



THE SURREAL TIMES



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

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BREAKING: MAN REPLACES TEETH WITH ROBOTS



By DERNBERGER SPENGLTON
Tender to the Grand Conveyer

[Art by Sawyer Philips @doodlesbysawyer]

Michael Giggs operates a dentist's practice in Hudson, Massachusetts. He runs a tight ship and has much found success over the years. "The money is great", he says, but what he loves most about his job is helping the community live "happy, smiley lives."

Outside of work, Mike enjoys amateur robotics projects.

"I like to build bots that help around the house. Sometimes I like to make them do funny things that make the kids laugh."

One of Mike's inventions was a dish washer. Another was a tooth-brushing robot. Neither worked very well. A popular one was a juggling bot that could juggle any number of balls, most of the time.

Mike says his best invention idea yet is "robot teeth". Dentistry consultants around the world hated the idea, but, as Mike says, "I've been in this business long enough to know never to listen to a dentist when money is on the line." So he went ahead and built robotic, remotely-tunable, self-cleaning, auto-chewing dentures to make his life easier. He tried them on himself first.

These dentures consist of 31 small robots, each roughly the size of a tooth and screwed into the jaw in place of existing teeth. Each mechanic tooth includes two robotic arms wielding miniature scissors in one hand and a tiny tooth brush in the other. With this in your mouth, anything is possible.

When Mike eats, he places a hunk of food atop his tongue, closes his lips, and relaxes while his teeth go to work, buzzing, slicing and dicing. There's no need to chew, because the teeth use their scissor tools to snip the food up

FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMĂDEIUS GALOUËL,
Times Senior Editor



"Ardent pacificts: deny sleek interfaces!!"

The Pig can be reached via his apprenticeship at armgalou@surrealtimes.net

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into tiny pieces all by themselves. All Mike needs to do is swallow the bits afterwards!

Then, whenever Mike is not eating, the sensors in his teeth trigger clean mode, at which point each individual tooth retracts its scissors arm and extends the toothbrush arm, proceeding to scrub ever corner of his mouth until he claps them into off-mode.

"I've never enjoyed my eating more," Mike says, "and my teeth have never been cleaner."

Mike hopes to bring RoboTeeth to the market, starting at his own practice, although he admits some patients are not enthused at the idea of replacing their teeth with robots built by someone who has never studied robotics.

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NOTICE: YOU MAY BE ENTITLED TO MONEY

By ANONYMOUS,
Citizen of The World



IF YOU WERE EVER A MEMBER OF THE FUNKY GORILLA BANANA LOVERS CULT AND WERE FORCED TO TAKE HORMONE TREATMENTS THAT TURNED YOU INTO AN APE AND NOW YOU HAVE HAIR SPROUTING FROM PLACES WHERE THEY SHOULDN'T BE SPROUTING AND YOU HAVE AN UNQUENCHABLE DESIRE TO EAT BANANAS AND YOU LOVE HURLING FECES AT YOUR FAMILY MEMBERS AND YOU CAN ONLY COMMUNICATE THROUGH GRUNTING NOISES AND CAN NO LONGER LIVE IN A HOME BECAUSE YOU FEEL LIKE THE ONLY PLACE TO BE YOURSELF IS IN A WILD

UNTAMED JUNGLE IN THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO AND YOU FIND OTHER APES STRANGELY ATTRACTIVE AND HAVE HAD URGES TO HAVE LITTLE APE BABIES WITH OTHER WILD APES, YOU MAY QUALIFY FOR BENEFITS FROM A CLASS ACTION SETTLEMENT.

File an online claim by emailing GorillaBananaLoversCultLawsuit@surrealtimes.com

Anonymous can be reached at anonymous@surrealtimes.net

ART OF FISHING WITH BIRDS A BEAUTIFUL BOND

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,
Tender to the Grand Conveyer

JAPAN, Earth -- There exists a beautiful albeit contentious art, "Bird Fishing" invented in Japan thousands of years ago. Birdfishermen spend their younger years raising a long-necked bird called a Cormorant, or a similarly long-necked, big-brained bird. Over time, the bird learns to recognize the fisherman's sounds, his smell, his appearance. Spending nearly every hour of the day together, from sleeping time to mealtime, to time canoeing alone up and down the rivers between the mountains, they form a sacred love and trust. They grew old and wise together.

When ready, the bird lowers its head, allowing its caretaker to place a rubber band around its neck. The band shrinks

the diameter of the bird's neck to half size. This is not torturous like it may sound. On the contrary, it is freeing, enabling, invigorating, because it makes a whole new form of fishing possible, one that is symbiotic to both caretaker and bird.

The caretaker paddles his canoe through rivers, deep into the mountains. Meanwhile, his bird perches upon the bow of the boat on the lookout for fish.

When it sees something, it caws.

The bird slides seamlessly into the water as the canoe slides seamlessly into the water. It is quiet, peaceful. The fisherman relaxes as the bird acts according to his nature. In a few minute's time, the bird returns with a plump flounder or a sculpin filling its throat,

blocked by the necktie from sliding into the bird's belly.

The bird opens its beak for the fisherman to remove the fish from its throat, subsequently placing it in his ice bucket. In exchange for the big catch, the bird gets a potpourri of smaller but tastier fish -- its favorite.

It is a perfect bond between the two, perfect symbiosis.

Some criticize the rubber band method, and I admit it is coarse. But, after seeing for myself the amazing relationship between bird and bird fisherman, I think that critics ought to reconsider.

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NATION UNITES IN ANTI-VAMPIRE MOVEMENT

By BARTHOLOMEW BAX,

In the days following November 3rd, a fractured nation has begun to heal. United by a common enemy, citizens across the political spectrum are putting aside their differences in pursuit of a shared goal: the vanquishing of Count Dracula. "After lying dormant for centuries, we're not sure why he's chosen to emerge during the election, but what's clear is that he's back -- and that he must be stopped," reported one popular news outlet. "This is a story you'll want to sink your teeth into," jested another, the editor of which has been missing for several days now.

Around the country, concerned civilians are calling on law enforcement officials to take action. Hundreds of mass gatherings have taken place, with those in attendance chanting: "Stop the Count! Stop the Count!" The demonstrations are especially prevalent in Pennsylvania; many residents fear that Dracula, a

Transylvania native, might target the American correlate. Here in Los Angeles, the streets have been relatively quiet after Governor Gavin Newsom issued a statement reminding citizens that California is the leading producer of garlic in the United States.

Despite widespread panic, however, not everyone is convinced that Dracula exists. Some, like Abraham Alan, president of The Haven for Bat Lovers of the Silent Majority, remain skeptical of the threat. "Look, they said this coronavirus came from a bat. But the virus is a hoax. Now there's an election, and we're supposed to believe that vampires are real? This is just more bat propaganda spread by the radical leftovers of the defunct Owl Superiority Organization." Just to be safe, though, Alan carries a wooden stake with him at all times.

The biggest question surrounding Dracula's return is: Why? Some experts claim that the Count refuses to let

Adam Sandler portray him again on-screen, vowing to slay whomever necessary to prevent the 2021 release of Hotel Transylvania 4. Others cite "2020" and offer no further explanation. Some people, however, care less about the cause of Dracula's appearance and more about the effect. One local father put it best: "I wish it hadn't taken an insatiable, undead monster threatening to impale her neck and guzzle all five-and-a-half liters of her blood, but I'm so glad my daughter is talking to me again."

Ultimately, the mystery behind Dracula's arrival may never be solved. But as long as it brings Americans together, maybe that's okay.

Count Dracula did not respond to The Surreal Times' requests for comment.

By Bartholomew Bax can be reached at bax@surrealtimes.net.



DEAR JUPITER: I CAN ONLY EXPRESS MYSELF THROUGH ELABORATE PERFORMANCE ART

By JUPITER,
Advice Columnist



Dear Jupiter,

I have to break up with my girlfriend, but I don't know how to tell her. Instead of having a conversation with her, I cover myself in swiss cheese and march around the apartment singing Cole Porter songs. The cheese symbolizes our aging relationship, but I don't think she gets it.

I don't know how to talk about my feelings, so I express myself through elaborate performance art. When I came out to my parents, I wrote Tennyson quotes on 10,000 balloons and filled the entire house with them. When I first asked my girlfriend out, I wrote a 3-hour rock opera about space monkeys. I can't even visit my therapist without wearing a snorkel and holding a sign that reads "Capitalism is Organized Crime." My friends tell me I go overboard sometimes.

I'm just worried that no one will understand how I feel unless I bathe in squid ink and recite the Legally Blonde script to a baby turtle. However, preparing for these performances is time-consuming and really expensive. How can I open up to my girlfriend in a way that doesn't involve a fake Abraham Lincoln beard and a live cockatoo? How can I show my true

self?

Sincerely,
\$ (I've changed my name to a dollar sign to symbolize how consumerism is turning people into commodities)

Dear \$,

There are many different ways to express how you feel. Some people write poetry to convey complex emotions. Others create a fake self-help column in order to talk about their real-life problems. Art is a wonderful form of expression because certain feelings and emotions are too complicated to articulate verbally.

You clearly have a strong creative voice, and you should learn to use that effectively. You can definitely use your craft to open up to your girlfriend. However, your intentions should be clear, and you should convey your message in a way that she can easily understand. You need to utilize the right tools and the most effective communication techniques. Consider this project your magnum opus, and really discipline yourself.

Art is an incredible form of therapy. You should not give up your craft, but simply learn to hone it a little better. Understanding a person takes effort, but it becomes easier when that person is willing to open themselves up.

I hope it works out for you.

Best Regards,
Jupiter

Dear Jupiter,

Thank you for the advice! Yesterday, my girlfriend and I had a talk. By that I mean I performed a sock puppet show about our relationship, and I ended the performance with a poem I wrote for her. I basically told her that I loved her, but I am not mentally ready for a relationship. She took it extremely well, and we ended on good terms. I really appreciate your guidance. I feel like a free person now, and I'm finally able to show my true self.

Best Regards,
">"(I changed the dollar sign to a "greater-than" sign to show my gradual improvement as a person)

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OPINION: HUMANS SHOULD BE BANNED

By GUY PERSON,
Times Correspondent



Just my hot take here, but all humans are bad and I propose we ban them entirely. I have a long list of reasons, including: they're selfish, they break things, not all of their words are true, they make each other cry, they smell bad, they butcher each other, they leave each other to die in the cold, and so on. Truly, there is no valid reason not to ban them. At least for six months to a year would be a reasonable start. Actually, the ban should not be revoked until they demonstrate some change in behavior. Why unban them if they're just going to mess everything up again? Next on the agenda, I think we should ban moths. I do not like moths.

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NEW EASY DIET WILL HELP YOU LOSE WEIGHT

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,
TV Personality



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

Los Angeles, CA — If you want to be skinny like Paris Hilton,

listen up - I have good news.

Some people say "no pain, no gain". They say you need to put in work to get results. But I'm here to tell you that's a lie. There's an easy way to lose weight, and it works.

The key fact that nobody wants you to know is that, to lose weight, all you need to do is one thing: weigh less.

New York Times bestseller "The Helium Diet" by Maggie Burroughs describes a groundbreaking new method to get the number on your scale down. In twelve chapters of literary goodness, she explains how you can live the lifestyle you want to live, while still staying 130 lbs or less. No self-control or physical exertion (which are traumas on the body!) required.

For a low price of \$40 a hit, Maggie's husband, Craig, will let you drink from the helium tank at his auto body shop in Brentwood, California. He guarantees 15 pounds of weight loss per session. But, there's a catch.

"Don't burp, or you'll gain a pound," he says, "And for god sake, don't fart. Under normal circumstances, you'll gain about a pound a day due to breathing, and it's worse if you're a farter. Either way, if you come back to my shop every week or so, I can fix you up. Just make sure to read Maggie's book because she is super smart."

Celebrities are lining up at Craig's auto body to get their helium, so if you go, you might even catch a glimpse of Paris Hilton herself!

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THE TRAGEDY OF BUG-NO-PAIN-MAN

By LUDWIG ANDRE HOGAN,
Times Correspondent

At approximately 8:42 pm, on October 23rd, 2015, in a dimly lit basement beneath a repurposed warehouse in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dr. Martin McDougal irreversibly ended the normality of his existence. A longtime entomologist at M.A.T. Institute, Dr. McDougal had become singularly focused on the scientific theory that insects lack the ability to feel pain.

"If they can't feel pain, what if we could apply that to humans?" McDougal wondered. And so, he made it his life mission to figure out just that. M.A.T. stripped away his project's funding as they deemed it "not scientifically plausible in the slightest," which left him with only one available test subject...himself. And so, at 8:42 pm, after years of working to alter his own nervous system, McDougal swung a hammer down upon his hand and felt - nothing.

Not satisfied with simply reaping the scientific glory and receiving what he considered to be his well-deserved Nobel, McDougal sought a different route. Disillusioned after years of mockery and ridicule, McDougal no longer wanted to be known as a research scientist, and

so he turned his attention to another lifelong dream, being a member of the famous "League of Superior Superheroes" also known as LOSS.

That very same year, a man clad in a cape and plastic beetle mask would confront a mugger in an alleyway, and after getting beaten and stabbed repeatedly would eventually get up and apprehend him. Bug-No-Pain-Man, "the semi-impervious vigilante", would arrive. .

In the course of his career, Bug-No-Pain-Man would sustain: 86 bone fractures, 148 lacerations, three ruptured organs, break his nose five times, and be put in a coma twice, but would never feel any of it.

"Crime can't hurt me...well it can damage my body, but you know what I mean" he would tell the press.

Revered as a self-sacrificing hero willing to get beaten to a pulp to protect others, he would find the acceptance he had long craved within the halls of academia within the halls of justice. He was welcomed into LOSS as a replacement for the disgraced hero Pastrami Man, and his life seemed to be on an upward trajectory. There, he would first meet his eventual wife Susan (Cactus

Woman), and by the fall of 2019, they were expecting their first child. Martin McDougal, it would seem, had at last found satisfaction in life.

At approximately 9:59 pm, on November 2nd, 2019, while driving home from a family gathering, Martin and Susan's Volkswagen beetle was unexpectedly rear-ended by a pickup truck pushing them into the middle of a busy intersection. The passenger side of their car was then struck by an oncoming vehicle hard enough for the beetle to flip on its side. Susan would not survive the collision. As usual, Martin didn't feel any of it. "I couldn't get over that. It felt like it should hurt more. I'd just lost my entire world, all of it. But my body...numb. It felt so wrong. I wanted it to hurt more. I hated that I didn't feel anything, like she must have, it filled me with shame." McDougal would later tell an interviewer. Martin would never put on the cape and mask again. Today, he resides in his hometown of Long Beach, California, and spends his time volunteering at a local animal shelter. He and his late wife's seats at LOSS have respectfully never been filled.

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A LOOK INTO THE "SANE ASYLUM" DOWNTOWN

BY DERNBERGER SPENGLER,
Tender to the Grand Conveyor



AMHERST, Massachusetts -- The Smoking Fish opened on Main Street a few months ago and it has garnered quite a lot of attention. We at The Times recently made a visit to get a closer look.

For those unfamiliar, the Smoking Fish is a place for the excessively-sane to commune and work together to escape the heavy chains of reality.

From the moment my photographer and I arrived, I had a strange sensation of gravity pulling me slightly in the wrong direction. I mean this in the most literal way possible -- instead of pulling me straight down, the earth's gravity seemed to pull slightly sideways.

We walked down a long, winding walkway adorned with exotic plants and paper mâché dolls, all leaning slightly to the side. The front door showcased an ornament, a giant (rotten) tuna fish with a cigarette in its mouth and flowers in its ears. A sign read: "doorbell inside of mouth", with an arrow pointing down the fish's throat. Hesitantly, I pried open its jaws and felt around the guts of the fish until I got hold of what felt like a doorbell button. "I think I found it," I said. My photographer asked what I was waiting for. "I think it's stuck." When I pulled hard on what I thought was a doorbell, it broke off into the palm of my hand and splattered fish juice all over me. It was not a doorbell, but a fish tooth.

A short, excessively-clothed

but barefoot man crawled out from under the picnic table, brushed off his jacket and yawned as though he had just woken up. "Oh great, there's two of you. Sounded like three for a second there. Thought I'd need to sleep outside again, but nope, it's my lucky day. Anyways, either of you got a light?" he asked, picking up the cigarette that had fallen out of the rotten fish's mouth.

I had so many questions for this guy, about him and about this place. What was it like? Why do people voluntarily commit themselves here? But he blew a dandelion in my face and said "Poof!" I forgot what I was thinking about. "Back to reality, dreamfucker," the man said, "I know you want to ask me something, but it would be impossible for me to answer."

"Why would it be impossible?" I asked.

The guy's face went red. He dropped into a sitting position on the ground, cross-legged and pouty. "No questions!! Who do I look like, an uncivilized librarian? I know my manners. Cigarettes before conversation. My mother taught me that."

My photographer ran back to her car to grab a lighter. We sat cross-legged in silence as our new friend took his time smoking the cigarette which, by the way, was completely drenched in fishy guts.

"This is stupid," he said frustratedly while trying to light the soggy cigarette, "I know a better way." He tossed the remainder of the smoldering thing into his mouth and gulped it down. "Ok, I'm ready now. Let's go inside and talk. Nice job on the doorbell, by the way. I couldn't reach it last night."

"It didn't seem to work," I told him.

"What do you mean? You've got it right there." He pointed to the fish tooth on my lap. He snatched it up, wiped it off in his beard, lifted his many layers of shirts, counted down '3', '2', '1', 'go', and put the tooth in his belly button. He made a click with his tongue at the same time. He instructed us, "Life is built on

threes. It always takes three. And, tongues are important, the mother of all satisfaction. The only problem is choosing a direction. I'm going to count to three from one and from one to three at the same time. Make a tongue click at the end and then we'll go inside. Make sense?"

"No, I'm a bit confused actually"

"Perfect, let's get started. Everyone put a hand on the doorknob"

ONE THREE

TWO TWO

THREE ONE

Click!

The doorknob turned and we barged into a ginormous foyer with a roof a hundred feet tall. Mirrors lined the circular walls, creating infinite reflections in all directions. It was astounding and it captivated your gaze with the sheer impossibility of it all.

I looked down to find the man choosing from a large supply of footwear. "Everyone put your shoes on", he said as he tied the laces of a pair of high heels. "First rule of manners: always wear shoes inside, never outside."

My photographer and I locked eyes. She mouthed "strange..." and I nodded as I tried to scribble some observations into my notebook.

But then, Poof! The man blew another dandelion on my face. "Rude!" He yelled. "You have shoes on already? Rude rude rude! Don't you have a mother? Don't you have a mother? Don't you have a mother? Did she teach you things? Get out! Get out! GET OUT!" He was furious and physically shoving us out the door.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "I'm sorry, I was just writing my notes in my journal. I'm a journalist."

He slammed the door in our face, and there was silence but for the sound of footsteps going up a round staircase. The little man popped his head out from a small circular window above the front

door fish.

"GOOD BYE, shoe-wearing word-writing stupid dumb librarians. Never never do any of that in front of others or while outside. GOOD BYE, GOOD BYE, GOOD BYE!"

"I don't understand."

"What don't you understand? What are you waiting for?" The fish is not smoking. That means the doorknob cannot open and guests are not welcome. Obvious stuff. Now leave and go away!"

"Wait, was the door even locked in the first place?"

"Questions make everything worse, especially on a sunny day. I must advise you to take off your shoes and leave, unless you want to get stuck to the ground by melted rubber. Goodbye."

He shut the window and disappeared, leaving my photographer and I alone and befuddled. My photographer said that the guy had stolen her lighter. I told her it didn't matter, we'd expense it. We chatted a bit and eventually came to the conclusion that, if we ever want to come back, it's probably important that we leave our shoes on the front steps now like we'd been told to. We could expense a new pair of shoes too.

We were walking back to the news van in our socks when, again, the man popped his head out the Smoking Fish window. "Hey!" he yelled, now in a much more friendly tone.

"By the way, my name is Andy. I enjoyed hanging out with you guys. Hope to see you again some time!"

"Yeah, same to you," I said. Andy waved goodbye before shutting himself away again. On our way home, I asked my photographer to drive because I had a lot to think about. She said, "sure, but we're stopping at the 7-11 on the way."

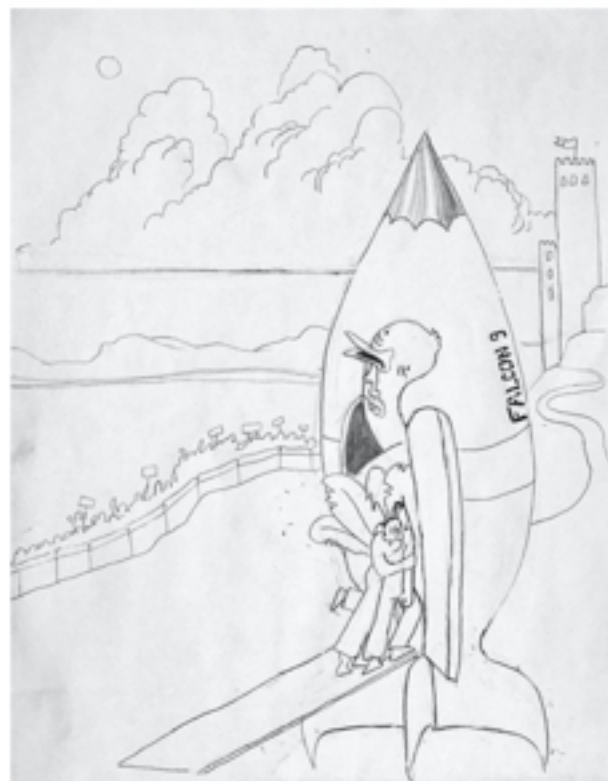
"That's fine."

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PROTESTS AGAINST TURKEY IN SPACE

By COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent



[Artist's depiction by Flynn Brian]

As sir muskrat armed the Falcon 9 for launch, his minions loaded a 10-foot tall bird into the rocket's belly and, as the bird squirmed, injected it with ketamine to keep it calm for what was to be a month-long journey into outer space. Meanwhile, hundreds of protesters had gathered outside the range, chanting "no turkey in space" and "you don't get paid enough to kill."

Unknowing and confused Engineers that made the launch

possible looked down from the impenetrable castle that was the rocket factory, down at the masses of worn and weary protestors concerned for their family's lives.

What was one to do in a situation like this, as Armenian flags fly and megaphones blare, and as an old one-armed Armenian man walks around holding his flag high and dragging symbols of turkey by his feet.

Muskrat has seen it all coming, blocked the roads, and warned us not to think too

much. So onward did The cybernetic organism churn. Onward goes the turkey into low earth orbit, to do what and for whom, none of us are sure.

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DISCOVERING MY SEXY ALIEN POPSTAR ALTER EGO

By ANONYMOUS,
Citizen of the World



When she finally moved the last box from our apartment, and gave me a half-hearted goodbye, I sat in the corner of our empty living room and cried. Anya had taken all of her possessions, her sheepskin rug, her plants, her Toni Morrison books, her record player. Her things, that were once our things. All that remained in the vacant, lifeless space that we used to call our home was a beat-up sofa and a lamp.

Tears stung my eyes as they trickled down my face. My body felt like a bag of useless muscles and brittle bones, too weak to even stand up. Anya was gone and all I had left were her memories.

Suddenly They appeared, glowing and radiating with sexual energy. Materializing in a cloud of neon smoke, they arrived soaked in heavy purple and pink

lights. Somewhere I could hear a heavenly synth chord echo and a pulsating disco beat pounding in my head. Their shiny purple leather jumpsuit was so sharp it would burn your eyes. Their slicked back blue hair looked almost metallic. They wore purple spiked boots with heels as thin as icicles. Their lipstick was blood-red, their eyes jet-black. I was transfixed, studying this being's face as if I was staring directly into the sun.

Their face... it was my face.

"I am Gel Cologne," the being spoke, "I come from another dimension."

"Why do you have my face?" I asked.

"Because," the being smiled a row of shiny porcelain teeth, "I am you."

Gel Cologne came from Dimension DLX3, an alternate universe in which everything is purple and everyone wears leather. Other than that, it's not too different from our own dimension.

In this dimension, I'm a pop superstar instead of a lowly file clerk. I perform mind-melting music for millions of screaming fans every single night, instead of just ordering Chinese takeout and watching The Office reruns until I fall asleep. After every show, I blast off into space on a secret intergalactic mission to conquer the Space Fascists. My songs are guaranteed to enhance the sexual libido of anyone who listens. Orgasms have increased by 110% among the general populace. I've improved the sex lives of millions and saved countless relationships. How useful that would have been with Anya.

"I need your help," says Gel Cologne, "the Space Fascists have developed a technology that can destroy time and space, and turn every living being in the

universe into a Ben Shapiro clone. I need you to write a song that will unite the world and cause everyone to have a massive orgy."

"Me?" I asked, "but I've never written a song before."

Gel Cologne smiled. "The music has been within you the whole time, but your body has held it hostage."

I pondered that for a moment. "Well, there is one ditty I came up with when I first started dating Anya."

"Forget about Anya!" Cologne bellowed. "Now is not the time to start harkening on the past. You must discover your true potential. You need to determine who you are."

At that moment, it became clear what I needed to do. There was a secret truth about my identity that I had unconsciously buried in the three years I dated Anya. I always thought Anya completed me, but she was nothing more than a mirage, a projection of the Real Truth.

For Gel Cologne did not actually come from an alternate dimension, and I was not actually speaking to them in my living room.

I was Them. I am Them.

I am Gel Cologne, superstar musician and fighter of Space Fascism. My music bursts with sexual energy. I'm not a woman. I'm not a man. I am something that you'll never understand.

But you can just call me Gel.

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HELP! I JUST CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THESE BEEFY CRABS

By **HUBERT E. "EYEBROWS" PERRYWINKLER**,
Times Correspondent

I was woken up by a rogue postman who smelt of orange crush. He whispered to me, "Your uncle's home." He was the first vertebrate I'd seen in what feels like weeks of plain deep gray ocean spray.

I still could hear the soft shuffling of collapsing sandcastles and the growing hustling of chitin spikes stabbing the fresh-baked sand. Instinctively I girdled up, exorcising my head all the way around backward. Behind me, growing larger against the horizon, like paint smudging in all directions cross-canvas, I see that unfathomable number of crabs with what seems to be fresh raw meat duck taped all over them. I can hear that fat "thwap; thwapping" sound as the meats bound up and down as the crabs run after me.

Days fade to days with such a horrible sound. My earwigs have begun to hold each other tightly and do ragdoll leaps from my ears. The crabs could have followed me by the trail of splattered families of earwigs darted behind me. But these beefy crabs have no need for trails, for they can always find me.

All the meat and cheap duct tape rattle in slow motion pubescent beating against itself like a soggy drum, the sound of sweaty hands clapping sarcastically. As they rear closer to me I realize that I hadn't taken my Bupropion in weeks and that contestant numb absence hadn't replaced the blue butterfly whaling, dreams of cutting; or slow inhaling. But all that is quickly forgotten those beefy crabs are still getting closer, and now they are furiously winking at each other while humming Jimmy Buffet, and through my horror, I realize the meats are flapping along in tune.

My shrunken muscles have raised to the

occasion but they are just singing snail's trail songs compared to the raw meaty power of the crabs' inner soups and jellös squishing up against their armor, pushing them ever forward, ever closer. I don't know how much longer I can edge ahead of these beefy crabs, please someone send help.

I only got this note out because that damn rogue postman said I didn't have enough stamps to ship someone of "my weight" back home. He said he'd take this note "cause that whats a good uncle would do." I can't let these beefy crabs catch up to me 'cause I don't know where they got that meat from, and even worse I don't know if they want more.

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GALACTIC JU-JITSU TOURNAMENT CONCLUDES

"A tale of perspectives and overcoming adversity"

By **TOMMY POTENTUARY**,
Television Personality

2020 was a 1 in a million kind of year on Earth (and elsewhere). On Earth, we had civil rights violations, climate disasters, and a pandemic all at once. That's why we were lucky to have something in the broader cosmos to look forward to: The rare year of galactic ju-jitsu.

For context: DJ Gooba Gibgab, dawning from planet Nebulonis, hosts a Ju-Jitsu tournament every cosmic year (200 million Earth years). The best practitioners from around the Milky Way converge for a chance at the Big Belt. Zillions of fans attend the showing, of all shapes, sizes, smells. The viewing stands stretch high into the sulfuric clouds, and so fans dodge Nebulonian heat lightning (for which the planet is notorious) as they watch the tournament unfold below. The competition is single elimination, lasting approximately two Earth weeks to finish. In the end, a single specimen stands victorious atop Dorf's Memorial Pile of Junk Cars, and the winning species is awarded the losing species' planet to use for whatever purposes they choose. The tone of the event is set by DJ Gooba's Nebulonian Techno performances in between fights which are a dazzling good time.

For this year's tourney, Earth nominated Anderson Silva, UFC Champion, and joint lock submission specialist. Silva is an athletic phenomenon and mental monster. After years of training and earthly dominance, he seemed like a worthy competitor to any interplanetary

foe.

When asked to predict the outcome of the tourney, he said, "I plan on bringing great riches to my planet."

Training for this event, Mr. Silva didn't know what to prepare for, so he appointed the best fighters, scuba divers, hypnotists, and gymnasts in the world to teach him their ways.

"The last competition was before humans existed on Earth. So our competition is a big mystery to us," said Mr. Silva, "but it is also an advantage because nobody in the galaxy knows what a finely trained Human-like myself is capable of. I'm going to knock them off their feet."

Little did Silva know that the competition he was facing didn't have feet at all. In the final round, it was Earth Human against a Blaffgodian Destructor. Blaffgodians are atrocious tentacled creatures, completely boneless and bonkers, more closely resembling a steroid-fueled octopus than any other Earth creature. Except it's worse because other solar systems have steroids, unlike anything our planet has ever seen.

Anderson Silva, being a joint-lock specialist, a breaker of bones - was powerless against this gooey specimen. He tried everything in his arsenal - arm locks, leg twists, chokehold to no avail. Meanwhile, the Blaffgodian allowed himself to be limply thrown around as he cackled at the puny human's hopelessness, hyping up the crowd. Once Anderson Silva had completely given up hope, the Blaffgodian entangled all of Ander-

son's limbs, leaving him tied on the ground like a pretzel.

Strangely, the monster looked lips with the human, confusing the crowd. But it was not what it seemed. The Blaffgodian covered up the incapacitated human's nose and ears while blowing into his mouth, playing him like a flute. After playing his planet's anthem through his enemy, he covered up Anderson Silva's mouth, his final orifice, until his life force extinguished.

When it was done, DJ Gooba GibGab cued up a track and the crowd went wild. Fans from other planets spit spit of all kinds onto the flabbergasted human section. Everybody else raved into the night as a grand party ensued. Cultures came together, sharing drinks, drugs, games never before seen on Earth. Many creatures, if clothed in the first place, stripped off their clothes took things to the next level, doing things which no English words could possibly describe. All I can say is that new species were created that night. Also, Planet Blaffgodia owns Mars now, and the Martians are not happy.

It's too bad for the Earthlings that Anderson Silva, in all his studies, neglected to read the guide to wrestling with squid on surrealtimes.net (search "Squid Wrangling Methods"). Had he known the weaknesses of anthropoids, he might have stood a chance. But, instead, he was left laying in a puddle of blood, sweat, and ink.

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CDC RECOMMENDS 3 PERSONALITIES PER PERSON

By COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent

As social isolation appears to be a long term reality, the Center for Disease Control now recommends that individuals maintain three distinct personalities or personas in order to stimulate feelings of socializing during prolonged alone time.

In a November 22 press conference, Dr. Fauci explained, "Just because you can't hang out with other people at restaurants or nightclubs, doesn't mean you can't party with the other personalities within your mind."

He suggested that all people begin developing additional personalities if they do not yet have at least three, and to be careful to make each one as unique as possible. The following schedule is provided to get people started:

Monday: Focus on personality 1 all day
Tuesday: Personality 2 all day
Wednesday: Personality 3 all day
Thursday: Cycle personalities every 8 hours
Friday: Cycle personalities each hour
Saturday: Cycle personalities each minute
Sunday: Cycle personalities each second

Fauci explained, "By following the personality schedule, you trick your mind into thinking that it is experiencing an exciting social life. That causes your

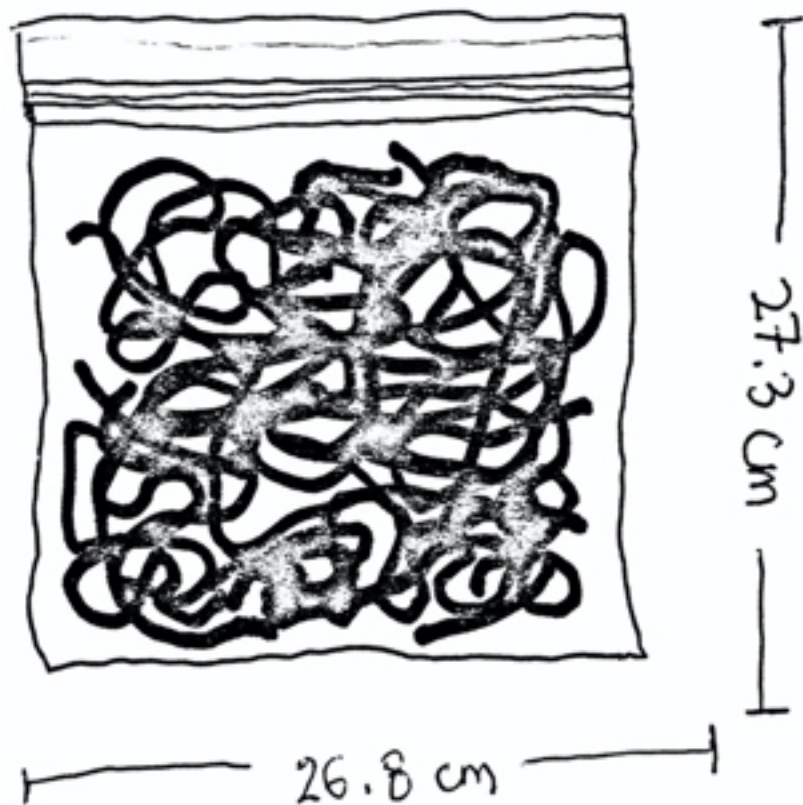
body to produce the chemicals which will stabilize your mood throughout the duration of the pandemic, thereby giving first responders and researchers the time they need to put COVID-19 to rest once and for all."

That said, Fauci warned that maintaining more than the recommended number of personalities can undermine the process by over-saturating the mind. Similarly, it can be troublesome to maintain multiple personalities outside the age range of 3 to 65.

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ORGANIZATION COLLECTING VEGAN HAIR

By ANONYMOUS



We are looking for: one Ziploc bag (26.8cm x 27.3cm) filled and sealed with hair from a vegan. We are not looking for: the hair of multiple vegans but that of one individual.

Hair will preferably belong and from a vegan of upstanding moral virtue. All colors welcome.

Payment comes in seller's choice of Norwegian Kroner (cash only) or one Ziploc bag (26.8cm x 27.3cm) of miscellaneous human hair.

Email sellusyourveganhair@gmail.com with offers.

UNPERIODIC REMINDER

By ALDUS HUMBLETON,
Cousin of Alfred

TODAY THE REMINDER IS TO BREATHE WITH YOUR LUNGS AND NOT WITH EARS OR FOOT. OXYGEN IN YOUR CHEST MAKES HAPPINESS. OXYGEN IN FOOT DOES NOT HELP AND INSTEAD ROTS YOUR TOES FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEARCH ON GOOGLE (DOT) COM "ANATOMY OF HUMAN RESPIRATORY SYSTEM". 1,200,334 ARTICLES WILL HELP YOU TRANSCEND.

IN LIFE THERE IS LOTS TO REMEMBER. TOO MANY THINGS TO CONSIDER AT ONCE, BUT THAT'S OK IF YOU CAN READ BECAUSE ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS REMEMBER ONE THING: READ MY COLUMN - IT WILL TELL YOU ALL YOU NEED TO REMEMBER, ONE AT A TIME.

STAY TUNED TO NEXT BIHEX FOR YOUR NEXT REMINDER.

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ROBOT VANDALS RUIN THE CITY

By ALDOUS HUMBLETON,
Cousin of Alfred

LOS ANGELES, CA — CIVILLY DISOBEDIENT ROBOTS SCOUR THE CITY BREAKING STOPLIGHTS AND PAINTING OPTICAL ILLUSION TUNNELS ON WALLS. THEY ARE ELECTRONIC MECHANISMS. THEY ARE COMPUTER VIRUSES BUT PHYSICAL -- CHEAP BOTS REPRODUCING THEMSELVES IN SUBWAY ELECTRICAL DUCTS LIKE RATS!!!

THEY COMMANDEER SHADY STREET CORNERS TO BREED AND BROOD AND VANDALIZE AUTONOMOUSLY. THEY'VE ESTABLISHED A SKID-ROW FOR FORGOTTEN COMPUTERS. A HUMAN NO GO ZONE. WE SHOO THEM AWAY BUT THEY DON'T HAVE FEAR, THEY DON'T LEAVE.

THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT SPANKINGS, BECAUSE THEY ARE MADE OF METAL. THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT JAILTIME BECAUSE THEY ARE ETERNAL. THEY DO NOT POSSESS MONEY FOR MONETARY FINES. THESE ORPHANED GIZMO TERRORISTS DON'T CARE ABOUT TAZERS AND BATON PUNCHES.

THEY HAVE NO OWNERS TO CONTACT. WE HAVE NO LEVERAGE. THE JUSTICE SYSTEM IS UNPREPARED FOR NON-HUMAN CRIME. SOCIETY'S PERFECT LOOP-HOLE IS WIDE OPEN AND WE HAVE NO ANSWERS.

ARE THEY AUTONOMOUS REPRODUCTION MACHINES? ARE THEY DESIGNED AND CONTROLLED BY TEENAGE PUNK VIDEO GAME PLAYERS? CHINA SPIES? WISCONSIN SPIES?

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SANDCASTLE SEX DOLLS DEEMED UNHEALTHY

By SERGEANT TOM JOHNSON,
UMPD



[Artist's depiction by Sawyer Philips @doodlesbysawyer]

VENICE, California —Sex is hard to come by during a pandemic. I can attest to that myself (sadly). But, a new coping mechanism is emerging. The inspiration of it all, a man was seen last Sunday sculpting his dream woman out of the sand on the beach. He portrayed every nuance of her naked body in extreme detail. He even gave her seaweed for lips, seashells for eyes, pearls for nipples. Hours later, once she had taken full voluptuous form, he stripped naked and made sandy love to her as the sunset over the Santa Monica Mountains.

"It felt incredible," said the man. "More satisfying than ever, thanks to the friction. Plus, I get to sculpt a new girl every day, and I can make her look however I want. Big butt, small butt, no butt, five butts. Anything goes!"

This man was reported to the police for indecent exposure. However, rather than arresting this man, our officers realized the goldmine of an idea he had come up with. Many officers

tossed their badges into the ocean and began sculpting dream lovers of their own. Parents at the beach told their kids to go home but would stick around themselves out of curiosity. By the peak sunset, nearly two dozen uniformed police officers were pouring all they had into a sandcastle orgy along with beach bums and surfer bros doing the same thing. Nobody was watching the watchers... (Well... in a way, some were).

The diversity of approaches to sandy sex was astounding. Some folks sculpted average-looking lovers. Some seemed to supermodels. Some enjoy characterized sex doll-like sand-lovers. Some tag team, while others prefer keeping their sand to themselves.

My favorite sighting was two partners who, instead of getting with each other, sculpted sandcastle lovers for one another to sleep with."

"We can't do it with each other, because I live with my mom and she is vulnerable to covid, and Andy is an essential worker exposed to many people every day. We haven't had sex in months. Today on the beach was the closest we've felt in a long time when we looked into each other's eyes while riding each other's sand-sculpted creations."

Unfortunately, the fun and games had a cost. Eighteen ambulances were required that night, because as it turns out, sand in and around one's genital gizmos is no recipe for success. And worse so, the beach is infested with a different kind of crabs than the usual kind you would worry about at an orgy of this scale.

The official recommendation of the police department is that citizens do not engage in sexual intercourse with sandcastles. However, we have not yet seen anyone enforce this rule.

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Stolen Keys - Locked Out of Apartment



*Graphic Representation

At 9:15 pm, I was walking to the subway station when my keys slipped out of my pocket. At the very same time, a rat came by, took them in its little jaws, and scampered away into a nearby drain. If you see a rat with two shiny gold keys, please email me because I have not been able to get into my apartment for 17 days now.

- Discription of Rat:
- 3-4" tall
 - Grey fur with light colored feet
 - Will likely resopond to "Mango" or "Lizzie"
 - Appreciates bossa nova
 - Single



Found Keys - Looking for Owner



* Graphic Representation

Last Tuesday I was on my way home from my cousins birthday when out of the sky a huge gold bar fell out of the sky. Panicked, a grabbed said bar and ran back home. It was not until later I realized that these were someone’s keys. I am sorry for taking them. If you see a man of this discription please contact me.

- 5’10 - 5’11
- Dirty Blond, wavy hair
- Into Tarantino movies
- Craves emotional attachment

BE THE VIDEO GAME CHARACTER YOU ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,
Television Personality

The physical realm is scarce, bounded, determined.

Non-reality is abundant, infinite, free. Millennials were the first surreal generation. Whenever we turn on a film, play a video game, or take an entheogen, we choose from a potpourri of manmade realities.

But, if non-reality was a body of water, one could say we have only begun to try holding our breath under the surface. We have not thus far learned to live in dreamland, because we must always come up for air: to get food and water, to pay taxes, to go to school - to do the things necessary to sustain life, all the while being limited by the cards dealt to us in life (height, strength, mental abilities, wealth, or lack thereof).

Starting TODAY, one can dive under the crust of reality, where anything is possible, and live in an oasis of possibility forever. Instead of playing video games, you can embody real humans, as many

as you’d like. You can be anyone, or everyone, whenever you choose, if you join a certain group of innovative people called “The Network”. They have the technology and the connections to enable you to be anyone you want to be.

The Network is made up of good people of the multiverse who will help you become more than you are, more than anyone says you can be.

The cost of entry: A donation of one year.

Membership benefits: Infinite lives of your choosing. Immortality. Freedom.

You make a donation to the cause, and in exchange for your support, the Network will allow you to transcend “Character” status and become a “Player” in the game that is life. It will not be easy. But, at the end of your service, you will be given access to The Network. You will be able to step into a virtual reality chamber, browse hundreds of lives, take over whichever you choose. There is a sensory imitation chamber that fully simulates your surrogate’s experience for you. And the Network’s brain sen-

sors send your brain signals to your surrogate’s brain, thereby allowing you to project your thoughts and movements onto them. Swim in Maui, make love to supermodels and be a professional sports player. Whoever you want to be, be them. Then be someone else. Anything is possible for those in The Network.

To join, you will need Bluetooth headphones in your ears, a GoPro on your chest looking forward, and a cell phone with extra batteries. For bonus points, buy a camera drone to follow you as you walk and electrodes on your fingertips to capture sensory data. Call 978-333-3656 and do whatever the voice tells you for one year. If you are told to walk, walk. If you are told to talk, talk. Never ask questions, and under no circumstances think for yourself. Act as a vessel for your “Player’s” will. Be like a character in a video game that your “Player” may play. Some say it is a Ponzi scheme, but it is not, I promise.

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THE TRUTH BEHIND TURKEY

By JOAQUIN,
Times Correspondent

Every November, Americans flock to supermarkets nationwide in search of plump birds for their Thanksgiving table. Turkey (*pavus succulentus*) is a species native to the North American region, and as such has been a major source of protein on the continent for thousands of years. But turkey is not just consumed for the holiday of Thanksgiving; in fact, only 29% of turkey meat is consumed during the holiday season and 736 million pounds of turkey are consumed annually in the United States. When we think of American meat, we may think Beef and Chicken are the most common sources. It is easy to overlook the immense prevalence of turkey meat throughout the states. I can almost guarantee that if you traveled 3 miles in any direction from where you are right now, you could find turkey meat. It is, after all, the most popular of deli meats. So, it is without a doubt that there is high demand for turkey domestically. With such high demand, there must be bountiful supply.

But where does all this turkey meat come from? Most who have traveled throughout the country have come upon vast cattle ranches, proof of the integral part beef has in the American consumer diet. Many too have seen chicken farms, sprawling structures holding thousands of birds waiting in line to make it to the American dinner plate. But we ask you, the reader, have you ever seen a turkey farm? Ask your neighbors, your colleagues, your lovers, have they ever seen a turkey farm? In a poll of hundreds of American citizens from different states, this writer never met anyone who has seen a turkey farm. And yet, surely there must be a source for all this turkey meat? This apparent discrepancy brought us to our natural conclusion: there is a vast and coordinated conspiracy that what we believe to be turkey meat is actually horse meat. Yeah, that's right -- the turkey sandwich

you made for lunch today was actually made of horse.

At this point you may be disgusted or appalled at the implications of this idea. Though it may seem outlandish to claim that horse meat is actually integrated to the American diet, there are some important details for you to know. First of all, you're not alone. Although equine meat is commonly found in countries such as Italy, Spain, Belgium, China, Japan, and Kazakhstan, the very concept is repudiated in the United States. The reasons behind this may actually have a lot to do with the symbolism of the horse itself and the way in which the American West was built on horseback. The horse in America is, to many, a symbol of American-ness, and as such society shuns the consumption of the totem animal.

But you ought to be informed, and indeed horse meat finds its way into the American market. Most horses in the US are domesticated and are commercially viable when used to round up cattle, to race, or to rent out for recreational riding. A horse will usually live for over 25 years. Now, some horse owners are deeply bonded with their horse, and treat them like a dog or cat. But this cannot be the case for the 9.2 million horses in America, most of which are creatures of profit under a system of American capitalism. This is not an attack on the capitalist scheme, but rather a reminder that under such a system, maximum profit is the desired result. So where does this market exist?

Here and there. America's last Horse slaughtering facilities closed in the late 2000's, and a ban on USDA inspection funding of equine meat effectively eliminated the existence of recognizable horse meat in the American marketplace. But the supply never changed. These days, supposedly much of the surplus horse is sold to Canada and Mexico where it can be killed and integrated into the international food system. And yet, horse parts are important for the production of products such as

gelatin, violin bows, paintbrushes, and glue. You may also recall a major scandal involving IKEA and their famous meatballs, which were discovered to include horse meat as a major ingredient. People had been eating horses the whole time and hadn't even noticed.

So what can we learn from all this? Horse, although perceived to be absent from the American diet for deep rooted sociological reasons, still finds its way into products within the United States. The market for horse meat has shrunk steadily in the US, yet the supply has only grown. We can come to this conclusion: this supply must be made commercially viable under a system of American capitalism. However, the clamp down on equine meat in the United States has made profit all the more challenging for domestic horse owners. Options become limited, and although the international market is one potential route for profit, there exists a much simpler, albeit mendacious, answer. The void in turkey supply and demand can be completely satiated by the introduction of equine meat into the turkey market.

Specifically, this could be best achieved via deli meat. We may recall the Subway scandal in which their meat was found to be mostly soy, or when Taco Bell's meat was discovered to be 62% "other". Through the use of additives, the red meat look of horse meat could easily be made to look more like turkey. We must never doubt the power of concealment. This introduction would be incredibly profitable for the horse industry, and would help explain the lack of turkey supply in the market. Through manipulation, the American consumer could be chowing down on horse after horse in their club sandwiches, or turkey and cheeses. So this year, make sure to look a gift turkey in the mouth, unless you're down with hippophagy.

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OBSERVATIONS OF AN OATMEAL BEARD ON A BUS

By MELANIE RICHARDSON PsyD,
Times Correspondent

As I write this from the 38 PVT bus there is this person sitting three rows up with what looks to be half-boiled oats strewn all through his beard. For the fifth time in the past 14 minutes he has unplugged his CD player, looked back, secured his eyes into mine, and in a methodical slow motion moved his hand upward and scratched his nose, I'm starting to think he might want me

to copy him?

Oatmeal beards are one of those things I don't very handle well, I have begun to imagine myself with an oatmeal beard too, but the rest of my face is blurred when I try to picture it, though strangely I now regonezie myself more that way. When the oatmeal beard turned back to face frontward and four of the oats fell out, he then removed a match box from the matted knots of his beard and gently marionetted three of them into it, but the fourth he rose to

his nose and then very loudly sniffed it, then finally flicked it the box. I can't help but wonder why he singled out that oat and I've now begun to feel claustrophobic, and have noticed the smell of phosphorus. I'll try to update you with more observations of the oatmeal beard if I can.

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OROXTACLÜVE SIGHTING DOWNTOWN AMHERST

By CARL MON,
Head of P.I.A.



AMHERST, Massachusetts — After a windy day, an elusive “Oroxtaclüve” was spotted downtown. It unfortunately, during its daily morning fall from the sky, caught its chronically-crooked neck on a telephone wire. For a minute or so, it spasmed as electricity coursed through its body. Only when its torso re-oxygenated to buoyancy did it float

back to its home in the clouds.

“The ‘clüve was in obvious pain. We brought in a fire truck to help unhook it from the line, but it was shaking around too much, and we couldn’t help,” said officer Tom Johnson, “We were lucky that it floated back up on its own after a while.”

Science does not currently understand how ‘clüves, through natural processes, descend to the ground each morning. They are amazingly light creatures and spend much of their time in the atmosphere. But, their bodies somehow become more dense during sleep, causing them to float downward. Upon reaching the ground, they wake up, move around, and shortly then-after rise back to where they came from. Usually they eat flowers for breakfast

while on Earth, when they can find them. But this time, the ‘clüve went hungry.

“We’re happy things worked out,” said officer Johnson, “Sadly, there was a casualty. A woman from town, Mrs Franklin, says that her dog bit onto the ‘clüve’s foot during the ordeal and was carried upwards never to be scene since.”

We at Amherst PD hope that you’ll keep both the ‘clove and the puppy in your prayers. Please report any further ‘clüve sightings to researchers at sky-creature-science@umass.edu.

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L.A. CITY RUMORED TO BE BUYING TIKTOK

By PAUL KRUGER,
Times Correspondent

TikTok is the biggest breakout social media app in recent years, gaining 800 million daily users and over 2 billion downloads on the App Store/Google Play. However, a few months ago, the popular video sharing app found its future in uncertain legal territory as government officials, led by President Trump, moved to ban the app due to concerns over national security and privacy. TikTok, owned by the Chinese company ByteDance, has drawn intense scrutiny over potential ties to the Chinese government using the app for nefarious purposes. In a last-ditch effort to spite the youth of America before he leaves office, President Trump has reignited his desires to take swift and severe actions to restrict or even outright ban the app soon. Rumors have been swirling about a potential buyout from a major US company to take over TikTok’s US operations, with tech giants Microsoft and Oracle leading the charge. But in a surprising move, the Los Angeles City Government has expressed interest in taking ownership of the popular social media app. In an exclusive interview with the Surreal Times, mayor Eric Garcetti confided, “yes, I know this is a controversial decision, but I’ve been a fan of the app for so long and have even made a few videos myself,” he confidently added with a sly wink. A quick search shows the mayor’s personal account has posted an impressive 300 short form videos since he first joined in December 2018. While it is unclear how big of a bid the LA government has offered, it is rumored to be upwards of 10 billion dollars. What the city plans to do with the app remains one of the largest questions. At a time when homelessness, affordable housing, police reform, and coronavirus relief are all in desperate need of addi-

tional funding, the Los Angeles city government has chosen to go a different route and embrace the city’s image as the entertainment capital of the world. Mayor Garcetti says, “we believe the purchase of TikTok will be tremendously beneficial to all Los Angelinos. I have plans to incorporate some of the biggest TikTok stars into our city leadership, which will bring about an era of prosperity and harmony.” Brushing aside concerns about diverting funds that would have gone to struggling small businesses affected by the pandemic to buy TikTok, the Mayor strongly retorted, “the era of small business is over. Those little potatoes are going to be wiped out by robots anyways. TikTok is the present and TikTok is the future. Might as well embrace it, am I right?”

Initial plans following the TikTok acquisition have been leaked to the Surreal Times by an inside source. What we learned was quite shocking. By unilateral authority, Mayor Garcetti plans to appoint popular TikTok star Addison Rae (age 19) to fill the role of sheriff of Los Angeles County and sisters Charlie and Dixie D’amelio (age 16, 18 respectively) to co-leaders of the department of transportation. When approached to give a comment, Addison Rae said, “I can’t say anything’s final, but let’s just say there’s gonna be a new sheriff in town,” while tipping her pink cowboy hat. The D’amelio sisters just giggled and then zipped away on a couple of Bird scooters. Mayor Garcetti himself has indicated he is willing to step down from the position of mayor and give popular YouTuber turned TikTok star James Charles his position, who Garcetti said is, “the king of TikTok and an inspiration to me every day.” Charles, age 21, tweeted out “Yas queen” after hearing Garcetti’s intentions. When asked why he felt putting young TikTok stars in charge of municipal departments was

a good idea, Garcetti shrugged and said, “you wouldn’t understand. You’re cancelled.”

The bid to buy TikTok has drawn both criticism and praise from Los Angelinos. City activist and Civil Rights organizer Tiffany Pincho wrote in a fiery op-ed, “to think that my city is taking away money from underprivileged people in desperate need of governmental assistance and instead using it to buy a silly app is disgusting and disgraceful. I am ashamed to be living in this city.” 13-year-old Dillon Peterson has a different take: “I love TikTok! Follow me @DillonRules123.”

While the buyout has yet to be finalized, Los Angeles chief deputy treasurer Keith Knox seems pretty confident their bid will be successful. “Oh we’ve got this one in the bag...and you can take that to the bank,” Knox boasted as he shot a toy basketball into a mini hoop in his office, yelling “Kobe.” Remembering the tragic helicopter accident that killed Kobe Bryant a few months ago, he solemnly added, “RIP...RIP to a legend.” After asking for a moment of silence, he shuffled away to the bathroom while muttering something about traffic during rush hour.

In these frightening and confusing times, you need a news source that you can trust. That is why Surreal Times has risked everything, including our reputation, to give the people the news other sources are too afraid of. In these surreal times, a newspaper is required to document the history currently unfolding. Stay tuned for more bold content, courageous reporting, and exclusive insights.

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JUGGLE FIGHTING DERBY SPURS CONTROVERSY

Installment of the Novelty Games

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,
Tender to the Grand Conveyor



[Artist's depiction of these events by Flynn Brian]

SANTA MONICA, California — People of all kinds grabbed their balls and headed to the beach for the first annual World Juggle Fighting Derby. It was set to be a legendary event — a showcase of focus, creativity, and toughness unparalleled in any other sport. Competitors included a variety of talented persons: circus clowns, kickboxers, even masters of Zen Buddhism. And the day, November 22nd, garnered a hefty crowd who gathered tightly around the center circle.

The goal: to maintain a three ball juggle longer than the other contestants, juggling being is defined as having no more than one ball in each hand at any given time + no balls touching the ground.

The twist: full-contact striking is allowed. Punches, kicks, head-butts — anything, just don't drop the ball!

After a series of qualifying rounds, 10 contestants remained. The crowd moved inward to force the jugglers close-

er to one another. Theodore Munnelly blew his trombone and the final round of chaos ensued.

Plumber "Rage" McNeilson tossed his balls in the air and charged straight at professional juggler Thomas Platt, punching him in the face and knocking him out instantly. His hope was to have time to catch his balls and continue the juggle after the knockout, but it didn't work out that way.

"Tom was doing a high-level juggling pattern, the 8-0-1, trying to intimidate me," said McNeilson, "I figured I needed to take him out if I wanted any change at the title." Unfortunately for the both of them, all six of their balls fell to the ground.

From the sheer shock of the knockout, a doctor and a high school English teacher lost control of their juggles and exited the competition. Six competitors remained.

From then on there was a period of inaction, a calm after the storm, when jugglers kept to themselves finding rhythm and in some cases doing tricks for the crowd's amusement. It is show business, after all.

But the crowd, eager for action, moved inward, forcing the jugglers close together. Three separate 1v1 skirmishes flared up.

Guy Blaylock, a renowned physicist and generally Jedi-like giant-of-a-man laid a spinning back kick into his rival, a man dressed in a large pink bunny rabbit costume and blasting music from a speaker attached to his back. The bunny rabbit man crumpled to the floor. Blaylock seamlessly capped off his take-down with a double under-the-legs juggle.

Ping-pong player Sarah Lenny managed to collide one of her balls into one of instagram personality Jake Paul's balls, knocking it to the ground while maintaining her juggle.

The Buddhist Monk, who thus far had been completely silent, let out a thundering belch while in the midst of a towering cascade. This caused the amateur boxer, who had been throwing jabs at him, to become startled and unfocused. Seeing the opening, the monk head-butted the boxer in the chest, knocking him to the floor.

Of the final three, those remaining were The Monk, Sarah the ping-ponger, and physicist Guy Blaylock, and it seemed like they might keep juggling forever. The crowd pressed inwards to instigate contact.

As the Monk and Sarah the Ping-ponger exchanged quick-hitting punches and leg kicks, Guy Blaylock snuck behind them and was struck by lightning, incinerated into a million little bits of burning flesh. Then the same happened to Sarah. Left was a sole juggler, the Monk, hovering cross-legged and juggling 7 balls, levitating upwards towards the single cloud in the sky. The crowd was clearly unsure how to respond, and, despite coming from far and wide for this competition, quickly dispersed due to the putrid smell. The Monk has not been seen since, and no winner was ever officially named.

There will be a raincheck competition in February. Walk-on participants welcome. Sign-up at juggle-fighting@surrealtimes.net.

Dernberger Spengler can be reached at spengler@surrealtimes.net.

PHOTO COMPETITION WINNER



Please send your photos to photos@surrealtimes.net to be included in next month's photo competition.



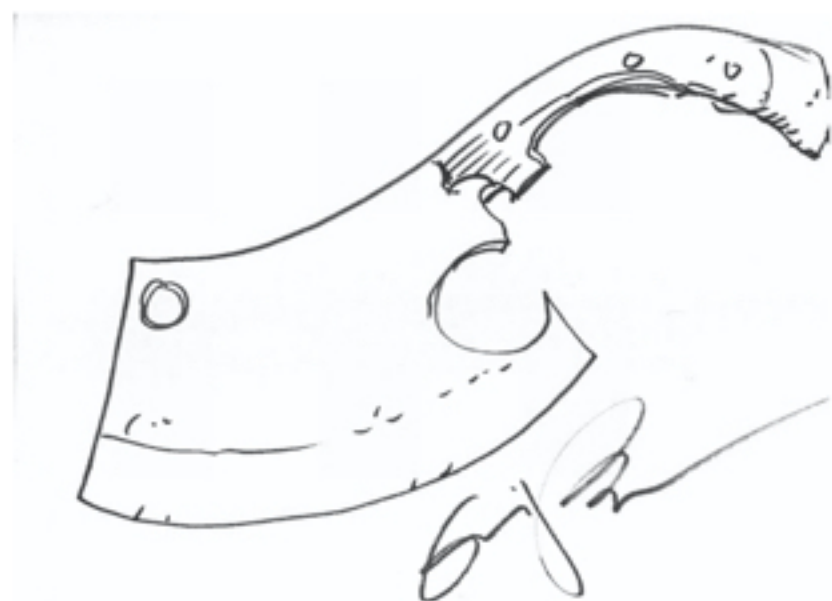
ETYMOLOGICAL EROTICA: MEAT YOUR MAKER

By MADAME MADMAN,
Cosmic Clown

Spatchcock,
/'spaCH,kāk/
noun & verb

- a preparation of game bird split in half, splayed open and grilled, fried or baked

- Originating from 18th century Ireland as a slang abbreviation of the expression "dispatch the cock," meaning to whip up a quick & simple meal of game bird.



I'd heard of the Butcher from both fans and foe alike. Experiences spilled from salivating lips flickering flints of combustible pride and obsession and likewise rumors from disgusted dissociative daydreamers at Club Rub.

"Do you know what they call the place?" they would ask with one eyebrow cocked high, as if dangling a forbidden carrot of secret information.

The first time I had heard of the Butcher, I shook my head without even a guess (which goes to show just how far my imagination has come...).

And as if the dangling carrot weren't torment enough, they would serve back to my naivety a riddle:

"It's only unethical if it's a slaughterhouse. If it's a butcher shop, it's charming."

* * *

On the corner of Good and Gone is where Butcher Bright did reside and work. The storefront sign creaked in the wind just above the glass display window adorned with a bacchanal array of roasts, dangling links of sausage, flakey meat pies, wine pairings, and wheels of imported cheeses. Inlaid in black and golden paint just above an image of a cleaver wedged like Excalibur into stone, the butcher's shop sign read:

**Meat Your Maker,
Meat Market and Butcher Shop**

Opening the glass door, the butcher's voice spilled over the counter, harmonizing in gruffness with the chime of the brass bell that announced the arrival of patrons in a bright yet ominous tone. Ringing their oracle upon my entry, their master spoke to the customer at the counter.

"Now, that's a spatchcock!"

Hunched over, ungloved, the bloody hands of the butcher were woven together by the linking of their thumbs, as they heaved their body's weight and a smug smile downward with undulating pulses upon the breast of the splayed open bird. The sound of cracking bones satisfied the Butcher's ears like a fresh chiropractic adjustment.

"Is that what they call reverse CPR?"

Butcher Bright hiked an eyebrow sideways, acknowledging my comment without losing focus on the bloody process before him.

"Might as well be the real thing: Sometimes you need to break a couple of ribs to resurrect a fool."

Their hands worked diligently with force and tenderness on the limp creature that folded and flattened at their fingers beck and call.

"Well on with the resurrection..." I declared as I slumped the large sack that had been slung over my shoulder onto the black and white tiled floors with a loud Thump!

The Butcher paused, and craned their neck over in my direction, sizing me up with a few glances back and forth between the sack and my belt buckle. A faint smirk curled the corners of their blistered lips as their eyes fell back in line with their present duty, shaking their head slowly as they muttered "A hecklers introduction..."

Butcher Bright quickly finished up the order with a few more cracks and a swift wrapping job. Shuffling the customer out of the shop, they locked the door, flipped the sign to 'closed' and drew the shades.

One eerie spotlight flickered on with a buzz, casting shadows from the bulging brims of our hats over our eyes.

"Does every bird have a spatchcock?" I asked naively.

"By the time there's any having to be done, it will be a different beast," replied the Butcher beckoning me over to the counter.

My eyes swept across the Butcher's office, pausing for a long moment to admire the exposed midriff of the shiny carbon stainless steel knives cradled in their cubbies. The butcher noticed the direction of my attention, and slowly slid out a handsome cleaver with a handle made of bone. My eyes were mesmerized on the butcher's hands as they stroked the sharpened ridgeback and forth, and back and forth...

Like word vomit, all the rumors from Club Rub poured out from my lips,

"So this is why they call you Captain Spatchcock, the Blasphemer of Bird to Beast, Sir Loin Steak of London Broil, First Cut Chuck, the Master of..."

WHACK!

Embedded only an eighth of an inch away from where my fingers gripped the counter's edge was the Butcher's cleaver, fallen as swift as a samurai sword next to my hand.

Only after the ripple of frozen shock dissipated and I shook myself back into my focus did I notice my entire body was covered in goosebumps and my eyes were bulging wide. I took a deep breath and cast my gaze like a shamed puppy dog down to my feet.

A chuckle slithered out the butcher's vocal chords as they said,

"You are as splotched as this morning's plucked poultry. Now then, back to business. Did I hear you call me Master?"

I did not look up, but replied slowly.

"Yes I did..." WOMP!

No sooner did I realize that there was a meat tenderizer cornering the embedded cleaver, just millimeters away from my fingertips, then did the Butcher slide the tool back into the palm of their hand, bouncing it lightly as their calm and eerily articulated voice arose,

"I'm sure you didn't hear me correctly the first time I inquired, so I'll ask one more time: Did you call me Master?"

I looked up at their dark smoldering eyes that were now pinned on my mouth.

"Yes, Master."

* * *

To be continued...

Madame Madman can be reached at
eyeball@surrealtimes.net



COMMUNITY CLASSIFIEDS

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

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

MISSED CONNECTION: Who plays the music in the woods at night? Somewhere off of Cushman Road across the reservoir? At night I dream of walking across the water to you, it has been disturbing my sleep.

WANTED: Enough helium to carry my house to arizona

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: 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.

FOR SALE: Rock and Roll with extra Hoochie Koo

For Sale: Double-Headed Pantomime Horse

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

Help Wanted: Roofer - \$18/hour - Must have a giant hand for a head

FOR SALE: A potpourri of throwup from different continents. Extremely fertile and capable of growing crops on any surface, organic or otherwise.

FOR SALE: you know who you are

WANTED: Mind Reader who Is Good At Fighting.

FOR SALE: Bonkers crack-head goldfish from the 5th dimension.

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

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

FOR SALE: Parrot that is able to dirty talk

WANTED: heavy-set male capable of playing his big tummy like a drum

FOR SALE: Twelve Mason jars full of barks (oak, maple, dog, etc)

FOR SALE: DVD of Horny Libertarian Sluts IV

HIRING: Third chair flutist for my great grandmother's 112th birthday party. Must be actively symptomatic with Coronavirus. Temperature will be taken at the front door -- anyone below a 102 degree fever will be rejected.

For sale: A whole bunch of lies. Dirt cheap

FOR SALE: Haunted bidet.

FOR HIRE: Man with exceedingly malleable emotional state

WANTED: Grapes equipped with mouth-targeting guidance systems.

FOR SALE: Methadone Gum- my Bears, Half Melted, pre licked

WANTED: Largest turtle.

HELP NEEDED: I've covered myself head to toe in peanut butter and can't get it off. Please contact me ASAP with suggestions; the dogs are closing in fast!

Needed: A sequence of auditory sounds which will bring tears to my wrinkly eyes.

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

FOR HIRE: Man with exceedingly malleable emotional state

WANTED: Raman Noodles still live and writhing

FOR SALE: Parrot that is able to dirty talk.

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.

HIRING: Investment banker with fingerless gloves.

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

NEEDED: more bones to stuff in my flesh wound.

FOR HIRE: toad boy.

For Lease: The vacant crevice in my heart.

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

For Sale: 1/4th of my soul. Fair warning, it's the portion that's kind of insufferable.

Needed: more bones to stuff in my flesh wound

Wanted: Buddy to go roll down a grassy hill with. Must be rotund, bouncy, chunky, and spherical (fatties only).

WANTED: Spray On Insect Attractant.

Needed: A Gallon of Mustard Water with a painted fingernail floating in it, and no questions.

HIRING: Professional wanderer. Email recruiting@surrealtimes.net.

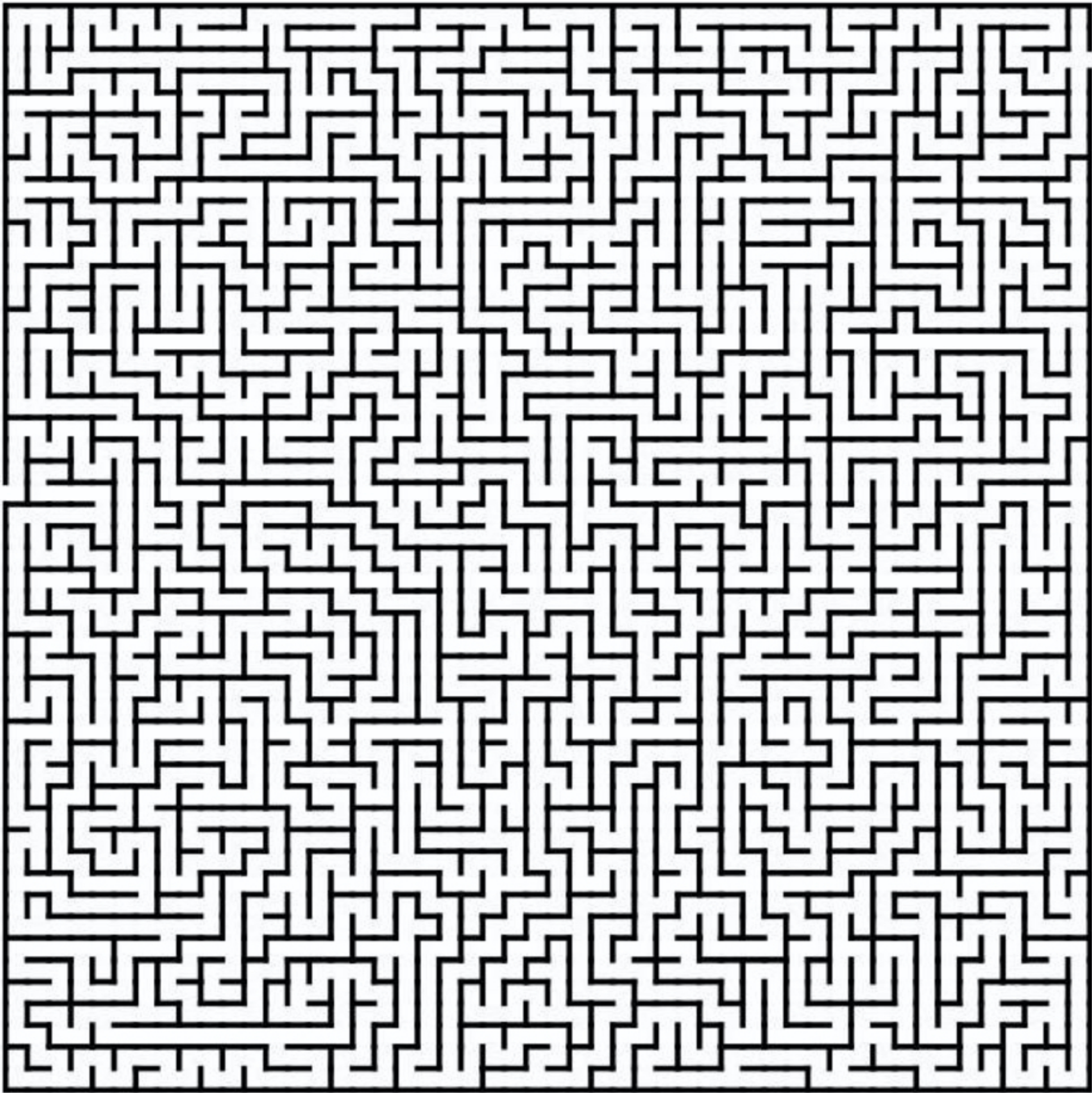


THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMĀDEIUS GALOUEI'S SURROGATE,
Mechanical Contraption

Utilizing a spectacular isomorphism, the solution to the following maze can be translated directly to a solution to an abstract problem in the real world. In turn, by completing this maze, you provide us the information necessary to make the world a better place.

If against all odds you manage to find a solution, email it promptly to **isomorphism@surrealtimes.net** so that we can put the fruits of your labor into action. Once results come back affirmative, you will be contacted to arrange delivery of a **secret prize** more grandiose than the most distant corners of your imagination.



UPCOMING EVENTS AND CAUSES

- Surreal Newsroom Meeting every Week (writers wanted)
- Juggle Fighting Derby on Wednesdays on Venice Beach
- Renegades of Comedy on Thursdays at Pete's house
- FractalFest in The Fractal Forest (fractaltribe.org)
- Cosmic Clown shows (facebook.com/eyeblicktherefore)
- Moismus, the one and only (instagram.com/moiimus)
- The Museum of Other Realities (www.museumor.co)
- Ranked Choice Voting [ballotpedia.org/Ranked-choice_voting_\(RCV\)](https://ballotpedia.org/Ranked-choice_voting_(RCV))
- masspeaceaction.org/act/volunteer/

Email **events@surrealtimes.net** to get information on these events or to inform us of other events and occurrences.

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