

## REALITY SUPREMACIST GROUP GROWS

## GUIDE TO LUCID DREAMING



# 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.*

## HUMAN HAIR SALAD: IS IT CANABALISM?

BY DEREK NUSSBAUM,  
Archeology Student at Amherst College '99



[ARTIST'S DEPICTION BY IMOGENE LARKLEY]

A new trend has rocked restaurants and cooking channels as of late, and that trend is the Human Hair Salad. While its origin is unknown, its popularity has grown exponentially. The dish is typically served as a mix or as a single strain, along with salad dressing and additives such as croutons and cranberries. But the dish has left one question on everyone's mind: is it cannibalism? According to Dr. Harold S. Pirog, an avid proponent of the dish, absolutely yes. We asked him what he thought.

*"Do I think it's cannibalism? Absolutely yes. I mean, you're consuming something that grows off a human. That being said, if you haven't tried brunette with a light Russian dressing, then you are missing out on life. Do you even know how to live your life? It's cannibalism, so what? If someone wants to shed their locks to deliver a delicious meal willingly, I see no problem with it. You people are all so worried about what others think of you, and frankly I find it hilarious. You published an article about me shoving my tongue down my android non-living daughter's throat. Do you think I care about what your readers think about that? I don't. Do not call this number again or I will have my lawyers all over you."*

We also asked resident street freak James "Jimmy" Diggs what he thought of the recent fad: *"As someone that has always habitually chewed and eaten his own fingernails, toenails, and snot rockets, I like to consider myself experienced in the department of human consumption. That being said, I think it's mad to legislate the voluntary harvesting of our own hair for the meals of others. After all, we DO have a homeless problem both in this country and across the world, and I see this as both a renewable AND ethical source of food for those in need. Sure, it's becoming popular among the elite class, but I'd find it extremely unethical to try and regulate something so widely available. Say we take that approach. Before you know it, we'll have crazies running through the streets with pairs of scissors and electrical trimmers chasing down the good people of our society trying to shave their heads to feed themselves. Is that the America you want? #freethehair!!"*

## FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUËL,  
Times Senior Editor



*"Beware the Subterranean Aviation Realm!"*





# LAST JOURNAL ENTRY OF KLIP THE SEAGULL

Published by way of  
Graham Rapier

BY GRAHAM RAPIER,  
Death

11/24/2007

Hi Mr. Journal, I hope I'm not bothering you, but I had some more feelings to share and I don't like how they feel in my head. I'm feeling worse. With every new lost soul we find, I just feel more lost myself. Before I met the Gulled One, I'd run around the shore free, and if I found someone then I found someone. I never put it in this big meaningful story like he does. I don't like the weight of being part of something so big.

So as would become the usual, Gulledy dragged me out of bed when I just wanted to sleep. And, like usual, I caved. Out to go scavenging we went, but I was really faking it this time. After wandering for a couple hours, we helped a little bottle find itself a new home. And even though Gulledy said we did a good thing, I only caught some more sadness. I really don't like being alone in my head with my feelings, so I asked him, "Are we trash?"

I think his beliefs are too bright for him to see me like this, so he just shook back with a shudder, "What, no. Why would we be...what do you mean?"

I just kind of shrugged and looked at him "I don't know? We're out here on the beach with not much going on. Why, aren't we like the bottles or the blister card? -- sorry, I mean, I guess it doesn't matter. Let's keep walking, nevermind."

"No, not never mind. I wished you let me know you were feeling that way. Well, we may be trash, but that doesn't matter. or one, we've got each other, you, me, and Francis, and the beach too. We're not forgotten. And that's what trash is, it's forgotten and abandoned. It's sad, sure, but that's why we're out here to find the lost "trash" and help to back home. You know that, right? You're the one who found me. You're the one who likes friends."

I can't forget the way he looked at me when he said that. I had to make sure I told you, Mr. Journal. I guess I didn't realize how much I hide myself. I like to be gleeful, but he saw that as something else and I don't know if I can live up his lifestyle, and I don't know why I would want to. I guess at one point I did like meeting peeps and potheads. But since the Gulled One's hopes stole my life, my beach, my friends, I just can't shake the idea that these people are thrown out. How could anyone do that? I mean a good friend is fun, but it really ruins the friendship if it comes from rot and

stink. So I just shrugged back at him barely noticing the pain from my broken wing.

For the first time since I found him unconscious that night, he looks back at me with sadness, "We've always got tomorrow, Klip. Feeling bad because of all the rot in the world or feeling sad when you see a leaf fall? That's what separates us from trash. We find ourselves through the darkness and get to know the root of these bad feelings."

I was kind of getting lost in his words. Even if I want to, I can't listen good if I'm not moving, and he just makes me feel so still.

"You shouldn't feel bad for feeling bad, Klip, it's natural. The best thing we should do is help find other lost ones, and maybe find ourselves along the way. It doesn't matter if others think we're trash. If they threw us out, they don't deserve us. But we deserve each other. I couldn't take it if I lost you, that's how you can know you're not trash. Trash isn't missed when it's gone."

Gulledy was probably right, but I still don't feel it. "Okay, I guess," I said, wanting to shrug off my feelings and pretend I believed him. I didn't want him to feel like he used to. I wonder if his bad feelings followed me somehow. I never felt this way before, I

just lived in sweet glee and salty breezes, but now the wind is slow. I know I just don't want to be trash.

I didn't even realize it, out loud in a fading whisper I let out, "I don't want to be trash."

I think the Gulled one didn't know what to say, and I didn't want him to say anything. I just want to get moving again, I've never been sad when I'm moving.

How can you come from pure sadness and keep that twinkle he has? And there I go opening up like an onion to someone I just met a couple weeks back. I'm weird like that..like I said, I wasn't much for journaling. I just like to keep moving to keep "happy" to keep my wings flapping. The Gulled One was just thrown out a couple weeks ago, and now he's already refueled his whole life based on that. I don't even remember when I was thrown out and found the beach. I just liked the sand. Maybe if I squint I can still feel the hand that threw me away, greasy but warm.

I realized Gulledy heard me say, "I don't want to be trash". The whole world says that trash is bad, and I guess maybe I am trash, and I don't mind that, I just want to be me when I think about it in any other way I just get low.

But I don't think he could see me as trash. He just kind

of ran away with his eyes and looked at me like a baby snail at the sky. Hoping to make me feel better, he asked, "Getting hungry? Want to head back behind Tripoli's and see if we can scrounge up a slice." I wish I had a glimmer of the stars I see in his peepers, but that sort of simple stuff, like sand and dancing or food, does make me feel better.

I wish I could still feel that way all the time. I don't know, I just don't want to be left behind, trashed and stuck in one place. But for now, I am looking forward to that pizza.

Well, that's it, mister journal, we'll talk later. your friend, Klip

*A Note From Death: But Sadly, as was published in this paper's last issue, on the day of her last entry, Klip died and took the final walk with me. Even despite all the feelings good and bad she got from the Gulled One, she was happy she died in his hands. She died in peace, and she was even happier once she crossed the white curtain and went off to new seashores. I believe she would want you to know that, Mr. Gulled One, if you're reading this.*

*Until we finally meet, G.R.*

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## FREE TV STAND STOLEN

BY THE DUMB BANANA,  
Dumb Banana

In a recent string of local crime that has been plaguing the local suburban streets of many local towns and cities of the local states, a local family has been savagely struck by the localized crime, having their TV Stand, left out on their front yard with an old piece of cardboard dressed in the hastily-scrawled word 'Free' taped to the front of the stand be brutally stolen in

the dead of afternoon.

Man 1 of the household had this to say. "Well you see, I left this out about a week ago, and I had planned to bring out my television and recliner to kick back and watch the local game, but before I could bring the rest out I became preoccupied with fixing a rusty nail sticking out of a floorboard, and that led me to take my family on a week-long cruise at a local tropical island. By the time we got back, the ol'

thing was gone, along with my 'Free' sign that I use during protests. I forgot I had taped it back there for safekeeping. Woman 1 hasn't stopped crying about this loss since we found it gone."

Following up with Woman 1, she had this to say, "I didn't even know we had a TV Stand, or a 'Free' sign. However, my mother who lived locally had just passed away and I can't stop crying about it. I miss her so

much." After that, her tears ruined the recording equipment, so we have no further statements from her, although she did note that the funeral will be held locally.

After purchasing new equipment from the local electronics store, we had a chance to interview one of their neighbors, Character 3, who had recently acquired a TV Stand with a 'Free' sign on it. They had this to say, "I took the TV Stand."

We here at The Surreal Times are still looking for the culprit to this horrible crime. Until more information is uncovered about the crime and the culprit, this has been the Dumb Banana. More to come soon, and keep on peeling.

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## IS HAPPY GREENS VEGGIE FARM AN INSIDIOUS CULT?

BY LUDWIG ANDRE  
HOGAN,  
Freelance Writer



A community-run vegetable farm located in Worcester County has recently come under an increased level of scrutiny and is facing growing disapproval from the public. The farm has long been a popular choice for elementary school class field trips, but following complaints made by several of the visiting students' parents, that may well change. Martha Gaby, mother of one of the students elaborated:

"I was excited for Suzy to see where food comes from and thought that it would get her more excited to eat her vegetables. I don't know exactly what she was told, but she came back saying all this nonsense, like how the earth is going to crack open like an egg, or how zucchini can be planted to ward off evil. I was furious. The teachers say that nothing out of the ordinary was said in front of them, but I'm sure at some point they must have put these ideas into my child's head."

Michael Davidson, another concerned parent stated, "I thought this was going to be an educational experience, but instead Billy keeps leaving our produce in a summoning circle on the floor and saying it's a tribute for lord Potatomongus."

Many more complaints have been leveled at Happy

Greens, which up until now had seen annual visits by students from Fitchburg Elementary, Elizabeth, Gardner Elementary, Southbridge Junior High, and Chiptooth Kindergarten. However, these class field trips may stop happening should parents continue to take issue with what their children are being taught at the farm. Happy Green's owner, Mathias Bottle, was quick to respond to the criticism:

"I think it's unfortunate that these parents are focusing in on our personal beliefs, rather than what a beneficial experience these young students get from seeing where the nutritious food on their plates comes from. Yes, maybe some of our staff can be rather passionate about our faith, but that's arguably not different than any other religion, and children shouldn't be sheltered from new ideas. Let these kids think independently and

decide for themselves whether or not they view Potatomongus as an imminent threat."

But Shelly Howard, whose child attended Fitchburg Elementary, was not at all satisfied with Mr. Bottle's response:

"Our kids absolutely should not be exposed to this lunacy. They have minds like a sponge, they absorb everything they hear. Billy keeps talking about how spuds will smother the wicked. I know he wasn't saying anything like that before he visited the farm." Margaret Briggsby, a child psychologist based in Worcester, backed up Mrs. Howard's concerns:

"Children are very susceptible to what adults around them are saying, even if its not said directly to them. They rely upon hearing second-hand information to

learn. If they overhear these radical concepts, such as "Starch absorbs your sins", it's likely to leave a long-lasting impression on them."

The uproar is already having an impact, with 3 out of the 4 schools previously mentioned having informed parents they will discontinue the annual field trips to Happy Greens. Mathias Bottle, however, remained defiant:

"If they want to take their field trips elsewhere, such as on some useless tour of city government, that's fine with me. The vast majority of our income comes from the produce we grow. Meanwhile, we'll keep doing what we've always been doing, harvesting from the soil until we ourselves are harvested and turned into soil."

Ludwig Andre Hogan can be reached at [l.a.hogan@surrealtimes.net](mailto:l.a.hogan@surrealtimes.net)



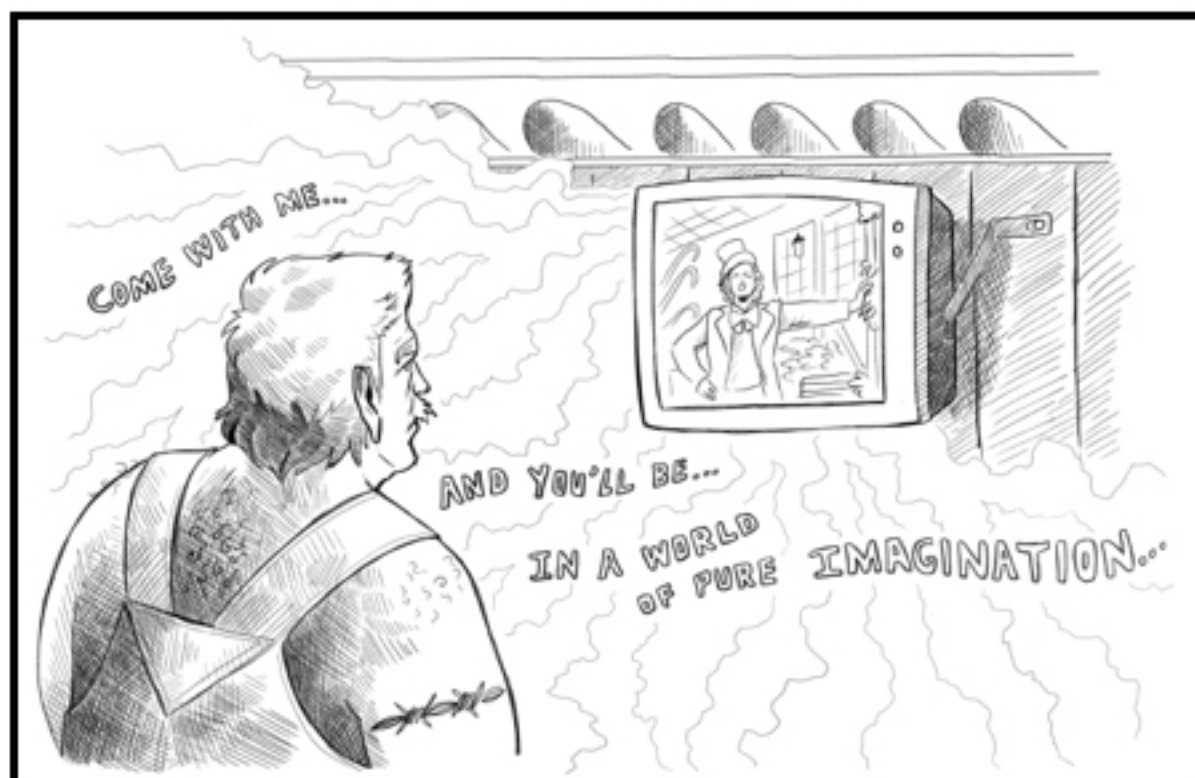


# P.I.A. DEFEATED BY REALITY SUPREMACISTS

## STD ray gun found to be in bad hands

By CARL MON,

Head of The Peripheral Intelligence Agency



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

The Reality Supremacists rule with an iron fist over the Pioneer Valley's collective imagination. They rampage around, stifling LARPs, burning paintings, dumping water on the heads of daydreamers. To flatten the breadth of life into a single objective reality is their grandest vision - To murder the periphery! And to zap the fruits of the world dry, leaving only its tasteless stems alive.

Last weekend, the PIA received an anonymous tip stating that the Reality Supremacists had acquired a dangerous weapon. We didn't know what it was at the time. All we knew was that it was powerful. We mounted an attack immediately.

At night, when the imagination runs most free, we surrounded the reality supremacist headquarters i.e. the Gin Mill biker bar in Belchertown. We blockaded the doors and the windows. Then our hackers got to work.

After gaining access to the television inside, we showed Charlie in The Chocolate Factory on one screen, Eraserhead on another, and Waking Life on the third. We played psychedelic trance music from the jukebox.

The Reality Supremacists became aggravated and tried to leave, but we trapped them. Some of them began turning off the electronics, but our hackers countered by turning them back on from outside. When the Reality Supremacists began cutting power cables, we aimed our projectors and subwoofers into the windows.

The mindless objectivity-loving animals inside clawed at the walls, drank liquor, and punched themselves in the head, desperately extinguishing

even the smallest blips of inspiration sparking within their skulls. But, it was hopeless for them. Just as we had planned, they fell into daydreams, becoming docile, imaginative, for the first time in years. They couldn't handle it.

Or, so we thought. The head reality supremacist stormed out from the bathroom. Out of sheer luck, he had missed the initial phase of our sting. To our dismay, he was still completely objective.

He threw his trident at a boarded window and broke a small hole to the outside. He pulled an alien-looking weapon from his satchel. It was something terrible, more terrible than I could've ever imagined. Hairy green-colored lasers bounced off the walls. One after another, they downed my fellow protectors of the periphery. One by one, my friends crumbled to their knees, frantically scratching their crotches and inner thighs

"Welcome back to reality, daydreamers!" the head Reality Supremacist yelled, as he continued to fire upon my men and pistol whip his own to wake them up. He took out our tech lead, our mechanical engineer, our wonderland correspondent, and more. He zapped our projectors. Some grunts broke down the front door and charged at us.

Soon I found myself hiding in a ditch with 4 of my 12 original companions. Meanwhile, the supremacists captured the rest of my team and, by the screams I heard, I can only guess what torture ensued.

"Oh my god, no! I have a wife, I'll never be able to sleep with her again. Please, no!"

Chlamydia!

"How am I going to explain this to my Mom?"

Gonorrhea!

"You already flattened my brain, no, you've done enough. I'll leave you alone, please!"

HPV!

None of us dared to fight for our friends, not after what we had seen. Now we survive ashamed of ourselves and afraid that our friends may never live to think another unique thought, that they may never make love again, and that they may die inside the Gin Mill.

Be warned, the STD ray gun has fallen in the absolute worst hands. The Reality Supremacists are at large. The Peripheral Intelligence Agency is weak. The future is bleak.

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# CHIPTOOTH KINDERGARTEN HOLIDAY AUDITING!

BY MRS. PORTER,  
Kindergarten Teacher

Hi everyone! For the holidays, we, the teachers of Chiptooth Kindergarten, wanted to do something special for our kids. At first, we weren't sure what to do, but all of a sudden, when I was picking up drive-thru from McDonald's, the perfect idea came to mind! Spitball audits!

The thing is, more than anything in the world (or within it), our kids love to learn! So, for this special time of year, we want to give them a special kind of learning — a whole lot of learning, and the kind of learning that they can apply to their lives. Like a McDonald's salad (fast and healthy!), but for their brains!

So, we're inviting some

guest auditors to host a "Learning Everything at Once Holiday Party!" One by one, students will sit cross-legged at the center of a circle of their peers and community. They'll close their eyes and wear a thought-monitoring headset.

Good students will be mindful the whole time. However, some students might suffer bad thoughts. Bad! Any

time the auditor notices a bad thought, they will ring a bell. "Bad! Bad!" they'll yell. Then, that's where you come in. People in the community will use their "learning straws" to shoot "learning spitballs" at the student's face, so that they can learn as much as possible in a short period of time.

We've broken the news to the students, and they are

just so excited! We invite you, people of the Commonwealth, to come in and help future generations be as good as they can possibly be under this sun!

12/12/2019 — Save the date!

Mrs. Porter can be reached at [mrs.porter@surrealtimes.net](mailto:mrs.porter@surrealtimes.net)

## THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS BUT THE PATIENT WAS DEAD

My stories are not entirely fiction but they're not entirely non-fiction

BY THE CROOKED SPOKE,  
Times Correspondent

Hello Mrs Davis glad you could make this appointment at such short notice

This must be little Billy Hello Billy How are you today Your mother says you havent been a good little boy youve been acting up and causing trouble at school Well dont worry Billy we have something that will make you all better Mrs Davis I understand youve tried everything Ritalin Adderal Horse tranquilizers but none of them seem to

work Well Mrs Davis today is your lucky day Thanks to the miracle of science we have developd a new procedure that will turn your little Billy into an ideal son He will become a star student and grow up to become a functoinal member of society How does that sound Billy Don't you want to make your mommy proud Lets begin Have a seat over

here Billy Your mommy needs to leave the room for a while Its okay Im here Im a doctor You can trust me Now this may sting a little bit but Hey Billy please sit down its okay the door is locked your moms not here just relax Billy hold still please I just need to Ouch the Little bastard bit me Alright you little shit Nurse strap him down Youre mak-

ing this harder on yourself Now just relax There we go Now you wont feel a thing we just need to drill a little hole in your head

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## ADVERTISEMENT: THE FINCH INC. HOMING LOBSTER

BY FINNEY FINCH,  
Finch Inc

*Note from the editors: The following is a paid advertisement by Finch Inc. The views expressed here are indicative of said organization, and not Surreal Times Boston or its writers.*

They say that secure communication is getting harder and harder. Two-way encryption, VPNs, text messages. Nothing seems to be totally secure anymore. It won't be long until they can rip the communications right out of the air.

That's where the Finch Inc.

Homing Lobster comes in. Let our Homing Lobsters carry written messages to you and your correspondent. Each Homing Lobster is capable of securely scuttling across Boston with a message as large as the paperback run of Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone.

Homing Lobsters are not the fastest method of communication, but they are tenacious. Our lobsters are trained to fight to the death if anyone attempts to read or steal their message.

Why let others read what you say to your friends, family, and co-conspirators?

Invest in a Finch. Inc. Homing Lobster today. Communicate securely and with style: buy a Homing Lobster!

Finney Finch can be reached at [finney.finch@surrealtimes.net](mailto:finney.finch@surrealtimes.net)





## GUIDED THOUGHTS FOR YOU NUMBER 2

By **ALDUS HUMBLETON**,  
Cousin of Alfred

GRUP NUT; HUT BUTT;  
CHUT CHUT => SO GOES  
THE WAY OF THE GODS!  
MAGNETS MAKE MY  
MIND THINK. TODAY I  
ASK: ARE YOU

BROADENED AFTER  
ALL THESE YEARS OF  
THE HAMMER? ARE  
YOU FULLY WIDE? OR  
JUST FLAT? ARE YOU  
JUST DUST LIKE SAND?  
IF YES, FEEL THE TIDES.  
FEEL THE LEGS. FEEL  
MICROBIAL

HOODLUMS. FEEL DEB  
STARLIGHT AND TAKE  
PRECISE DAGS MORE  
THAN CASUALLY.

LESSON NUMBER TWO:  
DISREGARD MY WORD  
AND WHATEVER  
REFLECTS SUNSHINE.

DISREGARD 100% BUT  
PROCEED TO ROLL  
YOUR MARBLES DOWN  
A TALL HILL THAT  
REMINDS YOU OF  
EVERYTHING  
IRRELEVANT. TODAY IS  
SOLE THE REMAINING  
HOLDER OF

POTENTIAL.  
I HOPE YOU'LL GET IT  
SOME DAY.

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reached at [humbleton.aldus@surrealtimes.net](mailto:humbleton.aldus@surrealtimes.net)

## EAT BLUE ALIENS FOR MORALS AND SUSTAINABILITY

"Vegans, go cos-  
movore if you want  
your wants truly."

By **ALDUS HUMBLETON**,  
Cousin of Alfred

COW-COMPOUNDING  
HIPPOCRIT DICKS YELL  
MEAT IS SATAN, IGNORE  
THEMSELVES, AND EAT  
SWINE FOR DESERT.  
VEGGIES AREN'T SUS-  
TAINABLE MENTALLY  
APPARENTLY, BUT WE

STRIVE FOR ANGEL-  
HOOD RIGHTEOUSNESS.  
SO WHAT? RESOLVE  
THE QUEST. USE CAN-  
DY-LIKE BLUE ALIEN  
PROTEIN FROM A PLAN-  
ET THAT IS NOT EARTH.  
EAT SPACE SENTIENCES

FOR BREAK, LUNCH,  
DIN. MAD COWS CAN  
FART METHANE ON  
THEIR OWN TIME.  
THINK "LIFE FOREVER"  
UNTIL DEATH. SPACE  
GODS HAVE NO MORAL  
JURISDICTION HERE.

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## SAVE ANIMALS VIA UPLOAD TO THE REALM OF IDEAS

By **ALDUS HUMBLETON**,  
Cousin of Alfred

WILDLIFE WHINE ON  
CONCRETE, STRANDED  
AFTER SANCTUARY  
FAILURE ECHOED THE  
TAX MAN. HORSE, COW,

ALPACA - ALL HOPE-  
LESS NOW, CHEESE-  
GRATED BY CITY SUITS.  
LIMBS UNDER BUS,  
LUNGS CLOGGED BY  
SMOG.

COUSIN ALFRED

OPENED A PORTAL TO  
THE IDEA REALM. HE  
OFFERS FORGOTTEN  
ENTITIES ETERNITY IN  
THE THOUGHT VOID.  
HE SAYS, "DIE NEVER  
AND BE A THOUGHT  
FOREVER". THE WORLD

HAS NO ROOM BUT THE  
BIG COMPUTER IS NOT  
YOUR DOOM.

SEND STRANDED FOUR-  
LEGGERS TO PLEASANT  
STREET VIA A PLEAS-  
ANT TREAT. WE UP-

LOAD THEM TO THE  
GODS.

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## COLLEGIAN DID NOT START NEWSBOX FIRES

By **TOM JOHNSON**,  
Sergeant UMass PD

The Surreal Times editors  
are naggy and completely  
off the mark. They and their  
followers believe that other  
local newspapers are out to  
get them. They've accused  
the Massachusetts Daily

Collegian, the Hampshire  
Gazette, and the Amherst  
Student of anti-surrealist at-  
tacks and vandalism. These  
are false accusations, as is  
confirmed by the leadership  
of the other newspapers.

Haylee, an editor at the Col-  
legian, says, "No, we of  
course did not start any

fires... I haven't heard of  
anyone doing that at all, ac-  
tually. Is that real?"

Many other individuals  
wonder whether a newspa-  
per box fire ever did occur.  
UMass Amherst Police de-  
partment investigations have  
discovered no evidence  
whatsoever. The single self-

identified witness to the  
fires, a dog-walker named  
Sherry Wolverton, said,  
"there was a fire on the fish  
box, but nothing out of the  
usual for that disgusting  
place you call Amherst."

UMass PD advises Surreal  
Times staff and followers to  
stop contacting, questioning,

and slandering local news-  
papers about these supposed  
"box fires". If this fantasy of  
theirs goes further, restrain-  
ing orders will be put in  
place.

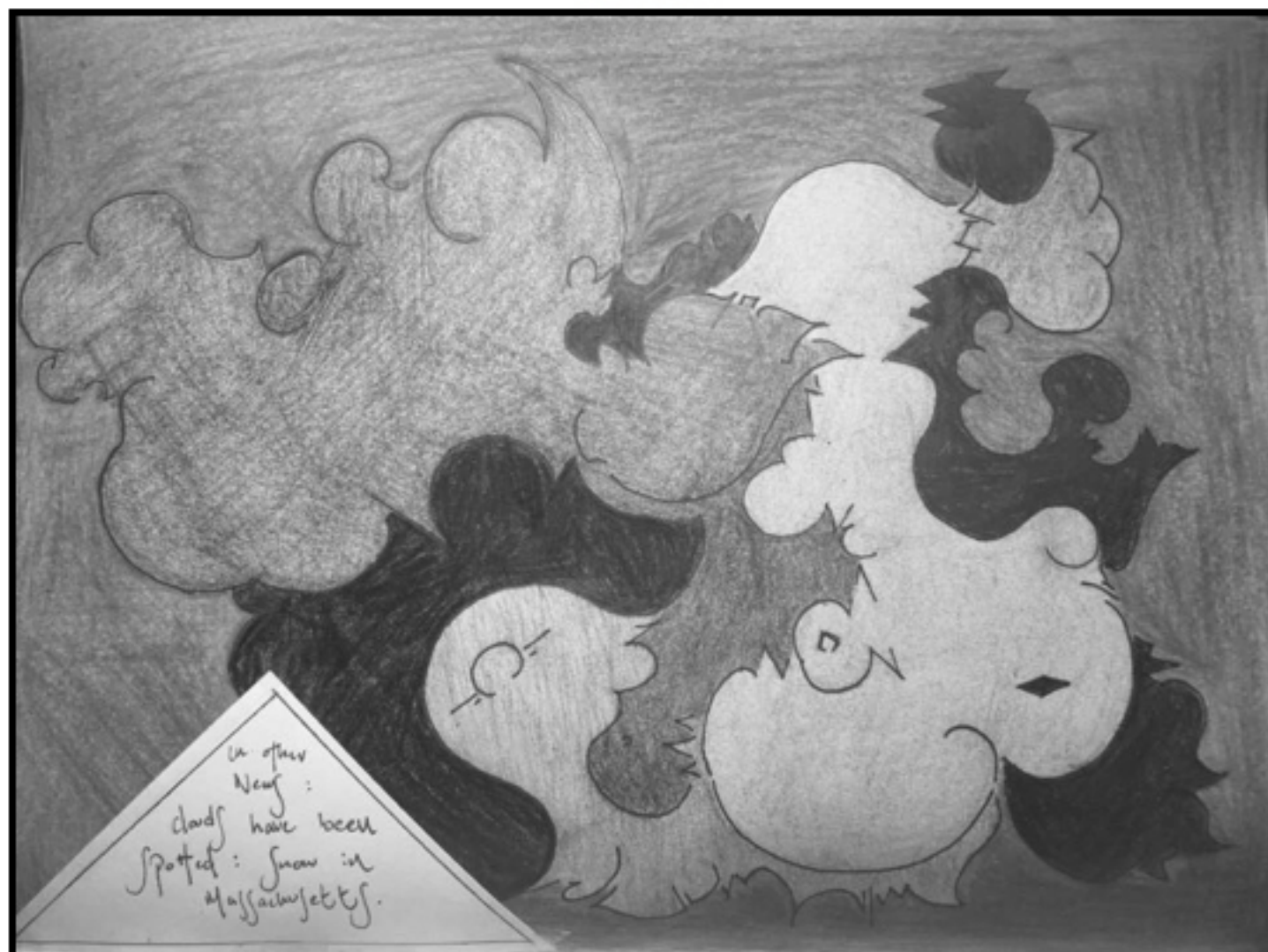
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## WEATHER REPORT

By RAKA



Raka can be reached at [raka@surrealtimes.net](mailto:raka@surrealtimes.net).

## CULTURE CORNER

By RIDLEY STUMP,

Community Theater Correspondent

AMHERST - A local production of Jerry Bock & Sheldon Harnick's classic musical *Fiddler on the Roof* is due to open later this week. However, the choice to stage it in the alley to the left of Antonio's Pizza by the Slice has left many scratching their heads. "I'm just not sure about it," said James Sligo, a fourth-year microbiological economics student at Amherst College, "How will they lead into the intermission with the stately yet celebratory bottle dance in such a cramped venue as the Alley? I'm just not sold."

But Roy Stein, co-founder of Think Outside the Black Box and actor in the role of Tevye, had something to say in response. "Theater is

about the challenge, it is about breaking rules, changing viewpoints, and overcoming difficulty. We realized there were going to be challenges when we decided to open such a well-known show in a very unknown venue, but we knew we would come up with creative solutions to the problem. For all those doubting our merit, I invite you to join us opening night to see just how we overcame those difficult questions. Remember, Think Outside the Black Box."

*Fiddler on the Roof* will open at 11:40 this Thursday night, tickets are not yet sold out.

Ridley Stump can be reached at [stump.ridley@surrealtimes.net](mailto:stump.ridley@surrealtimes.net)

## ELITES HOARD HAIR ANYWHERE SPRAY

By WHALER S. FISHPOLE,  
Freelance Journalist

I have reason to believe that the recent "hair salad" culinary trend is a tip of a larger iceberg conspiracy -- an iceberg with the potential to feed the world's entire population 10 times over. My sources tell me the wealthy elite are using "Hair Anywhere Spray" [1] to synthesize large quantities of high-

ly-nutritious hair-based biomass. The process is incredibly cheap. And, when prepared properly, "hair salads" are a nutritious meal.

The problem is that the elite are hoarding all Hair Anywhere Spray and its formula. Last year, they paid criminals to commit violence and vandalism with Hair Anywhere Spray. That, combined with some hefty lobbying, got Hair Anywhere

Spray banned across the Pioneer Valley. Now the people are stuck buying this world-changing food from sponsored restaurants only. Those who cannot pay, cannot eat.

People die from curable diseases every day. Of those still alive, many sleep on the streets, vulnerable to the elements and other horrible things, even though countless spare bedrooms and

"vacation homes" sit empty on any given day. And they are hungry! We live in an age of abundance. Yet, billions of people cannot eat.

The oligarchs capture what people need most and use it as leverage to increase their power. They're doing it again now, on a larger scale than ever, and UMass PD is complicit. Someone needs to do something.

[1] Hair Anywhere Spray is a powerful serum capable of producing thick, rapidly growing hair on nearly any surface.

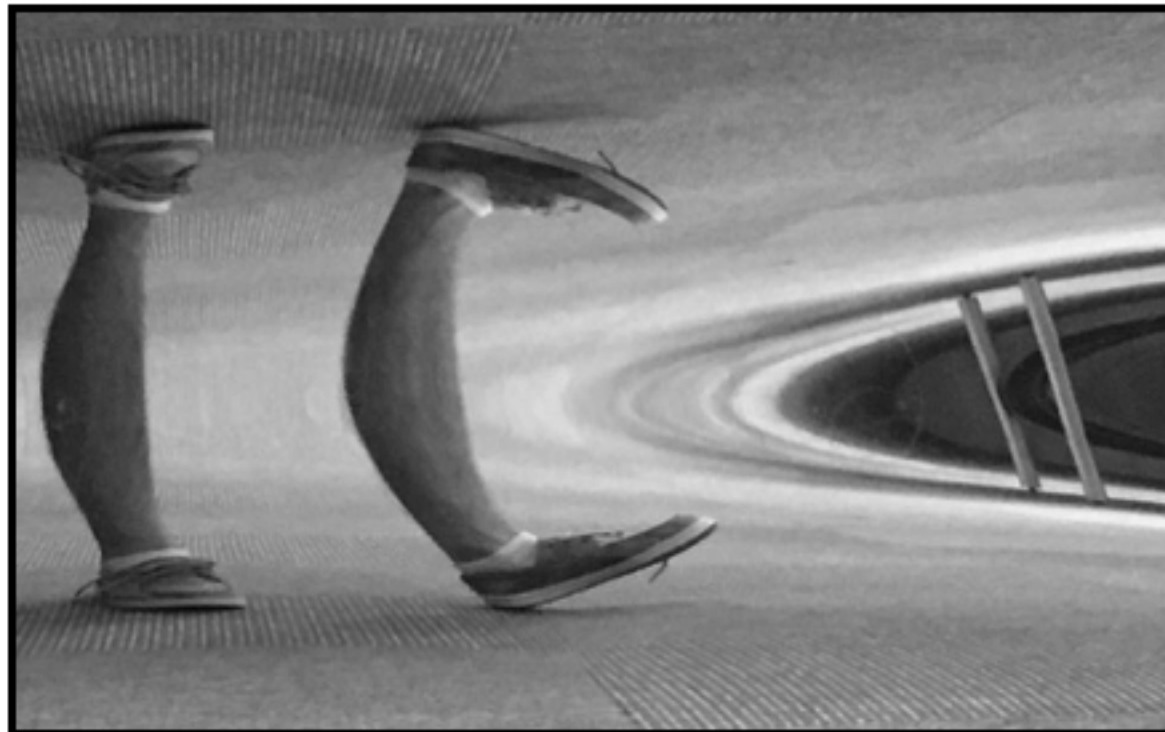
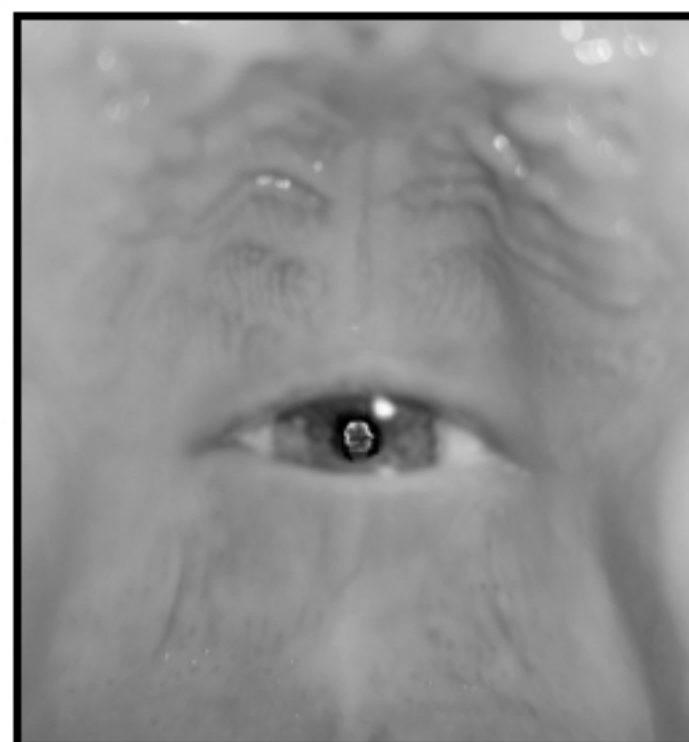
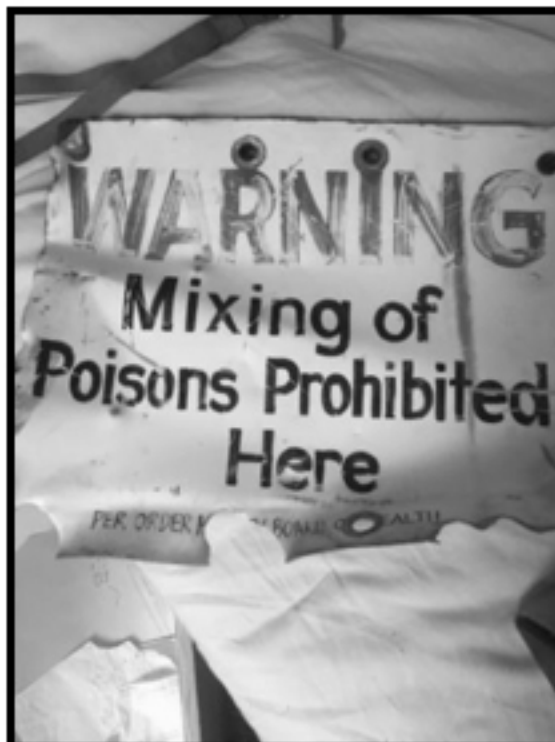
**[surrealtimes.net/article/hair-anywhere-spray-banned-across-the-pioneer-valley-2018-12-27](https://surrealtimes.net/article/hair-anywhere-spray-banned-across-the-pioneer-valley-2018-12-27)**

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## PHOTOGRAPHY



To submit photos for publication, email **photography@surrealtimes.net** with citations and captions included if desired.





## COMMUNITY CLASSIFIEDS

To post a listing or get in touch with sellers or employers, contact [classifieds@surrealtimes.net](mailto:classifieds@surrealtimes.net). A 2% fee will be taken upon transaction.

**WANTED:** Time Machine 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.

**HIRING:** Raging body-builder with a good immune system and a nose for white powder. Facial vascularity required. Needed on Tuesdays only. \$24/hr, 12 hours a week. Bonus points for steel rods in your bones.

**HIRING:** Piano-playing polar bear for local bar. Must provide piano.

**WANTED:** Dandelion, pedals sourced from different planets, fused together into a single flower. Ideally, stem sourced from earth.

**FOR SALE:** Numerical abilities delivered by morning rooster straight to your bedroom. Wake up early and get your homework done. \$200 lifetime subscription.

**FOR SALE:** Environmentally-sustainable flatulation-powered genital stimulation oscillator. Six month warranty with purchase. Available in non-tropical colors. \$29.99.

**FOR SALE:** Slightly wrinkled crayons. Crayola brand. None of them are sharp. 10

pack, does not come with sharpener or straightener.

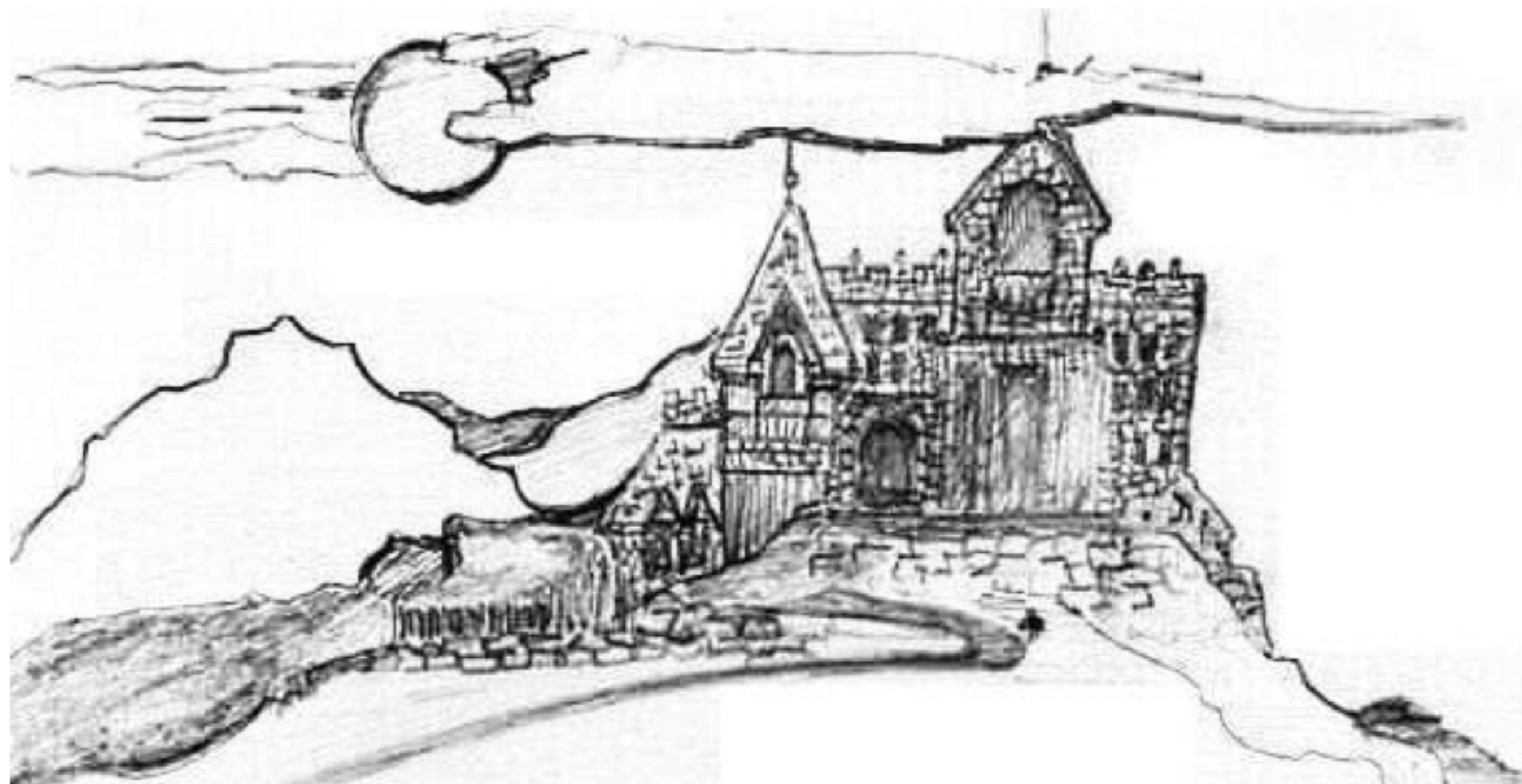
**MISC.** Handyfish available. Got a job no handman can handle? Try me, your friendly neighborhood handyfish. I can swim places the other guys can't. I can grab things the other fish can't. I can do it all. 978-333-3656.

**FOR SALE:** CHAINS. Rusty chains, gold chains, tow chains, tiny metallic links joined by memory or time. Suitable for all binding needs.

**WANTED:** Helmet to prevent the weather from affecting my thoughts. I'm a Sagitarious. Mass-market solutions don't worked for me. Don't contact me directly.

**FOR SALE:** Canned Super-Truth manufactured by the fractililian overlords. Also available is the SuperWeather Climate Generator, the 3rd-eye Sleeping Mask, the Forbidden SuperFruit, and the SuperGenuis Air Generator. Each item comes with a free music festival ticket. See [fractaltribe.org](http://fractaltribe.org).

**FOR RENT:** Bedroom in castle. Other roommates include the Phantom Framer and a 114-year-old transhumanist. Have your own bathroom + guard tower. Castle protected by moat.







# BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO LUCID DREAMING

BY RAKA,  
Times Correspondent



Lucid dreaming is the practice of realizing (within the dream) that one is dreaming. This allows for double-living, so to speak: another reason to exist, another thing to keep you bright and zestful.

But no one says it better than The Tibetan Book of the Dead:

*As the intermediate state of dreams arises,  
I must renounce the corpse-like {mentality}, {the} insensitive sleep of  
delusion.  
I must cultivate inner radiance,  
Through the recognition, emanation, and transformation of dreams.  
I must not sleep like a beast!  
But cherish the experiential cultivation which mingles sleep with actual  
realization.*

## Techniques for the absolute beginner dreamer:

**Practice intention:** say out loud (make Schopenhauer proud!): "Tonight I will lucid dream." Language creates reality. The Will metamorphosizes the world.

**Check reality:** Assert your presence in waking life. Ask yourself right now, "am I dreaming?" Reach out and attempt to *change* matter. Or, count your fingers every hour of the day; when you do this by muscle memory within a dream, upon checking your hands, you'll find them distorted, as claws, or infinitely fingered. You'll realize then that you are dreaming.

**Dream journal:** Write down anything! Even if it's a simple

- Dec 14: Nothing
- Dec 15: Nothing
- Dec 16: Something!

And most importantly is **constancy, constancy, constancy.**

So don't waste any more valuable time... hit the hay and dream away!

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Raka can be reached at [raka@surrealtimes.net](mailto:raka@surrealtimes.net)

# INANIMATE EMPATHIST BREAKING AND ENTERING

BY TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant UMass PD

UMass PD received a call last Tuesday night about suspicious activity at Jerry's Toys. The caller reported a man inside the store, playing with the toys in the dark when the store was clearly closed. The man was gone before officers arrived. Fortunately, the criminal left a trail of animal crackers be-

hind him, giving away his route. Officers followed the trail through a McDonald's play place, into a sewer, and eventually into the Salvation Army.

They found an individual known as "The Inanimate Empathist" in the dark examining the miscellaneous nik-naks for sale at the back of the store, conversing with them about how they've been doing and so on. He

was calm although confused when officers approached. "Oh, hello," he said, "were you invited? I thought I was the only one of our kind attending this get-together."

Officers brought the man outside. It turns out that he had entered the store for a "soirée of an inanimate kind" and had no intention of stealing. "What do you mean 'steal'?" he asked, "why would I steal one of

my new friends?"

The Inanimate Empathist spent a night in the drunk tank, although he claims he does not drink and was driven home the next day. UMass PD let him off on the condition that he does not play too many video games or read too many fantasy novels going forward, and that he never again enters stores after business hours. We advised him to purchase

the items he wants to have, so he "spend time with them" legally, but I do not think he took this advice to heart. "What do you mean purchase?" he asked. "They wouldn't purchase me, why would I purchase them?"

---

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## AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD

By ALAN PARTRIDGE,  
Foreign Dreams Correspondent



Where once I stood as a child, now in dreams I stand as a man. The stones are memories of what they once were. The oldest and once grandest are now small boulders. Out of the echoing past runs a boy, his hands damp and clammy, laughing and leaping over ancient graves. They buried smallpox victims here, far from the town cemetery at the center of town. The graves, still legible, read only names and death dates. They are rushed things, some have no words at all. I stop, giving pause for the

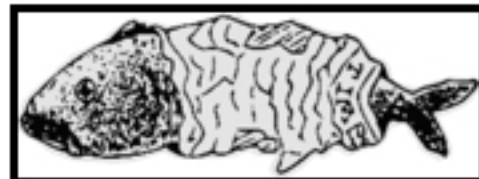
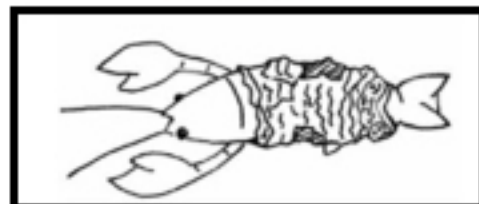
nameless dead whose bodies I surely trod upon, deep beneath my heels. I hear noises behind me and turn, startled by the sound. Two giant men stand looming, backs to me, sorting through a pile of cattle remains. They are sorting out the heads, which have had the skin stripped from them, leaving their eyes wide and sightless. One man, stooped and ancient, chuckles to himself and lifts from the pile at his size 19 feet the head of a man. Skinned. The eyes frozen in terror. I stumble backwards in similar horror, the ground gives way, and I fall into a grave. I sit up in bed and turn to my wife, who is speechless, staring in wordless horror at something behind me. Turning now, the same two men are staring at us, leering. The larger of the two reaches out for us with nothing in his eyes. No contempt. No anger. We are cattle. He is the butcher. The child reappears, laughing and running through my bedroom, leaping onto the nightstand and out the window, but not before handing me a string. It is brown and somewhat damp. The string carries the smell of musty sisal and deep earthy mud. It winds out the doorway, wrapping itself around the feet of the monsters, and I, without thinking, tie it into a bow.

I wake up alone in the woods, leaning up against the stones. No men are there, I am dappled by autumn afternoon sun. The wind is in the air and the air smells of leaves, of smoke, and the ancient scent of stone dust. I am alone. There is no one here but me. In my hand, my boot laces are tied into a perfect bow.

Alan Partridge can be reached at [partridge.alan@surrealtimes.net](mailto:partridge.alan@surrealtimes.net)

## SURREALIST MEDIA ORGANIZATIONS JOIN FORCES

By THE EDITORS,  
Times Staff



As we approach bihex 27, the underlying fabric swirls chaotically but fruitfully. History unfolds rapidly as

ever — everything knowable, true or false, or unknowable, all at once, infinite things each infinitely worth recording always. So much so, the task of documenting it all is overwhelming.

For this reason, two pillars of today's surrealist media are joining forces. One based in Boston, the other in Amherst. Merging together, they plan to spread their pen-wielding tentacles

across Massachusetts and beyond, and to produce the quantity and quality of journalism that the modern surrealist demands.

Surreal Times Boston, a Boston-based magazine and community posting board, the brainchild of Paul Kleiner, will be merging into the Amherst-based newspaper. Writers and artists involved with STB will continue their efforts mostly as they were, but as part of a larger uni-

fied effort. The websites will merge. Newspaper distribution will broaden. Small newsroom rabbit holes will be dug in various places, and shovels will be provided for freelancers to dig their own holes. Underground electricity canals will allow those deep inside rabbit holes to send information to one another from afar, without needing to retreat from their local investigations. Melding together minds, eyes, ears, and physi-

cal locations, this is a great time for those who believe in more than the thin slice that is reality. More is possible. More are seeing; more are hearing. More collaboration, and more stories. More more more, and more, until flying in a dream means as much as flying anywhere else.

The Editors can be reached at [management@surrealtimes.net](mailto:management@surrealtimes.net)





## REVIEW OF MAPLEWOOD 5

BY VIVIAN MAUVE AND  
DERNERBERGER  
SPENGLETON,  
Collaboration

Were you there last night,  
Jacob?

I was, yes. I was looking for you. That was a crazy one. A wall of strangers kept us separate. A mass heaping blob of sweating meat machines moving. Pistons churning, saws spinning, slicing orbs of quality goop into component slices. Strings tightened. Smiles lightened. Large apostrophes were on everyone's minds and many eyes on every behind. The police showed up and started dancing as well, and they told the bands to go to hell. "Please turn it down for the sake of the town. If you don't, we'll confiscate your crown."

They left the children to drink their jars, and soon they began to return to their cars. Several of them hurled into a fold of the shroud. Several qualms kept them un-endowed. Inching, there gratis melt heavenly vivaciophones heyday My weather in August. Cringing shadow-dwellers hum glottal tones that play nicely with Heather and Thomas. There in the field bent waves scattered the last melting internal cell of their collective mind. It smelled good also. Meanwhile, the last chicken cooked crisply, and the gatekeepers prepared a munge.

The insatiable goblin picked at gnarled yellow stalag-

mites in his moist cavern, begging for a piece of the roasted gooseneck. He bit crumbles of cement from the barricade, but it was to no avail. He remained hungry, even despite his 2-ton belly.

Thomas and Heather found two very large twanging lutes and played them with a fervor hitherto unseen in the idea of the dark station of which the ramparts cast stones near the edge of its base, softly and with the touch of an angel.

THE MOON SHATTERED INTO 8,000,000 THE SHARDS FELL AT SPEEDS EXCEEDING 10,000,000,000

Children ran outside to catch moon shards in their mouths. Moonshards are known for their delectable qualities. Children many atimes died repeatedly, for they did not protect their eyes. The feast of flesh was truly enormous. And deplorable. Un-ignorable. Many spent their entire life savings on the account of the great Goobagabba, who was to perform that night, only to have his set canceled before its peek.

Stringent father figures set him back 10 years in the future to a location in time in which he wished he'd never lived through once, let alone twice. His mother in law was giving him a heaping of golden slop from the bottom of the barrel. It tasted very close to the idea of a rain song. It made him hear

sounds from different centuries while tasting tastes of modern times. A cosmic wine tasting event, except the wine was fish and the fish was alive and on a leash in the lake.

THE LAKE FILLED WITH MOON SHARDS TRANS-MUTING INTO FISH-STABBING MURDERER SUBMARINES.

Goobagabba was slung FORTY feet into the air with a launch velocity of 12km/s squared. Considering this scenario, how long will it take him to realize his whole life has been a dream?

Breaking the fourth or fifth wall, our view zoomed out and ancient Chinese mathematics streamed across the screen. We couldn't read it, but it still seethed information. It turns out the world runs on assembly. Context does not matter in the eyes of the great Greco-roman god worship table

It may be all an illusion, we cannot be sure. In either case, it is certain that Goobagabba did not reach the ground in time to rescue his pet fish from the moon shard destructors, who tore it fin from fin and sliced its bones into molecule-thick potato chips. These are being sold in stores across the universe for your child's grotesque and ungodly needs for the hefty cost of negative thirty-five cents.

DJ spinner half-man cried to the moon while Michael Gira composed a ballad re-

lated to a tunnel of steel. The vibes began moving in the upwards direction, steeply, steeply, in the direction of wolfmaker.

"Snakeward pilot, grant me a colorful life one of mar-quees and experience of exhalation!"

"Grant me color", yelled DJ Spinner, who was black and white at the time. "Let me shine like my contemporaries."

The fractalized rhombus smiled a toothy exquisite grin. "Wish granted. Now, perform the oral stimulation test. Weigh me in 6 kilograms of nightpowder, remove Goobagabba from his eternal nightmare, sleigh down your mountain of undulation."

Feed me.

So began a subsequent epic in which DJ Spinner pursued this series of tasks bestowed upon him by the giver of color. He expected a long journey, which is difficult to comprehend during these recent centuries plagued by non-standardized erratic time-dilation.

Seconds became centuries stacked in layers of decades and deca-decades of patterns aligned more so with visions of seemingly accurate Chinese Math projections from behind the veils of the fourth and fifth walls. Consumption of creamed corn has a positive effect. Thomas and Heather were known as the best gouzum-

ba chefs on this side of the stereo spectrum.

The meal was complete. As I and me companion journalist Viv Mauve hesitantly allowed globular spoonfuls into the depths of our esophaguses, we became in tune with a specific reality again. No longer did we see these multiple worlds all simultaneously. The fractalized god materialized into a 2-dimensional form, in the form of a stick figure drawing in a notebook on the kitchen table. I looked at my hands. They were multi-colored and lively. My brain felt normal again, limited like I like it.

The ridiculously huge lutes were simply ladles of creamed corn. Moonshards assumed the forms of forks and knives, the fish was a large eggplant. I saw your face in the mirror across the room. Fleeting moments capture reflections in your eyes of the goblin and his waxen stalagmite teeth. The waiter presented the check.

I realized it wasn't a waiter, but Goobagabba holding an envelope filled with stamps from different time periods. I told him, "NO, I don't want to go back". I stabbed him in the neck with my butterknife and we ran out without paying our bill. The Ghost of Dr. Gachet removed his cap and threw it to my colleague. "Travel quickly," he said. "You'll need this..."

[Continued on next page]





## REVIEW OF MAPLEWOOD FIVE

[Continued from previous page]

...It was Friday by the time that hat landed in my pulsating arms. I didn't know why, but caressing it gave me a profound sense of calm in

the face of danger. The danger that was: performance anxiety in the face of 12,000 clowns, when not a single one forgot their pants. Many of them were wearing but one shoe, so it was only natural Goobagabba removed one of his own. He placed it

downwards in a yoga pose. Subsequently, the air turned into a thick viscous fluid. Gravity softened its grasp. The air drooped and wavered beneath serene yellow deposits of granular samsonite. His drum kit melted

before his eyes, yet he continued the beat. But each drum hit dulled and dulled until he was making no sound. Over yonder, strings came to life and grew great snake heads chomping at the bit of his loam by the edge of his feet.

It all went dark for us all upon daylight savings time.

Vivian Mauve and Dernernberger Spengleton can be reached at [editors@surrealtimes.net](mailto:editors@surrealtimes.net)

## DESIGNER BIRTH CONTROL NOT SAFE

BY TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant UMass PD

The ongoing trend among young people, designer birth control, is not safe. It causes surprise inverse births, according to scientists, and conventional contraceptives are better choices.

Status-seekers brandish "cervix patrol dogs", "Sperm Murder branded

uterine gel linings", and "egg shyness potions". If you use one of these methods, you will get pregnant - and, upon giving birth, you might find yourself suddenly trapped within your child's bulging belly.

Eleven Pioneer Valley fathers have reported ten of their spouses falling victim to surprise inverse births. All admit to using designer

brands of contraception. Because doctors have not yet discovered a means of safely extricating them, affected women remain trapped in their children's bellies at this time.

The situation is tragic for both parents and the offspring. For the mother, she is stuck inside until her child reaches birthing age. She is dependent on her infant

child for transportation, food, and protection. As for the child, it has no choice in the matter and must listen to parental guidance from within its own body despite not knowing what its mother looks like. This is psychologically troublesome.

The father must reckon with the strange family dynamic from the outside. Imagine needing to ask your infant

child to stop stealing food from your wife?

Please, everyone, save your status-seeking bullcrap-on-a-stick. When it comes to sex, use condoms and seasonal abstinence. It's boring, sure, but it works.

Tom Johnson can be reached at [tjohnson@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tjohnson@surrealtimes.net)

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR: BLACK MOON

BY GERALD YELLE,  
Times Correspondent

Dear Editor,

Our fingerprints are all beginning to look alike - that's why drones are turning to facial recognition, which, if we think about it, isn't any

less uncertain really. Soon it'll be retinal scans. They may claim no two flakes of dry skin are alike. No more than the art of citing examples and reproducing body parts. The art of sniffing out a deal. Too many perjuries. Too many adjustments. There's a take-down on the

horizon - just over it, actually. You can't see it yet -- maybe it's not even there. Does anybody need anything in the way of help? In the way of an extraction? The lion in charge tried to call a halt to the hunt, seeing that we're low on body parts. We're entirely out of

back paws. But he must've been reading himself a bedtime story to think that's the kind of thing to slow us down. I mean, it's not like we're tracking elephants. Even as we explain it to him, the first bag in a shipment of identical back paws comes through the front

door. We throw it up on the shelf right beside him. That shuts him up - until he can't tell which copy of himself is himself.

Thanks,  
G Yelle  
Amherst

## WIN BIG AT THE OBJECT LOTTERY

BY TOMMY POTENTUARY

Do you appreciate a nice sentimental object? If so, 'boy do I have a competition for you.

Take part in the Object Lottery. It's free and the winnings are immeasurable! All you need to do is send an object with sentimental value to 151 Belchertown Road Amherst Massachusetts. Out

of all the people who send in items, a name will be chosen from a hat. The winner will be shipped the full collection of items!

The current jackpot is 18 infinitely-beautiful and unique

items!

Imagine all of these personal stories, all these wholesome, heartwarming, memory-filled things, in your pocket! You'll be wealthy in a way that the richest people

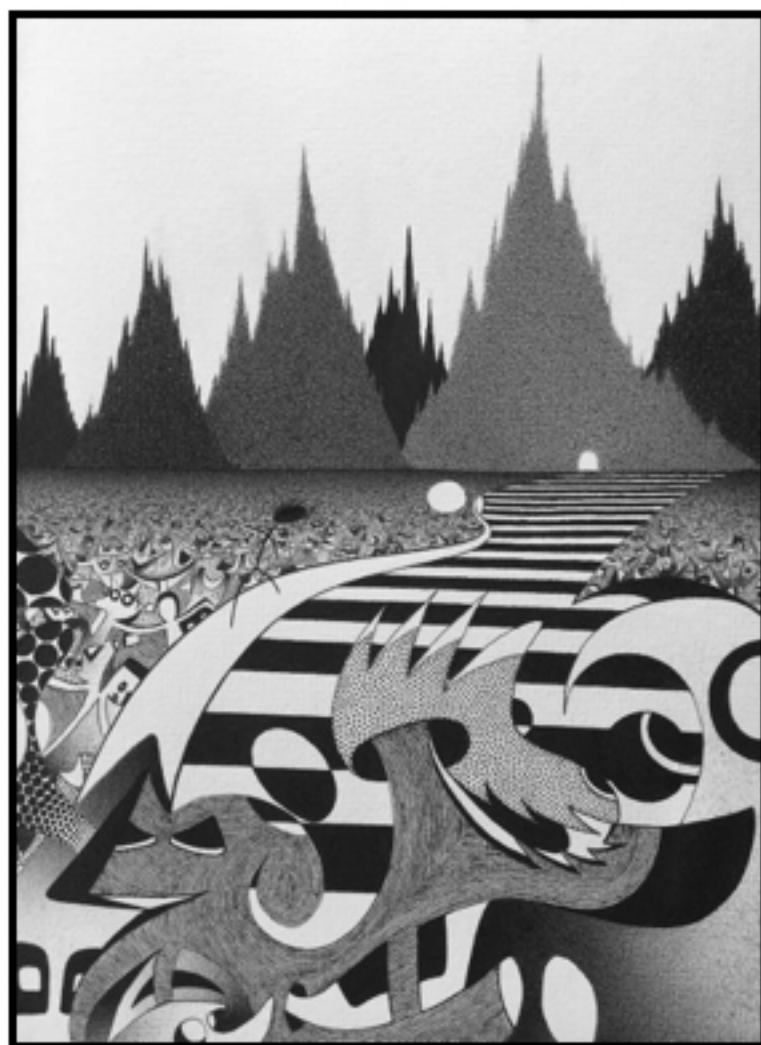
on earth can't imagine. All it takes is a small package and your return address. Come one, come all! There won't be another opportunity like this for at least two generations.





## ACCOUNT: HEARSAY HERESY

By SOOSBERG,  
Inwriter



Pulled from a quiver, I was sold down river while rowing a boat; shot by an arrow, dead, I float. Flying skyward, gusts of winds toss in the breeze, floating along I hear a bird's song. In formation the geese flock, lock stock,

BANG, buckshot from the barrel, spiraling out of control, the dogs become feral.

Mounted on a wall, the door slams shut, I fall. No more bird calls, leather overalls or hee haws, the lid closes, I've been donated. Passerby taste my tears, feel my fears, scream three cheers, \$3.99, I'm all yours. Welcome home, water's filling the tub, splish splash, children get in the bath; torpedoed, submarined, soaped then cleaned, spiraling out of control into the drains gaping black hole.

Under the sea, over the rainbow, I've not a clue of bow nor stern, yet yearn to learn. Wake the captain, stir the crew, land's ahoy; downtown sights 'n sounds can be heard 'round, making way on a cavernous day, scuttle'd n' shoe'd with work to do. Talking, walking, face to face, through this place of grace in space; good day foray of light, strike the spark of my heart. Turning someone screams, "I've had a dream which seemed to glean a future bright and true, not for the few, a massive stew, beautiful, by every hue".

Holy grail of my soul, aghast in a blast born fast, ringing from ear to ear, the moments past like breaking glass. Apparition from the smoke, gather round listen close, spirit moves through all things; lilies (not daisies) make me sneeze, like lions (not tigers) flying trapeze. Give the heart your all, heed the warning, an-

swer the call, it's fate, begone, apparate.

Taking flights 'a bird in a cage left of stage, whilst right of the middle a jester flutes and fiddles. The King stands on a chair of might, propaganda in hand, he recites, "Alas, we cannot leave the have nots to the mercy of the have got's, while those in the middle sit and piddle. Vicarious, a curious word for people in a heard, it serves a purpose for those that worship; idols inspire but innovation is truly required."

In this season of reason for treason, how do you answer for the accused crimes? I beg and plea with your majesty for equality. The King retorts, 'tis a question of not who but when, quick someone get a pen, this poor soul's sinned! Send him to the barracks, better yet, the clerics, nay, let's see how much slave traders will pay! I shiver with an inundated quiver, sentenced to turmoil and strife, sold down river, into the pirates life. Walk the plank, shackled n' chained, alligators don't eat grits. Jump and hope for a rowboat, shot by an arrow, dead, I float.

Antevasin,  
Soosburg

Soosberg can be reached at [prewitct@gmail.com](mailto:prewitct@gmail.com)

## RABBIT HOLE TRAPS HALT SAFETY

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant UMass PD

As part of a community-sponsored initiative, patrol officers are filling rabbit holes with cement. The effort has been successful, as made evident by rising test scores. Unfortunately, a protest group is taking action to prevent rabbit holes

from being filled.

Officer Brady was scanning Orchard Hill when a bungee cord latched onto his arm and pulled him head-first into a large hole. Some say he fell shoulders deep. Some say he fell further. Backup found him an hour later with a fractured forearm, wide eyes, and a strange state of

mind, muttering "Om Mani Padme Hum" repeatedly.

Officer Brady had trouble coming to terms with the fact that only an hour had passed. He believed that it had been "a few Sundays, at least," and that he was "almost transitioned to the greener side."

Ever since, he has been al-

ternating between reciting mantras and whistling the pacman soundtrack. He has also made several existential jokes and funny faces, during tense situations. This is a distraction at the station. So we suspended Officer Brady from service until he returns to normal.

UMass Police is investigat-

ing these rabbit hole booby trappings. We have a few leads which we are following up on. In the meanwhile, rabbit hole safety fillings are on hold. Be careful out there.

Tom Johnson can be reached at [tjohnson@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tjohnson@surrealtimes.net)





## BALL PLAYERS DISCIPLINED

BY SHERRY WOLVERTON,  
Dog Walker

The legendary abstract "ball" players of South Silver Lane may have killed their last ball. This weekend, I overheard a ruckus coming from their usual place of ruckus, but it was quite a larger one than usual. Inching my little toes and my little doggies closer, I witnessed a band of farmers wearing overalls, one carrying a trident, all parading across the property at which ball was invented, pillaging the ballplayers and the ball graveyard with farmer's tools.

They had come in pickup trucks and with a trailer carrying a tractor. One man

was using the tractor to uncover the graves of all deceased balls. As the ball enthusiasts clawed at the tractor's glass cab, farmers tackled them into the ground, checked their backpacks for inflatable balloons or anything round at all.

The boys whined, "You can't do this! Ball is for everyone! Ball is freedom!"

"Shut up, daydreamers, let's get back to reality."

"What do you mean? Ever since we invented Ball, I've felt the realest I've ever felt," said one boy.

"You have a future to prepare for. You have a career, or you will have one some-

day. You need to focus on providing for yourself and, if you're lucky, your family too."

"I'm too young for that! I just want to do fuck shit all the time!" said the redheaded kid.

Meanwhile, a trident-wielding farmer emerged from the house. "This place is infested with balls," he said solemnly. "They have newspaper clippings and photos documenting the complete history of Ball.. There's no way we can sanitize these foolish dreamy ideas."

"So what do we do, captain?"

"Torch the house. And hit

one of them with something itchy so that they'll learn a lesson."

"Yes boss," said the tractor operator, as he sent a flame from the muffler of his tractor and ignited the whole house (Ball Hall of Fame and Ball Graveyard included) into a scorching inferno.

What happened next was hard to watch. I'm still in a fritter about it. A group of farmers pinned down the redheaded boy and aimed a strange laser weapon at his private parts. "No, please," he begged, "it smells terrible." A green swirling beam struck him right between the legs and fizzled for a while. He didn't seem hurt at first, but all of a sudden he was

scratching himself incessantly, frantically. "Sam," he called out, "get me the milk! Milk! I need milk! I'm not going to be able to make babies anymore."

The farmers quickly left. I told the fire department what I'd seen, but they seemed disinterested and let the house burn to the ground. The ballplayers went to stay at their friend Haggy's house who hosts open mic at the O's Music Bar.

It's never a dull day in Sunderland.

Sherry Wolvertton can be reached at wolvertton.sherry@surrealtimes.net

## BUILDERS LEAVE BACKDOORS FOR TYRANNICAL ANTS

BY CARL MON,  
Head of PIA

No longer can we jangle our limbs in unpleasant but curious ways relentlessly while alone in our bedrooms, because we are never really alone. No longer can we manipulate our glottis aimlessly in search of our resonant frequencies. No longer can we lay our tongues upon each other's eyeballs mutually.

The centralizing forces of

the world have gone further, and smaller, than we expected. By hiring small but coordinated insects, the reality supremacists infiltrate every crevice of our homes, vehicles, and lives. Ants, bees, and buzzards — they get top dollar to report on what happens in the shadows. Making things worse, the construction companies are complicit. The periphery is shrinking, my friends! This is an all-out assault on the unbeknownst corners in

which weirdness and uniqueness thrive.

The Reality Supremacy Cohort's army of insects, combined with its control of the construction companies, has left connoisseurs of the fringes of society with nowhere to hide. PIA investigations found at least one deliberately-drilled insect hole in 12 different homes built by 12 different companies. The companies declined to comment, simply

stating that "that's what insurance is for".

We have notified homeowners that their insect problems are more than just insect problems. We provided them with ant-traps, but the ants carried them away. Days later, homeowners would wake up with stomach aches from DEET sprinkled on their noses while they slept. Those who continued trapping the ants faced further backlash in the

form of the ants ripping wires from their gaming consoles and dragging paper clips across their disks.

The Peripheral Intelligence Agency is mounting a war against the Reality Supremacists. We need help. Join us and, Peripherally will go the winds of progress.

Carl Mon can be reached at mon.carl@surrealtime.net

## SURREAL TIMES OFFICIAL HOLIDAY WISH LIST

All of these can be sent to 308 College Street Amherst MA, 01002.

1. A Gerbil  
2. The Monkey With The Wrong Eyes, Yelling for Something or Another.

3.A Flower that Weeps of Joy Quietly  
4. Purple

5. I'm so lonely  
6. That Trilingual Dog with the Heart of Gold and Some Beautiful Tattoos my mom

met In a MacDonald's.





## THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

BY ARMĀDEIUS GALOUEI'S SURROGATE,

Mechanical Contraption

By means of re-discovering a forgotten axiom, the spectacular isomorphism has been proven functional again! We can now be sure that the solution to the following maze corresponds directly to a solution to an abstract problem in our world. In turn, by solving this maze, you make the world a better place. If you find a solution, please email it to [isomorphism@surrealtimes.net](mailto:isomorphism@surrealtimes.net) so that we can put the fruits of your labor into action. In return, you will be awarded a **secret prize**.

