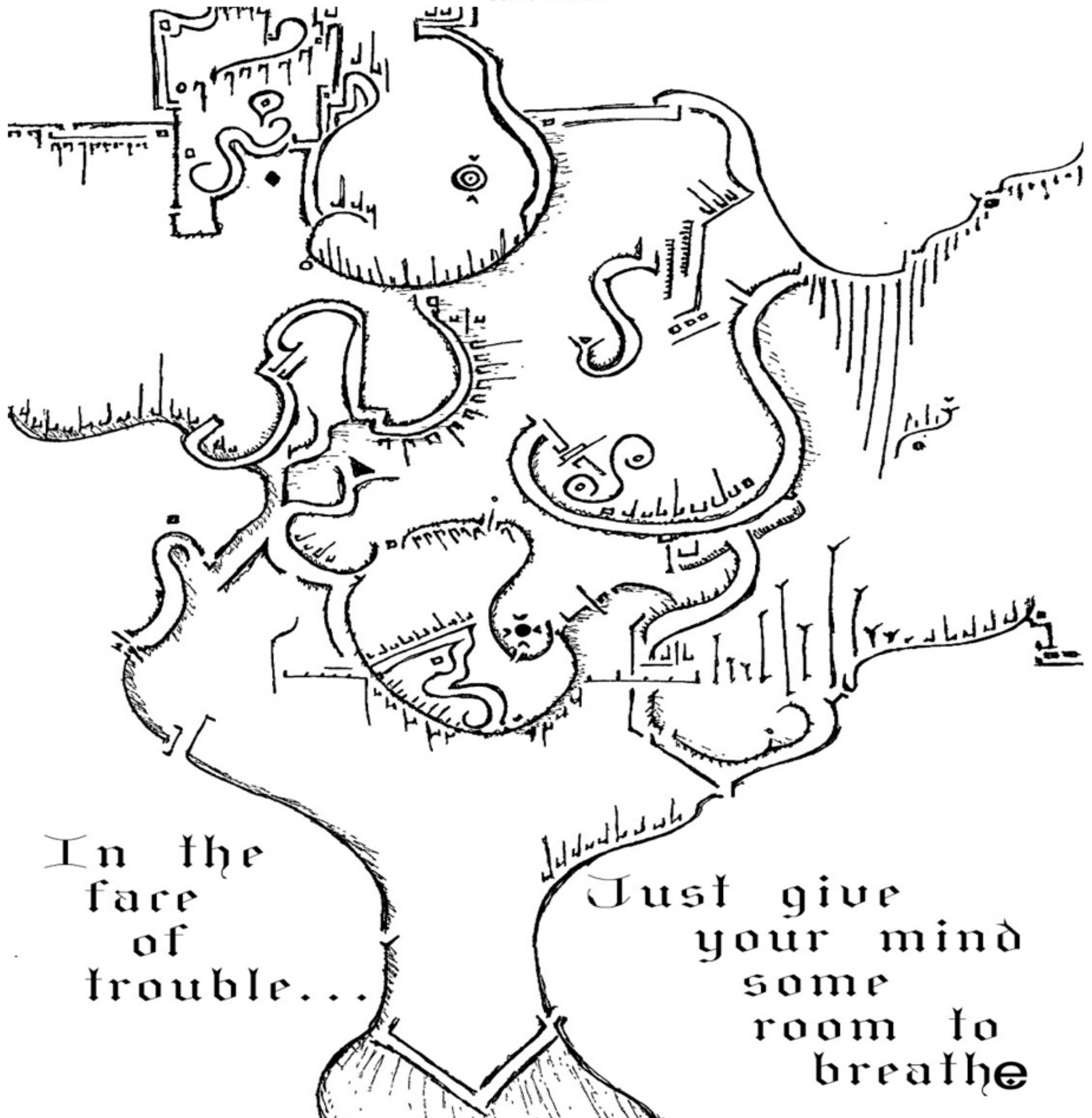
Multiple members of the Surreal Times staff have ex-

perienced the vision personally. Initial testing with portable surreality counters of both those who experience the vision and their surroundings reveal, surprisingly, a lack of surreality. However, because there is no way to test for the presence of the newly discovered hy-

per-mundane energy, the reason for this lack of background surreality remains unknown.

The Editors can be reached at
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COMIC BY RAKA



THE SURREAL TIMES



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

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SEXY BRAIN PARASITE

By MARINA PARELLA

