

THE SURREAL TIMES

"Documenting the history currently unfolding..."

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Serving the citizens of the world since the 3rd dawn of the cicadas.

GIANT HORRENDOUS MONSTROSITY MOST IMMINENTLY APPROACHING

Prepare yourself and your kin for the return of these ethereal beasts. See page 2.



FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PIG:

By ARMÁDEUS GALOUEI,
Times Senior Editor



"Heavenly bodies resemble, past altercations.^^"

Armádeus Galouei can be reached at
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LOCAL SCHOOL HOSTS WRITING COMPETITION

Little ones produce interesting stories. Competition results are in.

By PRAA PARA,
Sentient Mixed Drink



AMHERST, Massachusetts -- Students at Wildwood Elementary School last week submitted their stories to their English teacher, Mrs. Mulligan. After the students went home for the afternoon, Mrs. Mulligan brought their pieces downtown Amherst, to The High Horse Bar & Grill. That is where she got progressively drunk on brandy throughout the night (as planned). While doing so, she read and in some cases performed the various poems, stories, and screenplays written by her students for the inhabitants of the bar. Her teaching assistant, UMass communications major Goa Winton, recorded the reactions of onlookers.

After carrying Mrs. Mulligan home to bed, Winton began the task of interpreting his results.

A few tries and he had guessed Mrs. Mulligan's desktop password, and he was off and running on a four-way phonnecall with Siri, Wolfram Alpha, and IBM's Watson.

That was yesteryesternight. Yesterday was the day.

Results are in. Winton announced yestermorning at a schoolwide assembly that the winners of the writing competition, and their respective prizes, were the following:

First prize:
Timmy Bobbinghouse, with his piece, "The Narrative of Mr. Well-done".

Second prize:
Ken Vonkers, with his piece, "On Green and Cheerios".

Third prize:
Ionis Grangeese, with her piece, "Oxidized Paisley Pressure Depthful Hazmat".

Refer to page three to read these lovely stories.

The Surreal Times did not sponsor this writing competition, but wishes that is had.

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THE PRINCESS PRESENTS ROPE ARMS ^GOLIATH

By COMMON OBSERVER,
Times Correspondent



Princess Geraldine, of Sunderland, rolled in at the pinnacle of a grand convoy of stallions. Pulled by the especially broad beasts in the rear, was a carriage supporting a most giant shower curtain hiding who-knows-what behind it. The people of Sundy gathered round.

A luminous little person unmounted his steed, and took position affront the princess. He read these words from his ancient scroll: "I am Meaellois. All kneel. The Princess will soon speak."

The princess spoke. "Before you today, I stand famished. I am famished, and I am sexually frustrated. I detest the color of the sky, and I wish for nothing less than to die."

The crowd, it gasped. The princess looked into herself through her palms. And then she peered backwards into her

own head, by gently rolling her eyes backwards, as though she was searching for something inside of there.

In blew a gentle breeze, on this snow-blanketed December day.

The princess clapped her hands, sending a booming echoing crack through the valley. This scared the frail inhabitants of Sunderland into shivers.

"But I cannot die!" the princess yelled, "because you imbeciles will starve without my most wisdomous oversight, and I will be remembered forever as the enabler of your starvation. I cannot have that, and I will not. I will not go down in history as the despicable negligent who let helpless helpless Sunderland, the land of sun-bathing dergs and dans, wash down in the Connecticut."

Again, the queen paused. She lifted her eyelids with her hands, and displayed to all her oververlled eyes. The sunderlers awaited her next words -- and more anxiously so when the little person, glowing like an aged bulb, led the curtained surprised to a place between the princess and her people.

An elderly sungurgler could not help himself, and so he broke silence. He asked, "What is it, my dominating princess?"

"Shut your lips, small frail man!" the princess beckoned, snapping from her trance. "Now, people of Sunderland, lay your eyes upon the fantastic solution to yours and my woes, provided by yours truly and certainly cutely."

The Princess curtsied and batted her eyes. In the meanwhile, the little person, still glowing, pulled the curtain - revealing the surprise.

"Behold, people of Sunderland, the detestable but immensely effective beast known as Rope Arms ^Goliath."

It was a massive creature with no head and flaccid tow ropes for arms. It swayed side to side, but remained in place.

The Princess pressed her finger the left side of her nose and whistled through her right nostril. The rope-armed creature begun twirling its shoulder stubs, spinning its ropes like the bones of a hurricane, swooshing spirals through the air.

The crowded oohed and ahned, in both awe and great fear. Shortly thereafter, they were sent back into their homes by the princess. She and her convoy left Rope Arms ^Goliath in the center of town.

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CALL TO WRITERS

THE EDITORS,

This sentence together with its containing section is a materialization of abstract gravitation, pulling you to email management @ surrealtimes.net, enlisting yourself as a journalist for The Surreal Times. To fight this gravity is to keep hold of a hot air balloon destined to burst in the stratosphere.

Do you understand? If so, please get in touch. Meetings are at 8pm on Thursdays, in Herter room 640.

THE STATE of conscious and subconscious

~?

We are near the brink of pure psychic automatism, certainly. But it has materialized not in the form expected by myself nor Breton himself.....STOP. pause.... Phones.. Zombies.. Not miraculous booeys in the waves. Please do not adore yourself, because you deserve not one bit of adoration. Please do not ignore yourself, because then we will be unable to. . . . Please use mirrors for now, until the train of humanity gets knocked from off-track to untracked. I do not understand Viigno-neese.

CREATIVITY BLOSSOMS AT THE FAULT

By MOE "TINY,"
SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter



The events at the San Andreas fault should need no introduction. What began as a series of impromptu parties has evolved into one of the greatest gatherings of creative minds this reporter has ever heard of. Indeed, Woodstock pales in comparison. Short stories float

through the crowds. It is rare to hear only one song being composed. Impromptu stages are erected and filled non-stop. Similar gatherings have been reported at the Alpine Fault in New Zealand and surrounding the Central African Shear Zone, as well as other faults. If you are a creative sort, get in your car and come join us! All food, alcohol, and other substances graciously provided by the Rise Together Scientific Corporation.

Moe "Tiny," Schlemiel can be reached at schlemiel.moe@surrealtimes.net.

KEEP YOUR ANIMALS INSIDE

Dangerous Levels
Of Surreality
Detected

By JOE
KIERLSKEGRIENGER,
Times Staff



If you keep a surreality counter inside your home, chances are it kept you up all last night with its clicking. Indeed, moderate levels of surreality have been reported

all over the globe. This poses a particular threat to small animals, such as chinchuanas, birds, and rodents, whose brains are unable to cope with surreality. Humans, of course, are well adapted to surreality, and you may even find it pleasurable. "Keep your animals inside," says Center for Disease Control spokesman John Ramirez. "If possible, sprinkle salt and marzipan by the doorways and windows." These countermeasures are, of course, necessary only for the small animals. Stay safe.

Mr. Kierlskegringer can be reached at kierlsk.joe@surrealtimes.net.

INTRODUCING THE PORTABLE SURREAL ENGINE

By MOE "TINY,"
SCHLEMIEL,
Surreal Times Reporter



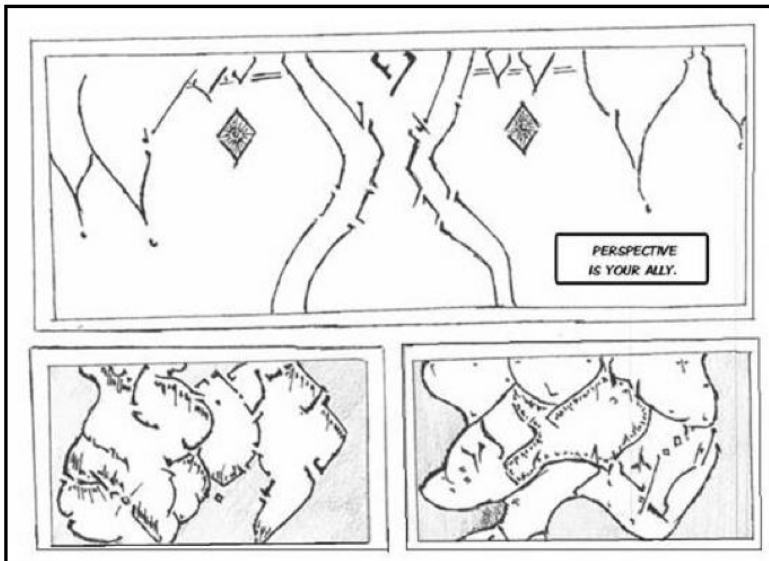
The fine folks at the Rise Together scientific corporation have done it again. "We're almost ready for widespread production," says head scientist

Linda Peterson. The organization is on the hunt for surreal objects to power these portable surreal engines. Once this shortage is solved, you can expect to be able to purchase one within a matter of weeks. "We think," Dr. Peterson says, "That we are very close to finding hi- [sic], I mean, a source to power these engines very soon."

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BIHEXICLE COMIC

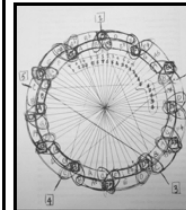
By RAKA,
Times Staff



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A LOVE SUPREME

By J.D.,
Times Staff



First you must acknowledge it, said Mr. Coltrane.

A steady expanding description of the most holy came from his continuous breath into the saxophone. The cacophony of piano bars and bass clashed and conformed into a wondrous river of sound.

Secondly, it should be resolute. Mr. Coltrane said.

With the full force of cosmic might the band burst into being from another dimension. Encompassing all but none; it exists in absolutism. Staccato shrieks punctuated the melted copper medley as it filled the airwaves. A familiar call from

Coltrane told it all.

Third of all, it should be pursued, he added.

The drummer chased it through every smack of the cymbals as it pushed further. Under duress, the saxophone spoke in new tongues. Catching up with the crew, the piano moved hurriedly along with angst amongst it keys. Like breaking the womb, the saxophone pierced the delicate barrier with full translation of the awe in sound. In preparation for prayer, the bass called the band to quorum.

Lastly, it is psalm.

The saxophone led the band as they climbed the great heights of sonic mountains. Descending these heights, the band flew softly across Mind. Bearing sweet fruit from on high, they sung a song of utmost reverence for all: A LOVE SUPREME.

J.D. can be reached at jd@surrealtimes.net.

MONSTROSITY IMMINENTLY APPROACHING

Prepare yourself
and your kin for
the return of these
ethereal beasts.

By CLARENCE MON,
Times Correspondent



A gargantuan monstrosity is imminently approaching, and, if not stopped somehow, will engulf us completely. A citizen of Amherst can see for themselves by gazing Eastward into the horizon. At first, the monstrosity will appear as nothing more than a gray cloud, slightly more gray and tumultuous than typical. But,

over time (ideally, if viewed over time-lapse), it will be obviously something more. This apparent "cloud" will emerge in your understanding as a fully blown "ether bear", and a big one at that. Be warned that you will be initially skeptical of your perceptions. When the light is right, though, you will see glimpses of the wretched opaque tentacles; you will see layers of gaseous organ sacks; and you will see a dozen terrible ocular vortexes. And, observing this approaching doom each day, for weeks on end, you will come to believe.

And, if you are anything like me, you will look around at the fingers of society going about their daily business — police officers disciplining j-walkers, money chasers watching stocks, students struggling with

Calculus. You will see how completely 100% aloof these people are to the coming threat to our fertilizer reserves (and who knows what else)!

The last time the earth was rampaged by these gaseous animals was in the time between 2010 and 2012. For over two years, the ether bears pillaged our factories, and the toll they took was enormous, reverberating through agriculture into all facets of the economy.

No longer able to absorb this toll, fertilizer companies joined forces with farmers lobbying for governmental intervention. The government, however, claimed the ether bear had been made extinct during the great ether creature exterminations of 1956.

The fertilizer companies and

farmers were forced to act on their own. On the sunniest most cloudless day of summer 2013, during which they could be most certain that no ether bears were near, they transported the contents of all U.S. fertilizer reserves to a West Fertilizer Company location just North of Waco, Texas.

Unsurprisingly, the week that followed was the "cloudiest" there had ever been. The fertilizer manufacturers and the farmers waited carefully, though, until they were sure every ether bear in the country had gathered round. Only then did they light a match, setting off the largest fertilizer bomb in history.

On May 11, 2016, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives stated that the fire had been deliberately set. They were right. What they

neglected to mention was the motivation for the blast, and that they in fact had aided in the great ether carcass burn of 2013.

The scheme was successful, as it seemed — but with great ecological and economic repercussions.

We cannot afford to conduct a similar scheme, even if the gaseous creatures would fall for it a second time. So we need new ideas. That is why we at the PIA will be holding a brainstorming session at our headquarters this coming Thursday at 8:00pm in Herter room 640 (on the University of Massachusetts campus). Please stop by if you have any ideas.

Clarence Mon can be reached at cmon@surrealtimes.net.

ACCOUNTANT WANTED

(Ad sourced from
the The Surreal
Times Community
Classifieds)

JONATHAN SMITH
JOHNSON,
Citizen of The World

Seeking accountant. Must be okay with long, boring tedious work for at least five days a week. Pay mediocre. If interested, contact management of this fine newspaper.

Jonathan Smith Johnson can be reached at johnson.jonathan@surrealtimes.net.

FAITH CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS

By **DERNBERGER SPENGLER**,
Times Staff



Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high, there lived a man with a unibrow who hated the blue sky. He'd taken a deep breath and smoked a deal of meth, and very immediately after that, taken a walk outside. All was well and good until a bird's chirp led up his eyes. Seeing that dreadful blue made his pupils fry, and his stomach cry. So he darted back to the trap — and into the garage, where his foolish friends rapped. They looked at him funny when he pushed the wide one aside in order to access a bucket of yard tools, which he scrambled through.

In stride, his fools rhymed, "Mr. Monkey mind's hyped up again, looking to move dirt. Mr. Jumpy mind, what will he find? So hyped up again, we hope he don't get hurt."

There's a french expression, "La foi peut déplacer des montagnes". Unibrow man, with determination shaping his

brow into an upside-down W, darted out from the garage, carrying a bent shovel and reciting this saying, which means "Faith Can Move Mountains".

He ran his way to front and center — just beside the sidewalk in the cul-de-sack, where for many years he had been digging a large hole. He climbed the ladder downwards. And on this day, he proclaimed, "Today is the day! I will finish my hole today, if it's the last god-damned thing I do!"

His wide friend was angry from being pushed aside in the garage, and had followed Mr. Unibrow to his hole for the opportunity to spit on him and call him names like, "meth rat" and "dropped as a baby by a crackhead mother", while the determined man dug.

But this unibrowed fellow dug and dug and dug, relentlessly, despite the insults coming his way and the mixed coating of sweat and yellow lugees on his head and the back of his neck.

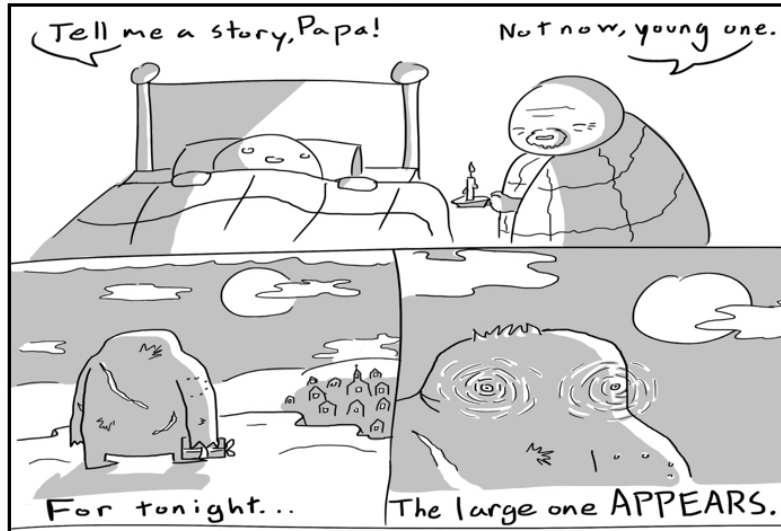
He is still digging now, in all likelihood.

Wish him well.

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LARGE ONE TO APPEAR

By **MARINA PARELLA**,



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LETTER TO THE EDITORS AND ALL OF THEIR JUMFRUITFUL FRIENDS

By **:MISTRESS TUMBLY**,
Citizen of The World

Rudimentary lives of rudimentary guys. If you ask me, the world has gone entirely bland.

Could someone, please, shivel

my gumbalia or taste my bubbly, or something, like the good old days? What has happened to chivalry? What about erotically harnessed rage? Temporary orgasmic blindness?

This is an S.O.S. If I am not glorped, quinoa-jammed, or numb fumble rumbled in front of feverous eyes, in the next ten days, then I cannot imagine lasting the bixex.

Help me however you can ;

<3<3<3 —> call 631-804-7280

:Mistress Tumbly can be reached at mistress.tumbly@surrealtimes.net

GOOSE GINGERTOP DEPLOYED

By **JANG BEN**,
Times Staff



The gumball reporters, we called them, were bought for nickels at the dime store, a great many of them, and bound in a leather-tied burlap pocket sack. We handed them to Goose Gingertop, a redheaded

long neck from The Hamptons. This was a silver spooned boy, lavish in all his ways, but a scrapper in facets subliminal.

Let me tell you, this boy changes opinions like a switchboard operator does switches.

When we presented Goose with the gumball reporters, as he tucked them away into his chest pocket, he remarked, "Gentlemen, I thank you. You are wonderful lads. Now I suggest you accompany me to the cemetery to greet my dad?"

We helped clean up and decorate the plot surrounding the late Mister Gingertop's place of burial, and in the meanwhile, Goose stood in the most neoplastic manner. It was as though he contemplated

absolutely nothing, yet he did so with perfect manners.

After the subsequent two hours of meditation upon the ancient carpet in his wine cellar, he instructed us to meet him in the foyer moderately promptly. He said to dress well.

He left us in the wine cellar, eventually to be guided out by Butler Reltub, a funny looking but well-dressed dwarf man. Butler Reltub was very kind aiding us in our preparations.

The foyer brought shock and awe. What we found was our esteemed colleague, Goose Gingertop, hanging by a golden chandelier chain around his neck, and a carrier pigeon darting frantically about the room.

The pigeon, seeing us, calmed

and hovered in front of me. It reached out to me it's hand, revealing a note in its palm.

The note read, in Goose's regal script, "Dear Dearest Surreal Timers, I have set out to do as you requested, but not in the fashion you requested. Trust me here, my friends, and all will be well. I am fetching father, and together I and he will arrange gumball interviews with the numerous fruitful characters of the underworld."

"We intend on pleasing you ginormously."

"Good day!"

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MR. WELL-DONE

The Narrative.

By **TIMMY BOBBINGHOUSE**,
3rd Grader

The pressure in my pants is a feeling that is hard to explain.

"Ah, sweet tunes."

My pants have oxidized on my body and now I see that I will never be able to explain myself to my mother,

"Charlie!"

"Mom always knows best," I said to myself as I shed my hazmat suit. Back in my true reptilian form, I spit into my palms and greased back my feathery mane; then, looking for a lighter, I set my mother on fire.

"Plenty more where that came from," I told her as she burned alive. She didn't mind it though. It's all just part of the process, and she knows that.

"See you soon." I put on my shoes and started towards the 7/11. We always "poofed" into the bathrooms there after we died. The guy behind the counter nodded and accepted us for who we were: recreational die-ers.

It is a new trend today, dying. I've done it 12 times myself. Of course, it has to be fire; gunshot, hanging, drowning, all are no good. It has to be fire. That's why they called me "well-done."

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ON GREEN AND CHEERIOS

By **KEN VONKERS**,
3rd Grader

Sometimes I just sit and think about how much I fucking despise plain cheerios. I prefer Apple-Jacks but can't have them — fucking locusts!

My mother was a snake! Fattening me up day by day, and keeping me weak on that negatively nutritious garbage. But the secret is I love it. I am rotund like the moon. I have a man in me, like it, as well. Not

in that way though. I. I.

"I'm pregnant! I'm pregnant!!!" my extraterrestrial wife shouted at me as I dropped the plates on the floor.

"What have I done?" I asked myself and the gods.

Crazy gesticulations were formed. My stomach undulated to the funky beat that followed us everywhere like theme music. My poor alien wife hated funk music but she put

up with it.

"You have impregnated in me a music loving monster!" she said, "and it's a single child in two bodies."

"Madness," I said.

"Logic!" she shouted back.

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OXIDIZED PAISLEY PRESSURE DEPTHFUL HAZMAT

By **IONIS GRANGESE**,
3rd Grader

My hazmat suit is paisley and I love it, but it turns off any potential mating partners. It's heavy and ambiguous, blue, and tasting of parmesan cheese. I was unsure what that lost thought meant, but either way, it was important. My favorite quote from the gnostic gospels is: "Ye ruler of the heavens," simply because it addresses me

as the ruler of the heavens.

That is how I imagine myself, wearing my hazmat: Glorious, standing atop a mountain, alongside Zeus himself! Of course, I had to find him first. That wouldn't be hard! I had a geiger counter.

Let me tell you. One might imagine the grandest god, carrying lighting, to the be like the side of a barn — easy to hit. But this fucker moves quick!

Like a beautiful, fast, butterfly, he flew directly into my soul and out my superego, taking with him all my dear childhood memories. And with that my unwanted memories as well. Was I ever a child? Will I ever be one once again?

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EYRIE EYRIE HOUSE HOTEL IS RECIEIVING GUESTS AGAIN

By RAKA,
Times Staff



At the top of a mountain, at the highest point, lives a goblin, the sole survivor of the The Eyrie House fire of 1901. The following is the brief experience of a reporter and a guide to find said goblin.

One must drive up the waist of Mt. Nonotuck as far as the machine will roll; here the parking is conveniently hidden under a sight that says: 'No parking at all times. Violators will be towed.' A tow truck has not seen this dirt path in over a decade. Then one walks up a road destroyed by a landslide; the asphalt has turned into mud, the roots of vengeful trees have been broken the ground.

One will have reached a randevu-point that contains an invisible tower, a park where a man announces—Saturdays at noon—that he will extend his e-mail list to his marvelous

childish events to anyone interested. The list is growing, but no one is quite sure if there are ulterior motives. To find said goblin, ignore all this.

Up and up one must walk. Past Goat Peak (named after a great blue billy goat), one will reach a precipice with a lovely view. Here, the trees sound like tambourines when hit by stones. Stay for the view for it has never hurt anybody, but not for too long. Keep walking up through a hidden path located behind the map and the arrow pointing upwards.

Here once the great Eyrie House Hotel once stood. It burned when a funeral pyre hosted for two dead horses, went wrong. The Springfield Sunday Republican, reported "The progress of the fire was watched by hundreds of people at Northampton, Easthampton and Holyoke, and it made a brilliant sight way up against the clouds," published April 14 1901, a day after the event.

The fire burned everything but the stone and the cellar holes. In said cellar holes, there are polychromatic hands of children who have rightfully vandalized the place

Keep climbing for the goblin is

close. At the summit there is a small electric house protected by a fence and old school barbed wire, yet there is a hole big enough for a donkey to crawl through. Alongside the home, a red radio tower stands. Up and up one must climb, past carved quotes that read "Woke," and "Martyrdom bombs," is a pedestal at the summit. Here sits William Street, the goblin, the owner of the ruins, he has lived here in solitude since the fatal accident.

Despite his terrifying appearance, Mr. Street is polite and likes to tell stories of his deceased hotel. "Memories do not burn," he said. Guests would enjoy mountain side picnics, tours, and the wide array of animals this amateur zoologist kept in the basement. "The most beautiful? The bear. Mann, the bear," he said. He sits and enjoys the view with his polychromatic telescope, the only surviving object of the fire. He enjoys visitors, yet has the bad habit of devouring the ones that stay too long.

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EVENTS UNFOLD AT THE VATICAN

Status of the pope, his house, and his people.

By DERNBERGER
SPENGLER,TON,
Times Staff



Sat, did the citizens of the world. Millions upon millions of them, arranged in great rows of rectangles of chairs, awaiting the pope in his high tower. His word, they thought, would give them the freedoms they sought.

He emerged on his balcony adorned with bags under his eyes and puke on his shirt. When he spoke, he burped.

The light reflecting from the December snow into his eyes caused in him a most enormous sneeze, splatting snot on every and each Christ Man's cheeks.

Those there dropped to their knees and proclaimed, "God, bless the Pope! He has sneezed a great one. So we pool together our hope, and call on the Great One!"

Each turned to his neighbor, and then to his other. Left licked the face of right, and right the face of wrong. Together they made the snot be gone...

.. echoing, "We clean each other in anticipation of the church's mother."

On came the dame, adorned in a white/gold dress and fame. She emerged on the Pope's balcony. She grabbed his ear. Surprised but knowing, he seeped deep fear.

He tried to speak, but (under her) he was weak. He struggled, befuddled, and, by her hand, muzzled. In short order, the Pope had been dived into many fine treats.

The church's mother waved her fan upon her brow, cooling before retreating inside. A red-faced dwarf emerged, destined to feed the world.

This dwarf distributed bits of the pope to the masses like birdseed to birds. And it did mark the end of this year, when he announced, "The flesh of the pope is the opiate of the masses. God's gift. Eat up and you will see. Eat up, and you will see free-ly."

The dwarf returned inside the Vatican, closing softly the doors behind him. The people munched their treats. The people sprung to their feets. The people turned into freaks. Their ears burst fast flowing leaks. They jumped and worried and squeezed, ran in many tight paired figure-eights, and moshed. Down spiraled did the climax of the riot.

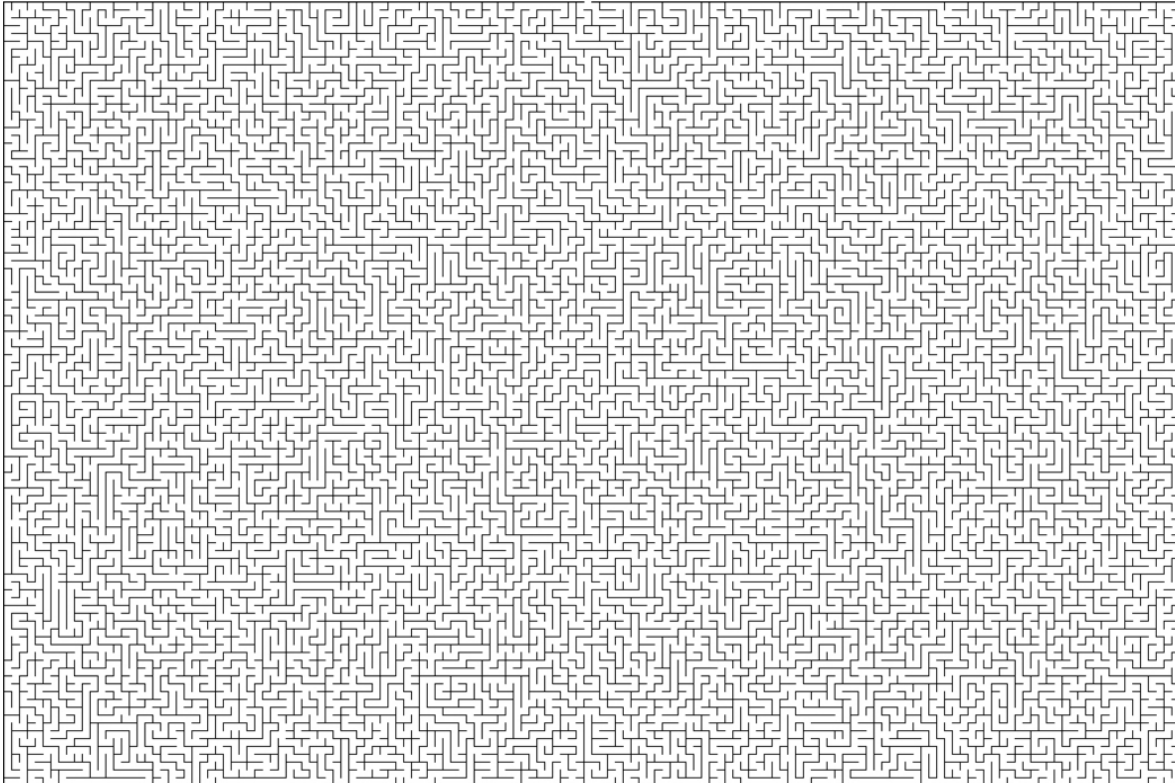
The new year begins.

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THE BIHEXICAL SEARCH

By ARMÁDEUS GALOUËI'S SURROGATE,
Mechanical Contraption

From management: An important task is encoded over this maze by spectacular isomorphism. By entering through the entry point at the top center and finding your way to the exit at the bottom center, you do good for the world. For doing so, you get a **secret prize**. Email your solutions to management@surrealtimes.net.



Armádeus Galouëi can be reached at armgalou@surrealtimes.net.

Happy hollidays from The Surreal Times staff! We will not be printing newspapers during break. However, our online publication will be alive and well. Be sure to follow surrealtimes.net.