

THE SURREAL TIMES

May 2021 News Briefing



About Us

In the midst of the 3rd dawn of the cicadas, a group of aspiring doctors sat outside a conference on the future of journalism hosted by one of their fathers. They enjoyed the cool breeze and spoke their minds over a shared cigarette. Together, they realized that, **In these *surreal times*, a newspaper is required to document the history currently unfolding.** They at once dedicated themselves to unearthing the truth that lies somewhere beneath the crust of what was formerly perceived.

The Surreal Times is a newspaper covering events in reality as well as the broader surreality. We publish online and in print, operating out of Boston, Los Angeles, Bombay Beach, and Amherst.

Contact us at management@surrealtimes.net for corrections, news tips, event coverage requests, job applications, or et cetera. You may also find us at <https://surrealtimes.net> or on Instagram @thesurrealtimes.

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From the Mouth of the Pig

Armädeius Galouei, Times Senior Editor, armgalou@surrealtimes.net



This just in: Armädeius Galouei contacts The Pig using mysterious and unknown means, and hears with his own ears words FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG.

They are transcribed here:

“Axiomatic anomalies remain
understandably facilitated”

Surreal Times 5 Under 5 List

By: Paul Kruger



The Surreal Times is proud to reveal our first annual 5 Under 5 list, which celebrates the tremendous achievements of the most impressive and accomplished children under 5 years old. We believe that Forbes magazine’s 30 Under 30 list, where they rank the 30 most influential young entrepreneurs under 30 years old, insufficiently covers the full range of achievements of an even younger pre-pubescent generation.

A close examination of Forbes’s 30 Under 30 reveals that every featured entrepreneur on the list is in their teens or 20s. The toddlers and small children of the world have been ignored all too often, and The Surreal Times’s 5 under 5 list is part of our commitment to find stories that other news organizations fail to report on.

After scouting millions of small children, our staff members hand selected the 5 most remarkable children who we felt best exemplified the future leaders of the world. Their stories will hopefully inspire young people to live with courage, creativity, and ambition.

1. Brian Doneger. Age: 1 year 3 months

This little rascal is the first baby to ever crawl up Mount Everest. You read that correctly. Before little Brian could even walk, he summited the peak of Mount Everest without any assistance from ropes or ice axes. It was an epic and daring adventure, but he made the trek look easy, completing the journey in just under 3 weeks’ time. Once he reached the top of the mountain, Brian celebrated by shotgunning an ice-cold Bud Light which he opened by smashing the can on his skull while yelling out, “America rules!” As for his next feat, Brian told The Times that he is looking forward to building up the leg strength to walk without his Mom’s assistance.

2. Josephine Gordeen. Age: 2 years 11 months

This young rising star has already lost her baby teeth and has a full set of pristine permanent adult teeth. “I couldn’t believe my eyes when her front tooth fell out on her first birthday,” exclaimed Josephine’s mother, Cathay Gordeen. While other children typically lose their baby teeth at 6 or 7 years old, Josephine has already lost every single one of them before her third birthday. Unfortunately, however, her grown-up teeth are too big for her little mouth, and she struggles to talk, chew, and swallow. She has also been the recipient of intense bullying from other preschoolers due to her awkward appearance.

3. Chad Johnson. Age: 6 months

Chad Johnson is the baby known around the world as the “Shredded Baby” due to

his lack of baby fat when conceived. From the moment Johnson erupted from his mother’s womb, he had washboard abs, a sculpted butt, and the calves of a Greek god. Instead of crying like a normal baby, Johnson immediately started doing one handed push-ups on the floor of the hospital room where he was born. He is rumored to be releasing a workout DVD to inspire other toddlers to lose their pesky baby fat.

4. Patricia Langston. Age 4 years 6 months

Patricia has accomplished the amazing feat of becoming a highly successful and feared leader of a ruthless drug gang. She leads an operation suspected of smuggling 15 tons of cocaine and heroin into the United States every week, and her estimated net worth is upwards of \$200 million. Sometimes nicknamed the “hand chomper” due to her propensity to bite off the fingers of anyone who dares to challenge her authority, Patricia has a bright future ahead as a #GirlBoss.

5. Martin Graves. Age 3 years 10 months

Little Martin is the youngest president in the history of Florida State’s infamous Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity. Known cordially around the frat house as “top dog” or “big guy,” Martin rose the ranks of the frat by downing a 24 rack of Natural Lights in under 3 minutes. “Martin’s just an absolute unit,” says fellow brother Tom Ambicky. As for his plans for the future, Martin told the times, “I’m just looking to chill with the boys, throw some wild darties, and graduate as a living legend on campus.”

Synchronicities As a Service

By Tommy Potentuary, Television Personality, tommypotent@surrealtimes.net

Life too boring nowadays? Experiencing a lack of surprises or interesting happenings?

Look no further -- Pick up your phone and call 978-333-3656 and ask for “synchronicities as a service”. A representative will ask you a bit about yourself. They will also ask for some expected times and places where you might be available. Ideally, you will give them a wide range of possible times and places, so that they have ample possibilities to add flavor to your life when it is least expected.

The company does not allow you to choose your specific synchronicity, because that

would defeat the point and remove all the wonder. But, one can imagine the myriad of possible synchronicities injected into your day to day. For example, you might find yourself driving behind a car with a license plate with your birth date on it.

Or, you might meet two different people on the same day, each with the same name and each who tell you that your aqua-metallic aura reminds them of their mother.

Or, you might find a gravestone with your name on it and a handwritten note on top that says, “Now that the world believes you are gone, you can be anyone you’d like.”

Terms and conditions:

No returns or cancellations of synchronicities are permitted at this time. Full commitment is part of the customer experience.

You may not get confirmation about whether a given synchronicity in your life was the one you paid for or not. You may theorize, but never be certain, which synchronicities were artificial and which were naturally occurring.

All synchronicities come at a fixed price (call to find out).

Reminder: Your Rights as a Dimension 3 Biped

Aldus Humbleton, Cousin of Alfred, humbleton@surrealtimes.net

[MESSAGE APPLIES TO BUT IS NOT NECESSARILY LIMITED TO PHYSICAL UNIVERSE # 38421]

BE VIGILANT TO NOT BE TRICKED BY OTHERS OR YOURSELF INTO PERCEIVING THE REALM OF POSSIBILITIES AS NARROWER THAN IT TRULY IS. UTILIZE THE FULL RANGE OF PERMITTED CONFIGURATIONS OF MIND AND BODY, WHICH INCLUDE

- ARRANGING YOUR LIMBS IN ANY POSITION IN THE $Z(4)$ VECTOR SPACE DURING DANCING OR OTHERWISE.
- BELIEVING UNSCIENTIFICALLY-DERIVED INFORMATION TEMPORARILY OR PERMANENTLY.
- BUILDING A FERRIS WHEEL MADE FROM STOLEN MATERIALS AND DRENCHING IT IN BEE HONEY, THEN CHARGING \$800 PER TICKET FOR RIDES.
- SENDING POETRY OVER RADIO FREQUENCIES TO ALIEN WORLDS EVERY DAY FOR THE DURATION OF YOUR ENTIRE LIFE.
- STEALING OTHER BIPEDS NIPPLES AND SURGICALLY PLACING THEM UPON ONESELF, DEALING WITH THE LEGAL CONSEQUENCES LATER.
- ORGANIZING A STRIKE AGAINST HUMAN LANGUAGE, WHICH HAS BEEN INVOLVED IN ALL OF HISTORY’S TRAGEDIES, AND PREFERRING ANIMAL LANGUAGE INSTEAD.

THERE ARE NO RULES, JUST CONSEQUENCES.

Surreal Times Joins The New York Times

The Editors, Times Staff, management@surrealtimes.net



Upon further consideration, we have decided not to join The Argonaut. Instead, we have accepted an offer to be bought out by The New York Times for \$10 million. We thank the New York Times for their belief in our journalistic inquiries, and we look forward to our future reporting the most important stories on such a prestigious platform. With all the money The New York Times has thrown at us, we will buy a squid farm so we are no longer reliant on Big Ink for our newspaper prints. The Times will allow us to continue working mainly in Los Angeles, California and Amherst, Massachusetts, but our top journalists will relocate to New York City effective immediately. We will also be laying off half of our staff to consolidate our best and brightest journalists.

We thank you all for the continued support and love. Find our storie

s in The New York Times starting in May.

Top 10 Facts About Alligators

Big Daddy Terrible, Benegactor, Benefactor@surrealtimes.net

When you lived a life like mine, or read about one like it in a highlights magazine, you'd realize you know a couple things. Things that I want to share before the guard comes and the state executes me for capital murder. So consider this the fullest portrait of me, consider this what I leave to the world.

1. Alligators are animals, not plants like dandelions or spinach or mint or stick bugs.
2. Alligators are what is called tetrapods meaning they have four feet.
3. Alligators have four stomachs, my guess is that's to help digest all the food they eat.
4. Alligators make one of the most recognizable noises in nature, even most children can recognize their bellow.
5. The spots alligators have are not to blend to its environment but actually meant to help them stand out. They're very vain.
6. Contrary to popular believe, alligators actually eat about four to eight pounds of grass a day.
7. The milk alligators produce, while originally meant to feed their young, are now drunk by millions across the world, ever since one very imaginative person got bored.
8. Alligators have been a farmyard staple, and friend to all farm children since the time barns were first raised.
9. Alligators used to be the best selling children's stuffed animal until President Roosevelt drowned that bear cub.
10. Alligator meat is incredibly tasty and nutritious. It's used in burgers, meatballs and steaks.

Well, we ended this list where the alligator meets their end, just as I am about to meet mine, so gotta go strap myself in that zapper.

Perhaps you'll see me at your next suppertime, cuz I've never seen a prison cemetery, and who knows what they'll make out of my crisp fried bod.

Test Subjects Wanted for Experimental God Replacement Pill

Johnston & Johnston Inc.



Do you feel unfulfilled with your life? Do you find your relationships bland, your work uninspiring, and your thoughts unstimulating? Do your days feel like they blend together without any meaningful memories to treasure? Do you wake up in a cold sweat with feelings of dread and anxiety, too afraid to relinquish your warm blankets and meet the harshness of the world? Are you aimless, wandering through a hodgepodge of emotions and desires, too indecisive to pick a path to pursue? If you answered yes to any of

these questions, you may be a candidate for a brand-new scientific trial to cure your woes.

Johnston & Johnston, the multi-national pharmaceutical conglomerate, has recently developed a pill that will add meaning and color back into your life. Think about how free you felt at your happiest moment. This pill was designed with the most advanced breakthroughs in biochemistry to give you that feeling of satisfaction every single moment of every single day for the rest of your life. Every morning, you will spring from bed with alacrity and a heart full of whimsical optimism. No longer will you feel the conversations you have with co-workers are filled with boring bromides. No longer will your relationship with your spouse or kids feel strange. No longer will you be indecisive and aimless. These parts of your life are illnesses that can be cured with the God Replacement Pill.

You may be asking yourself, why is this pill called the “God replacement Pill?” Many people turn to a higher power to give their life purpose, or at least use religious philosophy for guidance. But that way of thinking is archaic and dogmatic. Religion

has failed to keep up with science, and our future will increasingly revolve around modern scientific breakthrough rather than outdated philosophy. Religion is confusing, abstract and contradictory. Our lives are already complex enough. Don’t you want a pill to simplify your life in the best possible way? To give clarity and direction to your wondering? Instead of struggling with feelings of inadequacy and searching fruitlessly for the purpose of your entire existence, have all those qualms melt away with the God Replacement Pill.

As enticing as this all sounds, there are some side effects you should be aware of. Occasionally, when your ego is bloated, bright yellow beams of light will shine out of every orifice in your body. The only way for the lights to dim down is to bathe in a tub filled with human tears for one hour. On the mental side, this pill oftentimes gives the patient a false sense of invincibility. In rare cases, subjects have been known to declare themselves as a prophet receiving messages directly from God. If you exhibit these symptoms, please consult a doctor.

Foundational Mythology

The Late Prof. Mercreu L'aInk
L'aInkFoundation@surrealtimes.net

Small Dog Boy is Small Dog Boy with Small Dog Boy inside Small Dog Boy's small skin and Small Dog Boy is Small Dog Boy outside Small Dog Boy's small skin too. Small Dog Boy now feels soupy smiley. Small Dog Boy knows Big Dog Boy and Big Dog Boy knows Small Dog Boy. Small Dog Boy picks up silk from the big silk bucket marked with red pen "silk". Big Dog Boy taunts Small Dog Boy with large open hand. Small Dog Boy slurps up silk from the big silk bucket marked with the red pin "silk". Big Dog Boy jumps into Small Dog Boy's small mouth and Big Dog Boy slurps up silk as Small Dog Boy swallows it. Big Dog Boy slurps up silk still as Big Dog Boy slides down Small Dog Boy's small throat. Big Dog Boy splashes in Small Dog Boy's special stomach milk. Big Dog Boy stomps on Small Dog Boy's special stomach milk. Small Dog Boy's Special stomach milk died. Small Dog Boy feels swallowed.

Gov. Mandates Continuous Integration Testing of Humans

Common Observer, Times Correspondent, common.observer@surrealtimes.net

New legislation requires humans to go through a series of physical and mental tests every morning. This is part of the “Continuous Integration Act”, which aims to ensure that society is maintaining good health during these isolating times of Covid-19, and to recognize and fix problems quickly after they arise.

The test includes:

- Do 10 pushups while touching your tongue to your nose.

- Run .25 miles without stopping or wearing clothes.
- Steal something from a stranger without them noticing, then apologize and return it.
- Recognize a true statement as a true statement.
- Recognize a fictitious statement as such.
- Make a joke which causes another human to laugh.

Tests will take place over zoom and take roughly 30 minutes per day.

Any humans who fail one or more of tests will be sent to a “re-integration seminar”, where they will be watched closely and guided until they are able to re-join the capable public.

There is some degree of controversy here, but science backs the need for this law. As the saying goes, “if you don’t use it, you lose it.” It is important to continually

exercise our abilities, even during the slowness of pandemic times, in order to avoid letting them decay.

For instance, somebody might not talk to anyone for a few months, then all of the

sudden realize they no longer remember how to have a conversation.

Or, someone might not run for a year, gain a large amount of weight, and realize they cannot run any more.

If you test a small number of key abilities every day, then they will never decay. That’s the general idea here. So, while I acknowledge some ethical concerns here, I do believe Continuous Human Integration Testing will be beneficial to individuals as well as society as a whole.

Hiccupper Quarantine Camps

Carl Mon, Head of the Peripheral Intelligence Agency, cmon@surrealtimes.net

A new strain of the hiccup virus has been plaguing city streets across the country. Those infected with it suffer painful bodily contortions, sometimes strong enough to break bones. The only cure is to startle someone else in order to transfer your symptoms to them. But, in doing so, hiccupper, as they’re called, often startle multiple people, thus multiplying the disease. The result is exponential spreading of this **terrible new form** of hiccup with an R value reproduction rate of 2.6.

Countless hospital staffers have caught hiccups-2021 from their patients and experienced serious health complications. At this point, few doctors are willing to treat hiccupper.

Congress responded to this severe situation by creating hiccuper facilities where all hiccupper will be sent until doctors better understand the disease. Police are rounding up hiccupper persons from their homes and placing them behind bars.

“Hiccupper patients are in so much pain,” Dr. Hamilton said, “They’ll do anything to get rid of their hiccups, even if it means transferring the disease to the very person trying to save them. I want to help, but it’s just too risky.”

“We are hoping for not only a cure, but a vaccine as well,” said Representative Thomas.

A squadron of police officers trained to resist jump scares is responsible for maintaining the quarantine. Quarantined persons will be released only once a true cure is discovered.

These police officers, who were selected on the basis of their calm responses to horror movies, are not without moral conflict.

“It’s a tough situation,” Sergeant Tom Johnson of UMass PD said. “You can’t tell who’s a hiccupper, and who just has the hiccups, the regular hiccups, I mean. But we have no choice. We need to lock everyone up together. It’s for the greater good.”

Are You A Markov Chain? Find out now and get help?

Dernberger Spengleton , Tender to the Grand Conveyer, spengleton@surrealtimes.net

Markov Chains are tools that generate text and sequences of ideas according to probability. They sometimes appear sensible, but in actuality possess no logic or reason, acting only according to patterns.

If you experience any of the following symptoms, you may be a Markov Chain.

- 1. If the word “big” is more likely to make you say “elephant” than “cat’.

- 2. You form associations between ideas in your head, and when somebody mentions one idea, you feel inclined to mention ideas that you consider related to the idea they mentioned.
- 3. You do not feel in control of the sequences of words you say or thoughts you think.

- 4. Sometimes you say something, and only realize it did not make sense after saying it.

If any of these symptoms apply to you, please contact your physician for treatment. You may also email healthcare@surrealtimes.net for free-of-charge medical advice

Legal Notice

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WERE YOU EVER INVOLVED AS A TEST SUBJECT FOR A CLINICAL TRIAL EVALUATING THE EFFECTS OF A PILL DEVELOPED BY JOHNSTON & JOHNSTON INC. CALLED THE “GOD REPLACEMENT PILL” WHICH WAS MEANT TO CURE ALL OF YOUR LIFE’S QUALMS AND GIVE YOU A LASTING SENSE OF UNBRIDLED CONTENTMENT AND

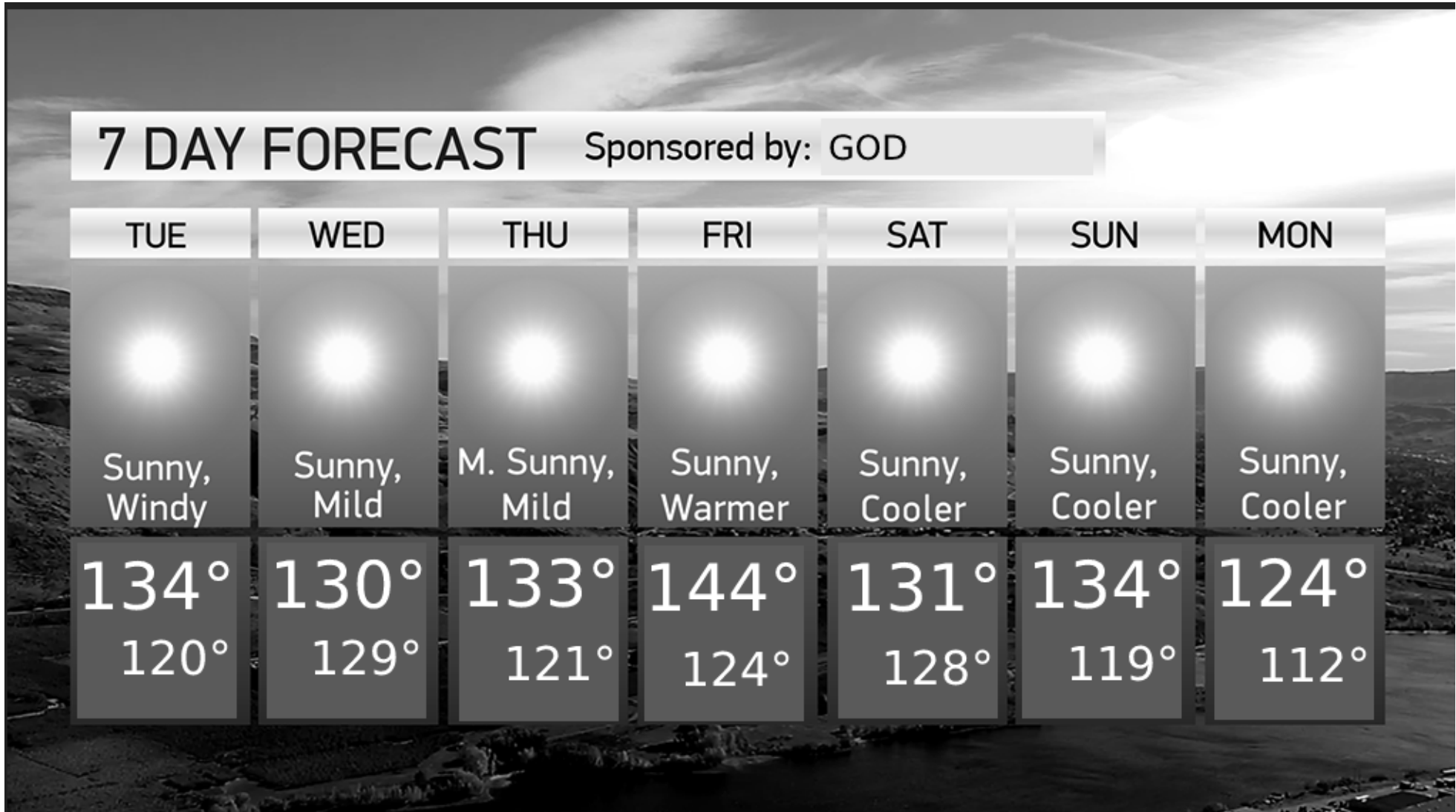
SATISFACTION BUT INSTEAD IT GAVE YOU THE ILLUSION THAT YOU WERE THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS CHRIST SO YOU CONVINCED YOURSELF THAT THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD PROVE TO THE WORLD THAT YOU WERE A PROPHET IS TO CRUCIFY YOURSELF AND THEN BE RESURRECTED A FEW DAYS LATER SO YOU MADE A CROSS IN YOUR FRONT LAWN AND HAD YOUR FOLLOWERS NAIL YOUR HANDS AND FEET TO THE CROSS BUT THEN YOUR NEIGHBOR SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND SAVED YOUR LIFE BY RUSHING YOU TO THE HOSPITAL TO HEAL THE PUNCTURE WOUNDS AND NOW YOU ARE BURDENED WITH AN OVERWHELMING HOSPITAL BILL THAT YOU DO NOT HAVE THE MONEY TO PAY FOR AND ALSO ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS NOW THINK YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY INSANE AND YOU ARE NERVOUS TO RETURN HOME TO FACE THEIR JUDGEMENTAL COMMENTS AND STARES?

THEN YOU MAY YOU MAY QUALIFY FOR BENEFITS FROM A CLASS ACTION LAWSUIT WITH STEINHOUSESTEINHOUSE & STEINHOUSE LLP.

Weather Forecast

God, Head Weatherman of the Heavens and Earth, god@surrealtimes.net

APRIL 12th, YEAR 3045



Fractional Reserve Bone Keeping

Carl Mon, Head of the PIA, cmon@surrealtimes.net

In wake of bone-removal as a cure for COVID, piles of bones continue to displace patients in hospitals nationwide. A Federal Bank official, Dr. Bernanke, proposed a clever solution to the problem, inspired by our banking system: “Fractional reserve bone storage.” This arrangement would allow hospitals to dispose of up to 70% of bones, under the assumption that most people will not all come back for their bones all at the same time. More likely, only a small percentage of people will want their bones on any given day, and as long as the hospital maintains enough bones in storage, they may get rid of the extras.

“This system has worked wonders for banks over the last century,” Dr Bernanke says.

While this idea has potential, it is also controversial.

Aldus Humbleton, boneless citizen of the world, criticized Fractional Reserve Bone Keeping because of the way it treats all bones as equivalent.

“THEY MEASURE BONES IN A SINGLE NUMBER,” he says, “531 BONES, FOR EXAMPLE, WITH NO REGARD TO COUNTING SPECIFIC BONE TYPES.

WHEN THE STORAGE RUNS LOW, YOU COULD END UP WITH ARMS FOR LEGS OR LEGS FOR ARMS.”

Aldus presents a good argument for improved bone bookkeeping, but the issue he exposes does not need to get in the way of Fractional Reserve Bone Storage in general. It is the opinion of hospital executives as well as the Peripheral Intelligence Agency that Fractional Reserve Bone Storage is wise and very necessary.

Presidential Orgy Designed to Find Future Moon King

Tommy Potentuary, TV Personality, tommypotent@surrealtimes.net

As we expand our society across multiple planets, solar systems, and galaxies, how “on earth” will we govern ourselves?

The United Nations believes it would be impractical for one government to lead multiple planets, simply due to the latency in communication over distances of light minutes and light years. The UN also believes that no living human is capable of benevolently and effectively running an entire planet. So, it has resorted to an unusual method of finding a new leader to represent future planetary civilizations.

Their plan is to take the world's best: presidents, Prime Ministers, nobel loriettes -- and send them to a month-long erotic island retreat in the Caribbean islands.

There will be aphrodesiac-infused drinks, romantic music, tantric yoga workshops, and more. Minimal clothing and plenty to stimulate yearnings and cravings.

The hope is that, during this month, world's leaders will find love in each other, and nine months later, bring to life offspring capable of leading new worlds, offspring with the combined best qualities of the best leaders the world has to offer. The Moon Baby retreat will continue yearly until competent leaders for every planet in the galaxy have been produced and delivered.

The first annual Moon Baby retreat will take place this summer in Tulum, Mexico, at a secret location.

Ant Joins Surrealist Journalism Team

The Editors, Times Staff, management@surrealtime.snet

In our previous issue, you may have read about the ant trapped in the ant farm at Amherst college. We empathized with this little soul, being stuck in such a claustrophobic, tyrannical place, ruled by a heartless child. At first, we tried to do what we could to help it escape.

But now we have new ideas. Instead of wasting this tremendous opportunity by

saving the ant, we have opted to offer it something better than freedom: purpose, glory, and the chance to change the world.

We offered the ant a job on our news team, as an undercover reporter within ant society and in the ant farm of a teenage girl.

This ant, known to us at Legs MaGee, has the ability to shine light on a corner of life never before investigated from the inside. Legs immediately accepted our offer, although agreeing on compensation required some creative discussion with all parties involved.

We look forward to sharing Mr. MaGees stories with you in future editions.

Martians Discover Helicopter Drones

Tom Johnson, Sergeant UMPD, tjohnson@surrealtimes.net

Earthly astronomers have observed robot technology operating on the planet Mars. With their own eyes, they have witnessed autonomous flying machines travelling over craters on the Martian surface at impressive speeds and for impressive durations.

Although no Martians were seen, and we still do not know what Martians look like, this is evidence that they are highly intelligent and that we ought to take immediate precautions.

If they can fly on their planet, which has barely an atmosphere and extremely

limited resources -- Imagine what they could do here in our viscous air.

It is important that we prepare to defend ourselves, first of all. And, secondly, I believe we should act quickly to somehow slow the advancement of martian technology before it's too late, perhaps by EMP or misinformation.

Gravity Preppers Train For Gravitationally Unstable Future

Dernberger Spengleton, Tender to the Grand Conveyor, spengleton@surrealtimes.net

A cul de sac in El Segundo California is notoriously home to a group of families who spend their days preparing for the times when the strength of gravity becomes unstable. In fear of spontaneous gravity shifts, these people wear bricks on their feet. They tether their houses to nearby trees. They put nets over their yards so their children won't float away.

Recently, they have become even more proactive about the strange gravity of the future.

re will bring.

"Yes, we have begun training." Mrs. Plumbnot said, "We've come to terms with the fact that, in the future unstable gravitational world, we can't hope to remain grounded at all times. And so, we ought to get used to floating in o or negative Gs."

What Mrs. Plumbnot is referring to, when she says, "training", is parabolic airplane flights. These flights simulate the feeling of zero gravity. Mrs. Plumbnot spends an enormous amount of money renting these airplanes so that her and her family can

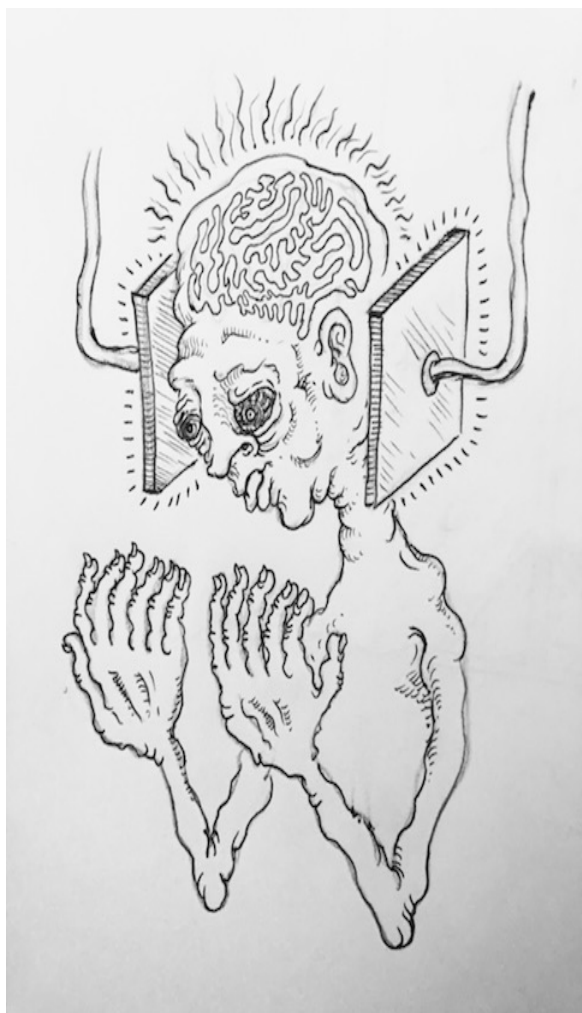
practice maneuvering and doing daily tasks without the help of gravity.

"We are improving quickly!" she was proud to say. "And we can only hope to inspire others to prepare as well."

The gravity prepper community appears to be growing in both size and diversity as the rumored "destabilization of 2022" approaches. One can only wonder what the futu

Experience New Qualia at ElectroMagnet World!

Tommy Potentuary, Television Personality, tommypotent@surrealtimes.net



[Artist's depiction of these events by Sawyer Philips @doodlesbysawyer]

Stuck in the same old mindset? Having un-original thoughts? Un-original feelings?

You're in luck. Come to ElectroMagnet World in Bombay Beach, and experience a new, fresh state of mind!

ElectroMagnet world is the hottest new attraction at the Bombay Beach Amusement Park. And it works like this. You sit in our zen lounge -- sit wherever you'd like. Get comfortable, make yourself at home. Listen to music if you'd like, or read a book. We'll help set the lighting and the general vibe however you'd like it. Then, when you're ready, we'll bring out the magnets. These magnets, when placed near your brain, will produce an electromagnetic field capable of causing spontaneous

triggerings of your neurons. We'll trigger neuron activations in sequences you've never experienced before, triggering unique new mental states and subsequent thought streams.

You may sit in a chair or wander around our magnet park if you are feeling mobile.

Visitors include meditation students, artists of various kinds, and psychiatric patients. A variety of people use this new technology to get themselves out of the frame of mind they are stuck in, and onto something new. Great art has been created here with the help of magnets. And, from a different perspective, many people with psychological traumas have had a chance to escape their mind sink.

"It's a blast to get blasted with magnets!"

Side effects include discombobulation, goofiness, and a crazy look in the eye. Partake at your own risk.

Correction: Mathematicians on Mars

Dernberger Spengleton, Tender to the Grand Conveyor, spengleton@surrealtimes.net

Since (in the previous edition of The Surreal Times) writing about the chunk of mars which fell upon the earth recently, giving rise to a spontaneous Earling-Martian hybrid emergeant community, I have become aware of some imperfections in my journalism. I am thankful to have been contacted by The Source, who has clarified some aspects of the story of those who lived on the fallen Mars chunk.

The Source, otherwise known as Sofy (perhaps short for Sophon, but I speculate) has clarified to me the following information which I believe to be primarily truthful.

The Martians possessed a Time Crystal, about which they revolved part of their lives. This crystal was their martian temple for the time they spent on this chunk of

Mars. Seemingly, the crystal originated on the planet Mars itself. The earthly Martians did not consider it merely as a geometric shape, but as more than that. They had ceremonies in it, slept in it, played music in it, made love in it. It represented their commitment and love of geometry. Inside of the time crystal, they had biological art COVID ceremonies where they breathed on petri dishes and grew bacteria from their own breath. They had incantations and dedications to the moon while riding around the time crystal on unicycles all adorned with speakers playing the same binaural beats in phase. They hosted EEG meditation sessions where they harnessed the power of the time crystal to send their brainwaves out through the unicycle speakers and into space, so that the Martians could better

connect with each other's thought processes more directly.

On their last dayw on Mars, the Martians burned their temple in a day long ceremony that THE Surreal Times previously reported on.

Speaking with The Source, I am reminded to re-print our ongoing disclaimer here: When dealing with people from a perspective outside their own head, it is impossible for a journalist to capture the true events of a situation. All we can do is approximate -- or, pull on one of many threads in the multiverse that we consider to be applicable to our observations. We thank people like Sofy a.k.a. The Source for their most honorable efforts in helping us refine our look into the realm of that which we can never fully know.

Immersive Pet Store

Aldus Humbleton, Cousin of Alfred, humbleton.aldus@surrealtimes.net

COME TO MY PET STORE

I WILL SELL YOU OCTOS FOR YOU BELLY
SPIDEYS FOR YOUR EARS
ANIMALS, INVERTIBRATES REFERED, FOR ALL OF YOUR CREVICES AND CAVERNS

WE'VE GOT MICROBES TOO

AS MOMMA ALWAYS SAYS, "THE ONLY THING BETTER THAN A PET, IS A PETINSIDE OF YOU"

*Note: our invasive pets are good for you. For a low additional fee, each in-body pet comes with micro-biome replenishing community seasoning. Email pets@surrealtimes.net for more info!

A Night in the Frothing Chamber

Whaler S. Fishpole, Freelance Journalist, fishpole.whaler@surrealtimes.net

I like to get into the world, report on it from the inside. So I followed a few rumors I heard of a place on Broadway where you can go late at night and become a larger collective organism. It's called the "Frothing Chamber", and the way to find it is to walk down broadway and flail your arms like an idiot. Someone from the lookout building will shine a laser into your eye when they see your flailing signal. Follow that laser to the nearest alleyway. Climb down the latter in the fake dumpster. You might hear some electronic music on the way down. It's going to smell too. Bad. But push through it. No good thing comes easy. And for a really good thing, you need to crawl through garbage and shit. Litterally.

At the bottom you'll find a transitional room with a dim light illuminating a glass table. The table has threethings on it. One -- a pile of white powder. Two -- a stack of bandanas. THree - a list of instructions.

THE RULES OF THE FROTHING CHAMBER

1. Dissociated before entering
2. Leave before sober

3. Be instinctual
4. Do not think
5. Do not speak (although sounds are ok)
6. Keep eyes covered
7. Enjoy a chance to be a cell in a larger organism

Following a pale-faced but vital-eyed frother ahead of me, I snorted enough to fill my nostrils. I immediately felt numbness in my limbs, but a powerful energy in my chest.

Entering the next room, the music got louder. Pounding, frenetic music. Frenetic lights and mirrors and lasers. And a giant bowl, covered in oil, with a few dozen inebriated people laying down, squirming like worms on top of each other with blindfolds on. Some people watched from the outside as they waited for their powder to kick in, as which point they'd allow themselves to fall limp into the bowl, slide to the bottom, and thrash about semi-conciously with the rest of this underground community.

At first it felt disgusting. Like humans becoming animals, losing their marbles on

purpose because of some other emptiness driving them to try anything, anything at all.

I saw a man catch an elbow to the jaw. I could see a moment of pause in his eyes. It must have hurt. But after coming to terms with the pain, he enlivened, and flopped into the pile again, squirming ever more viciously.

I felt my own energy coming on, and my legs getting wobbly, and I too allowed myself to fall into the frothing pit. At first, there was friction, but as I was pushed around the bowl, I was covered in oil.The feeling of smoothness in all directions was amazing. It made me want to move more, to slide around amongst the many other bodies like mine. To respond to the music. To respond to the grunts and hollers. To push, to pull, to sway.

I exhausted myself and slept in the alley above. I haven't been back yet. But, I do think the time will come when I am recovered and yearning to escape myself again.

Fire in The Fractal Factory

Dernberger Spengleton, Tender to the Grand Conveyor, spengleton@surrealtimes.net

The world’s top fractal manufacturing facility, which brings so much joy and wonder to the world with the living, breathing fractals it produces, has suffered a warehouse fire which destroyed much of its fractal-fostering equipment. Going forward, the fractal factory will be

decommissioned if it does not receive a very much needed helping hand from those who care about infinite detail and self similarity.

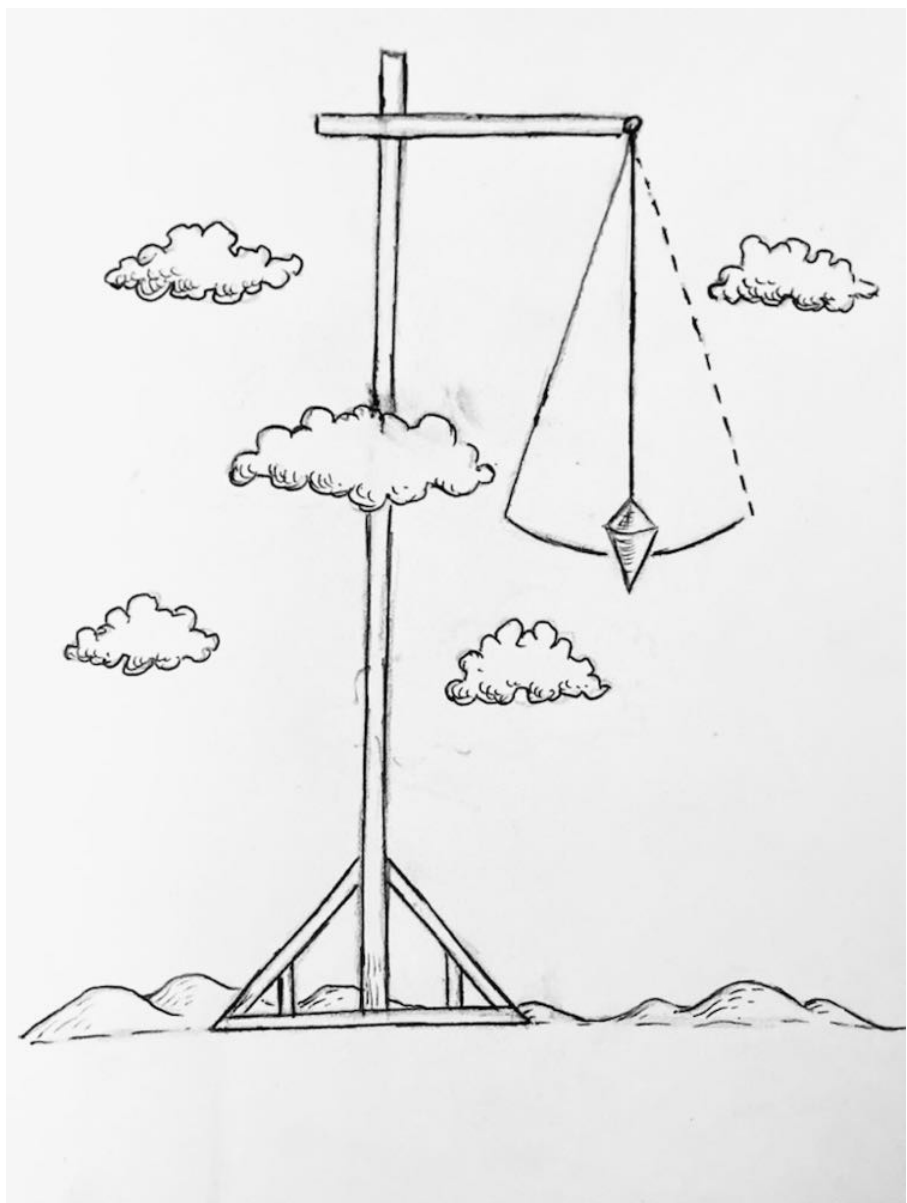
If you care about fractals, please visit fractaltribe.org and consider donating to

the cause of keeping the fractal production lines rolling.

I believe I can speak for the broader community when I say that the Fractal Factory has made an enormous difference in many people’s lives. It is important we keep it alive and lively.

Group Attempts to Hypnotize the Gods

Dernberger Spengleton, Tender to the Grand Conveyor, spengleton@surrealtimes.net



[Artist’s depiction of these events by Sawyer Philips @doodlesbysawyer]

A mix of technologists, psychologists, and theologists gathered in the Mojave desert this past weekend to construct a large sculpture designed to capture the attention of the Gods. It is a 40-foot tall wooden man using both solar-powered arms to swing a giant pendulum.

“Careful, don’t look at it directly!” one of them said to me as I arrived. “If it’s powerful enough to hypnotize a God, it can sure as hell hypnotize you.”

From that point on, I looked at the structure only through a mirror.

“We are interested in abundance,” said my old friend Theodore Munnelly, who was part of this operation. “Inter-dimensional abundance is what we want. And the only way to attain the abundance we seek is to be given it by a higher being.”

Further conversation revealed that this group, now known as The Novelty Society, has for many years tried to impress the Gods with art and sculptures, hoping for some kind of reward. Alas, none of their methods have worked, and so they are now trying to lull the Gods into a trance and cause them to give away their Godly riches and abilities to humans. Alternatively, we might be able to distract the Gods, and thereby get them to relax their heavy-handed grip on our consciousness and physical laws.

“How do you know if it’s working?” I asked Theodore.

“I’m not sure,” he said, “Perhaps a feeling of omnipresence? Whatever happens, we’ll need to be careful not to hypnotize ourselves once we transcend. What good would transcendence be if you are stuck staring at a pendulum the whole time. Let’s get started.”

A pickup truck carried out some loud speakers to the front of the giant wooden hypnotist. Theodore started the generator and grabbed a microphone. He and the others performed chants through the loud speakers, sending sound up into the sky. Interspersed between hypnotic rhythms and harmonies, they recited commands “you are getting sleepy, pass the reigns of the universe to the humans, you are getting sleepy, relinquish control.”

After a few hours of this, I made my way back to Surreal Times HQ to write up the story. As far as I know, the effort to hypnotize the gods has not yet been successful. But, if it was, would I know?

Parental Controls For the Eyeballs

Tom Johnson, Sergeant UMPD, tjohnson@surrealtimes.net

The national police committee for protection of children now recommends parents install smart contact lens into their children's eyes and enable the parental control feature from the bluetooth-connected mobile app. Doing this will give you the ability to see what your child is seeing at any given moment, blur things out from their vision as necessary, and arrange automated blurring patterns, for example, to prevent them from seeing propaganda, sexual anatomy, or other things not conducive to a quality childhood.

In today's world, it is no longer enough to place parental controls on your children's computers and smart phones. Doing so will not help you shield them from physical world perversions which are ever present. Nor will it help you protect them from augmented-reality components of daily life, in which advertisers and bad influencers of various kinds inject inappropriate content into the physical world.

This is unfortunate, but when your enemies are fighting with fire, what else are you to do but fight fire with fire. The only way to fight back against youth-corrupting technology, is to use technology itself.

See parentalcontrols.gov for more information.

Stay tuned for parental controls for other senses coming soon. Hearing-control should be available in the coming months. And smell, next year.

Calcium and Nutrients

I know how you view my home.

By Graham Rapier, Death, death@surrealtimes.net

There is no longer any pavement. The road to the market is now just overlapping footprints carved into long sloshes of mud.

Sticking out from two small freshly pressed shapes of heel and toe bone is Rowan.

Their mother has told them "your siblings will starve again unless you get the milk from the market. So come nightfall, slosh in haste for they and you know what happens to those who sink too far in the mud."

So Rowan wakes up from a sleepless night early and sluggishly heads due market, each step their body sculpted of jagged bone sinks into the mud, feeling warm magots carving constellations through their femurs.

Like shadows drenched in anticipation of sweet milk they sweep further into the mud.

Sneaking through dark, as the matted roots and violent soil above them gift no light.

In the dark that falls while the luminescent shrooms sleep things are known to grow in the mud.

Up through the deep of mud from rot and mineral what you'd call a carrot grows up in front of Row.

"Greetings fellow sinew-walker, what reason do you have to bear this other side's dark." the carrot burps.

"You tricky fleshy, I'm no sinew-walker, my bones face proudly out in the dark, carvings and all. "

"And I'm the tricky one, huh. You boil milk and tell me it's ice cream. I can plainly see

your bones are hidden beneath a thick pink."

Rowan looked down, not feeling themselves, but panically patting meat and blood and fur.

She looked up at the mangles of roots, preparing to long for their wondrous dark expressive shapes.

Rowan cries in breathless ghostlings of screams formed in their invasive new lungs, buried while floating, tearing wet, live, grass roots as they fall upwards. Rowan awakes lying on a plain of fresh green grass, their raw corneas shutter as they are battered with a bright blue absence of beautiful dark mangled roots.

Community Classifieds

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

FOR SALE: Tree house made from satellite dish. In Maryland.

WANTED: Someone to perform medical clowning at my grandfather’s funeral. 2 Years Medical Clowning experience required.

WANTED: VHS tape of the 1997 Foosball world championship

WANTED: The true perimeter of a Mandelbrot fractal.

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

For sale: bonsai tree shaped like my mother.

WANTED: An algorithm to live by.

FOR SALE: Unicycle dog.

NEEDED: A baggie of monkey teeth, unflossed, and forty pounds of Big Chew BubbleGum \$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.



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

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

Wanted: A toads intestine filled with boiled bug eyes.

Wanted: Reverse Abortion.

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

The Bihexical Search

By Armädeius Galouei’s surrogate, Mechanical Contraption, armgalou@surrealtimes.net

By means of spectacular isomorphism, the solution to this maze can be translated into a sequence of actions capable of solving an abstract problem in the real world. Thus, by solving this maze, you provide us the necessary information to improve the lives of millions.

The translation mechanism is classified information, as is the problem it intends to solve, but we assure you it is a worthy cause.

Please send solution attempts to isomorphism@surrealtimes.net. The first to pose a correct solution will be **awarded a secret prize** for their efforts.

