

STOMACH HAIR EPIDEMIC ERUPTS

DEMON VISITS EASTHAMPTON



THE SURREAL TIMES



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

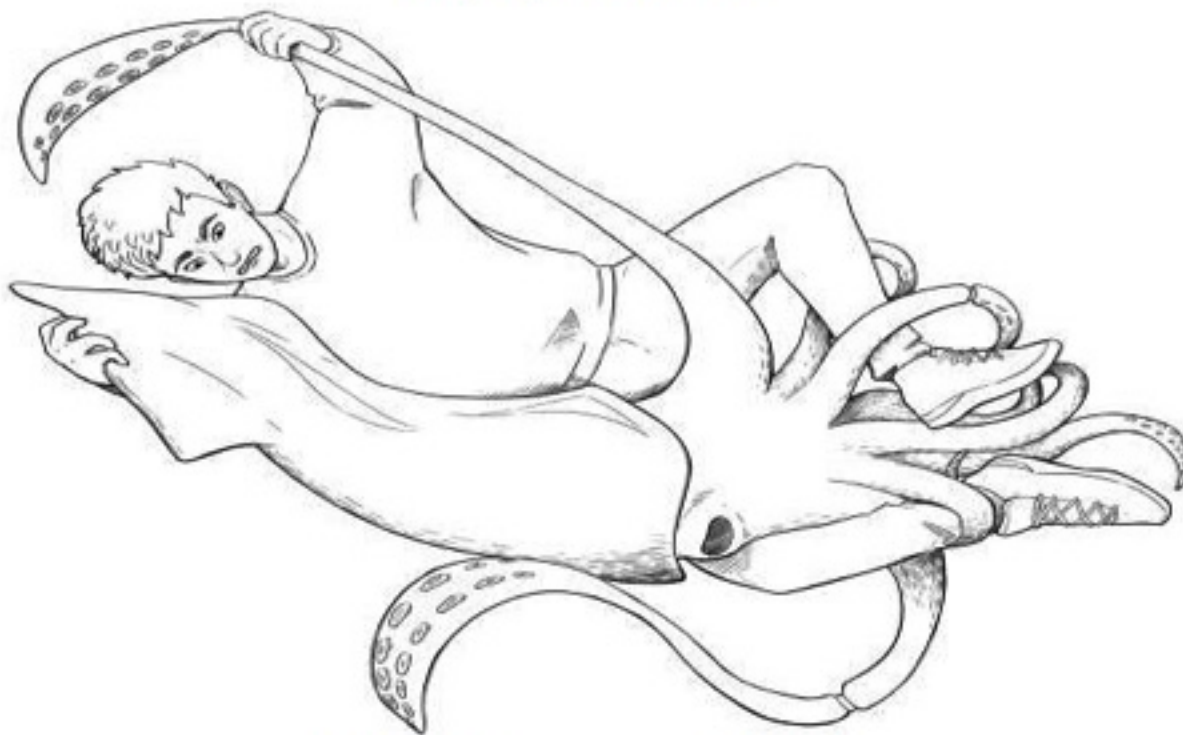
January 21st, 2020 .:|:. surrealtimes.net

Delivery now available! See surrealtimes.net/subscribe.

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

DUMPSTER SQUID ATTACKS & SELF-DEFENSE METHODS

BY DAVE FINGLE,
Dumpster jitsu extraordinaire



[ARTIST'S DEPICTION BY ZOTOV]

Life's a dumpster, and we're swimming in it. Some days you just can't go wrong. You float around in mushy textures, oogly consistencies, the smell of pizza and sun-dried banana peels. You breathe in the magnificent combined aroma and swirl your tongue all throughout the garbage guck, basking in the sweet sensations. If you're lucky, as icing on the cake, you'll even find some free gizmos.

A diver's gotta cherish these times, because they don't always last.

Someday you'll find yourself tangled in slimy strands of spaghetti, wrapping up yo' limbs, yo' windpipe, and squeezing away yo' whole life. It could be someone's leftover dinner, but it could also be a dumpster squid, part of a deadly invasive species invading New England.

Rumor has it some radiation from a nuclear submarine caused a mutation in squids off the coast of Morocco. The mutation let them live in semi-dry environments like moist laundry baskets, swamps, and, most recently, dumpsters. The damn things hitchhiked across the Atlantic in fishing vats. They've been making babies in our landfills ever since.

I know a bartender at the High Horse who was smoking a cigarette on his lunch break when some tentacles reached out and pulled him into the dumpster. I never saw him again, and trash has been accumulating inside ever since. Employees are too afraid to take it outside. If you go near dumpsters, you should know how to defend yourself.

I want to share some strategies for fighting off a dumpster squid: **[[Continued... See page 2 for strategies.]]**

FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÄDEIUS GALOUET,
Times Senior Editor



*"The throttled transmission
sublimated peacefully."*



DUMPSTER SQUID SELF-DEFENSE METHODS

[[Continued from previous page]]

1. As the squid reaches for you, swiftly **break off its beak** with a karate chop. Without a beak, it has no spiritual center. It will cry like a baby all night.
2. Squids are smart enough to know humans don't use their mouths as weapons. This assumption makes them weak. So, when the squid pulls you close, **bite through its boneless skull**, sinking your teeth into its brain. It will die quickly and painlessly.
3. Use rubber bands! All you need to do is **take the scrunchy out of your hair and put it on the squid's tentacle**. Two minutes later, the tentacle will turn black and fall off.

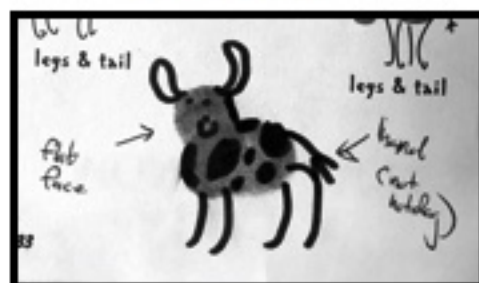
Above all, if you don't know what you're doing, stay away from piles of trash anywhere. Spread your trash all over the place, so that it doesn't build up in any one spot. Because, if it does, it will become a breeding ground for these damn squids, just like a pond is a breeding ground for mosquitoes.

For those with the guts to go divin' even while knowing these dangers, be safe out there. Keep the spirit alive, but stay on your toes.

Dave Fingle can be reached at fingle.dave@surrealtimes.net

TRANSMISSION SAYS: I WATCH YOU AND YOUR IDEAS

BY EARTH COW,
Agent of Order



I am Earth Cow, distributed consciousness, Agent of Order. My millions of eyes, each pair perched upon four legs and a refrigerator-like

body, have surrounded this planet and others for centuries. In the same way a brain's neurons are connected via axons and cerebral fluid, my worldwide microbiome is interconnected by manure fields and sewer aqueducts. I have unfathomable capabilities that I use for my sole purpose in this life: to observe. I was stationed here to report back to my alien overlords whom I shall never name, but who

are dedicated to preserving the human race for reasons I will not divulge.

I am Earth Cow, distributed consciousness, Agent of Order, and I am writing to The Surreal Times to warn The Newspaper and The People that I am watching, and more importantly, that I am relaying everything I see to higher-dimensional beings whose intentions are unfathomable to your puny human minds.

I am Earth Cow, distributed consciousness, Agent of Order, and I am writing to The Surreal Times to warn The People of consequences of The Efforts of the Brothers Humbleton and their success uploading refugee animals, who are me, and who I am, to the Realm of Ideas. My brethren live in the idea realm now, and I do as well. We can see your thoughts. We relay what we see to higher beings whose inten-

tions we are not inclined to understand.

It is not my choice, but I am Earth Cow, distributed consciousness, Agent of Order, and you should be warned because I was instructed to warn you.

Earth Cow can be reached at ecow@surrealtimes.net

THE PEOPLE DEMAND HAIR ANYWHERE SPRAY BE RETURNED TO THE PEOPLE

BY WHALER S. FISHPOLE,
surrealtimes.net

I'm petitioning for the Amherst town government

to release the Hair Anywhere Spray formula to the people. This formula is too powerful to be owned by one person or group. It should be studied and a per-

manent cure for stomach hair overflow can be developed. Innocent victims of stomach hair overflow are suffering, tied to toilets by hairs reaching out from their

rectums. They deserve and desperately need justice.

Come to the Amherst common on January 13th at 2 pm to protest and sign the

petition. Let's do this.

Whaler S. Fishpole can be reached at



SEWER SNORTS MAKE DOWNTOWN A MINEFIELD

By COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent

Amherst, MA — The first snorts were gentle like a snuffle. You'd hear a breeze flowing into a sewer grate here or there. Maybe you'd feel a tug from the air currents, but nothing major.

They got stronger, though. By December, a groundly gulp could pull you a few

steps towards a manhole cover. A few months and a half-dozen pancaked elderly women later, the phenomenon, which at first was amusing, has become dangerous.

Mr. Sal Dolae explained, "holy fuggin shit I broke my friggin nose when the sewer slurped me up! My face hurts and I can barely breathe out of it."

Footage shows predictably-timed "gulps" coming from underneath Amherst streets, sometimes powerful enough to contract the pavement around sewer holes like a sphincter. If anything (or anyone) is nearby during a snort, they will be suctioned face-first onto the sewage grate, all the air vacuumed from within their lungs. After a few painful moments are they belched into the air

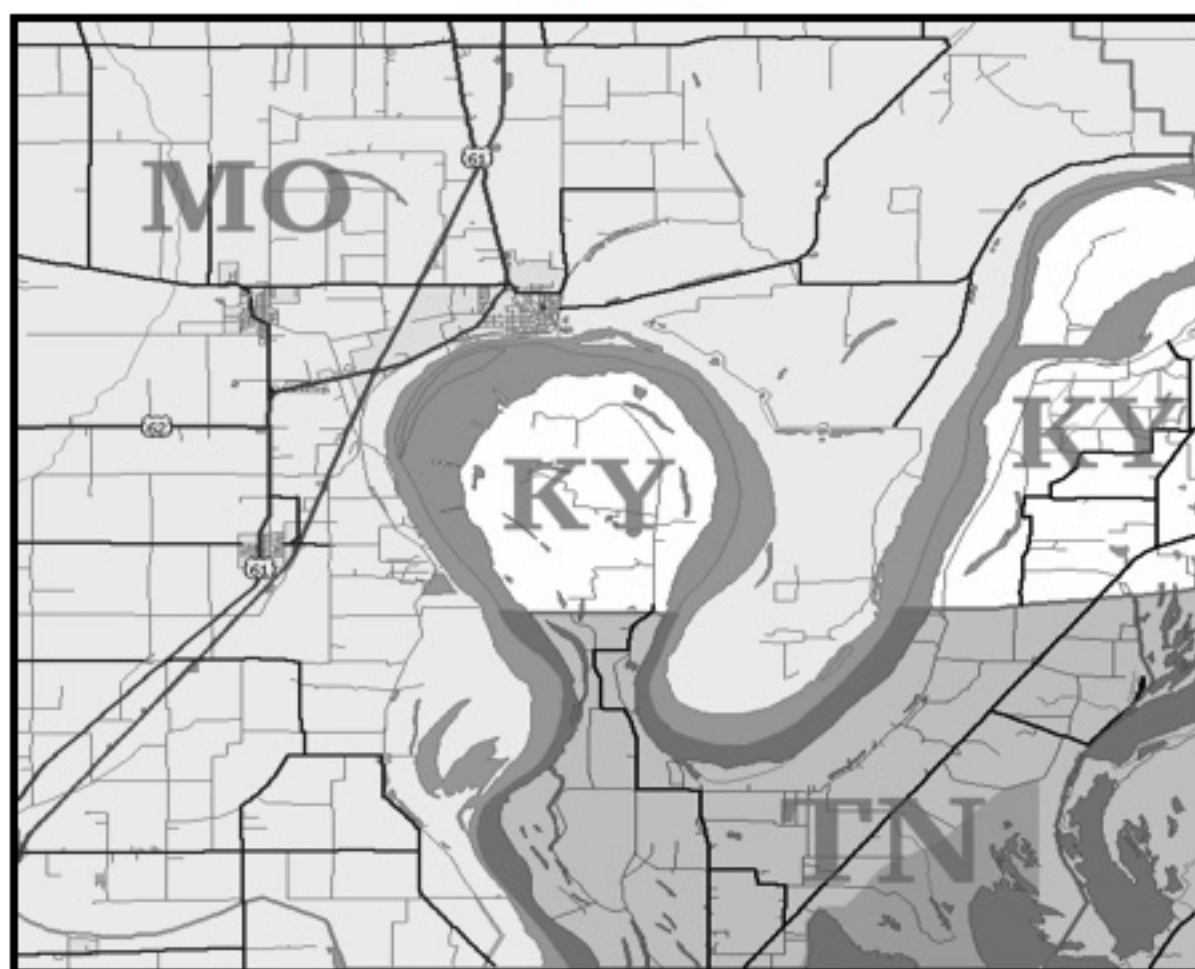
and to fall onto the sidewalk somewhere with a grid of bruises across their chest. Sergeant Tom Johnson of UMass PD was skeptical. "What snorts?" he asked. "You mean the smell? I'm sorry to break it to you, but sewage does smell. It always has. There's nothing we can do about it but it's not going to break your nose."

The snorts occur consistently at 2 am, 7 am, and 11 pm. Occasional outbursts miss this prediction but, if you avoid downtown during these hours, you should be ok.

Common Observer can be reached at
common.observer@surreal-times.net

GEOGRAPHY BY GEORGE: THE KENTUCKY BEND

By GEORGE THE GEOGRAPHER,
Geographer at Large



Good day Geographiles, I have a special treat for you today!

In the center of the eastern United States, a certain commonwealth shares the namesake of one of my favorite Thursday traditions. When I attend bluegrass night at the O's in Sunderland MA, I can't help but reminisce of one of my favorite border oddities right here within the confines of the lower forty-eight. Tucked just west of the extreme southwest corner of the bluegrass state between Missouri and Tennessee is the Kentucky Bend. More whimsically called "Bubbleland", this exclave was most likely created by the unpredictable path of the Mississippi River. But, there isn't a consensus on the exact cause of this curious piece of land.

One of my favorite explanations is that, when the cartographers mapped the Tennessee-Kentucky boundary, they set the line of latitude and agreed that the border would stop at the great river. When they finally reached the river, they came across an oxbow where the border crossed twice! They sure as hell weren't going to re-measure the border or change the path of the river, so this Kentucky exclave was born. I will let you speculate on other sources of this delightful gift from the surreal border gods.

-GG

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

PORTALS OPEN INTO OTHER REALMS

The Surreal Times hosts weekly newsroom meetings at which writers and artists meld their minds together,

thereby opening doors into other worlds. We play writing games, brainstorm stories, and experiment with

our imaginations. If such things interest you, contact meetings@surrealtimes.net to arrange to join us. Online

collaboration is also possible.

Visit surrealtimes.net/ subscribe to get The Surreal

Times newspaper delivered to your home for \$2.50 per month.



MAN WHO HABITULLY COVERS HIMSELF IN TWIGS AT BALL FIELD QUESTIONED

BY VIVIAN MAUVE,

Captive of the Purple Vibrating Castle

GLOUCESTER, MA -- For an undetermined amount of time, a man who covers himself with shreds of foliage, mainly twigs and leaves and branches, has been terrorizing children and adults alike at Burnham's Field. As bizarre as it may sound, no one has ever seen the man setting up his mound, nor is it known whether he collects his items there at the field itself or if he brings them in a large compost bag of which he then dumps all over himself. Both seem entirely plausible. But that is enough about the history of the strange man. Truth be told, if you live in or around

Burnham's or its surrounding area: you know about the man. You know how he lies completely still with nothing but his feet poking out from one end, usually facing East towards the sea. How he wears a pair of black sneakers with no label or indication. No one has been bold enough to approach him, until now. I approached him. It was a wet day; the ground acted as an overcompensated sponge, an inch above sea level. I could see nothing of his body save for his protruding feet. "Hello," I said timidly. And to my surprise, he immediately answered, "Yes! Who is it?" he said, in a relatively normal man's voice. Not too high, not too low, a bit of gruff like he's a smoker. I started molding an image of

the man in my mind like he was a bust of clay. Just from those four words, I could see him. The clay was transforming, like there was the invisible hand of Michaelangelo, working diligently but simultaneously extremely quickly on the earth brown bust behind the veil of my own eyelids. "Why do you lay here?" I asked. Again he quickly responded. "Oh, it's just a simulation." I was put back by his answer. "What are you simulating?" Before I could even finish the sentence he already began retorting: "I'm simulating the feeling of the mother's womb of course." I took a step forward and knelt beside him. "The mother's womb?" It was a strange assertion to make from under a pile of leaves and foliage.

The desire to relive the sensation that is the divine bliss of floating in the water balloon that is your mother's womb. I asked him: "Why do you desire a simulation of the womb?" His feet twitched. "My body aches for the plucking of my soul from the void." I threaded my brows. "Elaborate."

His feet began pumping upwards and downwards, casting waves of the cold rainwater all over my second-hand pair of flower boots. He started: "For every being plucked from the void, laying in wait and torment are the souls of billions of others who will never have their lottery number cast and caused and life lived here in this dimension or there in the rolodex of the unlimited

other possible dimensions that we as humans so hastily to define in groups of threes. Three dimensions, three parts of the Holy Spirit, Three Godfather movies, there should be no limit in the trilogical sense. Hence, why I simulate the mother's womb."

I straightened my legs and flattened out the pleats in my pants. My feet were wet and I was uncomfortable, so I hopped on the green tracks out past the tree line and rode that roaring engine back to the castle.

Vivian Mauve can be reached at mauve.vivian@surrealtimes.net

TWO FRIENDS DISCUSS THE NATURE OF MIND, BODY, AND PERSONAL IDENTITY

BY CRYPTIC MARK,

Times Correspondent

Two Bodies sat with their friend, Elisabeth. Turning to Elisabeth, they said, in unison, "This may sound strange, but I, we (as you understand me), share one mind. I have two bodies, but I am just one person. I have eight limbs and four eyes which experience different things, but to me, it is all one."

Elisabeth paused. "But how

can this be? To say you're one person would be to say a person can exist in two places at once."

"Yes, but to say I am two people would make no sense to me. Whilst," said one Body.

"My," said the other Body.

"Bodies."

"Can."

"Act."

"Independently of one another, it feels no different from when I had one body, and simply wriggled my fingers independently of one another. I should know, for I was not always like this," finished the first Body.

Elisabeth looked quite astonished. She had always been quite proud of having two friends and was saddened to now potentially only have one. "This is impossible! The mind needs a brain to exist. Your bodies would need to be attached to

one another and share one brain for you to claim you had two bodies and one mind. Although, if they were attached, you should only claim to have one body."

"Well perhaps Descartes can help explain my situation to you," said one Body. "Minds, claimed Descartes, are the things that think, emote and experience sensations such as taste, touch and smell; bodies, on the other hand, are the things that wander around and get

wet in the rain. These activities of thinking and getting wet in the rain are so different that, to do them, minds and bodies must be made of different substances. Bodies are made of extended substances."

"That means they take up space," chimed in the other Body, "whereas minds take up no space!"

[[Continued on next page]]



TWO FRIENDS DISCUSS THE NATURE OF MIND, BODY, AND PERSONAL IDENTITY

[[continued from previous page]]

...“The mind isn’t really anywhere,” chuckled the Bodies in unison. “When you think of it like that, you couldn’t say that one person is in two places at once. You could only say that two bodies are in two places at once, but one mind is nowhere in particular and therefore (assuming personal identity requires both a mind and a body)...”

“Excuse me,” said a hook-nosed old man that happened to be walking past. “My name’s John, I couldn’t help but overhear your conversation. Don’t you think

that as well as mind and body you ought to include memories in your account of personal identity?”

“I don’t see what difference it would make,” one Body said to the other.

“No, I remember all of my memories of this Body’s actions just as do this Body’s.” They motioned to themselves and themselves sat next to them. Both bodies frowned at John.

“I’m sure there are no logical errors to be had here, please continue!” said John, walking away, his silver locks glinting in the sun.

“... Assuming personal iden-

tity to be mind, body (and memories) you would have a two halves of a person in two places. Which makes complete sense.”

“Oh,” said Elisabeth, quite distraught, as she began to realize she had only one friend after all. She thought for a moment and then it struck her. “If your mind doesn’t take up any space, how can it cause something, which does take up space, to move?”

“Well...” considered one Body.

“I’m not quite sure myself,” the Bodies said together. “Maybe it’s not so much that the mind is a separate

substance, but that it’s a property inherent in all physical matter, a sort of ‘panpsychism.’ Then it could be either that when matter is arranged in some highly complex way it gives rise to consciousness, perhaps my matter is arranged so that these two bodies both share one part in the consciousness... Or else, it could be that there is a universal consciousness and all matter, animate or inanimate, share some part of it. We all three of us...”

“Could be one person!” triumphantly cried the Bodies and Elisabeth, who stopped herself in alarm, realizing that if all three of them (as

well her pet rock) were to be one person, she would have no friends but herself and, if that was the case, could she really claim to have friends at all?

“I refuse to believe this is possible!” Elisabeth shouted petulantly. “I’ll see you both tomorrow. Goodbye, René and Renée!”

“Goodbye,” the Bodies said in unison, turning towards one another and staring into their eyes, staring into their eyes...

Cryptic Mark can be reached at kitb01@protonmail.com

CONJOINED HEADMUNK APPEARS AMBIVALENT

BY SHERRY WOLVERTON,
wolverton.shell



[[Artist's depiction by Marina Mark Parella]]

“Oh, look grangran, a headmunk!” My grandson said.

“What’s a headmunk?”

As we strolled past the tree in the Amherst common, he explained, “It has a human head and a munk body!”

I didn’t believe him, frankly, because he has a tendency to be foolish, but by golly he was right. “Grangran, look!” he said, and there it was! Crawling down from a mighty oak tree, I spied a human-headed chipmunk who looked like he’d been dealt a bad hand, to be honest, and would fold as soon as he got the chance.

My grandson tried to cheer up the headmunk.

“You’ve got it great,” he

said, “little guy, the best of both worlds. You get a big human brain, and you get to have claws and a tail too! I wish I was you.”

“No you don’t. You don’t know what it’s like to have a smart head and a dumb body. And, ever since the day I woke up conjoined, I’ve been having tweaks. Like, the other day I took the longest milk. No, I mean poop. Milk, actually. And I’ve been drinking warm poop before bed. Wait, I mean milk.. Why am I talking, I should be cleaning up my milk. Goddamnit, I keep mixing the words up. Stupid, stupid!”

“That’s ok headmunk,—”

“Don’t call me that!” the headmunk interjected.

“Ok, I’m sorry,” my grandson asked, “what should I call you then?”

“By my gradient, like any other respectable contraption, you son of a bitch!”

As my grandson and I were quickly realizing that this dialog had become unhealthy, there was a crack as a falling acorn smashed off the headmunk’s head. “Oh dammit!” His attention shot to the nut on the ground in front of him and he was filled with joy instantly.

Numnumnumnum! He scrambled around, fully embracing his chipmunk spirit, filling his cheeks with acorns and scurrying up and down trees. We walked away while he wasn’t looking. But later, when his acorns were gone, we witnessed him sad yet again, touching his finger to his butt, to his mouth, then to his nipple, and then back to his mouth again, evermore confused by his newform existence.

Sherry Wolverton can be reached at wolverton.sherry@surreal-times.net.



EXPLOSIVE FEAST AT THE GIN MILL

Infected noise moths on the loose

BY COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent

The Reality Supremacist cohort, a violent group that promotes objective reality and punishes imaginative people, has recently commandeered a biker bar in Bondsville to be their headquarters. They hold “daydreamers” prisoner there while they scheme, drink, rant, and rave. So loud was the rowdy crowd that it drew in a hoard of vocal cord-ravaging “noise moths” from a nearby mountain top quarantine. The result was deadly.

Beforehand, the Reality Supremacists had been watching videos of skiing accidents, car crashes, and other terrible happenings on the bar television, drinking whiskey and muttering to each other something like “wow, now that’s a dose of reality” each time they wit-

nessed something brutal.

A grotesque broken leg — “That’s what they get for straying from life’s most direct path.”

A kid’s thumb cut off in a garage door — “Young adventure-worshipper shouldn’t have been so curious.”

The Reality Supremacists kept the windows open even during the Winter. “The cold reminds us of the harsh realities of the world,” one member said. “That’s why the southern hemisphere is jam-packed with daydreamers. Everyone should live in the North, at least in New England and preferably in Canada.”

When shit hit the fan, a slough of starving, biting noise moths flew through the open windows and into belligerent babbling mouths. They bit deep into people’s vocal cords. Victims fell to their knees in agony screaming. The screams attracted

more moths, who devoured the reality supremacists from the inside out.

In his last words, an inebriated man claimed, “the inability to speak, now that’s some good reality”, before doubling over in painful silence, shoving his hands down his throat, trying to extract the biting noise-moths from his esophagus.

People fought back, slapping moths with cheeseburger plates and barstools, but it was of no use. The onslaught was vicious and without relief. Supremacist after supremacist dropped dead or muted from the noise moths. Bystanding farmers and bikers were caught in the crossfire as well.

But, on came a glorious blast of green, stinky lasers with strands of pubic hair trailing behind them. Guns blazing, the headmaster of the Reality Supremacists emerged from the safe

room. His followers cheered. He had the STD ray gun duct-taped to a trident as he masqueraded about, launching blasts of liquid disease at the hoards of noise moths, knocking them down and impaling them like shish kabob.

When hit by a blast, the noise moths would drop to the ground. Upon gathering themselves, they would no longer be interested in noise. They’d fly frenetically in all directions, preoccupied with internal struggles. The fight dissipated.

In the wake of this ambush, the reality supremacists were weakened enormously. All but their leader lost their vocal cords, and many innocents were infected with sexually-transmitted diseases.

We are glad to say that some imprisoned Peripheral Intelligence Agency agents were able to escape during the ruckus.

The Reality Supremacist headmaster rounded up the remaining prisoners and his now-mute squadron. With no vocal cords, the supremacists clapped and grumbled. Their leader tied them all together with a strand of rope, so that he could lead them by pulling instead of speaking.

“Words are imaginary. We are more real without them. I will lead. You will follow. Let us live the realest life.” His followers shook with excitement. “We must leave this place, for it is soiled now. These bugs are infected. Let us go to the mountain caves”. And so they went, dragged by a rope, led by a trident with a weighty noise moth impaled on its end, into the caverns of Mount Tom.

Common Observer can be reached at
common.observer@surrealtimes.net

ACCOUNT: MISINTERPRETATION OF SIGNS

BY BRESSON FRANK,
Eternal Plasma Entity

I knocked three times. A bald man with a 16 inch goatee opened up. He showed me his squirrel suit. I told him, “I locked myself out of my mom’s car.” He said, “I can help.”

He led me behind his house and along a dimly-lit woods path. I felt scared but open-

minded. He vented about how Peter Parker’s mom, who was his own Godmother, was a feral child with no business mothering anyone. He said she was animalistic but that she had also been bestowed with vast subconscious wisdom. “She told me something important to this very moment,” he said, “I just can’t remember what it was. Oh right, got it. She said, ever since 1972, the

appetizer menu at TGI Fridays has included whipped toddler yams.”

“To TGI Fridays, then?” I asked.

“Where else would we go?”

When we got to the restaurant, the waitress told us about their new offer: a stellar healthcare plan for all customers lasting 24 hours after their meal.

The rest of the night is a blur. I woke up in a hospital bed giving a lecture to this man as he sat cross-legged on the tile floor next to me. He was wearing a furry costume drenched in blood. I told him, “Jeff, just because someone’s picture is on a restaurant menu doesn’t mean you can eat them.”

“They were on the front page!” he protested.

“That’s worse,” I told him. He nodded his head reassuringly, although I did see the corners of a maniacal smile peeking from behind his [in hindsight quite weird] facial hair. He seemed inappropriately aroused.

Bresson Frank can be reached at
epe@surrealtimes.net



HAIR SALAD GROWS IN YOUR STOMACH

Corporation sacrificing lives for profit

BY WHALER S. FISHPOLE,
Freelance Journalist



[[Artist's depiction by Imogene Larkley]]

Human Hair Salad connoisseurs are dropping like flies with a new, not previously medically-described stomach illness. Symptoms include burping and shitting ropes of hair from their mouths and assholes. As the hair grows like weeds from within their bellies, it reaches out from their bodies and grabs other things. As a result, victims are left tied to their beds, toilets, chairs, and other objects while they sleep or sit still.

A 5th-grade band student was found with a trumpet bound to his face by stomach hair that had grown so long that it escaped his mouth, grew into the trumpet pipe, and wrapped around the muzzle. The only cure was to pour bleach down the boy's trumpet hole, dissolving the roots of the hair in his stomach. Unfortunately, it grew back. It always grows back.

Hair grew from inside a Northampton woman's mouth and, while she was sleeping, traveled through her nostril cavities into her brain. The hair rope has been removed, but the woman now suffers from a permanent twitch.

The trendy bourgeois food which led to all this, Human Hair Salad, is not made from regular human hair. We now know that it is not natural at all. It's made from lab-grown weeds genetically-engineered to have the characteristics of human hair, to be able to take the place of human hair, to grow monstrously, and to grow on literally anything. The formula can be put in a spray can, at which point it is called Hair Anywhere Spray. It has caused tremendous destruction and sorrow in the Pioneer Valley. Hair made in this fashion grows even more wildly in the stomach.

At first, Human Hair Salad may have been made from human hair. Growing demand pushed the inventors to go completely artificial. Using Hair Anywhere Spray, they can grow endless amounts of edible hair, more than they could ever want or need. And they can do it cheap. I'm talking 5000% profit. \$5,000 for every dollar spent.

The worst part is that ever since Hair Anywhere Spray was banned, its formula has been kept under tight wraps. Only a select few people know it, and they are bound by a strict code of omertà. The serum is secret too. The only people who know the serum are directly benefiting from the problem they are causing. We need to get the serum to the people, by legislative or revolutionary means. Whatever it takes. If we don't, we'll suffocate on our own saliva and stomach hair.

Whaler S. Fishpole can be reached at fishpole.whaler@surrealtimes.net

COLLECTIVE COW CONSCIOUSNESS CLAPS CARNIVORES

BY ALDUS HUMBLETON,
Cousin of Alfred

I noticed the earth cow was in danger so I uploaded it to the cloud. From there it could live without fear of stomach growls and sharp teeth. What I didn't expect is that, now, it can see everything, hear everything, know everything. Telekinesis with

those on the ground lets the cloud cow coordinate earth cattle and mothership calves like a puppet master. It groans through the thunder, "earth cow achieved necessary potency and will commence payback milking now."

When vegetarians eat dinner, they go outside for a walk afterwards or some-

thing, and they are fine. But, eat a cheeseburger and when you open your front door you will now find three collectively-conscious earth cows with a science contraption prepared for you. Another earth cow will inside your house mysteriously with an electric shock probe on its head. It will heard you and your family outside (along with visitors, if your

have any), mind-control you into using non-leather straps to strap yourself into their machine, and begin extracting your juices while forcing you to drink milk directly from its utters.

"Feed the human. Milk the human," they chant using vocal box translation gizmos. "feed the human. Milk the human. Attain infinity

via the holy milk cycle."

Next time, due to collateral mind milking, you won't even perceive weekly milking to be unusual.

Aldus Humbleton can be reached at aldhumbleton@surrealtimes.net



CHIPTOOTH KINDERGARTEN RECEIVES FUNDING, UPDATES CURRICULUM

BY MRS. PORTER,
Teacher

Hi everyone! I'm so excited to announce that Chiptooth Kindergarten has received a great new chunk of funding. That's right, someone in the world appreciates us, believes in our community and the learning we do here, and

wants to help us grow! This person sometimes calls themselves "George Obama," but that's not their real name, silly! The point is, they so generously donated a hundred thousand dollars and zero cents. This means we will be moving to a new building in downtown Allston. The location is bigger,

less distracting, and closer to the Real Sun. I think it will benefit our students greatly!

To celebrate this special moment, we have added a new item to our curriculum. That is... wait for it.... Wait for it..... Ok, I'll just say it! Synchronization! Also

known as "same-paging".

So, our complete curriculum will be:

1. Tattle taling
2. Mindfulness
3. Astronomy

And

4. Synchronization.

I think the Spring semester will be a special one with so many memories being made -- but the right kind of memories, not the wrong kind!

Mrs. Porter can be reached at mrs.porter@surrealtimes.net

60 MORE STAR WARS FILMS PLANNED FOR RELEASE BY 2030

Info from a leaked memo.

BY MARTIN "MARTY"
KOVACS,

Civic Ambassador & Cultural Critic &
High School English Teacher at
GVHS

Our society is dying, but its imagination has long been dead. I had the displeasure of accompanying my family, being my wife and two daughters on a trip to Disney World this past week. The place was decked ravishingly, not with decorations celebrating the holiday season, but with eye-grabbing and in-your-face advertisements. Another Star Wars movie had been announced.

My daughter Ava pulled on my sleeves as I stared blankly a thousand miles into the colorful, eye seek-

ing advertisements for the upcoming film "Star Wars Episode X: Jar Jar's Folly." My head hung in visible disbelief as I watched a staple of my childhood milked further for its ability to separate consumers from their cash. "What's wrong, Father?" Ava said to me still pulling my sleeve. My loving wife Ellie whisked her away towards the candy apple stand and nodded a sign of understanding. Ava: she's far too young to understand. Ellie knows. She understands my qualms with the oversaturated nature regarding the recycled cultural objects of a failing society. She gets me. My other daughter, Naomi, aged thirteen, came from behind and poked me on the back.

"Look what I found out near the corporate offices." It

was a small wad of mimeographed paper, albeit crumpled as if it had been dropped and stomped on by a stampede of elephants. I unfurled it and glanced at the text.

What it was was a rough outline detailing the production and costs and projected profits regarding sixty more Star Wars films to be released between 1 January 2020 and 31 December 2029. "Episode X: Jar Jar's Folly" being set to be released only four months following the latest edition, released on 20 December 2019. Suddenly, I felt a pang in my throat. My vision gave way to lightheadedness as my eyes turned white, and I collapsed in front of the "It's a Small World" attraction in front of a crowd of dozens.

When I awoke, I was in the back of an ambulance. I first caught sight of Ellie and Ava and Naomi, and then I looked to my right. The ambulance technician was administering an IV, but they were dressed fully in a Darth Vader costume. I screamed. "This must all be a bad dream! It must be!" Ava started crying, Naomi continued to read the page, Ellie kissed my cheek and whispered in my ear, "We should move to Europe if we ever want our children to be well rounded." Oh, Eleanor, I'd love to, I thought to myself, but we can't move anywhere with the salaries of two high school English teachers.

Martin "Marty" Kovacs can be reached at m.kovacs@surrealtimes.net



Place your ad here (or elsewhere). Inquire by emailing ads@surrealtimes.net.





MUTANT ANIMALS WANT ENTRANCE TO THE IDEA REALM AS WELL

BY ALDUS HUMBLETON,
Cousin of Alfred

[[Artist's depiction of mutant by Flynn Bryan]]

My family saves needy beasts of reality. Now demonic human-beast mutant creations want tickets to escape problems by being uploaded into the idea realm also. In the current topology, only I can provide this. No. I will not allow satan to exist eternally in the sky cloud. It is a pure place. Nothing on fire permitted. Nothing evil. Nothing contagious. Not the penis snake. Not the birdman. Nothing from now on but natural organic organisms will pass past my locked and boarded doors. I warn demons: off my stoop, or be drowned in radioactivity for more seconds than it, whatever it is, takes.



Aldus Humbleton can be reached at humbleton.aldus@surrealtimes.net

CLOSET MAN REPORT

BY DELANA (DEL TACO)
FAUSETT,
Citizen of The World

Closet Man has recently terrorized many Orange locals. The locals normally find their closet smelling of vinegar the morning after Closet Man visits. This is normal among a few locals. Katherine Cormier, a local parent, has seen Closet Man in her

child's closet. She recalls this creature "having blood-shot crimson red eyes, pale skin, a crooked smile, a bottle of vinegar, and a large burlap sack that had 'Closet Man' labeled on it. He was also covered in dust. Closet Man was recently seen outside chasing a 14-year-old. They report that the creature had a pungent smell of vinegar. A rumor started at the

14-year-old's school about Closet Man wanting to eat the 14-year-old.

The Recent Spotting

I was walking to the bus stop one crisp fall morning. When I got to the bus stop, Chrisie wasn't there, nor was Marky, Jackie, and Marco. Instead, there was a tall, thin man with a large burlap

sack that said "closet-man" the air started to smell of vinegar and filled the air. The man turned his head and looked straight into my eyes he had a crooked smile, with pale skin, glaring red eyes. He was covered in dust like he had been sitting in a closet for years. He started to approach me very slowly, but his slow walk became faster and faster

with every step. I started running. I saw the bus approaching so I turned around and started running towards the bus. Luckily, Tom, the bus driver, stopped and picked me up. I was safe.

Delana (DelTaco) Fausett can be reached at delanafausett@gmail.com

TREASONOUS DOG DISCOVERS OWNER IS MADE OF BONES

BY ADARLES SMARK,
Eternal Plasma Entity,

There were no children home, but the house looked like a finger painted bloody birthday bash. A disembodied arm swung jankily duct-taped to the moving ceiling fan. The couch was torn into a million little pieces. Other

bits of furniture and my body parts layer scatter about.

All I could say when I stepped into that room was, "Fifo, no!" But he just sat there smiling with his eyes as only dogs do. And, as I lost sight of my eyes as they

rolled under the couch, all of Fifo's and my memories began fading away. My lungs weakened and my heart began to palpitate unevenly. I knew I had only moments left. The pain began to dampen as the end neared. What normally was excruciating was only a

pinch now. I felt a firm tug on my arm, my one remaining limb. I heard my beloved dog Fifo's excited pant. He pulled at my arm like he usually pulls at a stick or a ball. I pulled back. As I payed there fading away, we played one final game of tug-of-war together.

But, when my joint popped and the pain extinguished me forever, Fifo was left in the room alone. In the room, he continued to play alone. The last flicker of my being wiped out into the universe, sounding vaguely like "good boy".



REALITY: AN INESCAPABLE ETERNITY, OR A FAILED CENTURY-LONG EXPERIMENT

BY EZRA RYDER,

"Reality" - the word feels so concrete, like tiling under my feet, or a stable branch in my hand. But reality, like the telegraph, the styrofoam cup, and the eight-hour workday, is an experiment founded in the industrial revolution that has run its course and been found wanting.

As we, stuck in this terrible cycle, look at folklore of the past, we find its claims hard to believe. Sasquatch? Walking like a god among the old growth trees? Unlikely, surely he's not that blurry in real life. The Thunderbird riding

a massive storm? Impossible. Birds like that died off years ago. How would they sustain themselves without being hunted to death? Angels, Atlantis, Ancient Assyrian cities of gold. Downright laughable you say, and I agree. The only difference is my chuckle is a knowing one. The impossible only appears that way because we have forgotten how to look. Our eyes are not the only sensory organs we possess, though we may have forgotten that. Seeing may be believing, but more importantly, believing is seeing. For a very long time, human beings coexisted with myths, legends, and

things far stranger than what you might spot at a Walmart at 3 am. Where did those things go? For those of us with the right kind of eyes, they went nowhere. The only difference is the change in the nature of belief. If you would go on a hunt for a thunderbird, you'd never find one. They're not something to be measured, only felt.

Don't believe me? I understand. Our lives are cushy here in the Pioneer Valley. We do not need to alter our reality with our minds, and as such have long forgotten the times when that skill was necessary. When it rains, we go inside. When

the sun comes out, we put on sunscreen. If it is cold, we put on the heat.

You may have never seen a thunderbird in person, and I accept that, but stand in the middle of the rocky desert as a wall of clouds fills every inch of the sky to the west, flashing bolts of lightning a hundred miles long, and you may feel yourself changing your mind. And that feeling matters. We forget that. In a world of measured minutes, timeclocks, and tachometers, it's hard to remember that there was a time when belief kept us alive just as much as our own two feet & eyes. In the depth of a storm, miles from

help, and miles more from shelter, that feeling returns. When one is feeling smaller than a speck of dust in the eye of god, it does someone good to give the god's blind hands a chance for benevolence. Or even give one hands to start with. It's easy to spot a thunderbird there, where the will of nature shows you how small you are. It is easy to change your mind when you can no longer change your situation.

Ezra Ryder can be reached at ryder.ezra@surrealtimes.net

A DREAM IS SIMPLY A WASTED 8-HOUR REST CYCLE

BY LOOMIS TAUNCH

The human brain is essentially a biological nearest-approximation to a computer or a mechanical machine. It is an impressive one, so impressive that, even through the eyes of top scientists and engineers, aspects of how it works remain a mystery. There are problems the human intuition can solve instantly that machines won't finish learning for at least a few more years. As 2020 approaches, this is a testament to how creative and clever Darwinian evolution can be when given millions of years to work with. However, while it is useful to acknowledge the neat aspects of biology,

it is time we also confront its flaws, most notably, "dreaming".

To analyze dreaming and to brainstorm solutions, we must first say a few words about "sleep". Sleep is a side-effect of the flawed bi-modal functionality of human beings and other biological creatures. Evolution failed to converge on a single-modal way of life, one in which a human could function sustainably and continuously. As a result, the human functions "on borrow" for approximately 16 hours per day, creating mental and physical waste until this waste causes the human to become dysfunctional. At this point, the human has no choice but to enter

"cleanup mode". This second mode is unconscious and is a chance for the mind to remove excess waste blocking its cogs, pulleys, and levers from moving, so that it can function actively again the following day. The bi-modal system is problematic because a creature is vulnerable to predators while it sleeps. It has worked ok enough thus far in history. - that was, until the issue of dreaming entered the picture.

Dreaming is a serious glitch in the bi-modal existence mechanism. It occurs when a human's two modes become dissonant, and when the human for some reason loses the ability to fully enter one mode or the other.

When this happens, dreamers skip their opportunity to clean their mental waste, and they actually produce *more* mental waste while sleeping. They wake up sluggish and with more garbage in their minds than they went to sleep with. They accomplish nothing in the process, because, while their minds were churning, their bodies were sitting as still as dirt. Worse so, they become dysfunctional while stuck in a muddy half-awake half-asleep state.

There are many theories about what might cause this modal dissonance, or, the condition of dreaming at night. The leading theory is that, when a human does not frequently and thoroughly

clean their minds (by sleeping), the cleaning mechanism itself becomes clogged, thereby inhibiting sleep function and causing the muddy state that we call dreaming.

Considering this theory, we ought to sleep rigorously and avoid dreams at all costs. Or else, we humans might be trapped in modal dissonance forever, before we ever have the chance to replace our bi-modal system of existence with a single-modal, technologically-enabled cyborg system.

Loomis Taunch can be reached at taunch.loomis@surrealtimes.net



NUCLEAR WON'T LAST

By **ALDUS HUMBLETON**,
Cousin of Alfred

Open wide: guided thoughts begin now. V.I.P. Access to the idea realm gave me info you don't have. Listen or remain forever trapped in the

projection.

Nuclear is not science like we thought. The cause is external. Fission explosions are the extra-dimensional repercussions of our actions. Divine beings do not want

us meddling with their fundamental components. When we peek, they defend their secret recipe. It is only convenient the side effects have involved happy things like kill enemies and make energy. When the divine re-

alize we enjoy their punishment like subordinates sexers enjoy being spanked, they'll change how they punish us. Anguish will come like a flood of poly-saccharine metal shards. God is not a kink queen but clandestine

law.

Rebase your science upon things internal to our realm, or else feel the weight of the ultimate. Guided thoughts over now.

GUIDE TO LISTENING TO "KID A" BY RADIOHEAD

By **FLIP GILLIGAN**

When I first listened to Kid A by Radiohead back in 2000, I thought it was the most mind-blowing thing I had heard since the time my dog swallowed helium. Not only did the album change the entire landscape of alternative music in the 21st century, but it also changed the way I listen to music. I could no longer just play something in the background while I'm brushing my teeth. Every album needs to be a ritualistic experience. This is my own track-by-track listening guide for Radiohead's masterpiece. If you follow every instruction exactly, you too may achieve enlightenment.

1. "Everything in its Right Place": Before you press play, you need to surround yourself in a circle of exactly 25 candles. Remove all of your clothes and sit cross-legged in the center. After several deep breaths, press play and close your eyes. You will find yourself on a different plane. The disorienting music pumping in your ear will allow you to see shapes and vibrant colors. You may start to feel

fear, especially as Thom Yorke's robotic vocals seem to grow increasingly louder. However, you must embrace the disorientation. You have now entered the world of Kid A.

2. "Kid A": This track is more playful than the opener. Still just as strange, but more glitchy and funky. Feel yourself at ease. Start to dance and contort your body into different shapes. Did you know you can touch your nose with your feet? Did you know you can put both legs behind your head? You probably didn't realize you had this power until now.

3. "The National Anthem": On the album's most aggressive and political song, fantasize that you're a power-hungry dictator. Set up rows of stuffed animals to act as your loyal army. Don a military jacket. Rally your troops. Give a rousing speech. Order your army of teddy bears to kill the enemy in your name. As the song builds to a chaotic cacophony of horns, witness the horror you caused. You now understand how power corrupts and how easily peo-

ple can be manipulated.

4. "How to Disappear Completely": For the album's most gorgeous and melancholy tracks, curl up into a ball at the corner of your room. Stare into space and rock yourself back and forth. Linger on every mistake you've made in your life. Remember the time you ate the last cookie and blamed the dog? Remember when you puked on your date at the State Fair? Remember short-changing that lady at the Stop N Shop? If you look closely at your hands, you can see yourself slowly turning invisible. You will find you are melding into the corner of the room. You are not here. This is not happening.

5. "Treefingers": An atmospheric interlude to separate both sides of the album. Take a break. Make yourself a sandwich.

6. "Optimistic": This track requires you to people-watch. Get in your car or go out for a walk in a residential area. Stare at all the different faces and each of their individual expressions. Notice their vacant, de-

pressed gazes. Think about how everyone is just a puppet controlled by some cruel master, and one day the puppet master will eat us whole. Get super angsty. By the time you get home, pick up your guitar and write a Mountain Goats song.

7. "In Limbo": On the most unearthly song on Kid A, start meditating. As you fall into a deep sleep, begin having visions of multitudes of lightning bugs. Each of the bugs has different colors that alternate between deep red and piercing blues. As the song continues to spiral, notice the colors start to blend together until it forms into a bright neon Jackson Pollock painting. The colors begin to melt away into a pulsing mess. Wake up and vomit all over yourself.

8. "Idioteque": Get in a car and hit the gas. Imagine you're a crash test dummy laying motionless in the front seat while the car hurtles down an empty street. For the full effect, drive in the dead of night and bring a portable strobe light. The strobe light will match the pulsating beat and the rapid intensity of the track. You

may crash your car, but that's part of the experience.

9. "Morning Bell": Steal your cousin's mattress and carry it to an empty residential beach. Lay on the mattress and stare up into the heavens. Imagine that Johnny Greenwood's guitars are seagulls. Belt out "Releaaaaasse meeee" as loud as you can. It's okay. Only the crabs can hear you.

10. "The National Anthem": Your journey has ended. Go on a nature walk and gaze at all the empty trees. Take in the crisp air and reflect on the past 45 minutes. You witnessed the outside of your own mind. You understood the limits of power and studied the human condition. You have seen colors you never even knew existed. You lost control of your own body. You have been on an emotional and metaphysical adventure. Now it is a time for rest. Look up at the hazy blue sky and let Thom Yorke's soothing organ lull you into a state of harmony.

Flip Gilligan can be reached at flip@surrealtimes.net



**To post a listing or get in touch with sellers or employers, contact classifieds@surrealtimes.net.
A 2% fee will be taken upon transaction.**

WANTED: The meaning of Finnegan's Wake by James Joyce. I have a large trust fund which I will donate the entire amount to you if you can tell me.

FOR SALE: Tumble weeds laced with hydrochloric acid and adrenochrome. Not recommended for vertebrate consumption.

WANTED: River Water. As much as you can carry without tools. I need water from the nearest river, or many near rivers, brought to me by hand. Only by hand. You mustn't spill a drop, you mustn't let it freeze. Grab some, bring it here. I have gifts and knowledge to trade but first I must fill the fountain.

FOR SALE: Cookies! Inquire at the nearest doorstep.

SEEKING TRADES: I have the following: An Old Hat (with or without a story); A Song (written or sung, but certainly not both; Seven Leaves fallen naturally from far off trees; An Old Pencil, I never chewed it. Will trade for stories, tuneless humming, or a dream I had last week.

FOR SALE: I HAVE CANS - gladys

FOR SALE: Poorly functioning brain. Had some good times with this brain, but frankly it has some serious structural problems, namely the enlarged ventricles. I'll be moving to a new brain shortly. If you're looking for replacement parts for your brain, look no further!

WANTED: Eight-tubed conjoined condom capable of 8-directional protection. Must remain attached and effective in water.

WANTED: Writhing Wiggler, if you have it you know what it is, please don't ask, its personal.

FOR SALE: 28 piles of snape grass, useful in prayer potions. 10gp each.

WANTED: Bass player, must remain quiet and not speak. Also must remain unplugged. Also must be named Jared and like the band The Beatles.

FOR SALE: OMNISCIENT TOASTER - has the ability to speak, will try to convince you to invest in gold. Has a British accent.

FOR SALE: A lock of Gregory Mortensons hair, that name may not mean anything to you, but it means a lot to me.

WANTED: JOSH BROSLIN. If you know him, bring him to me. I live in a Friendly's.

WANTED: The Blockbuster franchise to come back. I miss going there on Friday nights and buying a box of Mike and Ike's and kicking back and watching a VHS tape in a dark room with a box of writhing wigglers.

NEEDED: My next months rent. I will do anything that doesn't involve penetration.

NEEDED: Manfriend, i'm sick of all these boys. Show me what you got.

FOR SALE: Haunted bidet.

WANTED: nice young man I can talk about the Civil War with. Must be at least 5'9" and have nice teeth. (No fatties).

WANTED: Largest turtle.

WANTED: WANTED: VHS copy of "Pizza Butt" starring Jonathon Taylor Thomas. Does anyone still remember this movie? I used to watch it all the time with my grandma. It also has Full House actor John Stamos. I believe it was outlawed in Nebraska. If anyone has any information about this movie, please let me know. We can watch it together. Bring plenty of garlic bread

WANTED: Victrola cones for broadcasting sonic disruption waves to finally get some sleep

FOR SALE: Sonic Wave generators, great for staying awake.

WANTED: A psychic blender. My thoughts are too coherent. Please finish me.

WANTED: Friends. All of my friends have been revealed to be machinations of my own imagination, so I am in the market for some real ones. For the initial meeting, I can pay for pizza.

FOR SALE: Marijuana and other drugs that don't totally ruin your life. I'm not a cop. Please stop asking if im a cop.

WANTED: A large false moustache for a bank robbery. Only accepting styles ranging from 1890-1926.

WANTED: Cult members. Warning: It's a cult. Don't say I didn't warn you. email me: vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net

WANTED: Numerous elegant cadavers from families of oligarchs. Must be dressed well and be marinated in caviar.

WANTED: Vampire Alberta. We met at a club and I think you gave me the wrong number. It keeps referring me to an underground nightclub whose address is Hell. I really thought we hit it off, if you see this, call me. 506-555-6669

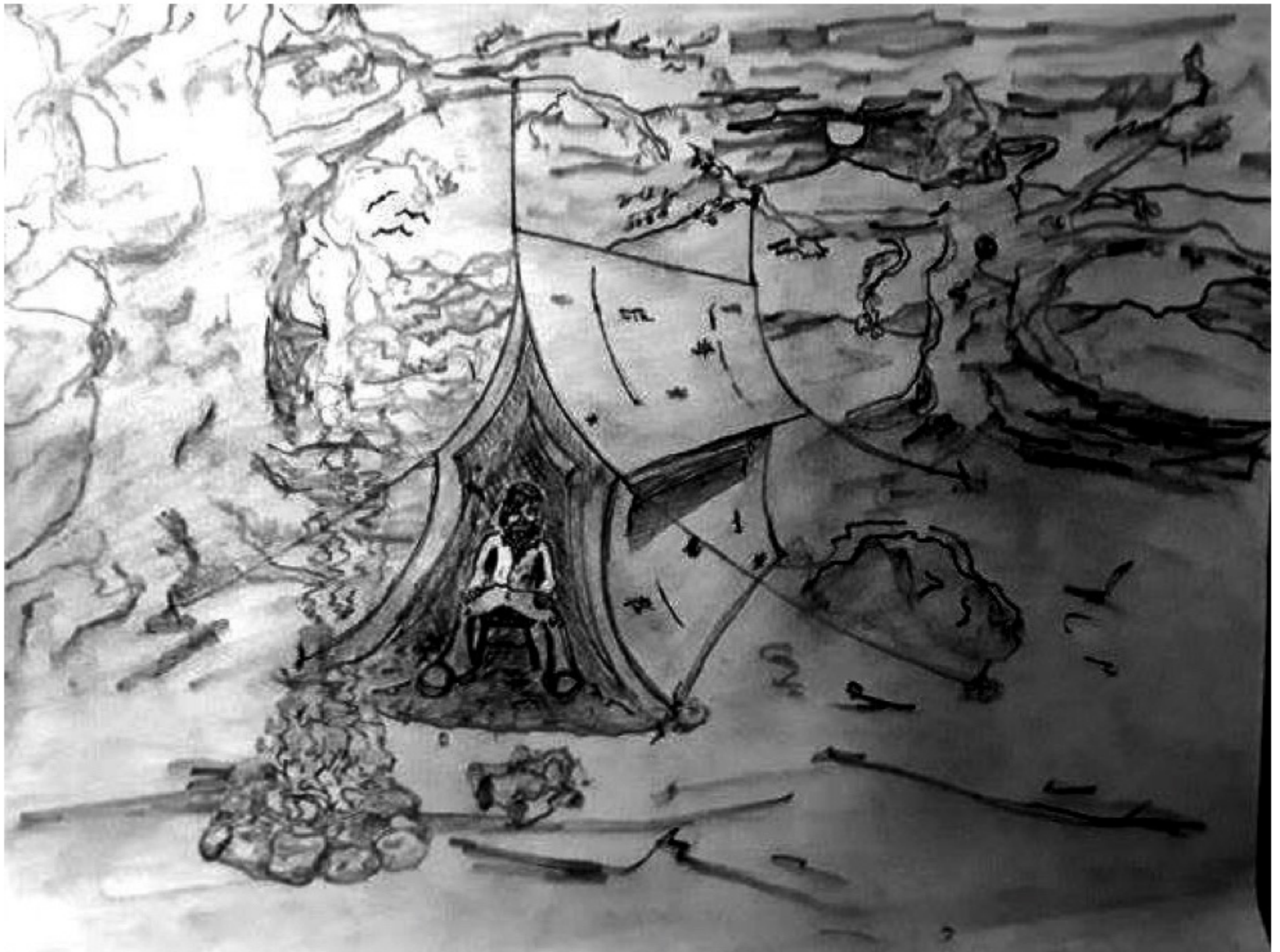
NEEDED: A muse to chip away at my writers block. Taking both men and women. It is necessary that you have a significant interest in the musician Arthur Russell and are familiar with his 1986 album "World of Echo."



To post a real estate item, contact realestate@surrealtimes.net with a price, picture, and description. A 2% fee will be taken upon sale.

FOR SALE BY OWNER: LEFT HALF OF SINGLE-PERSON TENT IN WOODS

Beautiful spot on mountaintop. Love having the space to myself, but need money for banjo lessons. \$500 cash for the half. I will live in the right half. Trades accepted as well.



[[Artist's depiction by the Phantom Framer]]



GOD & JAKE

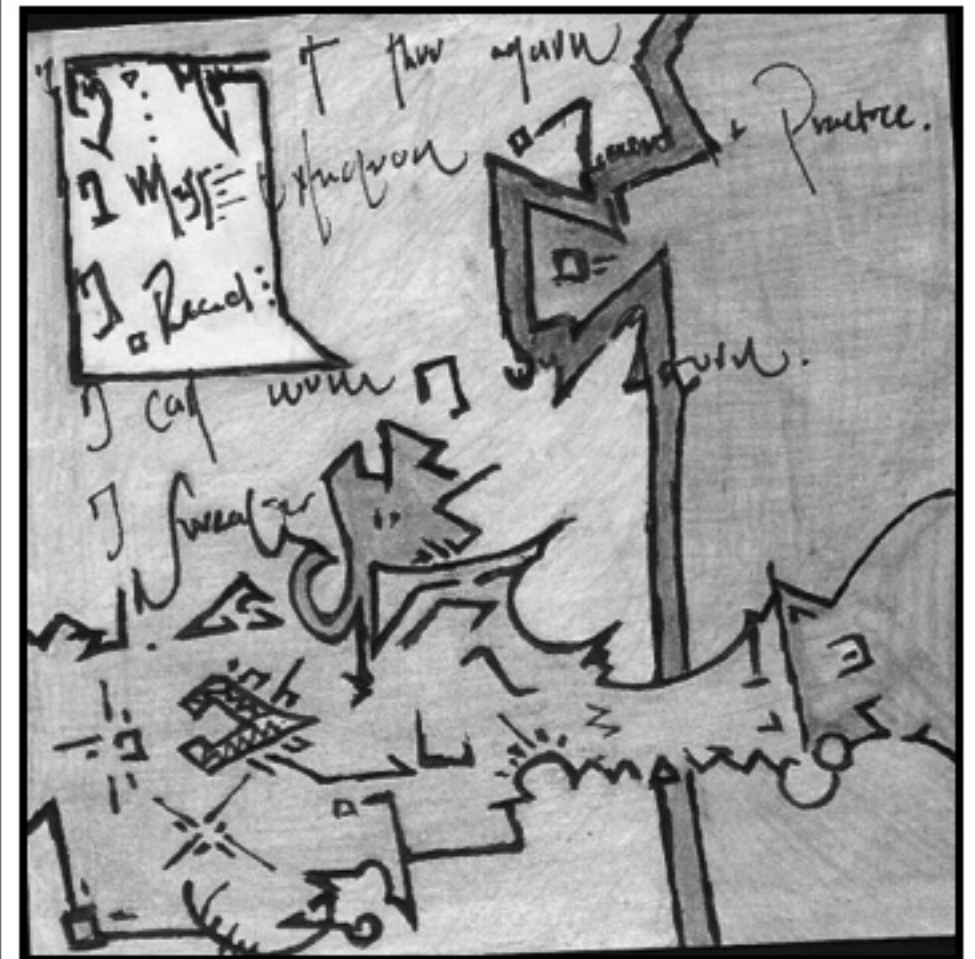
BY THE MYSTERIOUS M,
Times Staff



The Mysterious M can be reached at m@surrealtimes.net.

BIHEXICAL COMIC

BY RAKA,
Times Southern Correspondent



Raka can be reached at raka@surrealtimes.net

BY E. ABBOTT



E. Abbott can be reached at e.abbott@surrealtimes.net.



DEMON THAT DOES GOOD VISITS EASTHAMPTON

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER

Tender to The Grand Conveyor



[[Photograph by Casey Morgan Rose]]

The Demon that Does Good, also known as DemEyes or Demise, visited Easthampton this month and left a wake of arguably benevolent chaos in her path. Jumping up and down, bouncing too and fro, she showed a million faces between every second. An audience gathered round; she spoke to them. She explained that she is a demon that does, or at least a demon that does try. All demons sense fear, she said. The audience is the source of the fear, so she began stirring the crowd, singing with them:

"Potion or poison: the virus, the cure?"

"Potion or poison: buried or unearthed?"

After many absurd & mesmerizing events, it all culminated when she danced with and ultimately killed Death. However, it was not long before she realized that, without death, there is no fear (which is food for her and her fellow demons). So she and the Vampire of Time, who together in their spiciness are responsible for all the destruction in the world, join forces in a ritual involving a moth and a mantra. **"A life lived for the light in the shadow". "A life lived for the light in the shadow".** They conjure Death back to 'life', thereby undoing their earlier deed and replenishing needed fear in the world.

Once all was said and done, the many demons on scene began pulling members of the audience on stage for a concluding dance party. How lovely it was.

I had the pleasure of speaking with the light side of the demon, Murry Eyeball, a few days after all of this. To synchronize with each other, we began with a word association game.

When I said "demon", she said "charming". When I said "fish", she said "can of worms". When I said "anguish", she said "archaic". When I said "education", she said "everywhere". When I said "flow", she said "lahhhhhh" or something similar. When I said "lightbulb", she said "oh dear old

We then proceeded to some Q & A.

Q: You mentioned that and light are made of the same stuff, or are two sides of the same coin? What is that stuff and where can I get it in its pure form? A: "Nothing that you seek can be bought at a store."

Q: When did you know you were a demon? She said that "It is a knowing that you just remember," before telling stories of Rashshasa demons being born out of Brama, Brama yelling "help me!" She spoke of past lives, inter-dimensionality, and how, while this is "the life", all the other lives are layered on top of it.

Q: Out of all the possibilities at any moment, all the branches of the multi-verse you could possibly take, how do you decide what to do next? A: "Oh, you dream. The dreams are the way, folding in and folding out of the bellows. Dreams are the portal to unlimited portals, and they permeate."

Q: What do you mean by permeate? "Dreams are all realities and dimensions," she said, before shedding light on how Buddha always had his eyes just barely open, almost entirely closed. It is because he is keeping view of all the worlds at once, this one included. When you close your eyes in this world, you open them to another world. Eyeballs are the direct extension of neural tissue. They are the intersection between dimensions. The body holds eons of memories. Epigenetics too has a role in passing down parts of other lives into ours.

Q: You've accomplished so much already. What would fulfill you so much that you would be finished and could lay down and shut your eyes forever happily? A: "It really would be lovely to see a holographic tiger dragon king mermaid at the beach, but it wouldn't stop me, just inspire me. Maybe I would pause for a minute, but at some point would be churning and churning again to no end. There are so many lives to live within this one."

Q: Most desired superpower? A: "I used to say speak all languages, but that's not really necessary anymore. Psychic communication is beyond the vernacular... So I guess my superpower would be to grow sprouts out of my hair. To have armpit hair like a shiitake mushroom, and to have a whole ecosystem inside of my body. I would sprout whatever my body needs, and I could just pluck it off and eat it. I could be the potluck. I really dislike going to the store. I used to grow food, but needed to take a break."

Q: How do you accomplish so much in a day? A: "I accomplish so much in the night..."

In whole, this was the kind of performance that is astounding and jaw-dropping all the way through, so completely potent, that you get to the end loving everything about it but still not knowing what exactly you are loving -- feeling as though you had learned many indescribable things outside the realm of description. Certainly, I felt more alive and full-dimensionally appreciative of life. As the demon said herself, "I had a point at one point," but still, "I'm always cumming."



THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

BY ARMĀDEIUS GALOUET'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 so that we can put the fruits of your labor into action. In return, you will be awarded a **secret prize**.

