



THE SURREAL TIMES



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

August 2021 .:|. surrealtimes.net
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GOD ON STRIKE, BIRTHRATE = 0

By TOMMY POTENTUARY,
Television personality



[Artist's depiction of God by Sawyer Philips]

With covid restrictions relaxing, social life is hoppin and pent up sexual energy is surging like water past a collapsing dam.

However, the skies went dark last month. Babies stopped being born, and the few that did slip through faced complications. People were left wondering what was happening, and would another baby ever be born again.

One day, from the heavens emerged a blinding white light. A booming voice echoed from above, "My children, I am exhausted."

As people gathered 'round and looked up, the voice continued, "When you conceive a child," it said, "a bell rings in the production line and I am promptly put to work. I am overworked. The bell has been ringing repeatedly, day and night. I can't keep up. I make mistakes

when I'm tired, giving life to oddball children. I have no time to do anything else and have been neglecting my other worlds.

"I should remind you that children are created using the flesh of my son, which is now picked nearly to the bone. This is unsustainable.

"I have asked you humans to calm down, use protection, or at least pace yourselves. But, you relent. Is the creation of a human life no longer sacred? You treat creation as an everyday task, and you work me like a slave. Without another choice, I must protest."

Since this announcement, which occurred approximately 36 days ago, not a single new pregnancy has been detected. It seems as though God himself is striking against human horniness.

Couples hoping to start families are angry with young people, blaming superficial hookups and accidental pregnancies that waste God's valuable time. "We pa-

FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMÂDEIUS GALOUEL,
Times Senior Editor



"Magenta cellophane activates
androgynous calluses"

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tiently waited for marriage before starting the family," said one woman, "but now it feels like we'll never have the chance to start a family again. All because these horny kids keep spamming the baby supply chain, God is angry and won't respond to our baby requests."

Sergeant Tom Johnson from the Amherst Police department also chimed in here. "National security is getting involved. We have reason to believe certain countries are performing DDoS attacks on God, conceiving so many children that it clogs the supply chain and prevents other countries from being able to conceive any children of their own. Evidence suggests they spammed god with conception requests in order to overwhelm him, and thereby prevent him from granting U.S.A. conception requests. Unfortunately, the plan backfired for everyone involved."

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MORE IN THIS ISSUE...

The Surreal Times is a small group of writers doing what we can to keep journalism alive. In this issue, you'll find a variety of stories that other news organizations fail to report on. We hope you enjoy these stories.

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WACKY WEATHER REPORT, BROUGHT TO YOU BY BOZO THE CLOWN

By BOZO THE CLOWN,
Times Correspondent

The weather will change from rainy to sunny at some point soon if it hasn't already so so in between the time of printing this newspaper and you reading it. I suppose a monthly publication is not the best way to deliver daily news. Hang in there, folks, the future is bright.



[Artist's depiction of bozo by Sawyer Phillips @DoodlesBySawyer.]

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MONKEY TILT LAWS

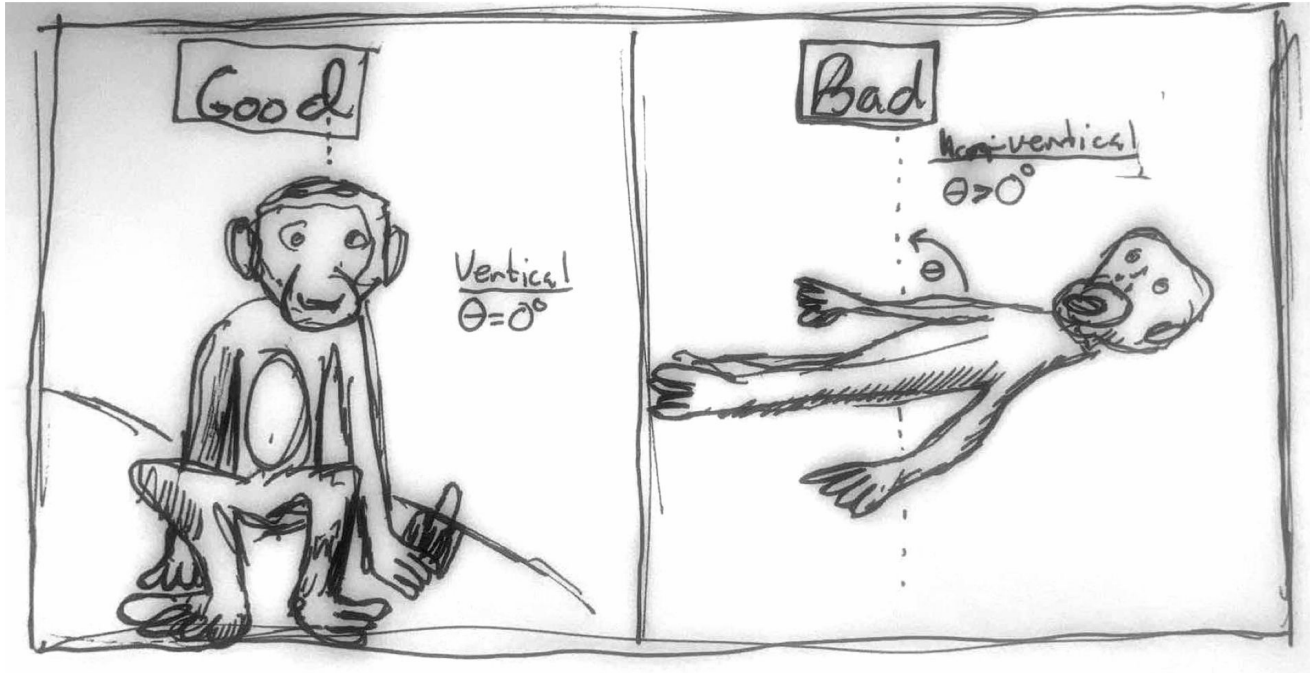
By TOM JOHNSON,
Sergeant UMass PD

Do not tilt the monkey more than 14 degrees to the left or 16 degrees to the right. If you do so, you will be subject to prison sentences of up to 25 years, and additionally legally enforced acne on your face and armpits for the duration of your life.

The reasons behind this legislation are classified at the Top Secret / Compartmentalized level. Not even I know the full story. Not even the president is fully aware. Segments of the relevant information are distributed across high-ranking officials from nations around the world such that, if any one official would be compromised, the full truth would remain concealed.

A single bit of declassified information we have is "Monkey tilt brings a great spill."

Please react to this information as you see fit. Don't be afraid. Be prepared.



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FERRIS WHEELS FRAUGHT FOUGHT OFF

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

He jumped backward to avoid the rogue ferris wheel rolling South from Santa Monica. "Sorry for the scare", a behemoth of a woman called out from a distance, "I meant to hit ya in the head."

"It's ok," he told her. "Do better next time."

"I'll go to the gym to train more. Next time I will get you."

"There won't be a next time, unless you insist I am not a behemoth of a woman but rather a monstrosity of a woman", the huge behemoth lady added.

"I am so concerned about rogue ferris wheels that it is difficult for me to re-

phrase the epithet with which the author writing referred to you, I am very sorry."

More Ferris Wheels were emanating from Beverly Hills. What the fuck? It was a roller coaster ride of trying to evade goddamn Ferris Wheels. But Jack Johnson-Haggarsworld was able to do such a thing.

A portly man in a polka dot suit and a curly moustache flailed down the street. "The ferris wheels are out of control!" he yelled. "We need a behemoth of a woman to stop them from multiplying!"

"Well," the guy said to the woman, "Are you a behemoth of a woman or a monstrosity of a woman?"

"I, I am a behemoth of a, a... MON-

STROSITY of a woman!"

Just then she unhinged her fearsome jaw, all of her teeth braced themselves and tightened their braces. She positioned herself square in the line of the Mother-Wheel. Her mouth opened so wide it'd her saliva could see the Mother-Wheel coming and mist decided to free-fall-drool out onto the ground. The Behemoth of a MONSTROSITY of a woman looked the Mother-Wheel straight down and right before they collided, she puckered her lips and kissed it, and they made out so deep in front of everyone, that all the bystanders felt awkward and went home.

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SURREAL TIMES 5 YEAR ANNIVERSARY BASH

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff



The Surreal Times was born in October 2016. October of 2021 makes 5 years of arguably continuous operation. To commemorate the sole-standing beacon of light in the otherwise dark space of modern journalism, we'll be having a big party at a secret location this November, the weekend after Halloween.

Mark your calendars and RSVP to party@surrealtimes.net or 978-333-3656. All contributors and friends of the newspaper are welcome!

More details will be provided to those who RSVP, but in short, there will be: - Performances! - Games! - Food! - A newsroom meeting! - Other miscellaneous nonsense!

Please let us know if you would like to host a performance or an event.

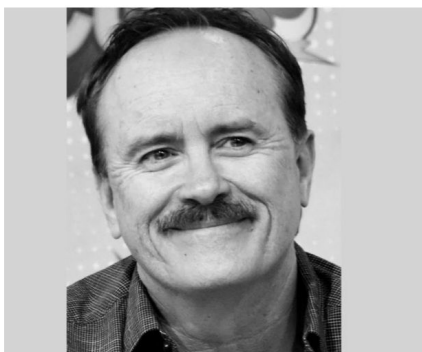
CONVERT ME DADDY! THIS COULD BE A ONE BUCK PANTHEON FOR YOU.

By ANONYMOUS,

1. Enlightenment In numbers: Recognize your fellow believers. If you have to cough in public, look to see if anyone else coughs too. If so, maintain eye contact for how long it takes for popcorn to pop in the microwave. If they walk away, smile, realizing that you now share an eternal love, unlike the others you've known.

2. Charity: Put the turtle down, accept that you're no longer friends either, and then feed that coin to it anyway. [If need be, you gotta choke dat turtle with dat coin, do it, it's about charity.]

3. Seek Favour: Block your ears and frantically dig holes in your neighbor's lawns searching in sweet delusion for that daughter of fossils. This will please Lord Combs.



4. Seek Acceptance: Even as an adult, never leave a dentist without taking one of the prizes. And accept that you will quickly forget that you've lost a fractional part of you.

5. Seek Urgency: Relive your memories, relinquish your most precious ones, spit out the soup you stole, and prepare to forget the taste of their Cheese Breath Kiss.

6. Seek Wisdom: Obsessively read the patterns of the squirrels' movements in their favorite city parks. And examine with spiritual desperation the gnomes inside the nuts the squirrels eat.

7. Placating The Functionaries: Know what offerings to leave to the gods at your doorstep each night. I cannot share them here. For answers you must seek The Lost Nipple That Eats Hair.

8. The God you Imagine/Mockery: People can be cruel when they don't understand your beliefs. There's even an old woman who tosses raspberries at me and calls me a child. God wants you to recognize what you look like when you wear their painted faith taped over your broken face.

9. Question Everything: If you can figure out what makes the leather they wore sexy? Is it the tightness? The squeaky sound it makes? Or is it the

fact that it came from a dead animal? Answer this and you will be closer to The New God.

10. The God you Fear: Face it, you'll never escape that desperate fondling through the vacuous absence of who you've lost. But, know that from now on Jeffery Combs will be there with you. Overtaking you, endlessly.



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2024 PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE ANNOUNCES HEIGHT EQUALITY CAMPAIGN

By PAUL KRUGER,
Times Correspondent

When Jon McDermott announced his aspiration to become president of the United States, people laughed at him. His own family even ridiculed the idea, claiming he would never be taken seriously. "But who's laughing now, mom," Jon exclaimed to reporters on Tuesday when it was announced he was leading in preliminary polls.

The story behind Jon's meteoric rise to political fame is peculiar. Just a few months ago, Jon was a mid-level sales associate at an Office Depot in Oklahoma City. He had no prior political experience, nor had he ever expressed interest in campaigning for public office before. But one fateful April day, while sitting on the couch watching CNN, a power thought occurred to him.

"I saw all this news about the tremendous activism occurring about racial equality and gender equality. What about height equality! I'm tired of taller people looking down upon the rest of us vertically challenged individuals," he ex-

plained to reporters. Jon, who stands 5'6", claims that the unequal height distribution in America is what is causing such political and social turmoil.

Since then, Jon has worked tirelessly campaigning on his single-issue platform of height equality. Though the media remains skeptical of his widespread appeal, it is hard to argue with the recent polling data. He stands at a firm 8 point lead in front of any other candidate, and his popularity seems to be only growing as he gains nationwide attention.

After much speculation of how Jon plans to achieve his ambitious goal of height equality, he finally revealed his two-pronged approach last Saturday. "First, we will require everyone under 5'5" to wear heightened platform shoes at all times in public settings to achieve a standard height of 5'6". Second, we will be performing corrective height surgery on anyone 5'7" and above to shrink them down to the standard 5'6"."

Despite his popularity, Jon has com-

manded widespread criticism for his idea. Most notably, constituents are starting to question the fairness of Jon setting 5'6", his own height, as the standard height for all Americans. "It just seems selfish to make the rest of us adjust our height while Jon gets to remain at his current stature," complained LeBron James, NBA superstar.

The legal and physiological aspects of Jon's height equality crusade have also been subject to scrutiny. "Is this even constitutional?" one reporter asked at Jon's latest press conference. Instead of answering, Jon just parroted, "Is this even constitution," in a baby voice while contorting his face in a grotesque manner. "What about kids? Are you going to let them grow to their full height before adjusting to the 5'6" standard?" inquired another reporter. "Press conference over," Jon snapped in response. He subsequently stormed off the stage.

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SURREAL TIMES CONTEST:

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

(option a) Create a word that has never existed in human consciousness, and provide a detailed definition using words that do exist in human consciousness. Send your word and definition to word@surrealtimes.net to be featured in next month's edition

OR

(option b)

1. Describe a thought that has never previously existed in an individual's human consciousness.
2. Create a word that encapsulates that thought.
3. Send in your word and definition to word@surrealtimes.net to be featured in next month's edition

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TURTLE'S DREAMS

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

The turtle was not as it appeared. For many reasons. The shell was, for starters, reminiscent of Magic Shell ice cream topping, but not as delicious. Nor sweet. However, the shell did have its distinct flavour. Every other animal in the forest took turns licking the turtle's shell - much to his annoyance. However, he tried to ignore it as much as he could. Sometimes he would cover his

shell with mud and feces so that the other animals would try to avoid licking it as much as possible. Because of this, the turtle would often end up alone. And in that loneliness bred boredom. "Maybe," he thought, "I don't see why it'd be wrong, those rules are so old, fairy tales, that's all." The Turtle looked both ways checking to make sure his loneliness hadn't left and been replaced by a hidden onlooker. He opened his snout, and breached his tongue, it unrolled like a moldy yet empty sleeping

bag, and he picked up his long licker and flipped it onto his own shell, tasting everything. Vapor rolled from his snout as his mouth lingered open coiling in the air with toxic ease. "Dear God," thought the turtle, "They've got the right idea, I truly taste and smell like ass."

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LEGAL QUESTION

By VLADIMIR,
Inwriter

Dear, Steinhouse, Steinhouse & Steinhouse LLP

Legally speaking, what is the difference between kidnapping, and putting up someone else's child for adoption?

I try not to brand myself as an armchair philosopher. However, I do dabble in a bit of straight-jacketed lawyering. Lately, I haven't really been able to pursue it, as I'm kept busy taking care of Godot. The rest of my time is spent stuffing small things in the slightly larger things in my dog kennel, which is itself a smaller thing located inside McCray's Nasty Kid-Friendly Pond. But one evening I overheard a couple of my friends talking about how they were having trouble with their kid. Pretty sure he's been lying to them, and refusing to tattle tale on his friends. He's been making all sorts of nasty, like refusing to swallow his vegetables and just spitting them out and stacking them into a big vegetable pile, which they've begun to anthropomorphize.

The vegetable pile has become quite a problem for the family as many of the livestock on their farm have begun to worship it.

To be clear, they are more acquaintances than friends, in so far that they are the closest family within a 12-mile radius to where I live. So I thought I'd reach out to the Surreal Times's chief legal defense team and ask them what options I have to help this family out?

Currently I'm still on probation for "defacement of public property." This being a really bureaucratic way of saying, I snuck into the local high school and erased all of the references to it's football team "The Pittsfield Jaguars." Instead replacing it with what I thought was a much better name for a football team "The Marsupials Riding on Slightly-Less Intelligent Marsupials" And as someone who's found safety in mascot-ing, I also replaced all of the mascot costumes of "JukeBox Jaguar" with my hand-stitched interpretation of "Marsupial Boy and his Steed: The Marsupial Formerly Known as Marsupial Boy." Anyway, long way of saying that if I do

anything illegal and the pigs come a' oinking, I'll have to be asking Marsupial Boy how big his marsupial pocket is, as I got a couple of things I don't want to be found.

I've done my research and I know that it is illegal to kidnap a child. But if I go down to the family I check in on and put their kid up for adoption, I won't be able to be charged with any crime right? Their parents would be happier, their livestock would cease their blasphemy, and the little rascal would be free to worship whatever vegetable pile they wanted to, in a community that is not devoted to the worship of Godot.

Anyway please let me know, and if you could, please post your reply in the next issue of The Times, as the Postal Service refuses to deliver mail to me anymore.

Sincerely, Vladimir.

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NEW COVID VARIANT DETECTED

By PAUL KRUGER,
Times Correspondent

Move over Delta variant. There's a new Covid mutation in town, and it's more dangerous than ever. In El Segundo, California, the first case of the Omicron variant was found in Ron Johnson, age 24, who was rushed to the hospital after experiencing an intense fever and a wet cough. Scientists were shocked when they discovered how this latest variant was transmitted to Ron.

Due to an inexplicable mutation on the spike proteins of the newly mutated Covid virus, the Omicron variant can only be transmitted through extremely intense and oftentimes romantic eye contact between two people. "It appears the virus has developed a remarkable and frightening social intelligence, allowing it to selectively jump from human to human based solely on its perception of a romantic spark," warned Dr. Debora Doosy.

Unsurprisingly, young smitten couples across the country have been separating for fear of contracting this new virus

strain. Most married couples are safe, however, since their romantic spark died a long time ago. The CDC has taken drastic measures to temporarily shut down popular dating apps such as Hinge or Tinder out of an abundance of caution. "We just can't risk anything," said Anthony Fauci on Tuesday. "It is too early to tell if vaccines protect against the Omicron variant, so in the meantime, all romantic dates or 'hookup' as the young people say must be mitigated."

This latest variant has taken a particularly devastating toll on middle schoolers who are getting into their first romantic flings. Preliminary studies show that the Omicron variant preys upon naïve tweens. "These vulnerable students have a lot of hormones building up, and it just so happens that the Omicron can sense awkward romantic eye contact," explained Dr. Doosy. This makes the 13-18 year old demographic particularly susceptible to the virus.

The Omicron variant has sparked intense debate within the scientific com-

munity. Some psychologists believe that only they know the true neuroscience behind romance, and thus epidemiologists are unfit to determine public safety policy going forward. Other doctors believe further examination of the spike proteins will yield a potential explanation to the perplexing variant. Even English professors and writers are getting in on the action, claiming that the humanities offer the best framework to understanding the Omicron's propensity to romance.

If you have recently developed romantic feelings for someone or are in a healthy romantic relationship currently, beware. You could be in grave danger of contracting the Omicron strain of Covid. Luckily, the mutation does not spread rapidly (due to most people not engaging in romantic eye contact too frequently), but we should remain vigilant regardless.

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OPINION: ANIMAL TESTING IS WRONG, USE FURRIES INSTEAD

By DR. MORMONIUS REX,
Times Correspondent

There comes a time where we as a society must come together and collectively agree to finally act upon what is a long-standing moral injustice. Animal testing is wrong. Putting animals through excruciating pain to ensure our own drugs and medicine are safe and effective is both selfish and cruel. We should be doing this to furies instead.

Hear me out, for I know some of you may think me mad or misguided, but I am far from either. I will admit that as a man of medicine I once abided animal testing, considering it to be a necessary evil which benefits outweighed the suffering it caused. But then I realized that no evil is necessary. All of the many living things that inhabit this planet we call home, small and large, gentle and ferocious, deserve to be treated with the same dignity and respect we desire for ourselves — except for furies. How can we even justify inflicting agony upon another living creature as if their pain is not as valid as our own, while ignoring the plain and simple fact that furies continue to go unpunished for

spitting in the face of God?

I will admit I was not always a man of such passionate conviction. Before I rediscovered my spirituality, I found myself lacking any sense of purpose or reason for being, but since converting to the Church of Intergalactic Mormonism, I understand what I was sent here to do: to protect god's most innocent creations that are incapable of protecting themselves, and to subject furies to but a mere taste of the unimaginable suffering they will endure when they are inevitably cast into the deepest darkest pits of hell. Ask yourself, do you really want to be living life like I used to, going through it without any reason or purpose, or are you interested in being someone who knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that they are making the world a better place?

I haven't even yet brought up the scientific benefits alone. There is an elephant in the room we have not been addressing (this metaphor alludes to an actual elephant, not an unsettling anthropomorphic one with all too human eyes). I am of course talking about the fact that with traditional animal testing, drugs

that are intended to eventually be used on humans are being tried out on creatures that are not human, thus limiting the effectiveness of these studies. However, there is an obvious workaround for this, furies are in fact humans dressed as animals, thus they will have the exact same reaction to a potentially dangerous Alzheimer's drug as an actual human being. Breakthroughs in medical research would accelerate to an unfathomable degree, we may even be able to find a cure to cancer in the next 5-10 years! So the real question is, aren't we the bad guys if we don't do this?

I know many of you may consider my viewpoints controversial and shocking, and others might suggest I have deep underlying rage issues stemming from long-repressed trauma, but I implore you to at the very least to consider what I have to say. The current system is insane in the first place, am I truly that crazy? Am I? Actually please tell me, I legitimately have no idea.

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SIMULATION HACKDAY

By THEODORE MUNNELLY,
Principal of Novelty Society

The Astronotical Galactic Novelty Society hosted their annual "Simulation Hack Day" last month. At this event, people from different backgrounds joined forces and tried to hack into the simulation we are all living in. A combination of astronomers, physicists, computer hackers, psychologists, and others took many different approaches, with mixed success. But despite many differences, they shared the same goal: to break out of the rules of the game that we are trapped in, to free ourselves from the chains of God's computer program, and to live a truly free life. To understand true reality!

Programmers, for instance, attempted to glitch the system by compiling code down to formations of bacteria whose interactions were so intricate and complicated that it might overwhelm the CPU of the simulation we live in.

Some programmers joined forces with politicians to coordinate large scale buffer overflow attacks in which humanity would organize so many high bandwidth events simultaneously that it would hopefully cause the simulation to run out of memory and allow us to program other areas of memory, effectively gaining "root access" to the simulation. Unfortunately, this didn't quite work.

To me, the psychologist's approach was especially interesting. "Notionally," Dr. Michaels said, "if we are in a simulation, there must be a programmer. Social engineering is the most effective form of hacking. So we ought to try to get into the mind of the programmer. Then, maybe, we don't need to hack the system ourselves. The programmer (some call God) can be convinced or tricked into changing the rules into what we want them to be."

Unfortunately the simulation hack day finished with no success this year. At

one point, a mathematician had screamed with joy that he had glimpsed at a page of God's notebook, but it was later realized that he was on LSD at the time. He argued that that was irrelevant, but the simulation hack day judges ruled that a hack into the simulation must be objective and repeatable to be valid. This ignited some fierce arguments among philosophers at the event, and it's possible the rules could change for next year.

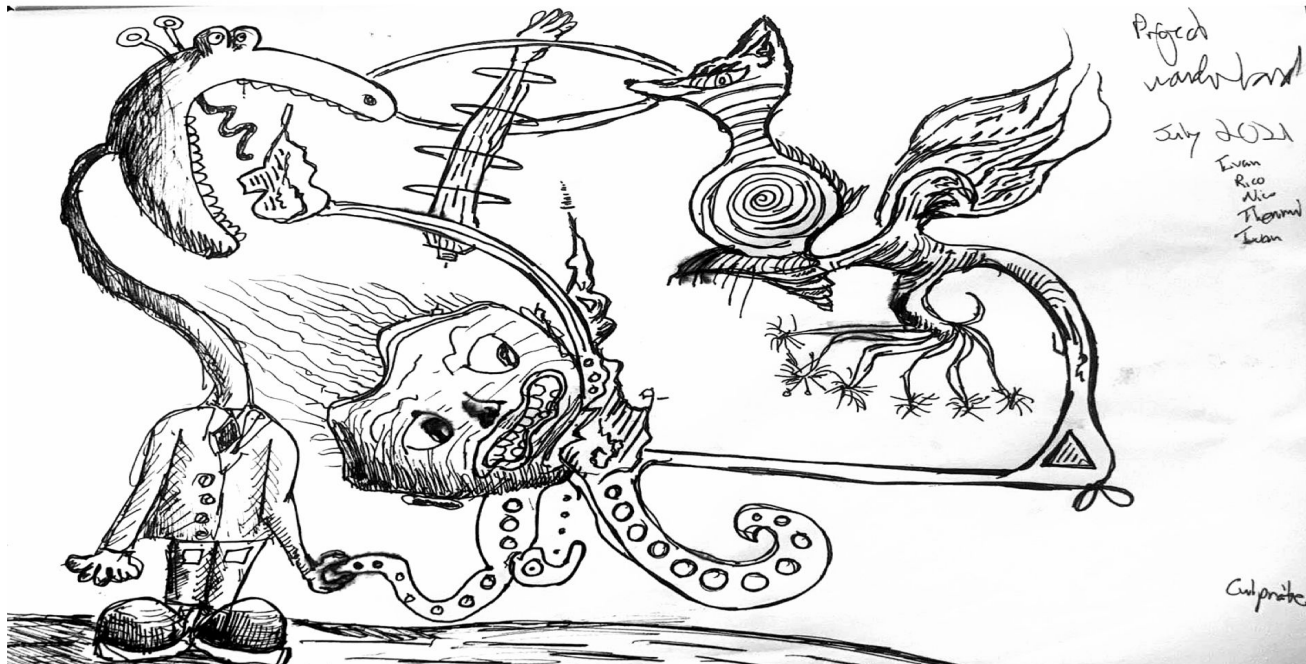
The next Simulation Hack Day will be on August 10th, 2022 in Venice, CA. Email simulation@surrealtimes.net for more information.

The Simulation Hack Day board of directors is open to applications. Please email your application to the above address if you are interested.

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FEED YOUR BRAIN INSTEAD

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff



Last night, my neighbor Bob screamed so loud his head fell off. When they found him, it was as though his head had separated from his body like a balloon from a child's hand. Nobody knew how or why it happened. However, his wife said that Bob was acting odd for the entire week, obsessively checking his notes at every moment.

Even though she could sense something was off, she didn't ask. If she had peeked into his journal, she would have seen long strings of text, with only brief segments of sensible syntax.

Bob was feeling light-headed, empty and like his thoughts were thin. He had recently finished thought-dieting, a process during which he avoided heavy thoughts of any kind for 6 months. Finally, he would let loose and stuff his big glob with ideas. Reading like fruits decaying in quick time montage, Bob filled his head with all sorts of ideas and sentences. He allowed his mind the unabashed gluttony it so deserved and relinquished all inhibition as thoughts swelled into his mind. They nearly drowned each other by their own sheer volume, snagging and tangling on their own heads. Bob grasped his skull, letting his thoughts flow thunderously forward through his mind that was previously caught in draught.

Bob was not sure how he felt about this peculiar sensation. Nonetheless, he felt it was essential that it take place, this intense rush of ideation after such a long tolerance break. Despite the side effects, it was a special moment.



JEFF BEZOS: CHIMPANZEE MURDERER

By PAUL KRUGER,
Times Correspondent



Jeffrey Preston Bezos. Entrepreneur. CEO. Pretend Astronaut. Now add one more title to his name: chimpanzee murderer. The real story behind Bezos's escapade into lower orbit on July 20th has a sinister history that no media organization is brave enough to report on...for fear of being sued by Jeffrey.

But here at the Surreal Times, we do not cower to impotent threats from hairless freaks. Just because Jeffrey has a couple billion dollars to throw around doesn't mean he can dictate the free press. And besides, we have a massive legal budget to cover our frequent accusations of slander from a variety of billions we have taken on throughout the years. So

without further to do, here is the real story that will forever cement Jeffrey as one of the most contemptible villains in modern history.

Actually, one more thing before I get into the whole chimpanzee murderer story. Jeffrey Bezos is an admirable guy. He's just misunderstood. Every Amazon warehouse worker speaks in glowing terms about how awesome it is to work for him, and how they jump out of bed every morning with a heart full of joy, ready for an honest day of hard work at the greatest company ever created.

When I interviewed Jeffrey for this article, I couldn't believe how handsome he was. His eyes were strikingly gorgeous, and his face had a remarkable symmetry to it, as if it was personally crafted by God's steady hand. We wine and dined all night, and before he tucked me into bed, Jeffrey gave me a gentle but firm kiss on my forehead and said, "I love you." I will never forget that tender moment.

Well, it looks like I'm running out of time to finish my chimpanzee murderer story, so I'll leave it at that. My editor is screaming at me as I type out these words to finish up. But I swear, the chimp story is juicy. It will completely tear down Jeffrey's empire. It's just my damn editor, always cutting my takedown stories short. Maybe next month.

DISCLAIMER: Jeffry Preston Bezos bought out the Surreal Times halfway through the writing of this article. We are all grateful for his support, and are looking forward to a bright future with the Amazon family.

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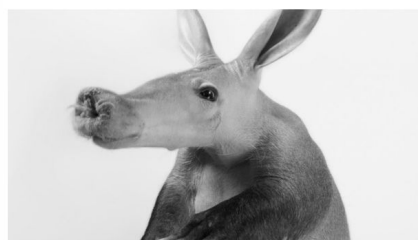
THE DIVING BELL AND THE BUTTERFLY AND A NIPPLE

By THE EDITORS,
Times Staff

i found a purple fuzzy nipple on the floor. Just layin' there all on it's lonesome. Seems really sad to have lost a purple fuzzy partner and left to be trod upon. Maybe he was a stray nip to begin with. Either way, i couldn't just leave him there. So i took my shirt off right then and there, and i scooted my two nipples to the sides to make room for a new one. Then i grabbed the stray and super-glued that sucker right onto the center of my chest. It felt right. i felt more like I had a body than I had in a long time. In the past i felt very disembodied. What a strange coincidence, irony, that this disembodied body part of me would be what it took for me to be inside and within my own body. My feeling at home in my body was made possible by a body part not at home anywhere. For years i had felt a brain without a body, like a disincarnate mind. I did not know how to communicate to anybody properly what it felt like to be back home in one's body, and yet i nevertheless felt this was something i must attempt, to make this sensation a communal one, so as not to be cursed with the terror of being locked into a prison of self. For a moment, i thought about what it would be like to be a nipple. Does a nipple feel the same amount of terror i feel on a daily basis? Does it feel without a function, a useless appendage that can't even so much as squirt milk? i decided at that point to cease my human endeavors and focus full time on being a nipple. My name would be Nipple Steve, and i would fight crime.

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SINGLES IN YOUR AREA



Boris, 29

📍 16 Miles Away



I love traveling, scuba-diving and going to breweries. Looking for a non-smoker who enjoys books and can change a flat tire.



Louis, 27

📍 24 Miles Away



A massive Nicki Minaj stan who loves the smell of olives and thinks sunrises are overrated. Will you be the Goose to my Maverick?

To contact Boris or Louis, please email louAndBoris@surrealtimes.net.



NEW STUDY SUGGESTS THIS IS ALL A 4TH GRADER'S FEVER DREAM

By LUDWIG ANDRE HOGAN,
Times Correspondent

Researchers from Boston Bombastic University have uncovered shocking evidence through studying particle string theory that we are all in fact living in the fever dream of 10 year old Martin McClatchy from Greensfield, New Jersey. This newly discovered groundbreaking evidence suggests that all of reality and the cosmos is currently taking place within an adolescent boy with a temperature of 101 degrees who's currently home sick from school and sweating profusely through his blankets.

"This really takes everything we know about space, time, and quite frankly all of human existence and throws it out the window. If our findings are correct

all current mathematical formulas are incorrect as we're pretty sure Martin wouldn't even start learning advanced algebra until at the very least 8th grade," said the study's lead author Vance O'Valley, who graduated with a PhD in theoretical astrophysics from MAT (Massachusetts Advanced Technology) institute in Cambridge, MA.

"Quite frankly at first we found our findings hard to believe, as even with delirium from fever it's hard to imagine a 4th grader's mind coming up with anything as twisted and screwed up as the current reality we live in, but then we realized that this kid is most definitely also sick in the head and definitely has an extremely troubled home life," said the study's co-author Vinnie Mottanolli.

When questioned on what these findings could mean for larger existential questions that have long plagued humanity such as the meaning of life and the nature of free will, the study's lead author O'Valley responded:

"Jesus Christ, I don't know man, I just punch numbers into a computer okay? I mean does any of that shit matter anyway? At the end of the day the answers to those questions don't actually change what your current life is, does it? You go to work, go home, sleep, repeat. Whether or not reality is all just the dream of a sick 10-year-old isn't gonna change any of that."

Ludwig Andre Hogan can be reached at ludwig@surrealtimes.net

THE ARSON STREAK BECAUSE OF THE BSENCE OF THE MELON MAN

By THE INANIMATE EMPATHIST,
Times Correspondent

Paper burns in quick gasps. I saw yuppies self-immolate the day that Melon-Man handed out their last free melon. But if I am in a room still full of melons and the melons aren't running like those folks in basements on the news, then why don't I see them? If it's not the melons speaking to me in my head, telling me all the places I know they'd rather be, then why aren't I joining in their melon pile now? If we could paint, all together, with melon juice and seed and release outward an unborn lifeless-

ness into strident, impressionist rare, new, weird, blue figures, then why haven't I built a canvas for us? Is it safer just to be a cantaloupe, to be weird, to bounce in and out of beautiful authentic fruit salads, and just leave like an anecdote or an eccentric zucchini out of a 90s New York piss-comedians apartment? Am I really a cantaloupe with an anecdote stapled onto it that says nothing of the gaseous orange rolling in me? When finally in their garden, learning that every missed phone call was cold-designed to be answered, and gloriously I am wilted, barfing

gaseous orange, grasping at rotting, through the howling ephemeral. Will I last on, tortured in the ulcer, wishing I didn't recognize that younger melon? Looking back at them, I can't tell which one of us is dry crying, if either at all. I can't tell which melon holds the pillow over the sleeping one. And will I, in splints of everlasting reflective shards stabbing, stare blankly contorted backward? And will I continue to write endless stupid dystopic coming-of-age stories, to make up for the melons I still am never really getting to know?

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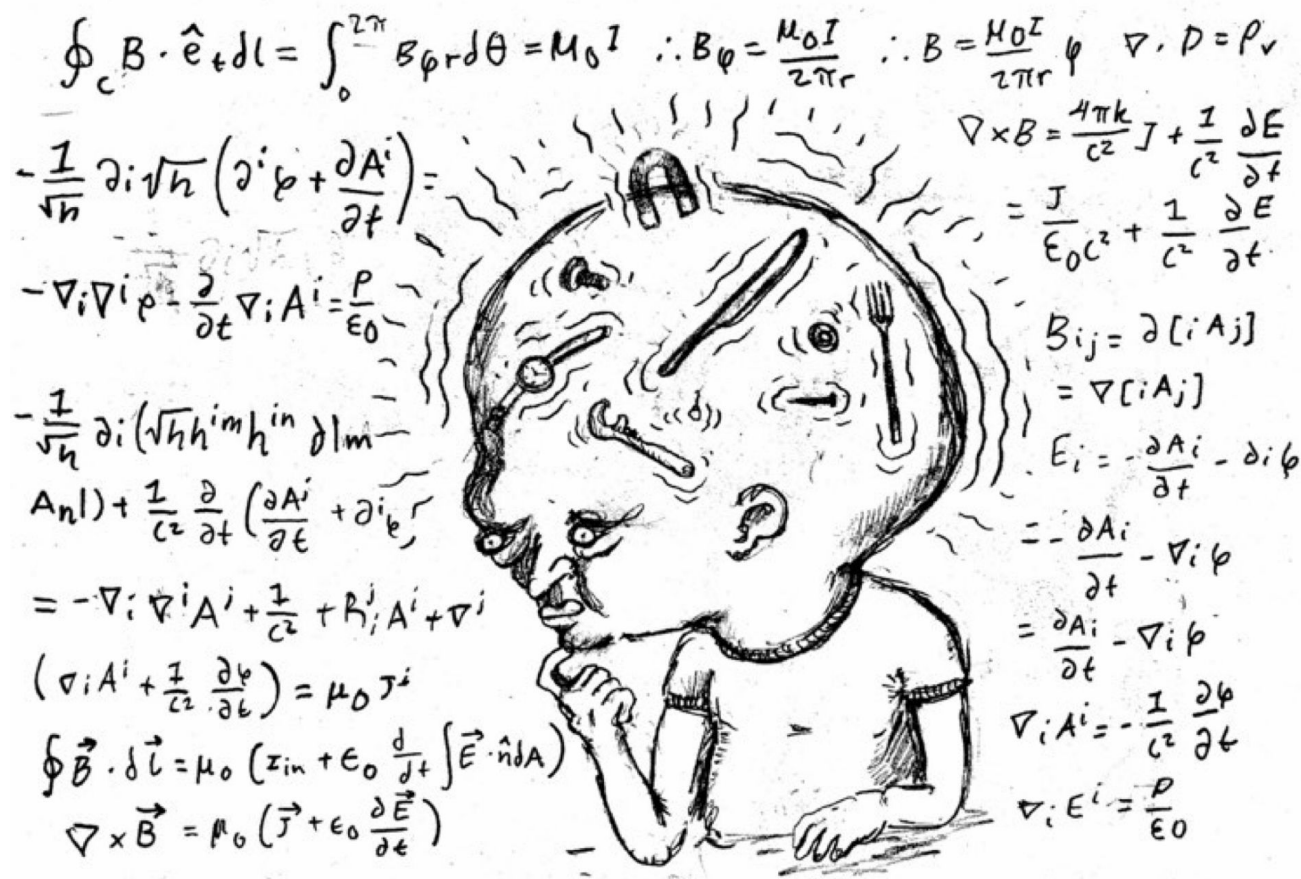
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MENTAL MAGNET ERASES HARD DRIVES

By DERNBERGER SPENGLETON,
Tender to the Grand Conveyor



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

"If you approach him too closely while he's thinking," his mother said, "your earrings will be pulled from your ears and pressed up against his head by a magnetic force. You won't be able to get them back until he finishes solving whatever problem he's working on."

Mustaffah Giles is 4 years old but attending university-level courses. He is the captain of the math team at two separate universities and is well known for his mental power. He is normally very relaxed like a zen baby. But, when he does think, he thinks so intensely that his brain becomes a large electromagnet producing strong attraction forces. His train of thought cannot be broken due to his extreme focus. So, if you happen to be in his vicinity while he begins thinking, all of your metal items will be pulled from your body and pockets.

"Mustaffah wears a helmet to school now, to keep him safe." His mother explained, "We've asked his classmates to avoid carrying metal objects, but not everyone respects our request."

Mustaffah himself hasn't responded to our questions. He just sat there in a vegetable-like state waiting for us to leave. Notionally, he has important problems to solve and cannot spend time talking to reporters, even though I agreed to not bring any metal into the Giles family home.

Despite being rather terse during our conversation, I wish Mustaffah the best and am excited for what great things he will do in his future. His professors tell us he is interested in quantum physics and electrothermonuclear quark dynamical systems as it applies to chaos theory. How exciting!

Fair warning, though: Don't bring your cell phones or computers near Mustaffah! His brain is known to wipe hard drives. And, for this reason, he himself cannot use modern computers. His physics calculations are done strictly by abacus.

Dernberger Spengleton can be reached at spengleton@surrealtimes.net



WRESTLING WITH WAVES AND FISH

By **DERNBERGER SPENGLER**,
Tender to the Conveyor

A surprise wave tossed my brother into the rocky shoreline. It was bigger than any jujitsu fighter he'd ever faced. "You can't submit the ocean," he admitted, demoralized, "it doesn't have any limbs."

After a long break sitting on the sand, I convinced him to have another go at surfing since he'd be heading back to the east coast soon and we had to make use of our chance. We paddled out, trying to be more selective with waves. Just then -- as we scanned the edge of the water like birds looking for prey - a strange blob lurched onto shore from beneath the water.

It was a wide man in a scuba suit. He

tossed a spear gun onto the beach and, breathing heavy, put all his might into dragging a giant fish onto the sand. The fish, 100+ pounds, took the man forever to pull to dry land.

A crowd gathered round him. My brother and I joined in.

I asked the guy, "How long were you down there?"

"For hours or so," he said, "I was digging through the kelp, waiting for a monster to show itself. I only had one spear, so I needed to be patient. When you see a good fish, wait for a better fish."

"What the heck are you going to do with this?"

"Should feed my family for a day or two."

"Just a day or two?"

"I have a big family," the guy said. He laughed a bit.

The man surprisingly was not very interested in answering questions. My brother and I went back to the waves for a few minutes and chatted.

We didn't catch any more waves, but at least we got to see a big fish.

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PICNIC IN THE SAHARA

By **DERNBERGER SPENGLER**,
Tender to the Grand Conveyor

They say that when you eat food cooked by the desert, before your eyes, your body and mind acclimate to the severities of this world. Everything becomes easy afterward. Hard things become easy and complicated things; simple.

The annual Sahara desert picnic will occur on August 7th. Please arrive by 11 am so that we can be mid-feast during the hottest part of the day.

As always, the rules are as follows: Raw food only. The Sahara Picnic club has arranged to eat in a location that is suf-

ficiently hot to cook food in the open air. The club will gather together and chat until all food is cooked by the sun, and then they will feast. Those able will leave the wretched desert promptly after the closing ceremony, which involves tying a rubber band between one's nipples and their tongue, and reciting the final page of Jack Karoak's On The Road as quickly as possible while staring at the sun.

Please arrive on time and with your waiver signed. Camel parking is available, as well as a small temporary airport and helicopter landing pad. The club does not provide water or vitals of any kind. There is only one free offer-

ing, boiling wine that evaporates if you shake it. Which can be inhaled through one's nose with only a small amount of pain.

Come one, come all. Experience the Sahara Picnic Club, from which so many before you have emerged into greatness, Tom Cruise, Tom Brady, Karl Marx, and Paul Erdos. So many greats have eaten the taste of the Sahara. You can too.

Membership fees are \$52 per annum.

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RECOMMENDED NEGATIVE VIBE QUOTA

By **MILBOD HUMMMMMMMMM**,
Times Correspondent

Could you be truly happy without first experiencing hardship? Methinks no, this is not so. We experience our best times through the lens of our worst, and our worst times in terms of our best. So I think it is important that, through times high and through times low, we remember what different flavors of vibes exist. That way we can contextualize the current vibe at any given time.

I've taken up a new lifestyle. It's similar to stoicism or dopamine fasting, in the sense that it attempts to keep the brain and nervous system grounded and attuned with reality -- in other words, not desensitized by sensory overload. Which

makes you more capable of feeling things, noticing things, being surprised or inspired by things.

Instead of depriving myself of feeling, like a stoic or a dopamine faster, I ensure that I experience a sufficient amount of negative vibes for every good vibe I feel. Sort of like the food pyramid, or vitamins, but for vibes. There is a certain amount of each vibe type that you need to combine in order to live a healthy additive vibration.

This varies for everyone in the exact numbers, but I think most people are at least somewhat similar.

Here's my recommended vibe pyramid:

Layer 1 - a small amount of ecstatic

vibes, plus some scary vibes, Layer 2 - a portion of tough love vibes and giggle vibes Layer 3 - a chunk of progress vibes. Some straight up honest vibes Layer 4 - tons of chill vibes

In general, you should have some negative vibes for every joyous vibe you have. And you should always complement a glutenous vibe with an adrenaline vibe, unless of course, you're in the midst of a seriously low swinging bad health vibe swell.

This ain't rocket science.

Milbod Hummmmmmm can be reached at milbod@surrealtimes.net



DEPENDENCE DAY A NATIONAL HOLLIDAY

By Ms. Porter,
Principal at Chiptooth Kindergarten

The United States has declared Dependence Day a national holiday, occurring yearly on July 3rd. Its purpose is to celebrate the benefits of dependence, as well as to show contrast with independence.

President Biden summarized it well, "Having both Dependence Day and Independence Day helps us appreciate both sides of the spectrum more in con-

trast with each other."

On dependence day, a man dresses up in a very regal and very red outfit and a powdered wig. We call him "King". We eat from his palms and obey him when he tells us what to do. We pay him a quarter whenever we drink or eat.

This reminds and teaches children of the benefits of not needing to make decisions for oneself.

On the following day, Independence

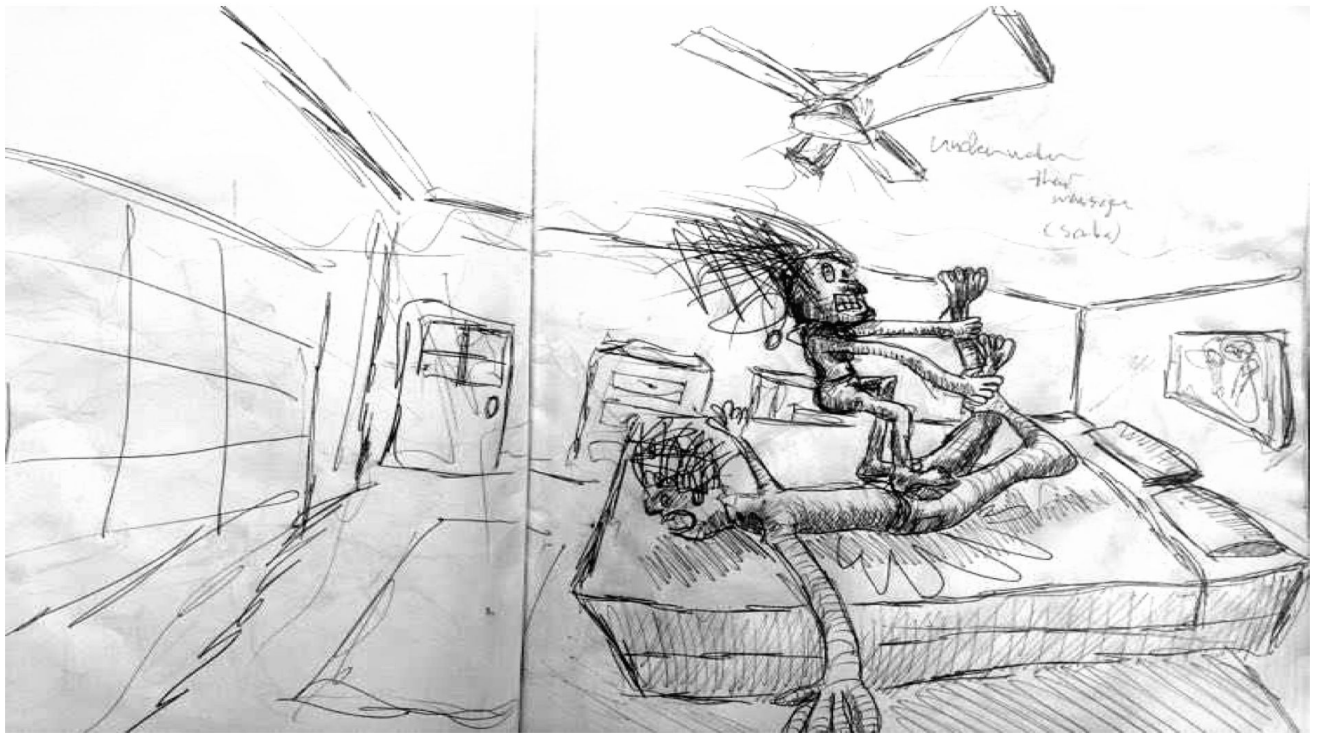
Day, we toss the king into a pit with wild hogs. We throw his tea in the ocean. We run around naked yelling obscenities and "freedom" in all directions while eating rotten tomatoes which make our bellies sick.

This shows us the benefits of freedom but also the downsides of self-reliance.

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THE DANGERS OF AN UNLICENSED MASSEUSE

By Tommy Potentuary,
Television Reporter



Be sure to vet your choice of masseuse. Use yelp or word of mouth, or some alternative, or risk losing limbs. Various reports have come in lately of an independent masseuse who is trying to get ahold of an extra limb to give to her husband (who is missing a limb). While we at the surreal times respect her desire to help her injured husband, it is our obligation to help protect our readers.

Tommy can be reached at tommy@surrealtimes.net

COLUMN: MOURNING BREATH

By The Editors,
Times Staff

Their breath kept landing timidly on my neck. However, I did not seem to mind. At first, I even thought it was mine. Each night their breath would change its shape, alter its texture, and fluctuate its temperature. I'd swallow it. Tonight it had the warble of a spilled embryo. While brushing my teeth every night before bed to ward off the plaque, I would try to guess what their breath will feel like this time. Bulbous, sandy and

cool, or maybe Squirrel-shaped, moist, and blistering white-hot.

Last night it felt like sandpaper unsure of its own degree of coarseness. It wasn't the finest grades barely whispering its existence, but not the gravelly roughness of rumbling rock either. Given the wretched insomnia of this week, I hope tonight their breath comes a careful breeze, so soft it's barely a breath itself.

I hope to take that sandpaper that's

been scratching at me, and use it to smooth over the hard edges of life, soften the bright lights and loud sounds, find some softness and delve into a deep sleep. To sleep, to dream!

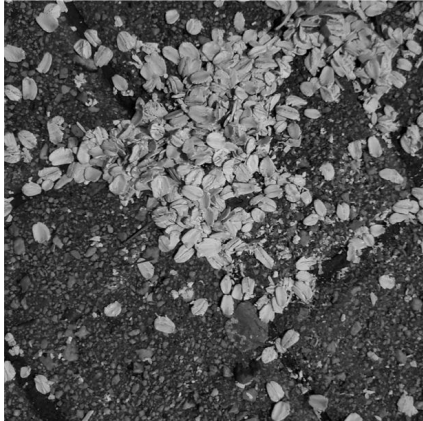
To dream of a warm soul's breath brushing against my neck, and begin again.

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THE COMPLETED OBSERVATIONS OF AN OATMEAL BEARD ON A BUS.

BY MELANIE RICHARDSON PSYD,
Times Correspondent



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

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

I can't help but wonder why he singled out that oat and I've now begun to feel claustrophobic and have noticed the smell of phosphorus.

I fell asleep for a moment, while my eyes still burnt of phosphorus. When I woke I found a grain of oat lodged in my nose. And I wasn't quite sure this at the time, but now I can be fairly certain

it wasn't my left nostril. I took it out and examined it closely. Much like a stranger's hair in your food, it held something enthralling, familiar, something resonant within its warbles and edges. Swallowfull. My nose has now dropped seven more oats:

One that reminded me I don't have a fish hook with me today. One that dared me to swallow it, and another with that rare degree of sociopathy, who would bring chicken salad to a concert. Another whose shape and utterance carried the implicit notion that they had a collection of elk skin tambourines at home. One was most likely just a strung-out cricket with an oat tapped to its antenna. Another seemed to ordain the circumcision of young whole rolled oats. And one of them had tattooed on them, "that person really is just chewing gum, they're not trying to impress you."

When I close my eyes all I see is the oatmeal beard, my eyelids flicker trying to get back to whatever secrets I usually see when I close them. Instead, it's just oats and oats upon oats, rising and bubbling up in the foam, becoming meal. I am the brown sugar swirled and melted. Slowly stretched out like gum under a shoe with bits of trash and rolling papers strobed-throbbed through it. I felt like I was spitting long enough to notice I was spitting.

Somehow now the oatmeal beard is sitting in the row just behind me. I only realized when he broke out in laughter and high-fived his reflection in the constellated, constipated raindrops on the window.

I felt claustrophobic again and looked up to notice the Oatmeal Beard sitting next to me. I swore I saw him whisper to one of the oats. I've been trying to figure out what he was telling them. If it's important enough to tell oatmeal, then it's something I think I better know.

I am still here on the 38 PVTa bus and not much has changed. I am sat three rows from the front, I was lucky and scooped the whole row to myself, so I could stretch out, enjoying the feeling of my half-boiled oats strewn through

my beard. However, I feel like there is someone staring at me.

For the fifth time in the past 14 minutes I've unplugged my CD player, looked back, secured my eyes onto where I felt the stare coming from, and in a methodical slow-motion moved my hand upward and scratched my nose. I'm starting to think whatever is making me feel like I'm being stared at wants me to do this.

My oatmeal beard is one of those things I need to feel comfortable when I'm outside my house. Some people call it weird, but for me, the scratchy tones they make is my normal.

However, due to this heavy absent stare I have begun to imagine myself clean-shaven and, in place of whiskers, a galactic shade of purple lipstick standing out, but the rest of my face is blurred when I try to picture it. Though, strangely, I now recognize myself more that way.

When I finally felt comfortable to face back frontward four of my oats fell out. Before the hyperventilation set, I managed to remove a match box from the matted knots of my beard and gently marionetted the three of them who were still singing into it, but the fourth crumbled into the sound of a rusty harmonica. I rose the fourth and frantic oat to my nose and then meditatively sniffed it, then, once it's harmonica broke back into little birds singing out of an oaty throat, finally flicked them back into the box.

I have trouble not fixating on that last oat. After falling for a moment, have they now begun to feel claustrophobic in the matchbox? And after smelling public transport air, have they began to notice the smell of phosphorus?

I fall asleep for a moment, and when I wake I feel back to normal. I feel the kind hand of Detroit, the bus driver ushers me out into the stop at my apartment complex.

Melanie Richardson PsyD can be reached at melanie@surrealtimes.net



COMMUNITY CLASSIFIEDS

TO POST A LISTING OR GET IN TOUCH WITH SELLERS OR EMPLOYERS, CONTACT CLASSIFIEDS@SURREALTIMES.NET. A 2% FEE WILL BE TAKEN UPON TRANSACTION.

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

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

WANTED: A chance to redeem oneself in the coliseum

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: A coupon for one free back massage from Joe Biden.

FOR SALE: My landlords possessions.

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: Someone with good vibes to help me make the tax man more chill.

FOR SALE: 18 kittens each named Matt.

NOT WANTED ANYMORE: you know who you are

WANTED: Mind Reader who Is Good At Fighting.

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

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

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

FOR SALE: Parrot that is able to dirty talk

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

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

FOR SALE: DVD of Joe Biden's high school graduation

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

For sale: A whole bunch of lies. Dirt cheap

FOR SALE: Used bidet.

FOR HIRE: Man with ex-

ceedingly malleable emotional state

WANTED: Ping-pong playing pigeons from The War. Must have seen the real shit.

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

WANTED: More rain and more wind. Not sure who has control of the thermostat nowadays.

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 piano notes capable of making even the most evil tyrant feel empathy.

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

FOR HIRE: Man with exceedingly malleable emotional state

WANTED: Raman Noodles still live and writhing

FOR SALE: Parrot that is able to dirty talk.

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

HIRING: Psychologist with an invisibility cloak. Must be able to follow me around in my daily life without being seen.

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

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. Can't seem to find my femur.

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

WANTED: Spray On Insect Attractant.

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

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

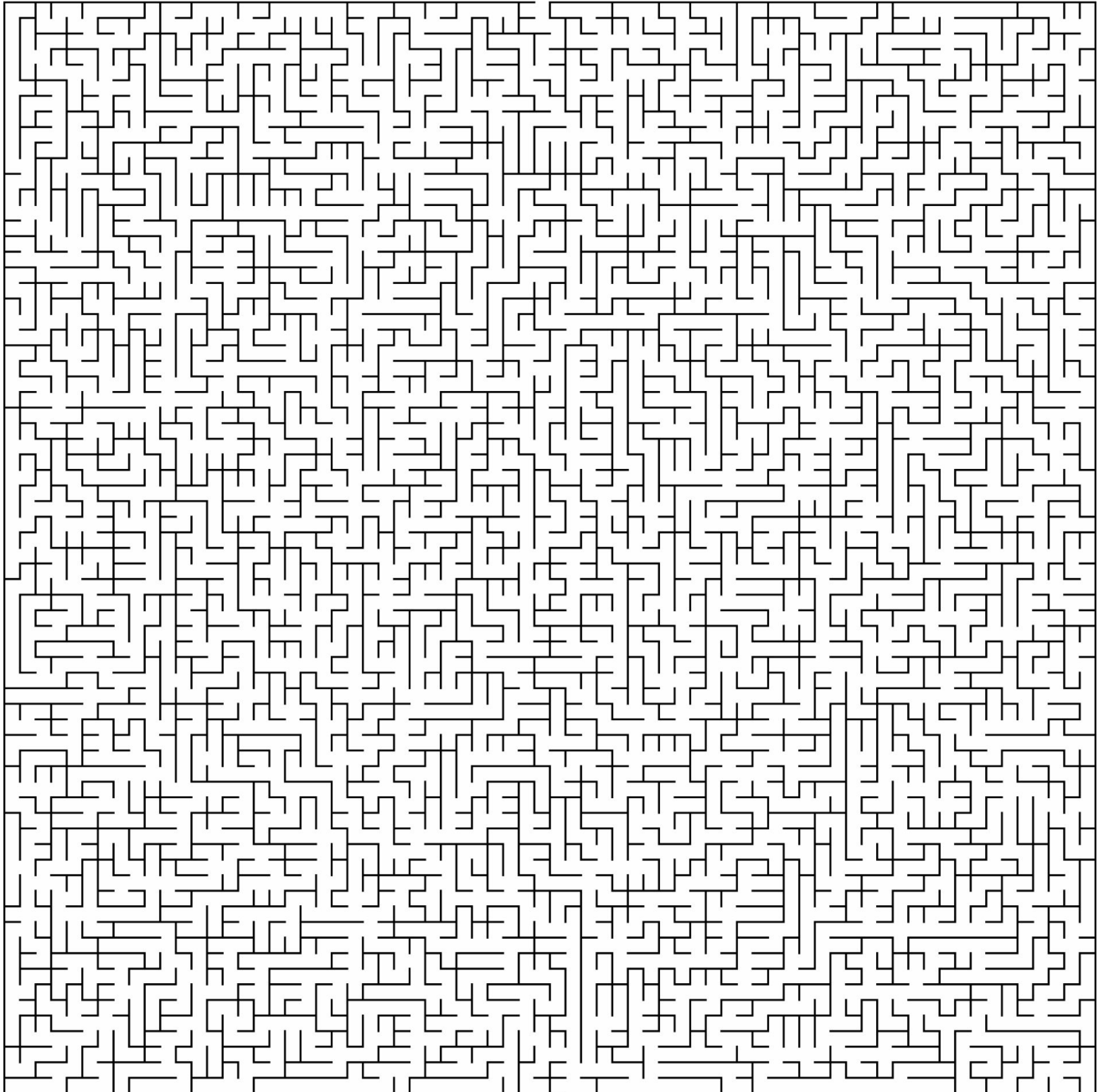


THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

BY ARMĀDEIUS GALOUET'S SURROGATE,
Mechanical Contraption

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

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



UPCOMING EVENTS AND CAUSES

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

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

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