

# The Hyper-eyeballometer



Chet was a relatively happy child, even though he had long been beset with vision ailments, including myopia, hyperopia, strabismus, astigmatism, conjunctivitis and the wholly unpleasant Prebles' eyeworm. But his ophthalmologist, Dr. Papilloma, was convinced that the lad could be cured of *all* of these maladies simply by using his latest invention, the Hyper-eyeballometer. The apparatus looked like your typical pair of stylish eyeglasses, but that's where the similarity ended. A powerful vacuum device located in the bridge sucked W rays out of the atmosphere and transmitted them to a helmet-mounted trephine, which then pumped the rays directly into the wearer's occipital lobe –which, of course, is the part of the brain that processes vision. Dr. Papilloma hadn't yet tested his Hyper-eyeballometer on humans, however he claimed that it worked just fine on slime molds. And that was good enough for Dagmar, Chet's mother, who lustily approved the procedure. But when Papilloma turned on the vacuum and the trephine began to bore W rays into Chet's skull, the heretofore plucky crumbsnatcher let out a wail so strident that it melted the mustache right off of the doctor's lower lip. He kept yowling until his mouth fused into a pain-wracked "O," and stayed that way until Papilloma turned off the Hyper-eyeballometer ... which, due to a malfunction in the helmet, wasn't for another eighteen days. Suffice it to say that the doctor did not secure a patent on his invention. He did, however, sell his design to Dinklaker Designer Eyewear, and for that he *did* realize a handsome profit. Too bad about Chet, though.