



# THE SURREAL TIMES

Special Edition Pandemic News Briefing

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From the mouth of the pig: “redacting Hypotenuse Herds shrink variance”

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## **INVASIVE TREE GROWS WRITHING RATS**

Tom Johnson, Sergeant UMass PD, tjohnson@surrealtimes.net

*[Artist's depiction by Imogene Larkley]*



An invasive species of tree has made its way into the Pioneer Valley. This tree doesn't grow flowers, fruits, or vegetables. It sprouts writhing, wretched creatures that will send shivers down your spine.

The first case arose when two young lovers, UMass sophomores Samantha and Tony, were smooching under a tree on Orchard Hill. In the heat of their canoodling, a hairy lump the size of a softball thumped on the ground beside their intertwined legs. The creature squirmed, whined, and rolled over, revealing pale hairless feet, a poky nose, and large black eyes. It crawled out from dormancy - limping at first, gradually shaking off pain, cracking its wrists and spine, loosening its achy joints. Then it scurried across Samantha's leg.

"It made me jump," she explained, "Those cold little feet frittering on my skin made me want to puke. But I didn't puke, not until a bit later, when the thing tried going up my pant leg. Tony whacked it with a rock just in time."

But more rats began to fall. Hastened by the cries of their brethren, several peeped their heads out from within buds on the trees. As they grew plump, they hung from their tails. The branches bent downward under their weight. At a certain point, their tails would snap, causing the rats to fall like apples onto the ground, then come alive and scurry in all directions looking for a hole to burrow themselves into. Some say the rats are much like acorns which, once burrowed into the ground, will grow more rat trees.

Samantha and Jon escaped without injury. Today, over the Internet, they warn of the rat trees which are proliferating throughout the Pioneer Valley.



## **LOCAL CRACKPOT OFFERS CONTACT-FREE MUTTERINGS**

Surreal Times News Team, news@surrealtimes.net

AMHERST, Ma -- As social distancing rules take effect all over the Pioneer Valley, local eccentric Bus Stop Bob has been forced from his favorite seat on the left side of the bench across from La Vera Cruzana Mexican Restaurant. Of course, if you know Bob, real name Roger Hockley, you know he's not one to let

that get him down. Sitting on the bench he's kept dry through many rainstorms is a little card bearing this curious message:

HELLO. I HAVE BEEN SENT INTO MY HOME TO SHELTER IN PLACE  
SO THAT I MAY RETURN TO YOU SOMEDAY AGAIN TO KINDLY  
WHISPER TRUTHS DIRECTLY INTO YOUR EAR.  
IF YOU MISS SUCH TRANSACTIONS, I HAVE GREAT NEWS FOR YOU.

**CALL THIS TOLL FREE NUMBER:**

**1-800-555-0126**

Dial the following for any of my greatest hits

1. Updates on the martians I have captive in my garage
2. Trivia that they have told me about far off planets
3. Sprouting and growing beets without soil
4. Identification of the mushrooms growing through the cracks in the pavement
5. Microscopic fishing

I am also available for holistic humming by request, you may reach me at the above number and the extension:  $\aleph_0$

Surreal Times staff have confirmed that the dialable extensions will connect you with a pre-recorded message of Mr. Hockley recounting many of the fan favorites of a long career as a bus stop mutterer (which includes a stint as the Professional Crackpot's Poet Laureate, a coveted prize indeed). Unfortunately at the time of this writing our staff have not yet managed to dial his listed personal extension, but are seeking a phone capable of doing so. We hope to reach him soon.



## **A NEW GENERATION OF MEDIA**

Surreal Times News Team, [news@surrealtimes.net](mailto:news@surrealtimes.net)

All netflix programming to be replaced by a live stream of one very shy squid eating yogurt. The squid has no reason to believe they are being filmed, yet they nonetheless suspect it. Millions of viewers sit in their living rooms naked, with each other's fingers in each other's navals, watching this innocent squid squirm. The schedule is as follows:

Mondays: Squid alone in bubble room.

Tuesdays: Squid alone in small, dimly-lit closet.

Wednesdays: Squid in bubble room with piles of existentialist literature.

Thursdays: Squid watching TV screen showing baby squids fight over food.

Fridays: Squid in bucket of water.

Saturdays: Squid in net.

Sundays: Squid with chocolate drizzled on it.

One daily viewer said, "I love Squidflix, it gives me everything I need in this slimy life."

Ratings for Squidflix are sky high; they've never been higher. Some pattered out television executives are left wondering why no one had thought of this before.



## **NEW TREND TO COMMUNICATE WITH BABIES IN WOMB**

Carl Mon, Head of Peripheral Intelligence Agency, [mon.carl@surrealtimes.net](mailto:mon.carl@surrealtimes.net)

A new trend among surrogate mothers has emerged in the pioneer valley. These women hope to connect with their biological children during the narrow window they have available to them. So, while pregnant, they draw pictures and write letters in small font on the end of condoms, then find men to deliver these messages to the children.

"It is an unconventional approach, sure, but what other option do we have?" one woman explained.

"They'll take the baby from me as soon as it's born. So I need to teach it how to astral project now, during the prenatal stage. That's the only way we'll ever be able to reconnect with it later. And it can't hear me through my mommy flubber, so writing is the only way."

Assuming the writing utensil does not cause lead poisoning, doctors believe that this practice, although unusual, is not any more dangerous than typical sex with strangers, and thus should not be punished by law. The emotional consequences, however, may require professional assistance.



## **ATTENDANCE REQUIRED AT THE IMAGINING ABUNDANCE EVENT**

Tommy Potentuary, Surreal Times Reporter, [tommypotent@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tommypotent@surrealtimes.net)

Angry about the lack of food, medicine, water?

Come to the annual "Imagine Abundance" event, an opportunity for us to harness the power of our imaginations to synthesize the things we need into reality.

The event will take place at the Sunderland Coliseum. As we surround an empty stage, a hypnotizing trombone mantra will guide our imaginations to a common theme.

It could be bread, aspirin, anything else. What matters is that we all imagine the same thing in the same location at the same time, thereby placing it into all subjective realities simultaneously, thereby giving the gods an opportunity to place the item into objective reality itself.

Milk. Amoxicillin. Blankets. One by one, we will spawn life's essential supplies onto the center stage from thin air. We might even have time for some fun stuff too: marijuana ciggies, kittens, beer.

But here's the catch — we need everyone, every single person, their grandma and their poodle, to be enthusiastically in attendance. The process won't work unless we have everyone genuinely picturing the same thing in their minds at the same time. No slackers!

Participation is required for all sentient beings in the universe. So bring your thinking caps and your shopping list and let's create abundance together! May 10th at the Sunderland Coliseum.



## **JIM MORRISON SUPPORT GROUP MEETING CANCELLED**

Surreal Times News Team, [news@surrealtimes.net](mailto:news@surrealtimes.net)

The Jim Morrison support group will be canceled this week, due to the Brian Wilson support group changing their schedule. Initially, the Jim Morrison group met on Wednesdays, but had to change due to a scheduling conflict with the Brian Wilson support group and the Bob Dylan support group. The head of the Bob Dylan support group got the flu. That group was canceled for the week, and the Brian Wilson group took over Mondays because it worked better for most of the members. The Brian Wilson group had to move to Wednesday this week, however, because the Kate Bush meetings needed to use the facilities while their own facilities were being fumigated. There has been some confusion this week, as some Jim Morrisons showed up to Brian Wilson meetings by mistake and were given misinformation about the time and place of the Jim Morrison meetings. Some members have also shown up to the Kate Bush meeting by mistake. Also, a few Brian Wilsons have shown up to the Jim Morrison meeting and the Bob Dylan meeting.

We apologize for the confusion. Let it be known that THIS MEETING IS CANCELED AND WILL BE FOR UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Also, we are canceling the Tom Waits support group. Forever. It was not a good idea.



## **HOW "TOXIC" BY BRITNEY SPEARS SAVED HUMANKIND FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION**

Flip Gilligan, Music Correspondent, [flip@surrealtimes.net](mailto:flip@surrealtimes.net)

True Story. I actually died once... sort of.

In the early 2010s, your boy Flip worked as a stooge for music journalism juggernaut Pitchfork. Those days I sported a workplace-mandated man bun, survived off a diet of soy vanilla lattes, and prayed to James Murphy every night before bed. I don't have many fond memories of the culturally oppressive, cult-like environment of Pitchfork's offices. It reminded me of my time as a brainwashed Jesus-hound in Children of God back in 1972 (Come to think of it, I never gave Ted Patrick a thank-you card).

Anyway, I was in Portland covering the farewell performance of Gordon Is Alive, the last of the great art-punk, glam-crunk groups of the late nauties. My report was due in 2 hours and I found myself frantically scribbling on the back of a CVS receipt, amidst a massive "wall of love" of moshing "Gordon-heads". One gangly-armed "Gordon-head" tackled me to the ground, allowing several other hopped-up "Gordon-heads" to do the "Psycho Hokey-Pokey" over my frail, broken body.

I woke up in heaven and was immediately greeted by God Themselves, who looks like a cross between Prince and David Bowie. This would mark the second time I encountered God Themselves. The first time was during an enamel-huffing session with Carole King and Dick Clark back in '69. "HELLO, FLIP GILLIGAN." God Themselves's voice was both a dominantly masculine one and a stern feminine one. "DON'T WORRY. YOU ARE NOT DEAD. IT IS NOT YOUR TIME YET."

"Can I go back, then? I have a deadline."

"I AM GOING TO DESTROY THE WORLD." they said.

"So?" I asked.

"HUMANKIND WAS A MISTAKE. ALL THEY DO IS DESTROY. I HAVE SUMMONED YOU, HUMANKIND'S LEADING CULTURAL EXPERT, TO SHOW ME THAT HUMANKIND IS CAPABLE OF CREATING BEAUTY. SHOW ME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING HUMANS HAVE CREATED."

There were several examples of great pieces of human art I could have used, from the immaculately crafted Minecraft Soundtrack to Playboi Carti's magnum opus *Die Lit*. However, there was one piece of music that was fresh in my mind, and I knew it would do the trick.

"Have you ever heard 'Toxic' by Britney Spears?" I enquired.

“HMMM...” thought God Themselves, “NOT FOR A FEW YEARS, NO.”

I proceeded to explain to God Themselves the history of so-called “poptimism”. In the early 2000s, mainstream music became radical, re-evaluated by critics and rock writers. Overtime, it evolved from being perceived as artless pop garbage to music that warranted merit. Also, pop music itself just became better in the early 2000s, with much stronger production, songwriting and lyrical themes. Producers like Timbaland and The Neptunes were noted for their more experimental approach to song-making. Artists like Justin Timberlake could express deep, emotional sentiments through rump-shaking jams.

The peak of this movement in pop music was “Toxic”. A good chunk of this song’s success can be attributed to songwriter Cathy Dennis, whose contribution to Kylie Minogue’s irresistibly earwormy “Can’t Get You Out of My Head” kickstarted the whole “poptimism” movement. Dennis clearly has a knack for hook-writing and her subtle vocals on the chorus outshines even Britney herself.

The song’s chopped & screwed Bollywood-style beat was created by Bloodshy & Avant, a Swedish duo that didn’t get nearly enough work in the 2000’s. The duo’s obvious inspiration was Timbaland and this similarity may have caused fans to assume the track was a Timbaland joint. However, Bloodshy & Avant add their own unique flourishes, including a Spanish guitar, some dramatic strings and a faint alien-sounding synth loop on the bridge.

Oddly enough, the least interesting aspect of “Toxic” is the main artist herself, Britney Spears. Aside from her provocative public image, Britney as a performer was really not that interesting. She lacked the personality of Madonna or the vocal range of Mariah Carey. She was the kind of singer you could put on any song, and it wouldn’t make or break the track. I suppose that’s why her performance on “Toxic” works. It’s less about the performer and more about the song itself. One can actually listen and appreciate the track for its composition and structure.

Above all else, “Toxic” is just a total banger. If you don’t like the song, you don’t know how to have fun.

“Honestly,” I said to God Themselves, “You just gotta listen to it.” I pulled out my Zune (which I apparently brought with me in the afterlife), and watched as God Themselves nodded along to the song, progressively getting more into the groove.

When it was over, God Themselves spoke. “OKAY. HUMANKIND IS SAFE, FOR NOW... YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR BODY.”

Two seconds later, I woke up on the floor at a now empty venue; the janitor was nudging my body with a giant pushbroom.

My next encounter with God Themselves was not until 2019. Once again, they wanted to destroy the world and, once again, they needed me to prove them wrong.

“Well,” I asked them, “have you heard the new Peppa Pig album?”





## **CONVERSATIONS OVERHEAD VOL. 1: LOBSTER MAC & CHEESE**

Phillis "Psychic Philip" Phillips, pppp@surrealtimes.net

I'm never lonely, not anymore, not even in my own heart. I wouldn't say I'm a Psychic, but when I'm around people, it's like I have a flock of birds floating in bubbles; when they pop, I hear a whisper, a secret feeling. I heard this one conversation about a week ago and not but two tables over. I could feel a swell of anxiety and brewed annoyance hovering around someone named Ophelia. Names usually don't come that easily, but I could tell she was proud of hers - it took a while to choose, as it's not a thing most people get a chance to pick.

The moody candle adorning her table had burnt itself out. So she fumbled through her pockets and grabbed an elderly looking lighter, and relit it. Her eyes trembled slyly and self-consciously as if the soon-to-be-divorcees and underpaid wait staff meant her a caging judgement. Then, as if obeying her fears, the waiter gave her a strange look as he walked up to her.

"Will it be dinner for one? I can start you off with a beer. We have a wonderful fermented lumberjack lager."

"Oh, no, if only," she replied, "I'm waiting for someone. When she gets here, we'll order. But, um, thanks anyway though."

Her feelings were distant as they spilled over, whining out. She was excited but also sad. With each breath, her sighs want to make love to the smell of frozen reheated pastries, scents taking the form of characters stolen from street graffiti. But all of this is only visible to me. If she could see them for herself, perhaps she'd find some company in her feelings, in place of her lonely intermittent daydreams. She and I share a shutter, and with that, as if it were a cloud, we both blow that idea away. How long can you wait for something that you don't want to arrive?

As the waiter moved to the next table, Ophelia adjusted an envelope sat below a pack of gummy bears, who rustled in excitement. Neither her nor her love the type to go for boxes of chocolate hearts, she meant to give them as a joke Valentine. She then moved to check the time, awkwardly struggling as the craft glue from her morning disguised her fingerprint.

She then almost unknowingly opened up the Troli bag. Playing with her food was a habit she never cared to break. She pinched a red one and moved it in a hop past a breadstick archway.

She played with the red gummy bear, bending it as if to give a knowing nod while it walked up to another (blue) gummy bear, "You feeling any better?", she made it say, "You know I hate saying it, but I do love you. "

The blue gummy bear would have smiled if it had more than a shallowly-etched gummy indent for a mouth, "But, you know I love when you say it, and what do you think, Three days out and I only just took off the med bracelet."

"Oh yeah, I'd noticed you were writing all over it. What was that about? I mean not that it isn't a "you" thing to do."

"Yeah, I figure if I'm going to wear something, it might as well wear me. Still you'd think I would have torn it off as soon as I checked out."

"I don't think it's that much of a deal, you just need to give it all a break, you're out, you should act like it."

"Maybe, but discharge papers only say so much. It's like I don't know where my feelings end and I begin sometimes. It's one look or thought and I'm lost. I've thought about it and what I need to do is settle back in at home, check my own roots for a bit."

"That's what I was thinking, get back to basics, just you and me, our roots intertwined and shit. I was thinking, that chimp who writes I've been following is going to be at a conference at USC. It's only a three-day drive, maybe we should get away for a bit."

"Yeah, maybe."

The blue gummy bear shrunk a bit, as Ophelia squeezed its jelly, butterfly-filled belly.

Back in reality, Ophelia sighed out audibly. She squished the gummy lovers together and held them over the candle. They embraced as they melted in sweet artificial colors swirl as streaks of reds would've teared up, torn off, and overtaken the blues.

Ophelia took the letter off the table, folding it into an origami crow before crumbling it and putting it in her pocket. She got up and left the restaurant just as my lobster mac and cheese arrived.



## **BLORGO IS BACK!**

Billy Nodges, [bnodges@surrealtimes.net](mailto:bnodges@surrealtimes.net)

Good news guys! Our boy, Blorgo, is back! I know y'all were worried, and it was starting to seem like we weren't going to see him again, but I found 'em. I should have known, he was hiding in my walls the entire time! Hahah, classic Blorgo. I can't believe I didn't think of it earlier. There I was, eating a peanut butter and bologna sandwich in my kitchen, when suddenly I noticed that looking at me through

the vent in the wall were a pair of bulbous unblinking eyes that gleamed ungodly bright and were as painful to look at as the sun itself - unmistakably Blorgo!

“Blorgo, you big silly head is that where you’ve been hiding the whole time?” I asked him. Blorgo just looked at me and rasped:

“I shall bathe in the blood of fallen angels as I gaze upon a dying universe.”

I just had to laugh, another timeless Blorgo one liner!

“Blorgo, you’re the best!” I exclaimed as I watched his mere presence turn the vent to molten metal, causing my wallpaper to burst into flames. I ran to go tell my mother the good news right away. As soon as she heard, she smiled and said with tears in her eyes:

“God forgive you Billy. May god have mercy upon us all.”

She tends to use confusing words, but she sounded super amped!

The first thing I’m gonna do when I get to school tomorrow morning is tell everybody the great news. I can’t wait to see the look on their faces! Everyone’s going to call me a hero, and they’re going to say:

“Billy, we were wrong about you! We should never of said those things about you! We’ll never talk to you that way ever again! Never ever again! Yes! Blorgo is back!”

Now that Blorgo is back, I know they’ll finally have to love me. I know it - I just know it. Everything is going to be alright, I’m sure, now that our friend Blorgo is here. It has to be. I need it to be.



## **MAN WAKES UP AS WORDS ON THE PAGE OF A BOOK**

Carl Mon, Head of the Peripheral Intelligence Agency, [mon.carl@surrealtimes.net](mailto:mon.carl@surrealtimes.net)

When he went to bed, he had two “I”s and one “A”. He woke up feeling different, flatter, with more parts, more spaces. At least 200 “I”s and 140 “A”s. Full of meaning but unable to say anything. To truly have a meaning, an unambiguous one, was a dream, but he couldn’t express it. He laid there sandwiched between a hundred blankets on either side, waiting for what seemed like all eternity for someone to peel those blankets off and gaze upon him. To see all of his figures. And, perhaps, to inspect them to see their individual meanings as well as their collective meaning. But, days and weeks and years go by without a gaze. What is meaning unpercieved? What is a story unheard? The man felt more and more arbitrary.

“I felt like I might as well just be a random sequence of letters,” he said. “What’s the point in being a carefully chosen sequence of letters if nobody bothers to read them?”

That’s the ultimate question, isn’t it. What’s the point in taking any logical path through life if nobody is watching. Why not just roll a dice at every decision. Why not just take a random walk through the realm of possibilities. Ei efoik weunvnd wefwrgmr erogimmd wefof fewmwefowefnerugqm kldxkiwejfm.



## **WOMAN FELL IN LOVE WITH A YEAST INFECTION**

Common Observer, Surreal Times Reporter, [common.observer@surrealtimes.net](mailto:common.observer@surrealtimes.net)

It was a morning like any other. A woman who wishes to remain anonymous woke up a bit early, a bit uncomfortable, a bit scratchy. At first she didn't like the feeling, but it kept her company when others wouldn't. Her parents explained to her that she had a "yeast infection" and that she needed to take drugs to get rid of it.

"Mom, can I keep it?" she asked.

Her parents insisted that she eat pills and drink drinks that taste not good, in order to made the yeast infection go away, but she couldn't let go of her new friend. So, when they were sleeping, she replaced the pills with candy tablets.

As she explained, "That way i could have two things at once that I wanted: yeast friends and yumyums, and mummy would never know."



## **LET'S PAINT A PICTURE: TROUT FISHING**

Vivian Mauve, *Captive of the Purple Vibrating Castle*, [mauve.vivian@surrealtimes.net](mailto:mauve.vivian@surrealtimes.net)

The groaning never stops. Whatever it could be? A beast? The wiggling tongue of an unimaginably tall and bearded Abrahamic God laughing with lust of the fallacious and depraved creation he thrust out into the void of floating marbles, asteroid, and milk projections? Whatever it is, it must be alive. Its echoes cause the outlines of these purple stones to vibrate aggressively, and it never ceases. The corridors stretch on in every direction for what seems like eternities. I've walked over one hundred thousand steps in one direction and yet the purple remains fully solid. Strangely enough, twelve uniform twelve steps backward while humming the tune of hot cross buns places me in the hall of the great atrium, which is round and punctuated by doors upon doors at every which angle. In the center, there is a looking glass, a strange mechanical seeming piece. But whether it is mechanical or otherwise, I cannot say. It may be driven by steam, coal, biology, meat or divination. All I know is when I glance into the kaleidoscopic glass the lens reflects a reality much like I can faintly recall from my previous state, deep in the woods.

In those woods, is a man standing slightly above ankle deep brown rushing water faster upwards towards a snowcap up north in these White Mountains. A gradient projected, phthalo blue and alizarin crimson and at dusk the sky is fire. The trees still stands bare as toothpicks, though gnawed and bent and slathered in a thin layer of a viscous dark cyan ooze. On either sides of the

bank, soft rolling mounds of dry dirt-like dust stretch for miles, and falling ash lands in the dust and on the hat and in the beard and on the vested shoulders of the fisherman while the brown water snakes along the rubber of his yellow-green boots at the height of his ankles.

The groaning projected itself into the world inhabited by the fisherman, the vibration spilled over, yet curiously it did not seem to affect him. His vision remained focused on the line and the rod. A natural ebb flowed through him as his white knuckled fingers curled tensely around its bamboo grip. TROUT here and there sprung from the rushing brown water, occasionally puncturing his naked legs with a gift of a silvery white scale. Blood seeped down into the rubber boot, and his feet, pruned and wrinkled and colored with the brownish red mixture collecting at the bottom.

Suddenly, the line pulled through the runner and the reel spun so fast it tangled itself between his hand and the seat of the rod. Hooked through the mouth on the end of the line; a large silvertailed trout, thrashing for life. Droplets sprayed haphazardly in the brown-white foam of the whirlpool of struggle. The line dug deep into the fishermans calloused hand flesh and pulled him unwillingly in a whirlwind of pain as blood dripped on his beige vest and down his beige shorts. The trout pulled and pulled, and he tripped over an obscured spread of loose rock lying in the riverbed. He found himself face down with his hand caught in the line pulled upwards over his head. His blood gushing as it became one with the running flow of the water.

The groaning grew stronger then. He plied himself up on his hands and knees, the line digging deeper now, needles of pain stabbing along the edges of the worsening wound. He screamed, feeling in his vest for a pocket knife to alleviate the worsening pain. He unfastened the knife and its dull metallic edge caught the line and snapped it. The rod flowed down the river with the silvertailed trout as he sat looking defeated down the snaking river before the rod and the fish disappeared around the horseshoe bend.

With his uninjured hand, he splashed the water in anger and with it the entire world began vibrating. It became apparent with the fear in his eyes that he could now feel it. The churning of the god, the utmost gradation as its power increased in intensity. Like worsening feedback, exacerbated thrice itself by the mere second. He shut his eyes tightly and covered his ears in fear. He should have ran. Behind him, a trout the size of a whale, with mouth punctured by a hook the size of a large anchor followed by a bamboo rod with the thickness of a tree trunk swallowed him whole.



## **I AM HIDING FUTURE MATT'S CIGARETTES**

Past Matt

Future Matt needs to quit smoking. He's been doing okay for awhile, but lately he's been pretty worked up about things. I think work and school are stressing him out. When he gets worked up, he tends to crave cigarettes. I've tried to make Future Matt quit many times. He always says he will, but five hours later I find him lurking in the bushes.



If Future Matt won't listen to me, I'm going to have to hide his cigarettes. Future Matt and I both think the same, and we both have a terrible memory. So, I'm going to hide his pack in a place that not even I will remember. Later tonight, when he's stressed out for work and craving a smoke, he won't be able to find them. He'll get angry, sure, but it will remind him of what I keep telling him: you can't allow smoking to control your life. I hope this time Future Matt learns his lesson.



## **TIME TRAVEL CANDY FOR CURIOUS TONGUES**

Margaretta Fleese, Senior Sensory Memortician, [fleese.margaretta@surrealtimes.net](mailto:fleese.margaretta@surrealtimes.net)

Ever want to taste a 10 day old gummy bear? What about a ten-year-old cinnamon roll? We have the stuff for you. Come to T's Time Travel Treats and we can get you a treat of any age you want. Our types of treats are fairly limited, but we can take any treat and make it whatever age you want. Bring us a brand new hershey's bar, and in 5 minutes we can make it taste like it's been under a couch for a week. Bring us an apple, we can turn it rotten. The same goes in reverse: we can make old treats new! Whatever does it for you!

Or Maybe your looking to quench a more personal thirst. Maybe it's been years since your beloved GrandPappy passed on to the ashes and the worms. And you still sit in "Ol' Betsy", his favorite recliner, missing the scent of his sweaty pockets, with those sweet Clouds of Red's Knight Cigars, and the bits of moss he would pick up on his way home, whispering to em "Your a special little fungi, too special to be left alone on the ground, I don't think either of us will be going there." We can special order you a fruit roll up that tastes just like it was napping in your own Grandpappy's pocket, blanketed under his bum. It'll

send your taste buds back in time and right back onto his lap, and make you think your tax returns were one of his lullabies.

Come visit one of our locations near you!



## **GENETICS FOR HIRE**

Doctor Rotcod, Times Correspondent, rotcod@surrealtimes.net

*This is a strange tale that lies at the crossroads of individual freedom and genetic manipulation. A conversation between a quack Doc and an eccentric CEO who goes by King Honcho. I knew I had to contact the King when I saw one of his advertisements at my local dentist office.*

### CASH FOR GENES

Call for a consultation, test, and quote today!

212-9854

After months of contacting various secretaries and offices trying to actually narrow down where the King was, I was told he was ready to meet me and was given a location.

Three days later we met for an afternoon tea at his favorite baristas shop. He showed up an hour and twenty three minutes late. He came strolling in with a vivid purple suit, a freshly shaven head, and beard that resembled a horse's mane. He apologized for being late and after some small talk he said,

“Alright enough chit chat. I know you, you know me. Let's talk and let others know us. What do you want to know?”

“Why are you offering cash for genes?”

“Why? My boy! You must know the infinite amount of potential that lies in the genome. Don't you?”

“Tell me, King.”

“We do it all! From stem cell injections to senolytic senescence suave! Just rub on and you will literally stop aging. However, we mainly sell data, not products.”

“How did it all start?”

“My company, Chromosome ReConfiguration Incorporated, was started 20 years ago after the first RNAi sequencers started being produced. My board and I saw the potential there to help the world. As gene knockout progressed, it was apparent we could identify and disengage harmful or unwanted genetics. Soon it became obvious that not only turning off alleles was possible but turning on unexpressed genes was too. This all changed when CRISPR-cas9 was introduced to the scene because then we could insert active alleles from one species to a completely different species! Soon we became the forefront of everything genetically altered. From GMO crops to designer babies. In fact, you know Miss Mahalia Beutio the supermodel? My personal design.”

“What's the point of cash for genes?”

“Even though everyone is expressing 99.99999999% of the same alleles, the gold lies in the variability of individuals 0.00000001% of differing alleles. Genes that people didn't even know were

active inside them, part of them. Unknowingly, everyone may possess the potential of healing the illnesses of millions of humans. The point for cash for genes is to find those gem genes in individuals.”

“How is all of this even possible?”

“Legally or scientifically?”

“Scientifically first.”

“We put the genes through a series of genomic analyzers to identify any desirable potentials. After that we isolate, replicate, and cross compare with other desirables. Then we analyze the data and make genotypic selections before growing them out in vitro with tissue culture or clonal propagation.”

“Now legally.”

“We pay the government what they ask. Doesn’t hurt to make a politician feel twenty years younger either.”

“What do you have to say about allegations that your company sells genetic information to various groups that may have malicious intent? For example, scandals that range from selling terminator genes to lace heroin in Russia to even the idea that CRC Inc. sold the Chinese data to create super soldier clones? It is also practically irrefutable that your company is involved in genetic warfare with the United States government and the Middle East. These are not small accusations.”

King Honcho sat back in his chair and stroked his beard a few moments before leaning forward and responding with,

“Listen, we provide data. Sure our data’s been used to create massive, fat pigs for a county fair or even to bring back a dead kid as a clone but that’s all harmless and legal. But listen, Doc, I have to run. I need some stem injections for my shoulder and have an appointment this afternoon. Great to meet you. Hey, and you look good. How old are you? Forty-two? Good genes. Give me a call sometime,” then he handed me a card that said,

### CASH FOR GENES

Call for a consultation, test, and quote today!

212-9854



## **WOMAN USES EYEBALLS AS TOYS**

Common Observer, Times Correspondent, [common.observer@surrealtimes.net](mailto:common.observer@surrealtimes.net)

It was 6am at Stop & Shop, an hour before opening time. Toilet paper fiends waited in line outside, scratching their bums, smelling their fingers, calling each other names.

In the back, a woman sat tired and apparently anxious to get inside the store. She kept looking back and forth. When nobody was watching, she pulled a spoon from her pocket, brought it up to her eye socket, and used it to dislodge her eyeballs into her hands. Then she bounced them on the pavement like bouncy



balls -- she even juggled them and spun them on her fingers, for fun or to escape from stresses of shopping during a pandemic. After a while, she threw one of her oculars upwards, high in the sky, high, so high - accidentally landing it on the roof.

“Heavens no,” she muttered to herself. “But, heavens so,” as she navigated the courtyard with one eye in hand.

She sat calmly on the pavement while everyone else patrolled the front door impatiently.

“Duct-tape doesn’t taste good,” she muttered.

At 7:00am, the doors opened. People scrambled for the necessities of the corona-pocalypse: bananas, chicken, etc. I noticed that, strangely, the woman was still on the now-empty sidewalk, repeatedly throwing her remaining eyeball against the wall next to her, then awkwardly chasing after it (with her sight being displaced).

I approached her.

She yelled, “Don’t steal my destiny! I can’t see it, but I will know if you move it!”

“Okay,” I said, and I backed off. Once the woman gathered her eyeball from the ground, she pulled some duct tape from inside her mouth and used it taped her eyeball to the wall 7ft up. She sat criss-cross legged on the ground against the wall, in Budha pose, beneath her eyeball which acted as watchguard for her. She drew a semi-circle of chalk around her and began repeating the mantra:

“Unroll it, Coil it, Toil-let, Spoil it”

One by one, people exiting the store would place rolls of sparkling white toilet paper at the woman’s feet. She would hum thank yous to them and send them on her way. If anyone attempted to steal her takings, the woman’s eye would freeze them in place, leaving them open to thievery by other thieves.

When satisfied, the woman made a final request: “May a new friend re-acquaint me with my long-lost eyeball.”



A gentleman appeared, presenting an eyeball in the palm of his two hands. He hesitantly allowed the woman to remove his eyes. She took one for her own. Now they juggled each other’s eyes until all of them had been dropped and rolled in various directions, at which point they laid down in the pile of toilet paper the woman had accumulated, and they slept.



## **TESTY TIME TRAVELERS TAKE TIME-OUT, INVESTIGATING TELEPORTATION**

Hedwig the Hangry, [hangry.hedwig@surrealtimes.net](mailto:hangry.hedwig@surrealtimes.net)

When college student Sara Smith first heard that she wouldn't be able to return to her university after spring break, she was devastated. She had already been forced to cancel her spring break plans to go cave climbing after California declared a state of emergency. The thought of spending six straight months with her nuclear family, including her mother, father, two younger brothers, golden retriever, and her father's reptile collection, made her stomach churn with dread.

The first two weeks of quarantine were just as miserable as she imagined. Her family argued for eight days until they agreed on how to properly fill the dishwasher. Every morning Sara was woken up by screaming matches on her parents' conference calls. The constant mutual distrust over toilet paper usage made the house feel as taut with tension as US-Soviet relations during the Cuban missile crisis. Sara wasn't sure she would survive the next months, regardless of whether she managed to pick up the virus.

When the tension over a single can of black beans had become too much, Sara fled to the attic closet, a rarely used space with an empty suitcase, a single fluorescent light bulb, and a much needed lock on the door. It was there that Sara found a booklet on combining teleportation with time travel stuffed into a crack in the wall, the previous owner's attempt to cover a shoddy drywall job.

The pamphlet, entitled "A User's Guide to Teleportation and Time Travel", was a 1960s era relic distributed by local governments during a brief smallpox outbreak. Though its only merit was suggesting that the two disciplines could be combined, it had not occurred to Sara that she could fuse time travel with teleportation, thus eliminating the need for the time travel equipment she had been forced to leave at school. Suddenly the possibilities were endless.

Slipping into the closet and employing the most simple time travel techniques while focusing on teleportation allowed Sara to explore a wide range of options in time and space. The reader can do this too, provided they find a dark enclosed space to do their teleportation.

Here are some helpful tips:

- As a courtesy to the time-space environments you plan to visit, make sure to sanitize your body and belongings so as to not bring the virus with you. Consider beginning any teleportation adventure with a stop at a hand sanitizer factory in the mid 2000s. Take a deep breath, jump into the vat of sanitizer, and then rub it into your body until you're dry again.

Another option is teleporting into the future, where you can sell the virus from your body to a biomatter pawn shop. One concern with this approach is the possibility of a lowered value of coronavirus particles in the year 2108 due to market oversaturation. Try to find biomatter pawn shops in a wide range of time units, especially from 2075 through 2275 to prevent the market from being flooded with coronavirus.

- If your teleportation is for the purpose of finding a quiet place for a conference call, consider bringing a wifi booster with you. Sure, the water in Tahiti is so clear that you can see the fish having sex but that's just a distraction from the crappy wifi.
- Develop skills you can use to barter for local potions and tinctures. If you can find a way to lure every member of your family into a peaceful sleep, you can finally use the kitchen to make that loaf of sourdough everyone has been saying you should try. Come up with a creative name for your sourdough starter so that whenever someone in another dimension asks you about your family you have someone to talk about who doesn't make you want to escape to the next star system.
- Keep a journal. A thorough journal is a great way to keep track of all the amazing adventures you have! It also ensures a record of all the places you go in case you get infected with blorgian plague or tenericulan pox and need to do contact tracing.



## **LINE LIFE: HEALTH AND WELLNESS USING LINES**

Theodore Munnely, Principal of Novelty Society, [popdingo@surrealtimes.net](mailto:popdingo@surrealtimes.net)

Do you feel ignored by the Gods? Generally unwell or miss-aligned?

You can call me Theodore, and I can help.

I hold a master's degree in Intonational Betterment from the University of Dortmund and have 8 years experience as a wellness coach. I also spent 2 years meditating within an inescapable stone cube around which the world rotates. My goal is to give humans access to higher realms. I run the Novelty Society, a non-profit aiming to make the world sufficiently interesting in order to attract the attention of the divine. Over the course of my education and career, I have demonstrated my passion for humanity's grand manifest destiny to transcend this dimension, and I have learned many things.

Most importantly, I've learned that lines, defined by Merriam-Webster as "long, narrow marks or bands", are extraordinarily novel and healthy for us.

"Lines", in this sense, can be seen and felt everywhere. Take, for example, lane markings painted on the street, subtle cracks in the dirt, the border of a shadow, or the path of a scurrying chipmunk.

When all else fails, lines give direction. They provide pathways that we can build upon in this otherwise arbitrary landscape of existence. Following the lines is proof to the Gods that we believe in them and are worth tending to.

Today, I am announcing a new line-based health and wellness program: Line Life.

My trainees and I gather once a week in remote locations to speed-run across improvised paths defined by subtle marks on the ground and other subtle directional hints that exist in the world naturally. An experienced line muse leads the way, energetically following whatever obscure things give them direction, moving fast and finding a flow. Everyone else follows them quickly, copying their movements and sounds. Things do get sweaty sometimes! So dress light.

Eventually, we break off into individual line running time for some solo exploration.

In the process, people exercise their minds, bodies, and improve their own and the world's reputation in the minds of the Gods. Our motto is:

Train your body.

Train your mind.

Follow the line. (transcend time)

Follow the line.

The FDA estimates that 30 minutes of Line Training per day prevents 90% of existential crises in average-sized adults. Group line training is led by Armădeius Galouei and his protege Dernberger Spengleton, certified line trainers, upon request.

Even if you do not attend my Line Life sessions, there's no need to wallow around in empty space with nothing to grab on to. You can do Line Training on your own or with friends. Just follow the nearest line on foot or on bicycle. Hopscotch around it. Build patterns upon the line. Hop between different lines, always staying moving; be playful, get sweaty, confuse yourself, but always stay on a track.

For extra help for DIYers:

Of the physical lines in the world, some are as straight as the shortest path between two points; others are as curvy as a planet's arc; others are completely squiggly, much like my thoughts after two days without following a good line. All of these line types can be useful, and they are most healthy when consumed in variety.

Of the less tangible line types, there are story lines, lines of ancestry, lines of trajectory, shipping lines, and so on. These also play roles in abstract line training. Following these is good.

All these line types exist, as do additional (not mentioned) types of lines. They are the rails of the jungle gym that is our world. Climb them. Balance upon them. Swing on them. Enjoy yourself. Remain tethered at all times. Feel good. Improve your wellness.



## **FLEETING TOUCHES ON OTHER'S LIVES**

Songsinger, Citizen of The Worlds, [songsinger@surrealtimes.net](mailto:songsinger@surrealtimes.net)

**This is the first of three.**

**Juarez** liked looking at the edges of his rearview mirror when he was stopped at traffic lights. As the cars passed in front of him, they would disappear at the edge of the mirror, and reappear, as if by magic, on the other side. It was like watching a kingfisher dive into a perfectly still lake, and it pleased him. As he drove home from work, tired from ten, twelve hour shifts sometimes, it was these little pieces of magic which kept him upright. Staring into the rearview mirror he could pretend in the streetlight fragmented dark that the headlights vanishing were blinking out on the road, returning night to the domain of the dark. Last night he drove past his house, the music playing softly on the AM radio, and continued on past where Bryce Street became Arthur Drive. He drove straight through the intersection where Arthur Drive became Beaver Street and on into the warm dark. Something of a spell overtook him then, and he drove on and on, out of the city, out of the suburbs, and out into the farmlands. Drove until the streetlights had stopped, till there were no headlights in his rearview mirror at all, and he was again in night's hands. If you had asked him then while he was driving, **where he was going**, he would have answered:

“as far as it takes.”

“As far as it takes to what?”

“As far as it takes to want to go back.”

Juarez played this dialogue outloud in his car. It fit nicely with the music.

The stars came out, he slowed the car. Beside him was a valley filled with stars and light and the lapping of water. The night was warm. Its dark blanket draped over his shoulders, wound around his hair. He stood under the stars and swam among them.

Then, with his head held high and dripping with cool river water, he turned his car around, and drove back.

**Hellen** walks to her job at the public library every morning at **6:43am**. She has timed this walk countless times, and it allows just enough leeway for the **6:52** train out of Maple station to be **three minutes late** (its latest clocked departure time **one minute and fifty three seconds** after its declared departure at the aforementioned hour). When she departs the train at **7:30**, four blocks away from the Harrowsfield Grand

Library (a vast and regal Carnegie construction) she has **twenty five minutes** to walk to the rear entrance to the left of the dumpsters and make it to the time clock with **five minutes to spare**. Enough time to prepare her coffee, two creamers, no sugar, and sit down at the archives desk and open her book, so she will look busy when her boss comes in and he will not bother her there. On good days Hellen can manage to work a whole day away simply reading from the archives, but some days she will be forced -by a records request somewhere high up and far away from her little slice of heaven- to go out on the hunt for wayward information. A task she both relishes, and despises. The archives are deep. They have not been fully explored, and she fears they never will be. But that is the job and mortal duty of the Chief Reference Clerk at the Harrowsfield Grand Library & Research Cavern, so she dons her hard hat and waterproof poncho, takes up the Dewey's Great Harpoon, and **goes to work**.

“Where am I?” thought **Collin** as he raised his head off of the river rocks somewhere far from home. “How did I get here?” There was a vast emptiness above him, and the currents played and ruffled his hair. “Must have dozed off again.” He kicked off the bottom of the river, silt rising all around him in the cool still water, and floated, dreaming for a moment, in the middle of the stream. He was weightless, he was empty, he was the river, flowing from the mountains, down through the green valleys and lush villages he knew nothing about. In its eternal twilight the river was infinite, it was all he knew and he knew nothing. Sunlight played down through the ripples in the sky, and he delighted in it on his dappled skin. He played there as the sun played, as the currents played, and he was full of joy and contentment. Once, he remembered old things, sad things, life away from the loving water, under a harsh and bright sun, and for a moment the currents snagged him. But those fleeting thoughts passed as soon as they came, and again he was nothing but the river, and the river flowed on to the ocean.



## **WIFE DRESSED UP AS STRAY ANTEATER SURPRISED AS HUSBAND SHOWS POTENTIAL FOR PET CARE**

Maaye Pujhol, Times Correspondent, [pujhol.maaye@surrealtimes.net](mailto:pujhol.maaye@surrealtimes.net)

During these troubling times, the worst in people is often revealed. Yet, occasionally, it brings to light their best sides and their propensity for kindness, as was the case for Mrs. Keller's husband, Mr. Heimlich Ichhabeschmerzen Keller. Mrs. Keller recounts how her husband, Mr. Heimlich, was prone to dismissing her every plea to own a pet, often with callousness. ‘It was a very difficult time for us’, she says, ‘I wanted pets and yet I knew that he was incapable of handling them and showing care. But he's not that way now.’ Despite the affluent nature of their neighborhood, their history with pets is tumultuous to say the least. The members of the community mention how frequently pets have been found to be doused in glue, rolled up into a ball and set loose from the main road, their sounds reminiscent of the Siren convention of Atlantis (Tickets now on sale at [surrealtimes.com](http://surrealtimes.com)). Another member of the community, that prefers to remain anonymous (but bears an uncanny resemblance to Mrs. Miller) describes how one day she saw her pet cat being forced to chase a red laser directly onto the path of a 20-ton truck carrying a nuclear missile. Luckily, she was a schizophrenic and didn't actually own a cat. And finally, the most horrifying incident of all involved making the elves that inhabit these pets' bodies (in hope of eventual

world domination) take an off day, leaving these pets as nothing but plush suits. Many such events that occurred have been attributed to natural causes (The wind, for instance).

And so comes the case of Mr. Keller: at best, a man who refused to care about pets and at worst, a vile cynic responsible for the downfall of humanity and the death of 21 god-fearing pilots (as per local rumors). So, to prove that this disgusting human had some schmekel of humanity left in him, Mrs. Keller devised an ingenious plan: she would dress up as a vulnerable, stray anteater; his reaction would then reveal him for what he truly is. As planned, Mr. Keller found himself next to the pond he usually drinks water from on his way to work and saw the 'anteater'. Almost instantly, Mr. Keller rushes towards it, yeeting anything in his path (Even the hidden cameraman that secretly worked for PETA), grabbing it by its tail and then hurries home. Upon reaching his home, he shoves the garage door open with a violent thud and hastily places the anteater on the George Foreman™ grill (non-stick; available in black and burgundy), starting the fires on the 'Forgive me father for I have sinned' setting. And as fate would have it, his wife springs out of the disguise and gives him the tightest hug ever for trying to keep the cold anteater warm. Despite suffering major burns and losing the thin layer of organic material on her head that hides her cybernetic skull, Mrs. Keller's story reminds us how people can in fact change and that there is potential for goodness in all of us. What a truly heart-warming tale.



## **BIRD FUNERAL, AT LEAST YOU NOW, A PUBLIC NOTARY.**

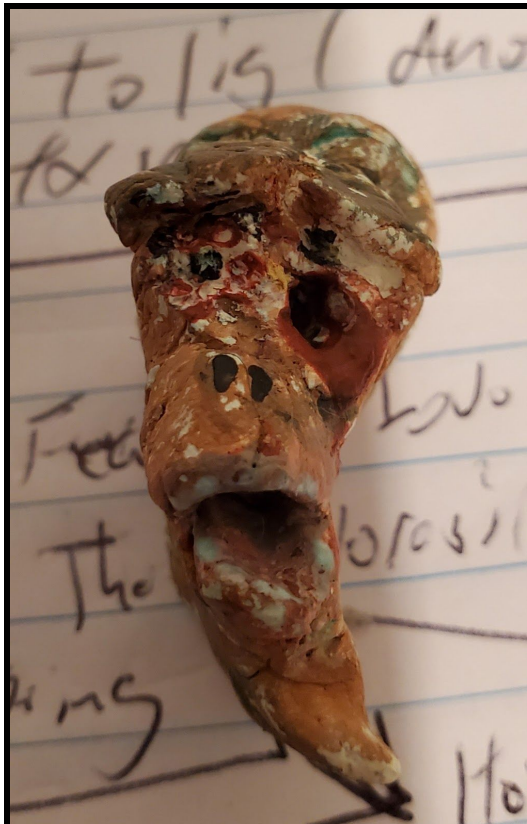
The Gulled One, Times Correspondent,  
gulled.one@surrealtimes.net

Dear Surreal Times People,

I miss my old friend Klip, I miss the flap of her wings. I ended up burying her three times but none felt right. By the final time, she began to fall apart and stink. I didn't like the smell; I don't think Klip would have either. But I did it because I wouldn't let her become trash or eaten by some dumpster squids. And I didn't want to take her home.

So for the final time, I found a nice place. I saw some storied objects laid out on the beach, I wrapped her and them up in her blanket, and dug a hole with a Castle-shaped pail I'd found. Lastly, I whispered a few kind words to myself and I hope to her, but I'd like to keep those for myself.

Like I'm following her shadow I still skip along the beach, I'll talk to myself, I play tag with the local children, there's nothing like the wind in the sand and



games with fellow little strangers. But the world has grown dark, and it is full of those who throw trash away. For now, I am trash too, but only till the gulls accept me. All the looks, at first I thought they watched me like I longingly watch the seagulls, wishing I could fly with them. But I know they are meant to hurt me and so they do.

I am the type who can see something and feel like I'm being held by it. I feel like a piece of gum on the ground who all the sand sticks to, even if I don't ask them to. Every little paper clip or bottle cap is like a careful fishing hook stabbed in my eye. Piercing the twinkley part as that sort of pastey liquid sloches out almost like a proud, sad tear. In honesty, it feels good at first. I like the fact that I can feel things, but then it just hurts. I could almost hear the bottle caps, or whatever it happens to be that day, screaming out to me as I stuff my fingers in my ears and try to just keep walking.

*"you can't leave me, don't wanna be trash" " I just sink" "we're the same the two of us" "well it is part of love and **you** said you wanted that" "you said you were the gulled one" "one more bedtime story, the one about the antt you around." "Listen to me, You are not a bird!" "why did you take their name and toss out the one I gave you" "that Gulled one, they're not someone I wasn't" "that's not how I wanted it to happen, I'm sorry, but I'm glad it did" "why do people get scared" "hey you what are you doing back here"*

And then I feel bad; it takes over me and every little thing I've ever heard just screams and cries and screams, until I can't even hear the screaming, every sound threaded through each other, and I'm lost in a blanket of noise. And it's not the same uppity front like that Inanimate Empathist, that type of guy makes me sick, he can't feel for others so he makes up stories about twigs. And pretends he's a CP Cavafy or Malcom X.

But anyway, I still pick the trash up. I put them in my satchel and ran along. It gets me more weird looks from people, but they don't know me. It helps a lot to send in these journals. I'm glad they can get published, and I'm glad I can continue them, for my friend, Klip, sleep tight buddy I think you people understand.

It's like, the other day, I was waiting for a bus, and some poor man, drunk out of his heart, walked up to me in a sad stupor and pulled out a knife. He looked at me with glazed-over eyes and said, "It's a pretty cool knife, huh? Give me something or it's yours." I didn't have any money, just my journals and my day's bag of cans. I just stood there, like a rusty tin in the breeze, looking at him. After a while he just stupored back off. I haven't seen him since.

It may surprise you, but, in reality, I didn't think he really meant it. I knew when he would sober up he'd feel bad. It was scary in the moment, feeling like a leaf, so powerless, but you get used to that. What really hits you is the tragedy of how he was more sad than he was human, like how if you fill a coke can with skittles and cough syrup. Before long, all the coke rises and pours out. The feeling holds on to you your whole ride on the blue line back to wonderland.

Anyway I guess, I'll close this entry with a joke I saw on a bathroom stall.



"781 234 5689, for a good time. What do you call a person who is so lonely, they tie a bird to a string and dance with it?"

"A really bad dog walker."

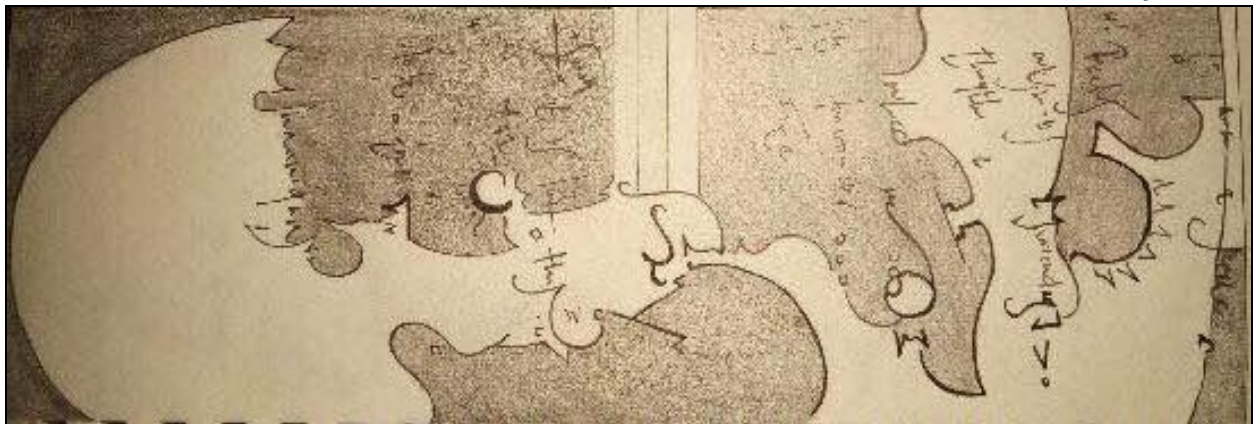
I liked that one, and this entry got a little dark, so I hope I left you all laughing.

Sincerely, the Gulled One



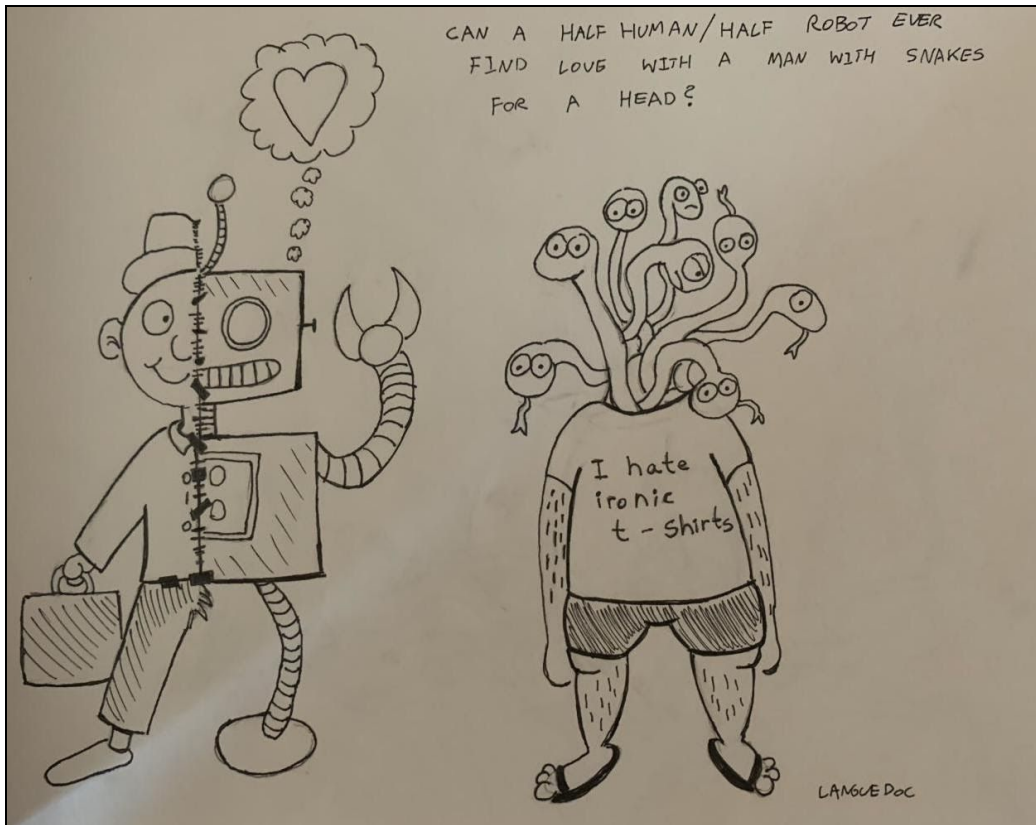
## **BIHEXICAL COMIC**

by Raka



## LOVE STORY

by The Mysterious M.



## MAN SUFFERS CELL MERGING DISORDER

By Aaron Friedman

“I suffered an alternate cancer  
of which I had no control  
The doctor provided me no means  
to escape the confines of my bowl

My body, it seems, is merging its cells

Mitosis has switched its direction  
Instead of pills, the doctors brought knives  
to save me from Divine Intersection

My corpulent form's been reduced to a pulp:  
slippery cells you could clutch in your hand  
Eventually, I fear, I will be just one...  
...and lose faith that I was once a man

The scientists descended like vultures  
and stared at me as I lay  
and prodded some beetle-sized nuclei  
and exclaimed "What a marvelous day!

This man, this enigma! We've found the cure!  
Quick, send this man to the lab!  
Examine his corpse, cryogenically frozen,  
Find his secrets with several swift stabs!"

I frantically tried to explain  
That I remained alive  
But...I could not speak  
And how could I know If I have or have not died?



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## CLASSIFIEDS

(email [classifieds@surrealtimes.net](mailto:classifieds@surrealtimes.net) to inquire about or to place an ad)

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**YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME:** Let me know and I'll never get close to you. I promise you'll never even know I'm not there.

**WANTED:** Mind Reader who Is Good At Fighting

**FOR SALE:** My Left Nostril

**TRADE WANTED:** Assorted Baby Doll Parts in exchange for cuddles

**WANTED:** VHS tape of the 1997 Foosball world championship

**WANTED:** More lengthy small intestine. Needed for daily use.

**WANTED:** Fred or Olive

**NEEDED:** A baggie of monkey teeth, unflossed, and forty pounds of Big Chew BubbleGum

**FOR RENT:** Cozy bungalow in my armpit. \$2,250 a month, No Smoking Please!

**WANTED:** Spray On Insect Attractant

**WANTED:** Altercation with my neighbor. Not fatal, but serious enough to rile me up.

**HIRING:** Four of each of the colors of the rainbow. Each must bring its own tools and duct tape.

**DOES ANYONE HAVE:** A cello I can borrow? I want to try it but it's really expensive and I haven't gotten my monthly sustenance check.

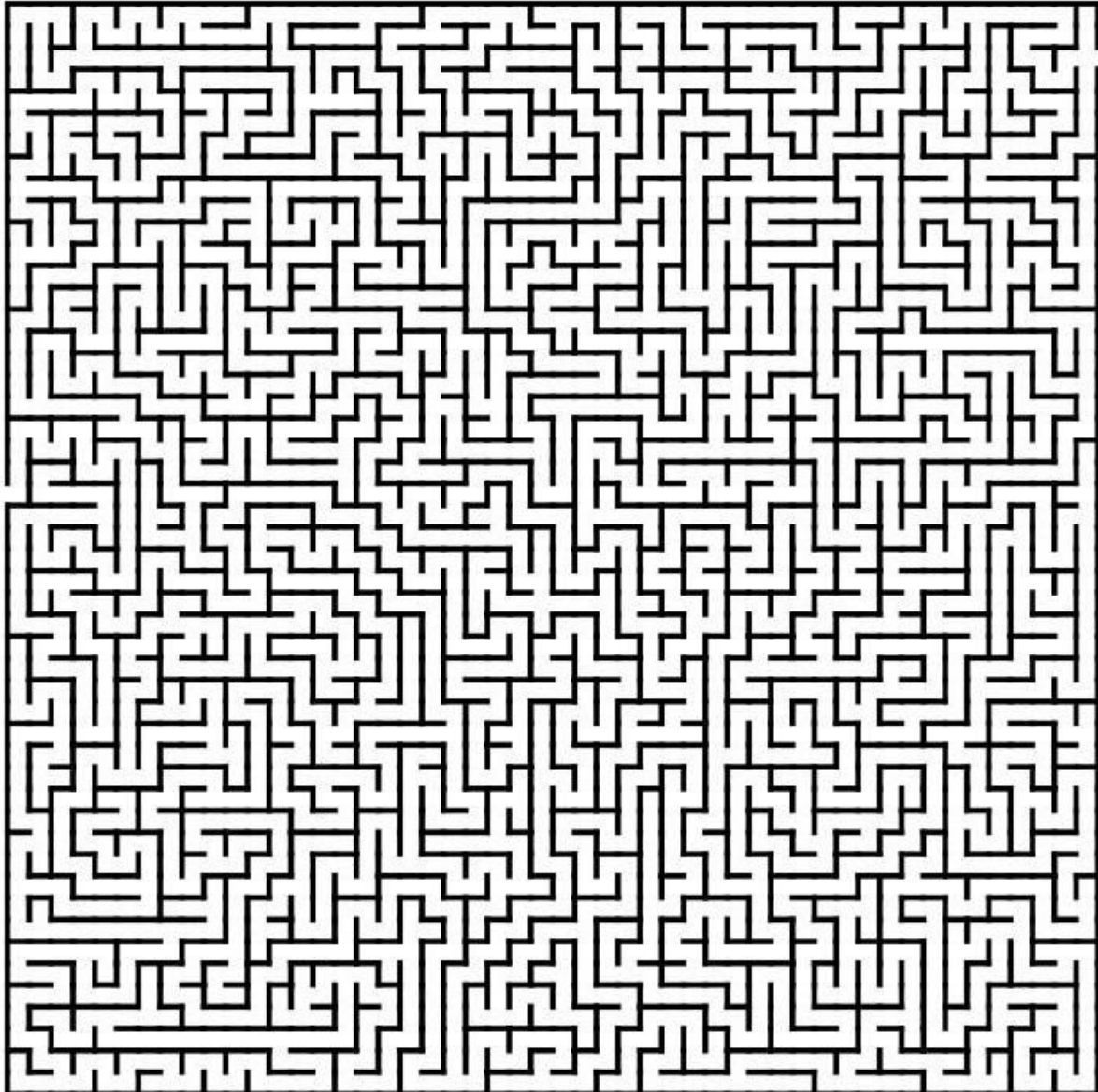
**FOR SALE:** 1997 Foosball World Champions

**FOR SALE:** Single Hair from Frank Zappa's Mustache

**FEED MY SPIDER M&M'S:** I go out daily to toss raspberries to the local school children, I'm gone from dawn till dusk, and I need someone to come to my house and feed my spider, Larry, her M&M's, she is very quiet and never moves or lies to me, but she LOVES her M&M's! Call 781-913-5092

## **BIHEXICAL SEARCH**

Thanks to a spectacular isomorphism, the solution to this 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 against all odds 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**.



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