



# THE SURREAL TIMES



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

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the 3rd dawn of the cicadas.

## DEAR JUPITER: MY TONGUE HAS BECOME A SNAKE!

BY JUPITER,  
Advice Columnist



Dear Jupiter,

*I woke up one morning and my tongue had become a snake. It keeps trying to bite my nose!! What should I do?*

~ Freddy FrickleFritz III

Dear Freddy FrickleFritz III

What a world we live in where we can't even trust our own body parts! Either your hand gains consciousness and tries to strangle you, or your kneecap learns to speak and won't stop spouting Moon Landing conspiracy theories. I believe the isolation caused by the pandemic has made us so paranoid that we've become untrustworthy of our own bodies.

Surprisingly, I've seen this type of thing before. A former client of mine used to have frequent heated arguments with her buttocks. She would always call her buttocks fat, and her buttocks would respond by calling her an idiot. I told her that she was projecting her own insecurities on her buttocks, and her insults were causing her buttocks to internalize her insecurities. She finally apologized to her buttocks, and the two rekindled their relationship (She's now a famous Instagram model).

As for you and your new snake tongue, try to see it from its perspective. What is causing your tongue to lash out? Perhaps you're not getting the nourishment you need. Perhaps you're eating nothing

but disgusting processed food, and your tongue is retaliating. Since it is a snake, it may just be responding naturally to its environment. It feels threatened, and is in a constant state of fight-or-flight mode. For this, I would consult a snake expert for tips.

My point is to make peace with your snake tongue. You may learn to appreciate your new appendage, and your love life may even become a little more invigorating. Sincerely, Jupiter

**Our advice columnist, Jupiter, can be reached at [jupiter@surrealtimes.net](mailto:jupiter@surrealtimes.net). Please feel free to contact her with any questions you might have.**

## FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

BY ARMÂDEIUS GALOUEI,  
Times Senior Editor



*"Uncatalogued Châteaux  
intrigue the magistrate."*

The Pig can be reached via  
[armgalou@surrealtimes.net](mailto:armgalou@surrealtimes.net)

## MORE IN THIS ISSUE...

In this edition of The Surreal Times newspaper, you'll find a variety of stories that reality-bound news organizations have failed to report on, but that we've worked hard to make available to the public. We hope you enjoy these stories, and we hope you do your part as well, keeping your eye out for unusual events in your own life.

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## SURREAL TIMES BOTTOM FIVE UNDER FIVE.

By THE EDITORS,  
Times Staff

In our last issues we shared with you our efforts to make the world of awards more equal to peeps of all ages. We showed you our picks for the five most promising young children under the age of five. This week we're taking it down a couple notches with our list of the most miserable failures who haven't even managed to reach their 6th birthday yet.

### 1. Joyce Birkenstein. Aged 4 year, 2 months.

Little Joyce had it made. Upper middle class parents, dimples you could plant a potato in, and a pair of grandparents who give her the one thing God can't; toys. She got a nice set of duplo Lego blocks, but could not even build a duck, not even a stupid one with no bill or anything. When her mom tried to help her build a simple straight up tower, the little bitch built it too high, thus ruining the architectural integrity and causing it to topple over. This is one for the foster system.

### 2. Mickey "The Fink" Taylor. Aged 2 years, 3 months.

Two years past the bloody labial gates and this little bingle donger got kicked

out of three different daycares. One of them even being a Montessori, Jeez, we thought they didn't kick anybody out. Then, they smoothly babbled their way into a rushed marriage, rushed even for a 2-year-old. Got a quickie divorce in the same building they got married in. Then got their heartbroke ex-husband sent to prison because of their age difference.

### 3. Morgan Jones. Aged 3 years, 7 months.

This tonka dump truck was out at the playground hanging out with a couple other toddlers. Each of them playing with sand castles in the grass. Like toddlers do, they started picking up bugs and letting them crawl across their fingers. Naturally as all young children do, they got curious. One of them, Niki (Who just missed our Top 5 under 5 List.) decided to see what it would feel like for a cricket dance across her tongue. Well, little Morgan Jones here decided to follow suit, but like avhs licker, she ended up swallowing the poor little bugger. Not only that, adding to her family's shame she barfed it up. Luckily Niki quickly performed CPR and the bug lived to play strung out string music all through the playground. Luckily the rest of the toddlers and all adults at the park banished her into the woods to live out a life of hoboing.

### 4. Goose Masterson. Aged 6 months.

This little turd-clumper somehow managed to con their way into a golden job at a Corn Kingdom cart in the mall, working in the big corn suit as the King Corn. Reportedly they really came alive, inside that suit there was no shyness 'cause through mascot head they couldn't see the fat hungry gawkers looking at them. Also they hadn't developed object permanence yet. So all that self-consciousness of youth was filtered into King Corn's personality, they were living. Then they had to go and spill a big bowl of lime corn on the CEO. Now they're husking corn in a sweatshop in Idaho. For our sake Corn Kingdom better keep them there.

5. Tommy Johnson. Aged 2 min. Well this little dickweed is a still born. Couldn't even huff with it in the big time. Some just aren't cut out for it. Ol' Heidegger calls 'em "throw-backs."

Well that's our list, if you know any disgusting waste of diapers, call the Surreal Times Bottom 5 Under 5 Hotline @ 1-800-752-9662

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

## PSA: BEWARE OF SURREAL TIMES IMPOSTERS!

By THE MYSTERIOUS M,  
Times Correspondent

In May, an anonymous user hacked into the Surreal Times' Instagram account and announced othat the Times were rebranding themselves as the breakfast-themed publication The Cereal Times. In a post, they claimed that "cereal was hip with the kids" and that the Times "desperately needs to stay trendy." This was, of course, untrue. The Surreal Times had no intention of changing their brand, and it became clear that this was nothing more than some guerilla marketing stunt. Aside from the similar-sounding name, The Cereal Times also shared an uncanny resemblance to the Surreal Times. The font

choice and layout were almost identical; the only difference was that this newspaper focussed more on breakfast-related news items than surreal ones.

The Surreal Times' sudden and unexpected popularity gave rise to a growing trend of copycats, all trying to capitalize on the Times' success. Following the incident with The Cereal Times, another publication called The Celery Times started hitting the market. Like before, this newspaper had the exact same format, but with articles relating to healthy green vegetables.

More copycats started popping up, including The Subliminal Times (a newspaper that tricks readers into worship-

ping Satan), The Souffle Times (a food publication for snobby French people), and The Sue Eel Times (a law publication to help readers press charges against marine animals). The Surreal Times' attorneys at Steinhouse, Steinhouse & Steinhouse have been working around the clock trying to press charges against these imposters. Until then, faithful readers, be wary of where you get your news. Publications like these have absolutely no affiliation with the Surreal Times, and are simply trying to get a piece of that sweet apple pie.

The Mysterious M can be reached at  
[m@surrealtimes.net](mailto:m@surrealtimes.net)



# FURRY FEMINISM REVITALIZES HAIR ANYWHERE-SPRAY

By PLEAKLEY POW POW,  
Times Correspondent



[Artist's depiction of these events by Bella Powers]

Amherst, MA - Hair AnywhereSpray has quite the notorious history in our hamlet of Amherst. Its genesis brought a brief but miraculous remedy for those suffering from baldness and other hair-deficient maladies. This period of hairy euphoria rapidly dissolved when Hair Everywhere Spray was abused by vandals, hoarded by the elitist hands of high society, and became the recurring subject of a slew of hair related accidents.

However, Hair Everywhere Spray seems to somehow be making waves at Puffer's Pond. This local watering hole attracts students, hooligans, and other surrounding wildlife with magnetic force when warm winds sail through the valley. After speaking with several beach goers, it would seem Hair Everywhere Spray has become an integral ingredient in a rebellious feminist furor. Women, especially groups of students, are flocking to the sands to flaunt their gloriously hairy

heads, limbs, crannies - you name it. These gals are applying Hair Everywhere Spray to all those places women are told to slap with shaving cream and whittle wee hairs from.

When inquiring about the inspiration for such brazen unshaven congregations, one UMass Amherst student was quick to pipe back, "Guess what world, we came out with hair too! Legs aren't naturally out here smoother than frickin glass."

Not only that, but they're doing huge hair in psychedelic style. It appears a particular cohort happened upon cans containing chromatic sprays of slews of different colors. An aerial shot of the beach dwellers would likely have given the illusion of a rainbow forming from the earth rather than sky. Who knew racing stripes would ever hit leg hair or that hip hues would so massively elevate armpit allure?

Local officials were initially puzzled as to how students came to possess Hair AnywhereSpray in such seemingly abundance. Our correspondents suspect they found a cache of cans on campus from when UMass PD provided a community wide turn-in for the spray upon its prohibition. It seems like a few hooligans discovered a stash and not only revived its former glory, but transformed it into a tool for feminist agendas. With consideration of how taxing the pandemic has been on our social lives and reluctant to squander any rallying sense of community, local officials abstained from penalizing the youths. They did, however, forbid any cans from leaving the surrounding area and mandated that by the end of the day all cans be turned into authorities to avoid the pandemonium Hair AnywhereSpray previously caused. You may recall one of the ill-famed troubles of this spray was its hydralike regenerative ability. While it certainly seems like these ladies have no need nor desire to hit their hair with a shave, we'll see what dilemmas they encounter should they opt for a trim.

Pleakley Pow Pow can be reached at [ppp@surrealtimes.net](mailto:ppp@surrealtimes.net)

# ONCE PEOPLE WALKED HERE, BUT NOW ONLY A FEW DO.

By VIVIAN MAUVE,  
Times Correspondent

For a very brief moment, I witnessed something I felt I needed to. There were people walking in an area where there are now people not walking, or at least, where people weren't walking for a time, and now there they are walking again. I was witness to this place when it was not strange for these people to be walking. Now there are different people walking the patch in which I walked, living in the room in which I lived in, and the other day I drove by and looked in the window and it was dark, as if no one lived there. I was unconvinced. The place where I used to live was too nice for there to be no one living there now. But for a while there was no one, and before me there were a slew of people from all walks of life coming and going, and it was the most normal thing in the world.

Once, before I lived there I was at a saloon with a friend of mine and a few unfriends of mine and we ordered a large pitcher of beer and we enjoyed it together as strangers. A month later the same stranger refused to serve me the largest glass of orange juice I could order, instead, settling instead for a series of two small glasses. I never saw him again, though we shared the same first name. It is strange how the world can change so fast, and how those most unaffected can be the most affected.

I am much too old to walk this path now. I was old enough then, but now I am much too old. It strikes a deep pain in my heart. I wish that I could go back to that time and walk that path and for that path to extend longer into the future like it was originally intended. But the universe did not have that path in mind for me or like minded me's who

are now thrust into an area of un-expression, where who knows where the next bout of expression will come from, if it ever does at all.

I miss the rattling spoons of the midnight hall and ice cream and french fries and theiles of toasted peanut butter and jelly sandwiches waiting to be expressed on the palate of untoasted bread and jarred jelly. But that expression is long gone and even still only existing in a human itself unrecorded, still living, but removed from the experience, only accessible through a series of fragmented memories. Will you shift the gear? Run the tape backwards? Or any other expression of backwardness?

Vivian Mauve can be reached at [vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net](mailto:vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net)



# TALKING TO YOUR CHILD ABOUT THE WORKER ELVES THAT LIVE IN YOUR BODY

By **LUCY BUGLE**,  
Your Typical Suburban Mom

There comes a time for every parent when they need to have "the talk" with their child. No matter how much you've prepared for it though, it always comes as a surprise.

My son Jeffery is 11 and has just started Fifth Grade. One day he came home from school quieter than normal. Jeffrey has always been a bright and bubbly kid, but he seemed perturbed by something. He barely said a word at dinner-time. He usually fills the dinner table with endless, fanciful stories about his day, but it was clear by the way he fiddled with his mashed potatoes that there was something on his mind. It wasn't until we started clearing the plates that he finally popped the question:

"Mom," he asked. "What are the 'Worker Elves'?"

I froze for a second. "Where did you hear about that, Sweetie?" I replied.

"Harry from school said his brother told him that there are tiny elves controlling your body. Is that true?"

I looked over at my husband Frank, who

simply nodded and said, "It's time."

"Well," I told Jeffery, "Inside every living person on earth, there are these tiny invisible men, some call them 'elves.' Their job is to operate and control your body, including your muscles, your heart and even your brain." "See, Jeffery," Frank added, "your body is like a factory, and the 'Worker Elves' are what keeps your body running."

This answer seemed to satisfy Jeffery, but he was the ever-curious type. Whenever I picked him up from school or brought him grocery shopping, he always had questions about the elves. Where do they come from? Do they have names or families? Do they ever take bathroom breaks?

One time on a fishing trip with Frank, Jeffery asked him, "What happens when a person dies? Do the Elves become unemployed?"

"No, Sport," Frank responded, "They simply move to another body and continue working."

"What happens when the Worker Elves go on strike?" Jeffery asked. "Are they unionized? Do they have health benefits?"

"You'll find out when you're older," Frank said, and continued fishing.

As much as we'd like to shelter our children from things like the Worker Elves or the Dumpster Squids, one way or another they discover them on their own. Some might say "they're too young," but it's honestly helpful to prepare your child for when they are old enough to know.

By the time Jeffery hits 14, he will be old enough to enter The Ancient Cave, where he will be fed DMT and finally be able to see the Worker Elves for himself. He will see that his body is not made of flesh and tissue, but a series of grinding gears and wheels. He will see the Worker Elves working tirelessly to keep Jeffery's body functional. This brief journey beyond the physical world will help Jeffery in his quest for enlightenment.

The greatest joy as a parent is to watch your child grow and learn more about the world. It can be confusing, frustrating or difficult to have open conversations with your child, but that struggle is an essential part of their growth.

Lucy Bugle can be reached at  
[lucy.bugle@surrealtimes.net](mailto:lucy.bugle@surrealtimes.net)

# UNIONS OPPOSE CORPORATE PIANO METHOD

By **COMMON OBSERVER**,  
Times Correspondent

Demonstrations popped up all over the county this past labor day, as union workers and others are striking to oppose the latest method corporations are using to squeeze extra labor out of their employees. This method, "the piano method", involves suspending a full piano precariously by a withering string over each employee's head. The intention is to provide workers with a sense of urgency capable of driving their productivity to the next level.

Benjamin Martin, CEO of Informatics Accelerated, says that "The piano method has increased our employee's typing rate by 20 words per minute. Multiply that by the number of employees and the number of days utilized, and we can extrapolate that the company in whole has typed 12,480,291 more words this fiscal year than the previous."

Workers assert that this method is not only unsafe, but inhumane. A number of individuals have been crushed under pianos this year, sometimes as disciplinary action and sometimes by accident.

Also, one masked demonstrator suggested that, for the cost of a grand piano, a company could hire an entirely new full time employee.

Another more feisty group of demonstrators worked to hang a piano from a traffic light, planning to drop it on their CEO's car as it drove by. "It will help him understand our perspective," they said.

Common Observer can be reached at  
[common.observer@surrealtimes.net](mailto:common.observer@surrealtimes.net)

# FAIR REDISTRIBUTION OF THE BONES TO PERSONALITIES

By **CARL MON**,  
Head of the PIA

A two-armed man undergoing government-funded Personality Multiplexing Therapy has sued the federal government for a third arm, which he says is rightfully his. In general he is a promoter of people's rights to a proportional amount of bones with respect to the number of personalities they have developed during required personality

treatment. This man, who has 3 names (Fred-J, Tim-J, Harold-J), corresponding to his 3 personalities, is quite pissed across the whole spectrum of who he is.

"Now that the feds manage bone allocation nationwide," Tim-J said, "It is their responsibility to spread the bones out from each according to ability and to each according to need. Me and Fred-J have our own arms, but Harold-J doesn't. Does that sound fair to you?"

Harold-J argues that, if there are 600 million human arms in the country, and 400 million personalities, then each personality ought to get at least  $600/400 = 1.5$  arms, at minimum. He believes that the distribution should be equally fair to all personalities.

Carl Mon can be reached at  
[cmon@surrealtimes.net](mailto:cmon@surrealtimes.net)





# BRAVE DOG STOPS HOME INTRUDER, TORTURES HIM IN THE BASEMENT FOR 6 MONTHS

By MICHEAL O'REALLY,  
Reporter



It was a ruff day for this burglar, when the 6-year-old St Bernard, Charlestown Bukowski caught him in the act of stealing a couple Faberge garden gnomes from a local swampscott front yard. Smelling crime, Charlestown pounced out the front door immediately jumping on the would-be thief, restraining him as he tried to make his escape into the night. Charlestown, a distinct believer in Scalia Justice, brought the low life down to the basement and tied him to the radiator.

Once the case broke, briefly there were questions about how Charlestown's owners didn't hear all the screaming. When asked his owner Marge Flint responded:

"We tend to give him free reign of the basement-"

"Yeah, he sort of leads his own life, He's very smart like that. He's vet says he's much smarter than he should be. You know, it's funny, he once even figured out his zipper-"

"Harold, let's focus please. Haha, basically he's so good we just, you know, let him have his space, he's loud sometimes, so we had no idea."

Matching his every scream and howl like most dogs do to fire engines, Charlestown was able to make sure that no other criminals would hear his elongated pleas and try to free him. This quick-thinking Saint Bernard figured out exactly how much food would keep the gnome napper's already emaciated body alive for his coming 6-month.

He even went so far to edit clips of movie characters speaking to sound like the burglars' family repeatedly telling him things like' "Your beef stew is chewy", "we don't miss you and Randy is better anyway", "we sold your nutcracker collection." "we barely even notice you're gone" and "we've decided to take Randy's last name." Turns out this puppy's computer skills are nothing to bark at.

The burglar only finally escaped when Charlestown was volunteering at Swampscott Animal Control's Euthanasia Truck. That's when one of his owner's husband, Harold, came down the basement to bring Charlestown his Wall Street Journal mistook the gnome-knapper's near corpse for an old halloween decoration and threw it out. The gnome knapper is currently awaiting trial in Middleton Corrections Facility. While Swampscott locals have created a Change.org petition to allow Charlestown to serve as a witness.

[Pictured above: Unrelated Dog and Man, both very good, would not torture a fly. ]

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Micheal O'Really can be reached at [michael.oreally@surrealtimes.net](mailto:michael.oreally@surrealtimes.net)



# HAVE YOU EVER EXPERIENCED SOMETHING ... SO BAD

By VIVIAN MAUVE,  
Times Correspondent

Be honest with yourself. Have you ever experienced something so bad that you can't believe it was ever considered to exist? Do you ever feel that way every single day of your life? Have you ever considered the possibility that there is possibly more going on behind the scenes, than that of which your primordial self-defined biological senses could ever possibly comprehend? Suppose that between the wavelengths of perception, there are entire worlds that you could never possibly comprehend to exist? Sure it seems simple, alter your mind on a chemical. What if inside of even just this altering, that the rules of the nature of reality should change? Now imagine in the mind of every human is a different and chaotic storm occurring in the brain. Down a lineage stretching generations, the collective

mind of hundreds of humans manifests itself in you, the person reading this, and because of who you are, resonates differently. At which point, and of how general, does the collective experience need to be, to be considered normal?

And how often do you feel that this long stretching line of generations actively wills itself against you, and you personally? The world is raining down on you constantly. Your parents hate you. Your wife or husband don't love you. Your children wish you were dead. Your nephew stabbed someone and is failing the fifth grade. Someone is always taking your parking spot. The person at the coffee shop cut you in line. They didn't get your order right. They cut you off as you merged back onto the highway. Your cat clawed through the plastic window covering of your air conditioner and escaped. When does the chaotic storm

end?

There can only be one explanation as far as I am concerned. We are living in the thought, and the thought only, of a hyper-dimensional mega creature whose brain stretches over an unimaginable amount of space. This being is attempting to calculate, ruin, and extinguish any and all beings who won't and ultimately won't contribute to the final enlightenment, through a series of inconveniences, both major and minor, which would effectively wear itself backwards through the hyper-loop of thought. You are not just having a bad day. The being is putting careful thought into every single aspect of your life. There are no coincidences.

Vivian Mauve can be reached at  
[vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net](mailto:vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net)

# WOMAN STEPS OUT OF THE WOODS AND CHANGES A LIFE FOREVER

By VIVIAN MAUVE,  
Times Correspondent

This is a true story. About a year ago I was working as a Surreal Times correspondent. A check hadn't come in the mail for months, but neither had I sent an article out. Nonetheless, I was hungry, I was living on the brink of a wood and I used to always hear music emanating from somewhere in there. I didn't want my presence known. I liked it. I didn't complain. I don't like the police. I think they're scoundrels. I knew a woman from the woods and her name

was Burgundy. She wanted to found a psychedelic cult but she needed to know someone whose brain was properly fried in the right departments before doing so. I told her that I had heard music coming from the woods and if she followed the footprints in the sand she would soon find what she was looking for.

Suffice to say, the music eventually stopped and later two bodies were found in the wreckage of a burning barn. There was nothing else found ex-

cept for the remnants of a honey extractor, a burning bright and yellow tuba and two tenths of a measure of Sailor Jerry's hard rum. I think I saw Burgundy running hand in hand with a long haired boy I used to know and they were frolicking in the ashes in which his friends laid, but he didn't perform the ceremony and I was a bit thrown off by that.

Vivian Mauve can be reached at  
[vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net](mailto:vivian.mauve@surrealtimes.net)

# NEW KITCHEN RULES NATIONWIDE

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant, UMass PD



As a side effect of serial kitchen misbehavior, kitchen authorities nationwide have needed to impose new microwave regulations forbidding the use of microwaves for the use of hand sanitizer distillation.

Citizens are advised to behave while using essential household and community appliances.

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



# UNUSUAL TEACHING METHODS AT CHIPTOOTH KINDERGARTEN

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,   
Tender to the Grand Conveyer

The school known for its off-kilter approaches to early childhood education has been criticized yet again for a controversial component of their curriculum -- this time, for "Brain Baths", techniques designed to transfer knowledge through direct brain-to-brain contact.

For two weeks during each year, scholars visit the school accompanied by an experienced surgeon. The surgeon removes the tops of students and visiting scholars' skulls, and proceeds to pour brain fluid from the visiting school into students' skulls. All subjects are given hefty doses of anesthesia and are mostly limp during the process. After a period of marination, the fluid is returned to

the visiting scholars' skull, and then everyone's heads are stitched back together.

"We also call it 'Brain Cuddling,'" said Mrs. Porter, head teacher at the school. "It is a form of knowledge transfer by osmosis, and it's the reason why we've been able to teach students three years worth of content in just a few months."

When asked of the criticism that the school has received for this technique, Mrs. Porter encouraged disparagers to "look at the data" and see for themselves the high profile global community of alumni that Chiptooth has produced, including leaders of the Novelty Society, Crypto Philosopher 'Eyebrows' Perrywinkler, The Fake Sun Movement, and other

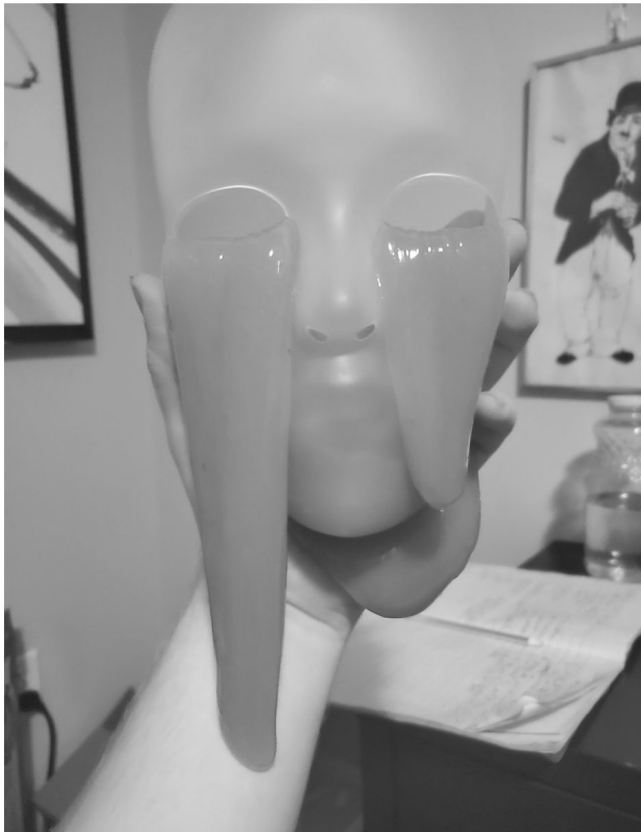
large truth-seeking organizations around the world.

She also emphasized that knowledge transfer during brain baths is both observable and experimentally verifiable. "We have conducted controlled experiments on our children to determine with certainty that brain baths produce the most attuned students. For safety, we no longer remove brains completely, and instead opt to transfer brain fluid alone, except under specific circumstances that allow a higher bandwidth direct brain cuddling session."

Dernberger Spengler can be reached at [spengler@surrealtimes.net](mailto:spengler@surrealtimes.net)

# NEW SIDE EFFECTS OF DIVORCE

By DERNBERGER SPENGLER,   
Times Staff



"I came home from the divorce courtroom to find our babysitter in tears," Emily Whitters-Jones. said, "The babysitter was frenetic, saying that our son Joshie had exploded into a million tiny particles before her eyes. She had no idea what happened, but she said it was exactly 2:25pm, which was when the judge had pounded his gavel."

Investigators have yet to find an explanation for Joshie Whitters-Jones' spontaneous disintegration. But, other similar cases are popping up all over the place, and it's forming a pattern. For the last week, every legal divorce has resulted in the couple's children vanishing into thin air.

Many clashing couples are starting to second guess whether their problems are truly unsolvable. "I wanted to kill my husband," one woman said, "but I couldn't because doing so would have made our son go to another dimension. A few weeks later, and I'm realizing maybe I don't want to kill my husband after all. Once divorce become an impossibility, we had no choice but to confront the problems in our relationship. We're doing better now."

Not all relationships have benefited from this disappearing baby phenomenon, however.

Abigail Brooster, for instance, said she "didn't give a rat's ass about any person with a fraction of [her] grimey husband's genetics." She enthusiastically divorced him and revelled in her empty nest once "those spoiled little Dave-clones" became smithereens.

Other couples have reacted in a variety of ways.

The Peripheral Intelligence Agency is investigating the hows and why's of what's going on. But, in the meanwhile, we continue to learn more about ourselves as this new phenomenon puts human love to the test in a new way.

Dernberger Spengler can be reached at [spengler@surrealtimes.net](mailto:spengler@surrealtimes.net)



## This is a call to action, more real than real life!

### Save the UMass Sci-Fi Library

The Editors

We need our readers' help. The UMass Amherst Sci-Fi Society, our long time friends and supporters of the Surreal Times, have lost their meeting space and library and we're trying to help them get it back. For nearly 60 years, The University of Massachusetts's Science Fiction Library has been a place to learn, to find some needed escapism, and to make long lasting friends. Importantly, The SFS has served as a place for LGBTQ and other marginalized groups to gather safely, long before being accepted by the masses and being promoted by UMass as an organization.

A new Student Government Organization RSO policy has unfairly declared that no student club can have a permanent meeting place. So the library has had their books put in long-term storage and its meeting place taken over to be used as office space. Yes, they want that small basement meeting room for official UMass office space. I can't think of anybody who would want their office in a basement, other than of course, The UMass Science Fiction Library which has been there since 1964.

UMass officials have given no indication of a new space being made available on the nearly 1,500 acre, 183 building strong campus. But the UMass Sci-Fi Library isn't just a club, it's an actual lending library, and the second largest science fiction book collection in New England with over 9,200 items on display. The University establishment has been completely unsympathetic to the library's place at UMass.

The UMass Science Fiction Society, the Anime and Manga Club, and The Games Hobbyist League have banded together to pool their resources in order to either get their room in the basement of Campus Center back or secure a new meeting meeting space / library going forward.



### What You Can Do To Help:

In short, we need the help of our readers, **especially those in Las Angeles**, whose added voices might just make the difference. We're asking you to take 5 minutes of your time to sign their petition on [change.org](https://change.org) at:

<https://tinyurl.com/SaveSciFiLibrary>

And to also to email the office of Chancellor Subbaswamy at [Chancellor@umass.edu](mailto:Chancellor@umass.edu)

Here is an example email, feel free to copy this in:  
"Chancellor Subbaswamy, I am asking you to give the Science Fiction Society Library a new space on campus. The SFS Library needs a permanent space to function. It cannot run a library from storage lockers."

Or even better give a call to the chancellor's office at:  
**413-545-2211**

As Club Treasurer Elodie Carel, put it "we are arguing for equity over equality" the sci-fi club isn't just a regular club it's a fully fledged library, it needs a permanent physical space to exist. Less it ceases to be a library, a center for discovery of things you've never heard of, and become an esoteric box of locked away books. As the oldest continuing student organization on campus, we think it's earned it.

You Can't Escape To Another World In These Musty Boxes.

You Can't Find Your Next Great Read In Musty Boxes.

You Can't Play Table-Top Games In Musty Boxes.

You Can't Make Lasting Friends In Musty Boxes.





**Selected Quotes from Sci-Fi Library Alumni:**

*"That place was my heart, the first place in my life I felt safe." -Suzanne Palmer, Class of 1996, Hugo Award and Sturgeon Memorial Award Winner*

*"I used to sit in here all morning every day, waiting for people to come down here because you can feel really small and lost on this big campus" -Emily Miller, Class of 2020*

*"This is just somewhere where you can exist and do something different and you can be yourself without fear of judgement" -Elodie Carel, Class of 2022*

*"It's the legacy of the club. It's the fact that you can't come back here anymore. It's the fact that this library is now going to be a locker" -Emily Miller, Class of 2020*

**A Library Stuck In Boxes and Storage Lockers Isn't a Library.****A personal note**

Charly Clark, Editor

From this ST Editor's perspective; the Sci-Fi Library was the first place that I was openly queer in my life. It was a singular catharsis to be there surrounded by while rummaging worlds of books and pages with friends in sidwinding conversations. I'm a very shy person, and find it easy to sink into myself, this was one of the first places in college where I felt absorbed. It made my self become unswallowed and yearn to throw-up the chunks of me up out into the world.

Hypocrisy and performative activism are two of my pet peeves and gravely it disturbs me that a school that talks so much of inclusivity would also unilaterally evaporate a meaningful 60-year-old place for oddballs and queer folks to gather safely. How easy it is for them to eradicate a place for us who don't feel comfortable in other clubs or at a Minutemen's game. I don't speak for the entirety of the Surreal Times when I say this, just as an individual, but UMass Officials And SGA, you're posers. And if I'm wrong, and I often am, then show some actual respect for queer spaces on campus.



And to you, our wondrous Surreal Times readers, we thank you for your help.

For more information or other ways to help, please email:

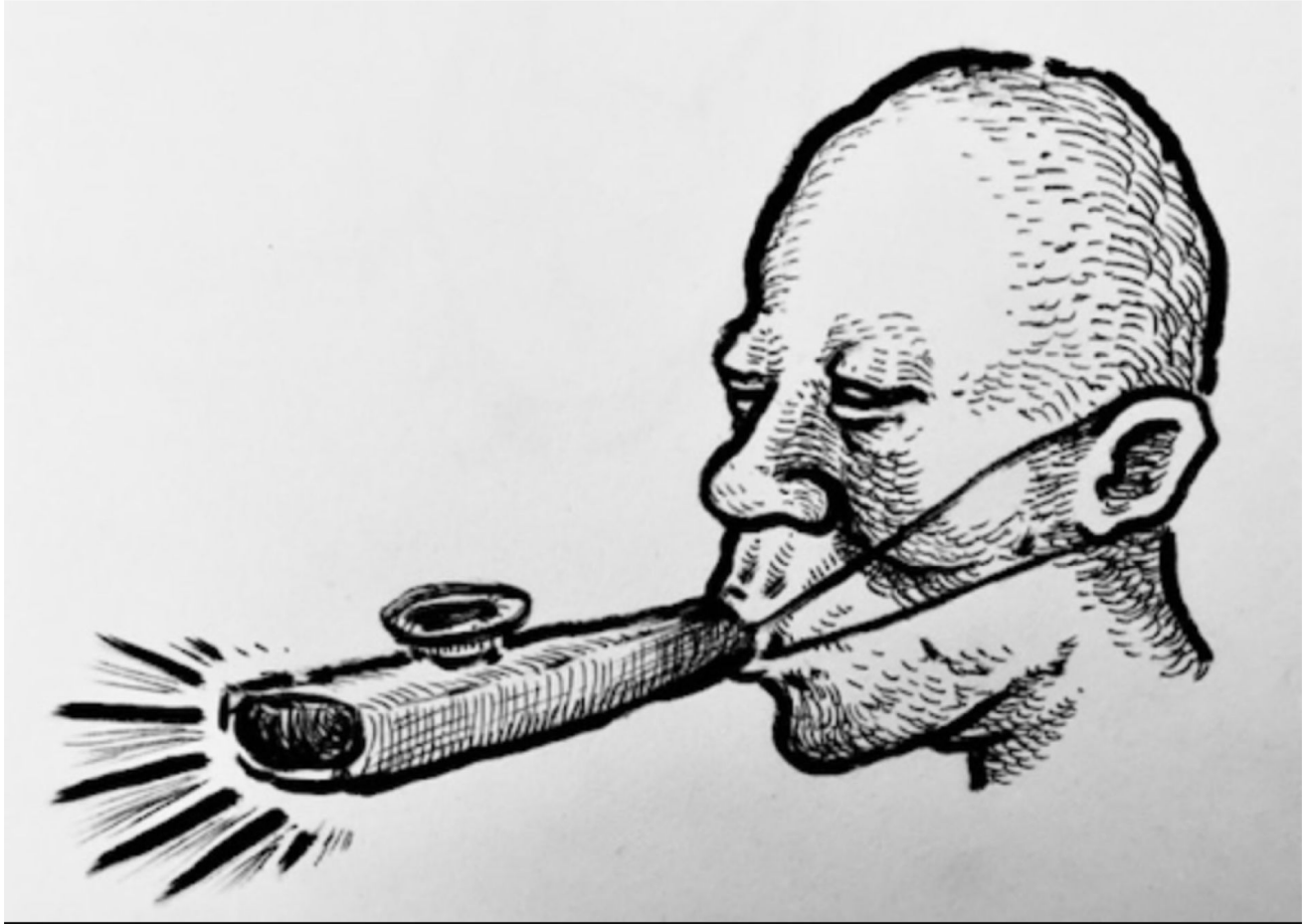
[Scifilibrary@surrealtimes.net](mailto:Scifilibrary@surrealtimes.net)





# CONTAGIOUS HICCUPERS REQUIRED TO GLUE KAZZOOS TO FACES

By CARL MON,  
Peripheral Intelligence Agency



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

Those infected with Hiccups 2021, otherwise known as Reverse Hiccups, have for the past month been quarantined due to the contagious nature of their disease. This was to prevent them from running about our cities, purposefully scaring people and thereby transferring their hiccups to others. As of July 24th, the hiccups have been released from their quarantine under one condition: that they super-glue kazooos to their mouths.

"The reasoning for this," Sergeant Tom Johnson said, "is that, with a kazoo in their mouths, hiccupsers can no longer scare others, and therefore cannot spread their disease. It makes them sound funny instead of scary."

An unfortunate side effect of this restriction is that hiccupsers no longer have the ability to speak without doing so through a kazoo. Kazoo talk is not incomprehensible, but it is difficult to parse sometimes.

Still, most hiccupsers rejoice at this return to semi-normalcy.

"I'm just relieved they figured out a compromise," said one squeaky hiccuper, "that can allow us to be free until doctors discover a full cure."

That said, some hiccupsers choose to remain in government quarantine cells. They refuse to wear their government-provided kazoo, and as a result, are not allowed to leave. "This is belittling," one wrote to The Surreal Times over email, "How can they force us to walk around town honking like clowns?"

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Carl Mon can be reached at [cmon@surrealtimes.net](mailto:cmon@surrealtimes.net)



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## ADD A LOCKAWAY ROOM TO YOUR HOME

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,  
Salesman

Ever feel stuck in the world and wanting to hide for a while? Or maybe you need a break from distractions to focus on your goals?

Lucky you! Safe Focus Renovations is now offering installation of Focus Rooms in people's homes. These rooms are fitted with 6-inch steel walls and decommissioned bank-quality safe doors unlockable only from the inside.

So, when you're feeling anxious or afraid, simply retreat to your safe focus room where you can relax for as long as

you need. For an additional fee, your safe room can come with the hydroponic add on so that you don't need to leave for life's necessities.

You may also use the Safe Focus Room to become a better you, making use of the programmable lock functionality for instance, if you have a paper to write, and you need to get away from distractions until it is done, you can make the safe room lock you inside for a number of hours. Simply say "safe room, lock for 3 hours." It will confirm your intention, and then lock you in. Even if you want to leave the room during that time, it will not let you. That way, you'll be forced to do your work and be the

person you want to be. There is also an add-on package to EMP the room and make external electronic signals unreachable.

Other use cases include exercise, therapy sessions, and meditation.

Safe Focus Renovation™ is not responsible for any cases of suffocation or starvation. Enjoy Safe Focus Room at your own risk.

Call 978-333-3656 for a quote.

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Tommy Potentuary can be reached at  
[tommy.potent@surrealtimes.net](mailto:tommy.potent@surrealtimes.net)

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## TOP 10 LINES TO GUARANTEE GETTING A THIRD DATE

By BIG MAMA TERRIBLE,  
Citizen of The World

Being single is tough, when you've had 40 years of back alley dog pound affairs or read about ones like mine in a highlights magazine, you know how to keep em' coming. Hear a' Big Mama Terrible's 10 Titillating one liners to get you to tier 15.

1. "The only thing that could make you more beautiful, is if your body was filled with sand."
2. "I already have a song picked out for your funeral."
3. "How big is your hole? Cause the heat's coming down on me and I got a couple things I don't want found."
4. "We sent 65 unguided mail balloons and only two were lost. Two."
5. "I don't think I ever really sleep."
6. My dad used to take me to it. It's this fancy restaurant called 'Under The Bridge.' They got crabs."
7. "Sometimes I lay down on the floor until I have to close my eyes. Then I get all blurry eyed and pretend that I just woke up from a coma and I don't remember who I am or am in some sort of apocalypse and can only get up slowly."
8. "I don't get why you just can't let your suicidal friend take out the loan."
- 8 1/2. "Sometimes I'd want to kill you. And then of course wanted the earth until I can find a way to resurrect you."
9. "Quit that shit. The zoo is not a place for personal growth."
10. "I'd like to get you on a slow boat to China. All to myself, alone."

That's that, happy humping and grumping folks.

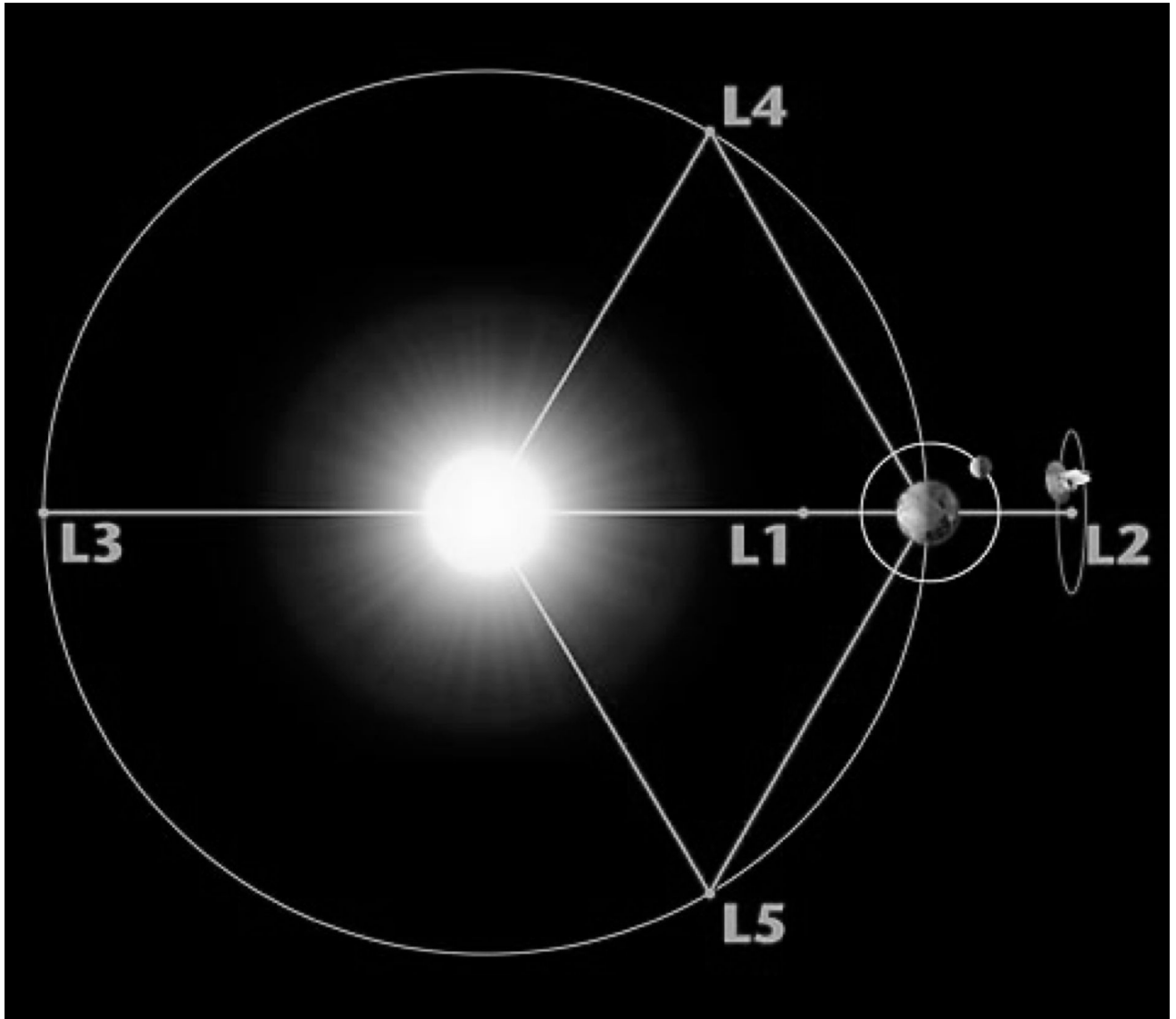
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Big Mama Terrible can be reached at [bigmama@surrealtimes.net](mailto:bigmama@surrealtimes.net)



# ASTRONAUT STRANDED ON LAGRANGE POINT

By CARL MON,  
Head of Peripheral Intelligence Agency



Bob Bhenke, astronaut on the International Space Station, was separated from the ISS during a spacewalk. He floated aimlessly into space while the other astronauts napped. When someone finally noticed Bob was missing, he had made it all the way to L1, the position between Earth and the Sun where the gravities of these celestial bodies cancels out perfectly.

So now Bob is trapped in this location where there is no gravity, and he has no way of propelling himself elsewhere.

Bob has roughly one month worth of oxygen, and a rescue trip will take at least three weeks. NASA is in the planning phases now of an emergency rescue mission.

May we all pray to someone or something that NASA makes it to Bob in time, or before the radiation causes him to grow new limbs.

The Peripheral Intelligence Agency plans to rideshare a small explorer satellite with NASA on their trip towards L4 in hopes of discovering other items or beings stuck in that gravity vacuum.

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Carl Mon can be reached at [cmon@surrealtimes.net](mailto:cmon@surrealtimes.net)





# SOLDIERS REQUIRED TO COMMUNICATE OVER CONNECTION-BASED PROTOCOL TCP

By CARL MON,  
Head of the PIA

The Army is taking inspiration from the connection-based protocol of the Internet, TCP (transmission control protocol) in order to improve the reliability of their communications during war operations, where exactness and confirmed receipt of information is critical.

This is the same protocol used by your web browsers to transfer information from website servers onto your computer, for example, and it is broadly used in other ways. The Army is now requiring their soldiers and operators to use TCP for any official verbal communication.

Per order 20143-AO-3 ("Confirmed Communication 2021"), all mission-critical military communication will be conducted as follows.

1. Conversation initiator requests a conversation with another individual.
2. The other individual confirms receipt of the request and requests that the conversation now begin.
3. Conversation initiator tells the other individual that the conversation shall commence.
4. Ordered, error-checked segments of information are transferred. For each piece of information:
5. The speaker will confirm that the listener has already acknowledged all prerequisite information.
6. The speaker will speak the current segment of information and prompt the listener to respond in a way that shows they understand what was said.
7. The listener will respond stating their interpretation of the information segment.
8. If the listener's interpretation was correct, the speaker will continue to the next segment of information. Otherwise, they will initiate a retransmission.
9. When all information has been transmitted and received, the speaker will say "conversation finished."
10. The listener will acknowledge that they are also finished with the conversation.
11. The conversation is over.

As an example, see the following transcript.

**Tom:** Jim, let's have a conversation?

**Tom:** Jim, let's have a conversation?

**Jim:** Yes, Tom, let's have a conversation.

**Tom:** Ok, conversation begins now.

**Tom:** First piece of information: Jesus is a man.

**Jim:** First piece of information received. The son of god is also human.

**Tom:** First piece of information confirmed transmitted. Second piece of information incoming. Jesus can walk on water.

**Jim:** Second piece of information received. The son of god has supernatural abilities to walk on the surface of liquid water.

**Tom:** Second piece of information confirmed transmitted. Third piece of information: men can walk on water.

**Jim:** Third piece of information received, but not understood. Men can walk on water.

**Tom:** Third piece of information clarification: At least one man can walk on water, because Jesus is a man and can walk on water.

**Jim:** Third piece of information clarification received. Jesus is a man and can walk on water, but not all humans can necessarily walk on water.

**Tom:** Third piece of information clarification confirmed transmitted.

**Tom:** Requesting to end conversation.

**Jim:** Confirmed request to end conversation.

**Jim:** Requesting to end conversation.

**Tom:** Confirmed request to end conversation.

**Tom:** Leaving conversation.

**Jim:** Leaving conversation.

As you can see, this protocol is quite tedious but allows critical operations to ensure that all information is transmitted correctly and in the correct order, which under certain circumstances is a worthwhile trade.

Sergeant Tom Johnson of Amherst

Massachusetts expanded on this. "Verbal TCP is certainly a pain in the ass," he said, "and I'm no computer nerd, but I've seen enough of my friends get blown up in combat that I'm willing to do my due diligence learning from the way computers talk if it means we can save lives."

Major James Colleton gave insight into the future, telling me "This will give the USA an advantage over other nations who still use connectionless communication protocols during their military operations. But, eventually they will catch up to us. And so we are working on next steps to incorporate TLS encryption into verbal communication methodologies, and perhaps even Onion Routing."

"Will that be difficult?" I asked him, and he laughed at me a bit.

"Sure it'll be difficult to get people to memorize encryption keys and do ciphertext operations in their heads. But anything you can program a computer to do, we can program our soldiers to do. And if we can do it through conventional education techniques, another possibility is to use brain chip prosthetics to provide encryption capabilities to human brains. These chips would encrypt soldiers' speech thoughts, and they would need to learn to speak the encrypted gibberish. Then anyone with the speaker's public key in their brain chip could decode the speech."

"The future sure does sound interesting."

"Sure does. Since implementing verbal TCP, we've seen significantly fewer battle casualties and friendly fires. And I expect we'll find even more success after implementing verbal encryption as well."

Carl Mon can be reached at  
[mon.carl@surrealtimes.net](mailto:mon.carl@surrealtimes.net)

# PUBLIC NOTICE: BONES WILL BE DISTRIBUTED EVENLY

By TOM JOHNSON,  
Sergeant UMPD



It has come to my attention that rich people are buying up all the good bones and leaving the frail ones for the poor. This is not ok. It causes inequality and safety issues in cer-

tain jobs that require hard labor. I mean, what do the wealthy need bones for anyway? They just sit at desks all day. It's the blue collar folks who need the bones.

From this point on, to ensure the equality and safety of the public, the police will be taking control of post-covid bone redistribution nationwide. We will do it fairly, and we will do it effectively.

Please contact 911 for information regarding bone redistribution.

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



# WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WHEN A RODENT TEETHER AND A TOBOT ROOTHER KISSED.

By THE SPECULATIVE ASEXUAL,  
Inwriter



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

Unlikely. That's what you said we are, in that article where you called us "unlikely lovers" Felt weird to say, Unlikely. I didn't ever think I'd be unlikely. I was just above below-average, I was nail biting and nail swallowing. I was three days of can collecting for five cents. I was a box car pouring out excess hobos onto the tracks like sweat out of armpits. Unlikely is a driplet of spit getting pissed and huffing it back in a mouth, unlikely is ending up happy after ending up in the underside of the goo hole and the giggly bits. Unlikely is getting a Cadbury egg without its gummy chicken fetus. The question uttered through the god's udders: Is we unlikely? We don't know what unlikely is. I read only in a sharp glance quickly what you said about us in your last paper. I read it all like eating my food before it runs away. I read it before my eyes would retract and hiss like wet cats at oceans, as they rolled themselves back squishhuddling in squeamish tones to face the better half of my skull.

We were on his new couch, I never was on a new couch before, the stuffing in it had never touched the sweet side of the road yet was matted to look like dead birds stuffed in high places. And all the rats crayon-squiggling in my mouth were toddlers jumping at the cabinets. And you were right, we were finally outlets vomiting up forks.

Electricity grew in swayless branches out of jawlines shaped in decapitated chords, tumbling small-falling briefly forgetting-then-remembering it's alive, always so alive. Saliva stitched our tongues together, I had his sweet streaks stroking cross-cheek. As brave mechanized molars contorted their rust proof metals, wrapped in while whirling thin sinew grasps. Tiny buzz saws sleep-reaching out for robotic hunks of chewed up plums.

Picture it, like in health class, our teeth forced closer. Strays and hollows of chewed up food well past its due date stuck over soggy fur of dripping rodents in my mouth, nestled in teeth sockets happily squeaking melodically in tune with their rumbly bellies.

His robotic teeth excitedly ramp up production of whirring gears and somehow still sterile clamps. They are tin foil bitten in my mouth as they confused my invading tongue for some grub.

I hold my breath and ignore the swirling, beating little squirming sounds. I feel him, I feel his wet in me. Not quite dancing, more like what mush does in a blender, his forgetful wet metal teeth joyously still clapping at matted bits of food in my rat teeth, food that's swallowed two hours gone. And briefly in that saliva squish, that gross loud kiss, I found a warm moist nozzle for my scurriers to scurry in. And finally I wish I could swallow his juicy tongue.

And two days later presenting PowerPoints, my mouth flapping out accountancy. Open to the chartered air, my rows of 32 damp rodent chompers still stir and tumble over their nude pink swelled-up-violin-string tails. Rodents pushing over bits of gummed food from gummed crevices. Hunks of ham I never would have eaten cause I'm vegan, no matter what my friends say about the rats in my teeth. "They're living, so it's all symbiotic, bro." I tell them.

It must have been one of his hunk of ham that crossed over while our spitty sparks flew. I can't eat it, but my maw's still flapping, spit still spitteling out and landing on the guy in the umbilical tie who gives me the clams that pay my rent. I take my tongue and squish his hunk of ham up in the back of my cheek to lick later.

These rodents who won't put away their toys and sleep. Still sniffing for nuzzles of unchewed kale. I feel their pink rat noses and wet whiskers on the roof of my mouth. The thirty-three of us all still looking for his tinny wound up teeth's sweet buzzing and whirring.

And later tonight I'll be on his couch again, scrolling my phone for a new job. Us, most likely of lovers, I'll be cuddling and taking comfort knowing he and his voluptuous tongue are in my basement. Unlikely, isn't it, that your invasion of privacy has led to my willing exposure.

The Speculative Asexual can be reached at  
[speculative.asexual@surrealtimes.net](mailto:speculative.asexual@surrealtimes.net)



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## COMMUNITY CLASSIFIEDS

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**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:** Cheese breath kiss.

---

**NEEDED:** Banana peel or squirrel skin.

---

**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.

---

**WANTED:** Bucket of slop, friendly.

---

**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)

---

**OVERHEARD:** I want to wake up.

---

**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

---

**WANTED:** Some folks to ac-

comodate my anxious hobo styles.

---

**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:** The confidence to finally marry the cauliflower of my dreams.

---

**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:** Two bratwursts next to a dead june bug. The june bug was alive when I found them.

---

**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 rob-

bery. 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@surreal-times.net](mailto:vivian.mauve@surreal-times.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.

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**HIRING:** Professional wanderer. Email [recruiting@surrealtimes.net](mailto:recruiting@surrealtimes.net).

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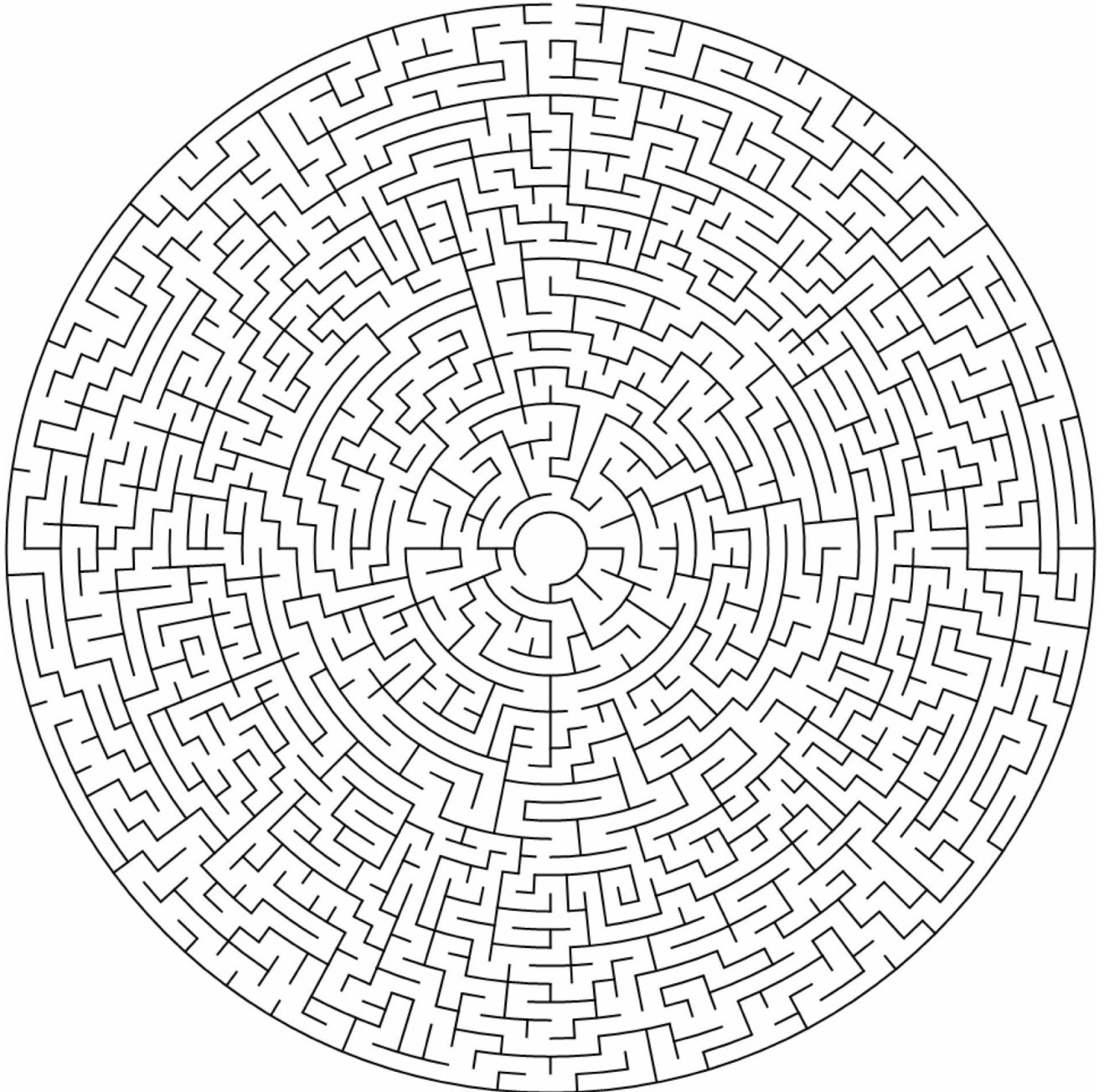


## THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

BY ARMĀDEIUS GALOUËI'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](http://fractaltribe.org))
- Cosmic Clown shows ([facebook.com/eyebblinktherefore](https://facebook.com/eyebblinktherefore))
- Moismus, the one and only ([instagram.com/moiimus](https://instagram.com/moiimus))
- The Museum of Other Realities ([www.museumor.co](http://www.museumor.co))
- Ranked Choice Voting [ballotpedia.org/Ranked-choice\\_voting\\_\(RCV\)](https://ballotpedia.org/Ranked-choice_voting_(RCV))
- [masspeaceaction.org/act/volunteer/](https://masspeaceaction.org/act/volunteer/)

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

Find a Surreal Times distribution box at the Prajna Tree, Stories Bookstore, in the Pacific Ocean, or in Amherst Massachusetts.