

Interludes (Patent Pending)

By Dennis Payton Knight

Don't touch that dial, folks! Stay tuned now for the most exciting advance in living. Is the little lady telling you to walk the dog? Wash the dog? Wash the car? Paint the car? Shut the door? Open the door? *Interludes* to the rescue! Is your boss ordering you to dig yet another ditch or draft yet another manuscript? Fifty pages? With headnotes and footnotes and citations? And he expects you to make it interesting? *Interludes* to the rescue!

Folks, we're bringing to you today a revolutionary invention that, with a flex of your big toe, takes you out of any miserable moment and transports you immediately into an interlude of your favorite music. Your magnificent new *Interludes* are inserted deeply into your ear canals, ready, with a simple cue from your foot, to bathe you in Brahms, Bach or Beethoven, Simon and Garfunkel, Guy Lombardo, Patti Page or Elvis Presley; whatever sounds may fill your heart. *Interludes* to the rescue!

Your *Interludes* respond to a sensor that, wired to your toe, works like a joystick, sending signals up to your ears by way of a Bluetooth device inserted where your wisdom tooth once was. *Interludes* go where you go, and at a flick of the toe, detect and channel whatever tune or poetry you desire to escape to from your maddening world. *Interludes* to the rescue!

And with another wiggle, impulses in your *Interludes* will stimulate your head to nod and smile at whomever it is you're not listening to. With *Interludes* you can take a chewing out like a man while your inner self tiptoes through the tulips.

Interludes will make politics bearable, too. Are you tired of speeches about income inequality? Waggle your toe to the right and you will be taken to a rendition of Yankee Doodle going to town. And you won't even care that you're not a billionaire. *Interludes* to the rescue!

Is that other demagogue waving his arms again? Tired of hearing about trade deals and fences on borders? With *Interludes* you will escape to a corner of the world where you can just drive off in your surrey with the fringe on top. And what is it about the guy that makes you think of fringes? Maybe the orange mop on his cranium? *Interludes* to the rescue!

And think of the commercial interludes you will be able to interlude yourself out of. Why listen to some huckster who, without taking a single breath praises then damns a prescription drug when you can zone him out with a waggle of an arthritic toe that could probably use his snake oil. *Interludes* to the rescue!

Folks, I will be rich and retired by then, but think of the day when another television pitchman with a toupee and happy teeth comes on to peddle the latest in solar powered pooper scoopers. Instead of telling you to not touch that dial, he'll be pleading, "Folks, don't waggle that toe!"