

Dr. Beezer



Dr. Beezer had been repairing TVs at Lupner Electronics for so long that he figured he could do it in his sleep. Whether by coincidence or by a highly advanced case of autosuggestion, he soon thereafter was prone to severe spells of somnambulism. During these periods of awakened non-cognizance, Beezer continued to ply his trade by repairing scores of broken Zeniths, Admirals, RCAs, even the occasional fusty old Dumont. And, amazingly, they worked! But gradually, his re-assembled units began to change. They were less apt to reconvert electromagnetic waves into images and more likely to make – well, toast. Proprietor Leo Lupner himself once watched the doctor repair a battered old Sylvania. Beezer meticulously dismantled the set, placing each part – down to the tiniest screw – in its own numbered container. Then he performed whatever electrical prestidigitation was necessary to get it to work before putting the unit back together, in *precisely* the reverse order of the disassembly. And yet, the finished product both looked and worked differently. The knob that previously adjusted the picture's contrast now controlled the degree of darkness of the toasted object. Changing the channel activated the crumb tray. And pressing the on-off switch catapulted the unit's contents a foot into the air. But just when the good doctor's job security was being re-evaluated by Lupner's HR staff, the Toast Craze swept the country. It started as an extreme hazing ritual by Phi Mu Sorority sisters at Transylvania University, but quickly spread across the country. Before long, toast had replaced the economy, the environment and national public radio security as the issue of most concern to Americans. An important adjunct to toast is, of course, the toaster, which was suddenly in demand everywhere. And Beezer's ability to produce them out of comparatively useless TV sets cemented his Toast Craze celebrity status – that is, until his parasomnia turned to *insomnia*. But that's another story.