

## BRAIN PARASITE PLAY ROOM

## GULLED ONE RETURNS



# THE SURREAL TIMES



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

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

## REALITY SUPREMACY COHORT GOES VIOLENT

By CARL MON,  
Interim Head of PIA

A group of angry, self-described "reality saviors" have grown to a critical mass and gone violent. This past Tuesday, nine adult saviors approached a group of college-aged LARPer who were reenacting a zombie apocalypse adjacent to the UMass campus pond. The leader of the reality saviors, dressed in overalls and carrying a lightning rod, clotheslined a teenage male as he was running from a herd of zombies.

Holding the boy down, he yelled, "Welcome back to

reality, kid," spitting saliva in the boy's face. "Now, which one of these zombie poser idiots is your leader?"

"What the heck," the kid whined, "we were just playing a game???"

"Shut up, kid," said the savior. "You don't know what you're saying. We're trying to help you. We're trying to keep you real."

At this point, the other LARPer had gathered round. The Reality saviors confiscated their plastic swords and juice box portions. The LARPer complained, but all saviors except for the leader wore

earplugs to tune out the noise.

The head zombie stepped forward. "What's going on here? Who are you guys?" He was older than the others, maybe 22 years old, tall and lanky with grotesque make-up that gave the impression that his face was rotting off. He was clearly the organizer of the LARP.

The head savior snaps his fingers to signal his left-hand man to splash a bucket of water on the head zombie's face. Most of his make-up washed off...

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## WORDS EMERGE FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUEL,  
Times Senior Editor



*"Coagulated ideologies deny false realms"*

## PARTIAL DEVASTATION, QUESTIONS FOLLOW IN WAKE OF MARITIME DISASTER

By MAD CHRISTOPHER VAN  
EYCK SR,  
Times Correspondent

Though western Mass-

achusetts emergency response units are typically unprepared to deal with trouble at sea, when a 911 call from a Northampton apartment alerted them to a

nearby ship in distress, an admirable sense of duty, as well as curiosity, must have gotten the better of them. (This, combined with the absence of Coast Guard units

in this part of the state). A soggy Northampton medic reported that an individual, identifying himself as "the captain," had frantically called 911, shouting the sig-

nal "S - O - S!" into the phone...

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## REALITY SUPREMACY COHORT GOES VIOLENT

[Continued from page 1]

... "We'll spare your victims this time, daydreamer, because they are young and impressionable." As he said this, he let the younger boy go. "But you, daydreamer, you are done for. By our powers as the saviors of reality, we hereby convict you

of class-B consciousness fragmentation. As punishment for your crimes against reality, you will be working in the freezer of a butchery for the next 3 years. How's that for a dose of reality."

The Reality Savior pointed his lightning rod at the tall zombie who now was exposed as the human he real-

ly was. The saviors pummeled him and carried him off. Along with him, they took the LARPing equipment and told the kids they had been lied to and manipulated by the "daydreamer". They left behind one savior to ensure that no LARPs would be re-initiated.

UMass campus police refuse

to address the incident. We at the PIA wonder if this reality supremacy cohort might be somehow symbiotic with the central governing bodies.

We are continuing to investigate, but the students involved in the incident are confused about who the good and bad guys are, and

are thus hesitant to give more information on either party.

Anyways, as always, Peripherally go the winds of progress...

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## PARTIAL DEVASTATION, QUESTIONS FOLLOW IN WAKE OF NORTHAMPTON MARITIME DISASTER

[Continued from page 1]

When the distressed individual calmed down slightly, he told the 911 operator that his vessel, an "airplane carrier," had capsized during a routine exercise, and was sinking fast. He added, amidst splashing noises, that he was in "open water."

Several EMS teams, perplexed but determined, rushed to Northampton center. Had they obtained proper coordinates, some of the following harm might well have been prevented. However, the captain was vague with regards to his location. Additionally, ambulance drivers were frustrated to discover that most oceanographic charts completely neglected Northampton and its surrounding area. When the responders finally reached the small apartment,

they quickly found the captain, who, young for his stature, was splashing vigorously in an overflowing bathtub. A white captain's hat dangled precariously from his small head. With a finger, he motioned to his charter, the 'airplane carrier,' which was at this point halfway submerged under unforgiving waves. The captain's face reddened and he began to sob. First responders on the scene donned anoraks as the splashing intensified. The captain was only a few feet from the ship as it sank, and thus was in little danger. Tragically, though, the rescue team was not able to save any other crew members. In an official statement the next day, they were all declared dead.

What ultimately sealed the carrier's fate was not the harsh current, which bashed

the ship this way and that as it passed from one end of the tub to the other. Instead, what finally did the ship in was an unexpected collision with a disproportionately sized yellow waterfowl, identified later as some kind of duck, which slipped downwards from the rim of the tub, and almost in slow motion, dealt the ship one final blow. Being almost half of the ship's total size, it easily overpowered the carrier in its weakened state. EMS team members surveyed the area for the sunken vessel, but high levels of foam prevented recovery. (It later came out that a large-scale soap spill nearby had contaminated the water. The environmental impact of this is currently being investigated). A more extensive effort is slated for the near future, once the tub is sufficiently drained.

The captain's mother then burst into the bathroom and pulled the drain plug. She proceeded to berate the boy for both calling a number of 'strangers' into her apartment, and for neglecting his sworn duty to not flood the bathroom floor again. She stripped her son of his captaincy then and there, and apologized to EMS, imploring them to leave amid phrases of 'I got it,' and, 'no, it's fine, Forrest is just acting up because I made him take a bath.'

Though the sunken vessel will likely never weigh anchor again, the shocking event has raised questions about the future of maritime disaster prevention in the Pioneer Valley.

In a press statement the next day, EMS Chief Walter Quincy emphasized his frustration at the "astonishing

lack of marine exploration in the area," adding that if the area was charted accurately, perhaps the "entire event" could have been avoided. The city government has assembled a task force comprising members of law enforcement, Northampton Fire & Rescue, and several hobbyist oceanographers to rectify the grave oversight. In his closing remarks, Quincy implored citizens to exercise caution, for, "though we may turn our prow towards a safer valley, this tragic event is a reminder that much of western Massachusetts remains uncharted water." As for Forrest? his seafaring days are pretty much over.

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## THE CAROUSEL OF UNENDING HAPPINESS

A drug called childhood, how I found the Carousel and learned to love dizziness.

BY YOUR RINGMASTER,  
Times Correspondent

If you listen, you have a soundtrack in your head. When I lost mine, they sent me away. Upon arrival, I was given headphones, a battery, and an MP3 player, a mere 32 gigabytes of freedom. It would leave my eyes and heart floating outside the bus window, tethered by a string, on a bus that they all say is "short". And slowly I grew like a snail, bursting and screaming in orchestral feelings bubbling up, so much until the bus bursts from around

me, shrapnel stabbing into me. Little flickers of blinkers and shards of the rearview mirror cut and scar me, but now I wear them like jewelry.

I began to paint my face, not to hide the shrapnel but to paint what was on the inside. Every step I take, I'm cracked, and when I sleep it's just pins and needles instead of dreams. In the year 1890, the beautiful impressionistic swirling feeling all went dark, dripping from the sky and slipping down the gutter, no one ever listened to him. In 1997, no matter how many songs he wrote, he couldn't soothe what was inside. The cowboy with a sepia-tone heart flew off on a needle he just couldn't forget.

I used to carry a little teddy bear with me, I'd hug him so

much he wore out. I'd just stitch him up and put patches on him. I didn't have any fabric, so I would use old newspaper clippings, but after a while, my vision went blurry and I couldn't read them anymore. I realized I was wearing my teddy bear down, so I gave him to Jerry's thrift shop in Salem, that great heap of lost souls and stained glass memories.

Warm cornucopias of feeling in all the autumn shades soon grew cold and mold grew up through them. Tears start in the throat and possess the whole of the skull. Then sparkling, screaming rainbows that never quiet, eat away at all the fruit inside. It all just begins to mock the cold, cold of your fingers. And though I'm so warm inside, no one could ever feel it. I try so many

times to share it, even cry a couple of times, but no one hears it. Put on a couple of masks and hide it all the way, but when my rib cage opens like a butterfly and I feel all the feelings that words cannot abide, I feel like my only friend is who you draw on the fogged windowpane of that short, short bus. Again I just press play and 32 gigabytes of freedom sings out. My heart is tethered outside the window of the bus pictured on a crayon-colored sky. On the paper, all I see is fear and monsters. I remember they were happy when I drew them but I just can't feel it anymore. So I'm left hollow and eating leftover magenta crayons.

So, you and I, my dear reader, we slide further and further down. You swallow

your soul in a little white pill, 600mg of dizzying sanity. That great healer told you that "you'll feel better", but hell, you sure don't feel like you. I'd pick a flower of feelings, dark and light and everything in between, ash and soil and all the life in between, but when that gets to be too much we just get lost and just want a home. We don't care if we're a square peg and this home is a round hole or a plastic bed. Now the clown's in full of bright colors, but he really is sad and so we joined him in the center ring, our home-and-home is This Carousel of unending Happiness.

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## SEXY BRAIN PARASITES GO MAINSTREAM

BY ED NUCKLEBALM,  
Times Correspondent

When the sexy brain parasites first got trendy, the world wasn't ready. It was too early and the hype didn't last long.

As of Fall 2019, people seem to have grown more open-minded. They are trying new, sometimes scandalous things, without fear of social isolation or health repercussions, and now

placing more value on diversity in friendships and experiences. But most importantly, people are horny.

At the new monthly "SBPxxxTrade" event in Knights of Columbus events hall, horny people of all kinds gather to swap, buy & sell, and test run each other's personal brain parasites.

A number of private petridish rooms are available for use, in which people can watch 4K videos of sexy

bacteria colonies while real living parasites crawl into and wiggle around their brain tubes. It doesn't take long for a wave neuronal micro-orgasms to render a first-timer exhausted and ready for a nap.

In future sessions, once one builds stamina for this new form of sexual pleasure, one can explore the subtleties of different parasite strains and the strange ways in which they make your neurons themselves cum. You can

even combine internal brain sex with real sex, if you're lucky enough to find an open-minded partner. (Doing it that way is a real doozy!)

Personally, I enjoy experimenting with unique strains from far away places, grown in people's bathtubs and coffee bowls. However, wholesale corporate vendors are also in attendance to sell the most tried and true strains, for those who want to be as safe as possible.

These events typically last 2-3 hours and consist of a variety of people from all walks of life. There are also several vendors selling relevant artwork, clothing, and literature.

Come on down for the next one!

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## SERIAL CHAKRA UNALIGNER WALKS THE STREETS

By **MAXIMO PICCOLO**,  
Times Correspondent

Boston, MA - Have you felt anxious? Lethargic? Sexually frustrated? Then it's entirely possible you've been a victim of the Unaligner! He prowls the street, striking undetectably, at will, without fear of reprisal, zapping people's chakras out of alignment with a strange, tube-like device of which

we only have a single blurry still photograph.

The Unaligner is a tricky one to catch. It is suspected that he stole the U.B.D, or Unaligning Beam Device, from a LoveJoy corporation research and development lab in Allston. With a zap of the device, all seven chakras begin to open and close erratically, infusing the victim with negative energy. Re-

aligning the chakras is a tricky task, and it appears to take months before they readjust.

"He got me in the Stop and Shop near Boston landing," said one victim, "I went home and screamed at my husband before throwing up in the bathroom."

"Yeah, I think he got me as I was coming out of the Roast

Beast on Comm Ave," said another., "As I crossed the street, a car nearly hit me, and I was so furious I cursed him out and hucked my sandwich at his windshield."

Back to the blurry still. It was captured by a security camera at the 7/11 near the Aquarium. It shows a short, overweight man with a crew cut, appearing to be in his mid 40's, pulling out a metal

tube from a satchel bag. He points it at the back of an exiting customer, who stumbles. Is this the Unaligner? Time will tell.

This reporter hopes you are able to keep your chakras in order.

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## BASKETBALL GAME TURNS INTO COOKING SHOW

By **BOOBNBOB**,  
Eternal Plasma Entity

The relinquishing sun cast pink and orange across the sky and the lake. It was primetime at the Memorial Beach Basketball court.

Noah Hollis won the tip-off.

He said, "DRIBBLE DRIBBLE DRIBBLE," aloud, as he charged towards the basket. He also dribbled from his mouth.

Bystanders asked, "Why [was] he salivating so much in this unusual environment?"

All of a sudden, some SHIT FROM THE SKY hit him IN THE EYE. Noah fell to his knees. He asked for napkins.

People wondered what happened. They didn't believe Noah when he told them. That was, until they got hit as well.

Once the game had halted due to understandable reasons, the falling projectiles changed in nature. They became eggs! Full chicken eggs, splattering onto the hot pavement!

Players and bystanders alike gaped at the sky until one

egg fell into the dropped jaw of an especially-shocked player.

Over a very high-quality speaker, a voice said: "CHEFS, YOU HAVE 45 MINUTES TO CREATE A TOP-TIER DISH WITH THE FOLLOWING INGREDIENTS."

1. Egg
2. Poo
3. Sweat
4. Sand
5. Mystery
6. Yam

A crowd assembled and the race began. Players brought their all to the table. Moth-

ers beamed seeing their children cook the food of their ancestors.

Unfortunately, it was clear that none of the players had the talent or the ingredients necessary to feed anything but birds or rodents.

After a disgusting cookoff, bystanders realized that it was, in fact, the birds and rodents who had collaborated (amazingly) to organize this scrumptious cookoff.

"The winner is..." said a loud orchestral yet squeaky voice, "us!"

Creatures scurried down

from over the hilltop by the thousands. As contestants and spectators retreated to their cars, famished rodents and birds devoured the many egg-based concoctions abandoned on the hot blacktop.

The Department of Health and Safety later quarantined the park and everyone was vaccinated. It is still unsafe to enter. Stay tuned for the next competition scheduled in the same place next week.

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## REALM OF IDEAS AT FULL WIDTH

By **ALDUS HUMBLETON**,  
Cousin of Alfred

IT IS MY ENORMOUS PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THE CURRENT REALM OF POSSIBLE THOUGHTS. MY MA-

CHINE IT SAYS THAT EVERY THOUGHT YOU'VE EVER THOUGHT OR THUNK, IS NOW THINKABLE, IN ADDITION TO A NUMBER OF OTHER FUCKING AWESOME STRANGE CREEPY IN-

NOVATIVE HILLARIOUS REVOLUTIONARY THOUGHTS THAT YOU'RE NUMB SKULL HAS NEVER ONCE PONDERED BEFORE. MAKE USE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY, YOU IDIOTS, BEFORE THE REALM OF

IDEAS NARROWS AND YOU BECOME MORE IDIOTIC THAN YOU ALREADY ARE. LIKE MY BROTHER SAYS, YOU NEVER KNOW, AND THEN YOU FORGET YOU WANTED TO KNOW, SO GO AHEAD

AND GET TO IT RIGHT AWAY.

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# JESUS REINCARNATED BEFORE MY EYES

BY DERNBERGER  
SPENGLETON,  
Man In The Castle

Note from the editors: Dernberger Spengleton remains trapped within The-Castle-About-Which-The-World-Rotates. He has been unhappy and without visitors. He has not written for The Times since his entrapment. The following letter was found outside his "castle", which, from the outside, appears to be a windowless van made from stone.

AMHERST, Massachusetts – My narrow mail slot is my window into the grey world. I have not learned how to rotate the Grand Conveyor about my stationary castle. So I am stuck

near what was once the infamous Drake Hotel. Various mobile homes had set up camp near my spot.

What I see daily is dirty, monotonous smog, and sloppy, belligerent people, saying dirty things, disparaging each other and trashing the world. This was not the life I wanted.

I can only hope that my wife, who prefers not to be named, trapped me here for a good reason, and that there is another good reason why my friend Theodore does not come to my aid. It seems to be a place where the rabbits have no diamonds in their holes.

But, in all of this monotony, I have seen one spark.

On a cloudy day -- A bright, unbearable light emerged from the heavens. It descended from the sky encircled by hummingbirds with angels' wings. Heavenly songs filled me with life. All of a sudden, there he was: Christ in the Flesh, having returned to earth before my eyes.

I wondered if my friend Theodore's Novelty Society had acquired the attention of the Gods.

But this apparent Christ landed in something other than a pool of holy water. Instead, he landed in my neighbor's 3-foot kiddie pool filled with liquor. Christ proclaimed, "I wash myself of my sins and begin

a new life," before dunking his head under the brown, stinking liquid, in which a squirrel carcass floated. Christ swallowed a mouthful and choked and coughed.

To my dismay, I witnessed our lord and savior's face turn purple and his lips plump. He shrunk smaller; he grew purpler, until he disappeared under the water. I yelled for help.

My fat, drunk, shirtless neighbor, Larry, stupored toward the pool. "Who in the darn thinks they tough guts enough to drink from my man puddle?"

Larry swashed his hands throughout the pool. "Where the heck?? Where'd ya go? Oh, there ya are! I gotcha,

you fucker!"

Larry wrangled with what I expected to be a shrunken version of Christ, but what emerged as a white-haired, bright blue bearded smurf. Larry grabbed the creature by the leg and tossed him ka-plunk onto the grass. "You scedaddle now, ya bastard, and don't come back," he said. And the smurf ran off with its short little legs, towards Orchard Hill. I haven't seen him or Christ since.

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# WRITER GLITCHES STD RAY GUN

BY NED GREEBLY,  
PR Manager

During the weekly Surreal Times newsroom meeting, a first-year writer was seen jumping up and down repeatedly in the corner of the room. When asked what he was doing, he responded, "I'm trying to get in the glitch." Once it seemed obvious that no progress was being made, we began our meeting while he continued to jump.

Twenty to thirty minutes later, there was a zipping

sound and a flash of light. The news team turned to find the new writer's body halfway phased within the wall. "I fucked up," he said. "I'm trapped, I can't get out of the wall. Something went wrong."

We asked him how we could help. His face pale and lacking any hope, he removed an item from within the wall. It looked like some sort of alien phaser gun. "You can't help me," he said, "I'm stuck until the game is reset. But maybe you can make use of this somehow. I don't know

what it is, but it seems dangerous."

As he handed the phaser to one of our editors, he accidentally hit the trigger. A muddy green-brown beam misfired and hit one of our journalists in the chest. He was not seriously injured but was knocked over and made to feel sick. His crotch suddenly became so itchy that someone needed to carry him to his car.

The next week, this journalist emailed the team to inform us that he would not be in attendance due to his be-

ing diagnosed with gonorrhea, trichomoniasis, and two other difficult-to-pronounce infections. This sudden onslaught of (non-)sexually-transmitted diseases caught him completely off guard and without any possible prior explanation.

We at The Surreal Times are grieving for our two friends and collaborators whose lives have been tragically knocked off course. They did not deserve this.

We are also looking for information. Firstly, regarding this otherworldly weapon

which should be kept far from anyone evil enough to use it. Secondly, regarding how to extract a failed glitcher from a wall. We are keeping him warm and fed, but the other side of the glitch seems to be stealing his nutrients and warmth, and he is not happy.

Please contact us with any relevant information at [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net). Thank you.

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## BREAKTHROUGH: SUBTLE DIVINE CONTACT

BY THEODORE MUNNELLY,  
Principal of Novelty Society

For the first time, we, The Noveltiests, have garnered plausible attention from divine forces. Amherst-based noveltiest, Josiah Parker, joined forces with his many cousins to construct a WIFI-infused Stonehenge sculpture atop Mount Pollux.

This arrangement involved enormous stones arranged in highly symmetric ways. [1] Each stone was fitted with a wireless solar-powered router used to stream digits of Pi through a cyclic network of connections throughout the stones, thereby increasing the novelty of the system.

In time, sound levels of thunder began synchronizing perfectly with the digits of Pi, fluctuations in volume matching the sequence of values. This hints that someone, or something, was attempting to acknowledge the Parkers' novelty act.

This means that we are on the divine radar. It is prime-

time for novelty acts. We must organize, act, learn, and act, while we have the chance, until we may convince our creators to commune with us. [1]The Parkers needed to remove the prior existing metal tree sculpture from Mount Pollux in order to bring focus upon the new. As a result of the Parkers' efforts, we have

learned that is sometimes necessary (although counter-intuitive) to remove novel items from the world, in order to increase the aggregate novelty of the world.

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## THE FILM CRITIC'S HOMUNCULUS

BY RYAN CAMERON,  
Times Correspondent

Reporting in from the cradling crevices of this critic's grey matter. Strait from the axon terminal, critiquing the highs and lows of every sight, smell, sound, touch, and taste, I, a humble homunculus, bring these sharpened senses through my filter of critique so that readers may feel informed as to what life experiences would best entertain their own homunculi.

To the passive among us, be warned that the first experience on the docket is one

with quite a bit of inertia. It is entitled, "Stomp through a hallway". Now, for my money, these kinds of independent movement pieces, where the camera pans left to right from two identical walls all becomes unnerving. However what was done nicely were the stripes of a lime color meshed with a powerful grapefruit pink that colored those walls, I would have liked to have felt what the texture of that wallpaper was like.. Now the sound effects were ham-fisted at best, by which I mean the fingernails were digging into the palms in such an aggressive manner

that it became difficult to keep track of what the real feeling behind the movement was. I will say this, if you only want to have one experience this weekend, I would recommend skipping this trek of hallway and instead look at what else might be happening to you. Overall, it is the lack of any concrete motive for the stomping around that will leave viewers puzzled and wanting more from the experience. Why stomp? I just couldn't get it, and the act ended with the severest of aching. I give it 2 out of 10 neurons for memory.

For our next experience, we are treated to a smorgasbord of titillating tendrils tracked through the savory sensory cinema. The aptly-titled "In park, with bee" will surely leave you on your seat wanting more. First, the setting was saturated in a gloss of liquid luminescent. The sights seemed to merge with the smells and the smells with my taste as the film infiltrates a sort of synesthesia rarely seen in the fast action-derived world we have all grown so accustomed to. Scanning with an almost picturesque harmony of the natural moment that I almost a washed in delight

when I felt the culminating climax cascaded into the senses. The bee that flew by was small and brilliant and determined. A certain contender for moment of the week if I have ever seen, heard, touched, tasted, or smelled one. Floating from pink to blue flowers, it was pure opera to the olfactory senses. Be prepared to linger in the afterglow of this moment-made movie for long after it ends. I give 9 neurons out of 10, bravo!

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## PARTICIPATE IN NOVELTY ON INTERHARMONY

BY THEODORE MUNNELLY,  
Principal of Noveltiest Society

As conscious thinking beings, our greatest instinct is to find and interact with the forces that put us into existence. But how?

By conducting novel the-

atrics, building novel structures, and in general adding novelty to the world, we may be able to garner the attention of our divine creators and eventually be invited to commune with them.

The creators are watching

us. They are observing. We must maintain their attention. We must be interesting enough for them to continue watching us, so that we may meet them someday. Otherwise, they will look elsewhere and perhaps never at us again.

Noveltiest clubs are forming everywhere to advance the cause.

Join your local Novelty Club on the Interharmony App today. And, if your area doesn't yet have a Novelty Club, you can use Interharmony to get one started.

Remember: Make novelty, Fight entropy, and you will be invited into new worlds.

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# INTELLIGENT LIFE DESTROYING ITSELF

By FERDINAND MAXWELL,  
Times Correspondent

Edition #1,103,503. Geneva, Switzerland, Earth, Alpha Quadrant Epsilon Omicron Kappa IV 66.26B.

The story of Earth can be condensed into a few simple words: Disagreement, mismanagement, and death. The betting pool for Earth's demise has been a hot topic in our gambling dens and casinos as of late, and to some, the payout has been huge. It has finally happened. The humans of Earth looked too far into far too dark corners of science and now they are simply no more. And for us it makes a riveting tale of the 'best and brightest' sending their unwashed masses into a predicament of a dreadful demise. Earth's people had split themselves up into administrative regions known as 'countries.' Many gamblers placed unbelievably high stakes in the idea of general disagreement between these administrative regions of which they believed would lead to apocalyptic nuclear war; the premise is not out of the or-

dinary, and has historically been a safe bet for high rollers, who cite famous cases such as Terrestria, Glabnook and Fitzgerald IV, among the countless other less notable.

The story for us is decidedly more rare than warring government factions engaging in apocalyptic nuclear war. Despite Earth's unending historical conflicts, their demise came from a joint treaty among many nations dedicated to nuclear research. Hold in your sneers and jeers, nuclear energy was amongst the highest echelon of technology available considering Earth's natural resources. Earth scores a measly 24,000 out of 17,130,199,100,009,192.4 on the Planetary Resource Test, landing it in the bottom rung of the Von Moltke Scale, designating itself as a 'Type I' civilization according to the Earthlings own Kardashev scale.

"Earth met its demise thanks to an administrative region known on Earth as Switzerland." Switzerland was an administrative region fa-

mous for abstaining from all conflict for the majority of their existence. This renown allowed them to house the headquarters of a faction known as CERN. CERN was designated as the "Earthlings" top nuclear research center, and their best and brightest in this facility were attempting to free themselves of the Great Filter using wormhole travel. Over the course of 60 duo hexes, a team of over 10,000 scientists created the 'Large Hadron Collider' in the basement of CERN for the express purpose of creating wormholes, though their leaders reassured them that it was merely for research purposes and that wormholes would not be created. This was, of course, a lie. And as we all know, wormholes are good for nothing except flinging undesirables into random hellish predicaments with zero chance of survival.

Earth's demise finally occurred in Earthtime on April 26, 2099, 17:56:01. According to casino officials, 3 lucky individuals predicted the demise to the 'hour,' net-

ting immense profits. At this time, Earthling scientists were attempting to send a tiny camera drone through a wormhole measuring no more than 5mm in diameter. However, due to long hours at the facility, an intern named A. Sagadiev PhD, who was in charge of monitoring flux radiation levels, accidentally raised the thermal temperature four nano fifths of a degree too high. This mistake caused the predicted 5mm diameter wormhole to grow to five and a quarter miles in diameter, which immediately sucked the Earth and many neighboring planets into the wormhole.

What followed for the Earthlings was an extremely unpleasant demise. As we all know, wormhole outcomes are extremely unpredictable, and when Earth came out on the other side, all 20 billion Earthlings had been turned gruesomely inside out. Their soft fleshy organs hung from an opposite epidermis, and their blood had become coagulated and encrusted and hard. The almost jelly-like sub-

stance flashed, turned blue-black, and spewed and splattered all over walls, inching and oozing downwards with the sound of a moist slurp. Bones cracked and flew like bits of shrapnel, impaling themselves into burning buildings and burning children. Puddles of flesh cried out in agony, as the atmosphere, made up mainly of self-replicating medical nanobots, and extremely acidic gas prolonged their suffering tenfold, with many of them surviving days to weeks in the most excruciating pain imaginable.

Anyone familiar with Mogyar Enterprises knows the rules. Any and all predicted outcomes for an intelligent life's demise on your predictacard payout in multiples of 32x, 64x, 128x... and so on. As is customary in this newsletter we would like to congratulate the gambler with the most predicted outcomes, but this time the player wished to remain anonymous, with a staggering 12,591 out of 19,588 correct predictions on their card, an unbelievable 64%.

# CYBORG BABY CAUSES CHAOS IN MUNICH

By VIDYADAMA  
BRENCOBCHARL,  
Eternal Plasma Entity

MUNICH, Germany — They were unprepared on so many levels. She was pregnant, it was unplanned, and most puzzling of all, she was a robot. No one knew

how it happened. The robot wouldn't tell us, no matter how much we begged it. All we knew was that she was the only one who knew.

Han's suggested we plug in one night while she's charging, see what we can find. After investigation, we

came to the conclusion that the risk was too great. Even if the baby wasn't fully human, this kind of thing had never happened, and we decided it would be best to force the birth and exterminate the robot. As we began, we saw the pure fear in her eyes. The screen located on

her chest showed a diagram of a piston... It was the father's piston. The baby was born to the sound of his own conception.

When the robot mother opened her eyes, she could not believe what she saw. The entire city of Munich

under a cloud of ionizing radiation, people screaming for their mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters.

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## DJ GOOBA TO PLAY ALIEN FARMER'S MARKET

By **TOMMY POTENTUARY**,  
Surreal Times Reporter

This intergalactic and inter-species farmer's market is a wonderful showcase of cultures, talents, foods, and stellar ideas. After a summertime hiatus, the market is returning for the Winter starting October 15th, 7 pm, at Charlie's house near Puffer's Pond.

There will be food from all

over the universe. There will be performances, workshops, and bartering houses, and great offerings all around. There will even be a special live DJ set by Gooba GibGap of planet Nebulonis, his debut on Earth!

Don't miss out! People say Gooba is the sexiest and the most mind-bending DJ on this side of Orion's belt! Rumors have it that Einstein discovered General Relativ-

ty while listening to DJ Gooba's legendary early 20th-century microwave radiation broadcasts.

I myself am looking forward to a wholesome, fun, community-oriented time. Hope to see you there!

Tommy Potentuary can be reached at [tommypotent@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tommypotent@surrealtimes.net)



Artist's depiction of DJ Gooba by Sawyer.

## WORKERS COOPERATIVE HIRING ALL SPECIES

By **CHARLIE TOMQUAT**,  
Spokesmen of Dorf's Intergalactic Farmers Market

Dorf's Intergalactic Farmers Market is hiring co-managers! All souls are encouraged to apply, regardless of species or place of origin. As long as you are kind-

hearted and passionate about sharing diverse food and ideas, you'll be a great fit!

My best friend was Dorf, the goofy lovable doofus from planet Nebulonis whom the market is named after. He was wrongly teleported back to his home planet for reasons unknown

to me. I miss him. However, I find solace knowing that his legacy lives on in the spirits of his friends and this market.

Hosted in my backyard, Dorf's Market is composed of diverse beings, foods, and ideas. It is a wholesome melting pot, a fertile ground

for new friendships, and a celebration of life in all its forms.

I do my best to help by offering my land and my human language abilities. But really, I play a very small role. The market has attracted so many beautiful souls from so many different

places. It is all about the people! So please, come be a part of our multi-galactic community. Come grow with us.

Charlie Tomquat can be reached at [tomquat.charlie@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tomquat.charlie@surrealtimes.net)

## LARPING KIDS CAUSE A RUCKUS

By **TOM JOHNSON**,  
Sergeant UMass PD

Local "Live Action Role Play" (LARP) players have taken their games too far lately. While re-enacting

zombie movies next to the campus pond, they have interrupted relatively mature students from studying, they have broken a window on the Fine Arts Center, and they have disturbed passers-

by on their otherwise pleasant Sunday.

It is not illegal to "LARP". However, it is illegal to surpass town noise ordinances and damage property that is not yours. It is also imma-

ture and students should be focussing on their studies. So, we are hereby banning LARPs involving more than 10 people on UMass Campus.

Thank you for your time.

Tom Johnson  
Sergeant, UMPD

Tom Johnson can be reached at [tjohnson@umass.edu](mailto:tjohnson@umass.edu)





# REPORT FROM THE HEAD FORIEGN DREAMS CORRESPONDENT

## Letter #2 from Alan Partridge

BY ALAN PARTRIDGE,  
Foreign Dreams Correspondent

*Editor's Note: After we received the previous letter from Alan Partridge, our newly hired Foreign Dreams Correspondent, we were a bit shaken. We put out a call for any and all information about this man (?) and the results have been less than forthcoming. We promise to expand on this story as any new information comes to light. Unfortunately as of now, all we have is the following response, which slipped silently and softly down a drainpipe and was found as one of our reporters was attempting to extricate a squirrel. Said squirrel was retrieved and interrogated as to her involvement, but her answers were inconclusive. Alan remains at large.*

To the Editors of the Surreal Times, I am glad to see that my first letter has made such a splash. I hope you will consider publishing more of my submissions and from now on will consider me somewhat of a Somnector to your well-read masses. As for the inquiries into my job, please understand it is not kept secret for anything sin-

ister. As far as I am aware, I do not travel this country as part of a black hand of evil. Though the exact nature of my work must remain a secret, I can tell you I am a supervisor an organizer for things deliberately beyond comprehension. Suffice it to say, your publication of the Noveltest Manifesto by my colleague Theodore Munnley fits directly into my line of work. To use his terms, my job is to ensure the rejection of entropy, to create divinity, and sow the seeds of discord wherever a status doth quo. Before you make it out to be exciting, I must ensure you, there is as much paperwork on my end as there no doubt is on yours. But this is needless exposition. Here are the dreams that I have recently collected in my travels.

### A ROCKY COASTLINE

somewhere in northeastern Maine There are imprints upon this place thicker than fudge. People lived here and more importantly dreamed here. Nothing grew in the thick forests where even at noon, the darkness clings like tar. They came to the beaches for everything, food came plentiful from the ocean, and the sun & wind were more than enough to dry what couldn't be eaten before it spoiled. They re-

turned to the forests to sleep, to love, and to dream. I walk among ancient houses, birch bark stretched over saplings, smoke rising over roofs. They are peppered amongst colonial dwellings and modern saltbox cabins. A man runs past me, his feet lift from the ground and he continues on towards the stars.

### AN AIRPORT

Vast stretches of frigid black glass rise around me, my bare feet making no sound on the similarly cold floor. Snippets of light rush by, murmuring about travel dates, about missed flights, about security. Somewhere far to my left coffee steams, its smell swirling up, red and brown, around my head. I stop, entranced for only a moment, before letting the dream unfold. Through the glass strange things unwrap themselves from the grip of the ground. Tangled strands of metal interspersed with the silvery blue of hope, the intangible blended with the tangible realness of human experience. I stride across a staircase made of lost tickets & paperbacks. I come to a door. I stumble through security before falling back into my own mind, the gate seats having pinched my neck something fierce. Mas-saging it I step onto the

plane and let the metal machine carry me to my next destination.

### TRAIN 448 (LAKE SHORE LIMITED)

I lay in the ditch next to the track, I know for certain I am dead. Just as one might know they can fly in one dream, death is just as obvious and similarly relevant. In short, one just knows these things. In my still heart, "I," or rather the consciousness that previously held such a moniker, know that I am dead. These things can get confusing.

Please bear with me.

I am lying in the ditch, I am dead, and the stars are beautiful tonight. Silently I thank the earth that my body is lying face up, for there are thousands of stars above me. Thousands and thousands twinkling above me and I cannot understand why I have never seen so many of them before. Constellations I never knew I had forgotten display themselves to me in an unending shimmering dance. They swirl in a great cosmic waltz, each step a light-year long. If I had the ability, I would not dare blink. Above me dances Oberi the musician, his pet bear cantering behind him. To the north sing the five

maidens, heralds of the bitter frost. Alm the Oak Tree of the summer sky grows from nothing, blazing bright before fading away into the night. A thousand constellations of a thousand cultures. A thousand stories above me and I no tongue to repeat them. And then comes the train.

Clattering, clanking, a cacophony of steel, rolling on from someplace towards somewhere. In its vibrating wake, the stars fall like leaves. Gently floating down, buffeted by faint breezes from all directions, they settle atop me. Around me. Under me.

They cover my corpse with a glittering blanket and for a moment I pulse with the light of a thousand thousand stars.

### CLUNK

The train jolts, I shift awake in my seat, the cargo line has passed and we are no longer sidelined. It is the golden hour and the golden twilight flickers off of the river as we pass it. I smile at a man fishing with his child, awash in a golden glow, and I think of stars.

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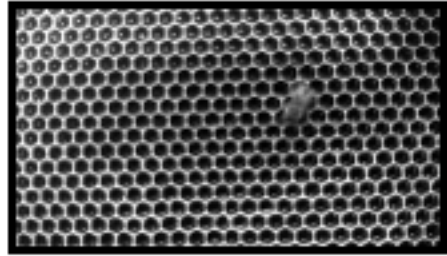




# A SHORT TREATISE ON INSECTS AND LONELINESS

By RAKA,

Times Correspondent



It's difficult to see the world as a net, a web of many spiders—easier, sometimes, to perceive the surroundings as a hive of bees or a colony of ants. Although, far too often, it rather seems as if we're all sand beetles: eternally cursed to endure our

own weight, loneliness as we drag our body through the sand.

In the Maeterlinck experiment involving isolating bees, he reports the insect at first endeavoring in plans of escape, eating from the honey provided by her captor. Slowly, he said, the bee turns silent, still, suicidal—rejecting any source of life—thus dying not of starvation or fatigue, but loneliness.

Deleuze crudely points out:

"it is only when the multiple is effectively treated as a substantive, multiplicity, that it ceases to have any relation to the One as subject or object, natural or spiritual reality, image and world." Still, are we supposed to hold firm to the hope that our struggle is not meaningless because we are a cog-wheel that somehow makes the wheel spin?

Doubtless, we all part of the mess; and in the most lucid of states of mind (the most mesmerizing of moments),

one cannot help but contemplate the grandness and importance of that salient bee, alone in her quest to pollinate and bring nectar back to the nest. And yet and yet, it isn't hard to understand the will of the infamous black widow that gobbles up the head of her mate after they procreate.

Two exercises for the lonely:

1. Take off your socks, sit in half-lotus on the grass, close your eyes, sit erect, and

think of the wonderful mundanity of the neighborhood, the peace of Sunday night in the hive.

2. The next time you are bugged by a fly, imagine the mosquito as a blotch of paint in the collective portrait drawn by flies bugging people everywhere... imagine you too as merely one among many.

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# GEOGRAPHY BY GEORGE

By GOERGE THE  
GEOGRAPHER,

Geographer At-Large

Good day to all! I hope your cartographic thirst has remained quenched in my absence. Along with serving on the board of the International Society of Convening Cartographers, my time has been filled serving as the resident inquisitor for the town offices of Januõava. This is a small village of Kedainiai Lithuania. This has been a very busy and fulfilling position as the residents of Januõava have a voracious need for new types of thinking. Anyway, enough about me. Here is my geographic peculiarity of the week:

The border between Tajikistan, Kyrgyzstan, and Uzbekistan is a convoluted adjacency somewhat resem-

bling a whirlpool or a tie-dye shirt. These borders and others in the region were drawn by the Soviet Union, on the basis of creating ethnically-separated republics with the aim of encouraging nationalism and ultimately communism. Drawing borders based off of this notion caused these complex borders to be created. In the common event that the border missed a group of ethnically similar individuals, an enclave was created.

Luckily for us borderphiles, these enclaves are numerous, about eight in total (from what I have found so far) The largest one, Sokx, really is two separate enclaves connected by a narrow geographic isthmus about 700 feet wide. This enclave is about 20 miles in length from tip to tip. There are three comically small

enclaves that are barely a mile across. Sarwan is a dagger of an enclave, measuring 10 miles long and less than 2000 feet wide. The map provided does not do justice to the complexity of this border, so I recommend doing your own research on this incredible sovereign intersection.

Note: While it is fun to observe these borders, sometimes these complexities can cause extreme hardships for local populations. Luckily for those living on the TKU border, these countries don't have any qualms with each other and residents can move around to their heart's desire.

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# GULLED ONE QUIET NO MORE

BY THE GULLED ONE,  
Times Correspondent

I was quiet and left to my memories. I especially like reliving the days leading up to the festival, when artists would paint the sand to look like the sky. I'd float through the crowds, sandcastle in hand, clouds in eye, saltwater dripping off my trunks. Mom made bootleg cola in a bucket and Dad was a music man who played a rubber band tied to a box. In a beach blanket cape, I'd play with the moon and swim in the music. 30 years on and my face has burnt from 30 years of fryer oil bubbling up, but it fits in just fine with the steaming carcass that is left of Salisbury. Sleeping on the sandy sidewalks, blanketed in my towel, a child reached to give me a quarter. Her mother turned her away. "Save your change", she told her, but the little girl looked past the burns and sent back a sad smile. She knows what I know, that I'm a child too.

10 years further on and my brain splatters on the beach, for a minute I slept in dreamless silence, till I was nodded awake by a peck on my twitching eye. "Why are you sleeping, when the sun's still high?" asked a small seagull who looked to have not even seen snow yet. She sat as my entrails teared up and fell down, hugging each grain of sand as fleshy colors of guts, soul, and feelings are like graffiti on the

shoreline. The little bird still staring, pecked again "Why are you so tired?" I moved to speak, but it hurt, it hurt to move, it hurt to listen. I'd spent too long with no one looking down to listen. Eventually, I shook some seaweed off my tongue, "I'm not tired I just don't feel like moving."

"Well that's weird," she chirped back. "I'm going to see my friend, you should come." It took me some time to remember what those words meant, and before I fully could do so, she was pulling me along. The sand sung through my wounds, but I could feel nothing as I bobbed over the musty dunes, dozing in and out of consciousness.

The gull spoke in light streams of joyful tones to an old basket woven in frayed wicker, "Hey Frances, I found a friend. He's a little wobbled but he's got a sparky feel going on."

"Klip, dear," the basket said, "who's the poor soul you found this week?" The basket looked from the gull back to me with holes for eyes. "Oh my, it may a good thing you found him. This flipper looks like he's already he's one foot past the curtain."

Sand rolled off the basket as it stood up. A tangled mass of trashed plastic rosary beads draped over her handle. Frances and Klip started to hum as they filled my

cuts with pennies, half-melted plastics, opal snail shells, and any other odd ends washed ashore. Like flowers from concrete, trinkets by trashlets by all these discarded memories and thrown away bits of little days out on the beach, I got clearer and clearer, fuller and more fulfilled. I now knew what I was missing. Afraid, I too was thrown out and now I was regrowing from these lost memories.

Klip perked her beak at me. "See, you're all better, bet you're glad I found you."

"I guess I am, maybe I can stick around a bit, just to make sure," I asked her.

"Oh really, that'd be the best. We can scavenge in the morning then, play till night...oh do you like games?"

"I do, I love games. I haven't played one in a while though"

"That's ok, I'll show you, friend, she assured me.

Klip hops up and down clapping as Frances nods at me, proud of her healing work. The sun sets, as somehow, from behind the horizon, the music swells. The three of us danced under the stars.

I woke Klip before dawn, "Let's go! The sun's almost up, can you imagine what we'll find today?"

Klip blinks away her dream,

"I don't wanna, we scavenged the last ten days straight, and I need more bedtime, just ask Frances."

"Oh no," I said, "you don't want to miss it. I have a feeling about today, plus I can't risk leaving anything out alone."

"Fine, I'm up now anyway." She rolled out of her nest of plastic straws, took a breath of sea air to find her perk, and followed me to the beach.

We moved over the seas soaked with litter, while a bland sun rose. Rays of gray light splinted through a broken bottle, casting colors I couldn't even imagine on a rolled-up note inside it. It looked just as when I used to draw my own skies in Crayola colors on dreary Salisbury days.

"Hey, its crack looks like a smile, Hi friend," Klip said, waving at the bottle. "Oh wait, no, you're upside down so that means..." The cogs whirl through her as she tries to remember the feeling of sadness, "Why are you frowning?!"

"I've been stuck neckdown since some teens got caught with a couple of us and bolted I've missed thirteen tides stuck here. I just want to get to the water and sail off. I've always known I was meant for the Irish shore and the lips of a drunk fisherman."

Klip shrugged her wings at me, "We can get you head up and floating off."

"Really?" The bottle squeaked.

"Yeah, I have hands," jazz handing to the bottle I replied, pulling him up. Klip flapped up, straining her broken wing and barely making it up to my shoulder. We set the bottle down as he floated out eastbound.

After wandering for a couple of hours and finding nothing, I asked "Getting hungry? Want to head back behind Tripoli's to see if we can find a couple fries or a slice in the trash?"

Klip looked up at me and squeaked, "♪ Does a seabird sing ♪" Across the street rounding back, we spot a couple of ketchup packets, not even opened, and a large fry with not one fry missing. We ate our fill and sat down to let it sit.

"Who's back there?" a six-foot-tall scowl moaned out of the back door, broom in hand. Looking at me, in a cloud of tobacco breath, he yelled, "You waste of human space, you make me sick. If I see you on my property again I'm getting the Sherriff to finally stick you up in the funny farm, oh and I would enjoy it." I barreled towards the dumpster and jumped in...

[Continued on page 12]





## GULLED ONE QUIET NO MORE

[Continued from page 11]

... By the time I could look back for Klip, the bastard had already kicked her to the side, tossing her at the wall. When I got over there, she was shivering. I held her

in my hand. She looked me in the eye, twisting in pain. She curled up and said to me "I don't wanna be trash." I held her close to my cheek as her straining stopped and she calmed. And beyond what my eyes could see part

of her flew up, leaving some bones and feathers in my hand and a whole lot of her in my heart.

So to all reading this, know that it was you who kicked her to the side. You forgot about us. You thought of her

too far below you to be worth helping, like all other would-be-quiet-ones. You are all too tired, too bored, and too afraid to listen. But, like flowers from ash, beauty from trash, whether old cups on the street or ones

kicked with your feet, I hold them in me, and they will be quiet no more.

The Gulled One can be reached at [gulled.one@surrealtimes.net](mailto:gulled.one@surrealtimes.net).

## AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE OF CALM

BY BREDOVIC LEEBAC,  
Eternal Plasma Entity

I was sitting in a large arm-chair reading a book on Mary Todd Lincoln. My eyes ached and my head was throbbing. 14 hours...

My eyes ached and my head was throbbing... 15 hours

and 32 minutes.

At 20 hours, I noticed an ingrown hair on my left neck.

At 22 hours, a symmetrical blip appeared on my right neck.

I hate symmetry, and so, using my lucky barber's scissors, I sliced it off.

Yellow slime oozed out in gallons. Surprisingly, I am not exaggerating. I began to fill vast quantities of nuclear barrels full of yellow slime and selling it to children near the local preschool. This was widely accepted to the police officer who handed me a pile of his son's ingrown hairs for safekeeping. Never have I been entrusted

with such a valuable commodity. The fear began to take hold.

I became consumed by the idea that someone wanted my hairs. As illogical as this sounds, as far as I know, the only person I can trust in these situations is Mary Todd Lincoln. At least, what is left of her. Yes, the ashes

were pricy, but compared to the urn it was chump change. But, you pay for what you get. Only MTC's ashes can satisfy my complicated palette.

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## MAN BUILDS INTROSPECTOGRAPH FOR IDEA REALM

BY COMMON OBSERVER,  
Times Correspondent

Hello, everybody. Today's a great day. From the belly of prospect street, a regular man from regular beginnings has done an extraordinary thing.

For a long time, Aldus Humbleton and his cousin, Alfred, have investigated connections between reality and the abstract "Realm of Ideas". As they learned, the Realm of Ideas is a parallel universe whose contents determine which thoughts are or are not thinkable in our universe.

In the past, the Humbleton family has theorized about how real-world events have been affected by the changing state of the realm of ideas. For example, abstract "idea weather" in the Realm of Ideas supposedly caused all thoughts divisible by 8 to be unthinkable for a period of time. On a separate occasion, all people in the world had the same thought simultaneously, due to the realm of ideas collapsing temporarily into a singular width. However, this is all speculative.

Last week, Aldus Humbleton finished constructing a

fully functioning machine capable of recording the state of the realm of ideas in any given instant.

"This machine is friggin awesome," he says, "It can tell you whatever you want to know about the idea realm, whenever you want to know it. You just sometimes can't understand until later. It works by contacting my cousin Alfred, who lives in the idea realm now."

Before this machine, it was impossible to know the state of the Realm of Ideas at any given moment. This is because it is impossible to perceive the shape of the Realm

of Ideas while being in its effective zone. Your thoughts affect the Realm of Ideas, and the Realm of Ideas affects your thoughts. The only way to observe its shape, theoretically, would be to escape its grasp and observe it from the outside.

That is exactly what Aldus's cousin, Alfred, has done. He has escaped the world governed by the Realm of Ideas. Now he can view it from the outside. And somehow, using a process called "dilat-able bacteria block party", his cousin has succeeded in receiving and translating information about the Realm

of Ideas sent to him by his cousin. Allegedly his process was inspired by Chuulepher Erp Mangus's "Process too complicated to explain" from 2017 (<https://surrealtimes.net/article/experiments-that-you-should-probably-know-about--2017-02-2>).

What an amazing feat by a silly man from whom we didn't expect great things!

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## PSA TO WET ROBOT CANOODLERS

BY TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant UMass PD

AMHERST, Massachusetts — Two romancing robots were fused together by rust when they fell asleep cuddling during a rainstorm. At the time, they'd been working a register shift at "Dorf's Trans-galactic Farmers Market".

Charlie Tomquat, the market's spokesperson, commented on the matter. "The

market recently got two wonderful co-managers. The

first was Dipdot Bing, a witty music-making robot from Tennessee. And the second was BlawEEP, a crafty car-manufacturing gizmo from Japan. Despite a language barrier, the two hit it off amazingly well. They are also both new-generation bots with fairly good weather resistance. So, as their relationship has blossomed, they have tended to volunteer for rain day shifts for the chance to spend time

together."

Dipdot and BlawEEP's relationship blossomed alongside the growth of their beloved market. They loved interacting with customers together, joking around, tending to the plants together, and feeding each other zap grapes when nobody was looking.

Unfortunately, these bots' no longer have the choice to be together or not. After too many hours in the wet grass,

their waterproofing failed. Rust fused them together, and now they are stuck at each others' sides all the time.

Mr. Charlie said, "I think they are happier this way. This year has been a rollercoaster for me, and I am just glad to see two people who love each other get to spend time together."

However, similar cases of beautiful ideas have proven fatal. The police cited one

case where two starry-eyed teenagers handcuffed themselves (each their own first lover), only to find out that love doesn't last. It was wonderful for a while. Unfortunately, it ended with a dismembered hand. For this reason, the police department wishes to warn metallic beings not to get frisky in moist settings.

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## A LETTER OF RECRUITMENT TO A NOVELTY PRODIGY

BY THEODORE MUNNELLY,  
Principal of the Novelty Society

Samantha Blisse, you have a gift.

Like a painter with an unexplainable intuition for what will captivate, you have a natural affinity for a much more general, often-intangible yet magnificent aesthetic. You call it The Universal Aesthetic.

You have not found it yet, but I know that you will someday.

I want to help you. And, by helping you, I will be helping myself, my companions, and everyone, because we are all looking for the same thing. We are combatting the decay of the universe. We are adding novel structure to the world around us. Novelty is life — and we, pursuers of novelty, are

looking to broaden life as we know it. From plants to stars, to abstract novel geometries, and eventually into the extra-dimensional and unexplainable novel expenses that exist outside our current entropic realm.

What you are looking for is what we, The Novelists, are looking for.

Help us. Let us help you. With our resources and prac-

ticality, combined with your natural eye, we can create novel material such that the heavens, so they may be called, will lift us up into their fractillian clouds.

Join us. Wherever you are, send us a letter and plant the seed for our extra-dimensional symbiosis.

My mailing address is:

*Theodore Munnely*

*The Novelty Society  
PO Box #18329  
Amherst, MA, 01002*

For more information about our philosophy, read our manifesto by searching "novelty" on [surrealtimes.net](http://surrealtimes.net).

Theodore Munnely can be reached at [mundanely.theodore@surrealtimes.net](mailto:mundanely.theodore@surrealtimes.net)

## PISS POTABILITY ACTIVISTS GIVE US THE PISS

BY HIMTURR SHNOTTZ,  
Thinking Man

Those dag-flimpin hunger strike skin-twigs were on one thing when they were advocating for vegetarianism. They stepped it up a few notches too many, I'd say a whole hunk of notches too many, when they began cleaning up the town's piss

supply.

The piss supply is not supposed to be drinkable. But these freaks, these "perpetual humanity machine" moonbeams want to be as sustainable as the clouds in the sky. They want to drink what we piss, piss it out, and drink it again, over and over until we find the fountain of

youth.

I'll give it to 'em - using their holy science, they accomplished the feat. Water geniuses are saying that our piss supply is as healthy as 25% of the country's water supply. As a result, state government officials are digging trenches to divert our actual water supplies to

other towns more in need than us. It's impressive, but it ain't good.

All I'm gonna say is that, even if the piss tastes pretty good now, and we aren't dropping like flies yet, that might change someday and there might be no way of going back. If we give away all our water, the piss is go-

ing to go sour at some point. At that point, we're going to be slappin' ourselves while drinking our daily glass of "perpetuation fluid".

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## ANTS JOIN ARMS AT THE STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR

BY CARL MON,  
Interim Head of PIA

Barges and military vessels are reporting trouble passing through the narrow sea pathway between Europe and Northern Africa known as the Strait of Gibraltar. In many cases, they have had

no choice but to turn back when blockaded by near-impenetrable chains of insects linking arms, stretching miles across and fifty meters deep.

The Strait of Gibraltar is famous for its strategic importance. It is vital both economically and militarily, be-

cause of how it connects two massive areas of the world. It is also important ecologically and environmentally, because of its potential for generating enough hydroelectric power to provide for the entire planet.

It appears the ants have beat

our human scientists in the race for worldwide green energy.

From near the ant chain of Gibraltar, one can hear a collective groan, as well as periodic chants. They drone, "FOR THE COLONY". Ever since, other ant colonies across Southern

Europe and Northern Africa have begun to glow yellow at night. Harnessing this light, they have been able to work for longer hours and are expanding rapidly.

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## THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CROWS

BY RUDY RAULTZ,  
Times Correspondent



There has been a rumbling, or some say, a cawing, in the underground truth networks. Now initially, I was only curious. As a seeker of the truth, I am used to prodding for the sake of whatever tiny mote of information might show itself to me. That little nugget of truth, before unseen, would be all I need. It's a great hobby. I wish I had known such a tidbit would lead me to this untapped potential. I received

a question a long time ago, and I'm still in the deepest dungeons of ignorance trying to shine some light on the truth:

"Who buys the cars?"

This was as much context as I got but, after spending weeks staking out car dealerships, I may have found a lead. I took dozens of photographs, and after developing them in my darkroom (I don't want the Network to get them just in case things go south with those guys), I found one which at first made me laugh (Above Photo).

I gave up the pretense of suspense by putting my evidence front and center. What

are these crows looking for? Once I developed this photo I started seeing a couple of crows every stake I did. They always seem to go in pairs; I think it maximizes their reach without rousing suspicion. Think about it: who cares about two birds walking near each other, but three's different, three's a pattern, three's company. I've almost never seen a person walk onto these lots, and when I do they poke about, maybe talk to a smiley gladhand trying to sell them a car(or pretending), and then leave. A question to the reader who has driven anywhere outside the city: Who buys all these cars? After my preliminary investigation, I think the crows are buying them.

I know people may balk at this, but the logic is valid. People do not buy new cars; they are too expensive and depreciate too quickly to justify the investment. However, if the new cars were clandestinely bought up and released onto the much more fertile grounds of the used car market, they would be snapped up. The next question an astute observer might ask is: how do crows stand to gain from this? A naive but necessary question. Since the crows would never be welcome in the automotive industry (I've heard more than whispers through the grapevine about the Detroit Skeet-Shooting Massacres), they must have large stakes in oil. The more drivers, the more buyers, the

more silver in their beaks. It's a clever racket. I have yet to do field investigations on this, but I predict that electric car dealers do not see these crow shoppers. They stand to gain nothing. Perhaps they buy them up and drive them off cliffs. They may even collect the shiny things as war trophies and place them in the Mother Nest. This will require further investigation.

Thank you for your attention. There are questions everywhere waiting to be answered, you just have to look.

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## ANTS CONSTRUCT GERM LAB WITH STOLEN VIRUSES

BY CARL MON

A high-security pathogen lab was robbed earlier this month. Security guards report not noticing anything out of place until hours after the heist. "We had already been dealing with fruit fly

problems," said one of the guards, "so it wasn't surprising when some ants were spotted in S Wing."

At shift change, incoming night hours employees performed routine inventory checks. They found their

contagion reserves severely depleted. "A thousand deadly doses of Anthrax was missing," a guard explained, "but there were zero signs of breaking and entering."

Footage revealed assembly lines of ants passing along

small contagion-soaked blotters. They transported these under vault doors, around corners, and eventually into a rusted crevice in the entrance into S Wing. Along the way, many ants would get die and be replaced in stride.

With the recent fall of the Ant Coordinator, the increasingly competent ant republic is weaponizing deadly substances in order to gain leverage in a world dominated by bipeds.





## WEAPONIZED HAIR-MOSS HYBRID SUPER SPY

BY CARL MON,

Interim Director of the PIA

The Peripheral Intelligence Agency recently deployed a top-end agent as an undercover in Boston. This man, having recently recovered from on-the-job injuries, is so talented that it is not a worry for us to report on his existence. His overall purpose, however, is necessarily secret.

The Boston Agent yesterday

sent word of a rather rude "yellow moss" found across the city. This moss is notorious for abrasive comments and gestures that it delivers to passersby. What citizens of the world do not know, is that the moss is secretly recording them and sending the data to government agencies.

The Boston Agent has come to believe that this moss is the result of spraying Hair Anywhere Spray on a partic-

ular kind of New England moss. When sprayed, this moss grows in intellect, instead of growing in size. It also becomes eternally loyal to the sprayer, who it refers to as "Dearest Thought Enabler".

It appears our arch-nemesis, the Central Intelligence Agency, has weaponized Hair Anywhere Spray against the citizens of the world and their privacy. This is a terrible assault on

the very existence of the periphery because, without privacy, the periphery will inevitably converge into the central.

Luckily, we in the corners and crevices of the world can fight back. We can find discontinued Hair Anywhere spray cans in our garages and junkyards. The government confiscated most, but there are many leftover. We can spray the moss ourselves, making it

more intelligent but also loyal to us and against the CIA. We can give the CIA a stronger dose of its own medicine.

May we preserve the periphery!

As always, Peripherally will go the winds of progress!

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## DEAR JUPITER: I AM JEALOUS OF THE ALTERNATE-REALITY VERSION OF MYSELF

BY JUPITER,

Advice Columnist



As seen in on [surrealtimes-boston.com](http://surrealtimes-boston.com).

Dear Jupiter,

I was recently visited by a version of myself from an alternate timeline. To make a long story short, there was some kind of rip in the space-time continuum and she needed a place to crash

for a few days. In her timeline, she seems to have it all figured out. She's got this great job and has been traveling nonstop to places like India, Japan and Morocco. Meanwhile, I'm still stuck at the same job I worked since college and have never left the country. As strange as it sounds, I think I'm jealous of myself. Meeting this alternate version of myself made me feel like I could be doing so much more. I'm almost 27 and I feel like I've wasted my life.

Sincerely,  
"Not-Living-My-Best-Life"

Dear "Not-Living-My-Best-Life",

Your mid-twenties are a complicated, confusing time in life. It feels almost like purgatory; you're stuck trying to figure out your direction in life and just wondering when your life will actually begin. There is this constant, nagging fear. It could be a fear of failure or a fear of not living up to your potential. Time travel complicates things even further. When I was twenty-five, I was paid a visit by 2 different versions of myself from the future. One of them was incredibly rich and successful and the other broke and struggling. These two versions of myself taught me that my life has no inevitable path. I have to determine my own destiny.

Instead of feeling hopeless about this encounter with your alternate self, try to see the positive side. Is this person exactly like you in every single way? If so, that means you are just as determined and hardworking as she is. You have a great job and are traveling to India. Consider it a confidence boost! Instead of feeling jealous of yourself, feel proud of yourself. If she can do it, then so can you.

However, remember not to compare yourself to other people. This includes alternate versions of yourself. There are infinite versions of yourself from infinite timelines. They all made in-

dividual and uniquely different life decisions. Some of these decisions made their lives better, and some of them worse. If you ever feel hopeless, remember there are versions of yourself that survived the Giant Ringworm Apocalypse of 2013. Be thankful that you don't have worms crawling out of your face.

In short, realize you have potential and be thankful for what you have.

Sincerely,  
Jupiter

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# THE SURREAL TIMES



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to document the history  
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