

A Chat With Miss Theo

The *Yale Record* secures Miss Cleo's disciple's precious airtime.

Miss Theo: Hallo. Welcome to Missa Theo's magic hour. The time when the past, present, and future become one and the same. When the universe opens up for just a moment and lets you look inside—to see what's possible when you just believe.

Yale Record: Cool. So this is the real Miss Theo?

MT: Yes. Yes it is. Let me just get my crystal ball out of its bag and I'll be right with you.

YR: OK. Well, Miss Theo, do you have any relation to Miss Cleo?

MT: No. No. Not at all. We are two completely different entities.

YR: That sucks. You see, I've been "seeing" Miss Cleo for sometime, and I think we had quite a rapport going. Do you know what's happened to her?

MT: I'm sorry, I have no idea.

YR: Can you use your magic powers to ask the universe where Miss Cleo is? I miss her. I hope she isn't in any trouble.

MT: Why don't I use my powers to ask the universe something about you? Tell Missa Theo, whata canna she do for you?

YR: Ok. Well, I'm a long-time-caller-first-time-believer and I'm hoping you might be able to help me out with a few of my problems. I'm not what you'd call an anxious person. Nor am I very imaginative. Nevertheless, I sometimes wonder what's possible if we just put our minds together. I'd really love it if that universe opened up long enough for both of us to take a look inside. So, right off the bat. I have a 1992 Ford Taurus. It's blue, mind you. Now, every time I start the car up it makes a low, rumbling, hissing sort of sound. But this only happens when the temperature is below 56 degrees Fahrenheit. Any idea what that could be?

MT: I'm sorry. I—I—I'm not a mechanic.

YR: But I assumed that you might be able to use your superpowers to ask the universe what's wrong with my car.

MT: My...um...tarot cards remain silent. I'm sorry, I see nothing.

YR: Can you ask your crystal ball? Or does he only know degrees Celsius?

MT: He's...um...dark. For the moment.

YR: So that's it? OK. Well...moving on. How old were you when you realized you had special powers beyond those of mortal humans?

MT: I suppose I was about 24.

YR: So right after college?

MT: More or less.

YR: When you applied for your current position, what sorts of references did you post? In the interview process, did they ask you to, like, guess what ESP symbol they were thinking of?

MT: No.

YR: Was it the couple of wavy lines? That's my favorite ESP symbol. You should have guessed that one. It's always the one with the wavy lines. Oh, wait: did they also ask you who the first person was to ride a bike off a dock into quicksand?

MT: I uh—

YR: It was Jürgen Michael Bigbie.

MT: Who are you? And what kinds of questions are these? Is this some stupid interview? Don't you want to know about future love interests of yours? Or tonight's winning lottery numbers? Or how long you're going to live?



YR: What do your parents think of this career move? Clearly, they must brag about you to all their friends at their every block party and leisure league activity. "Oh yes, Mr. and Mrs. Shammelton, our young Theo can read minds. She really is a fine girl." To be graced with your psychic gifts...wow... I'd sell my entire Porsche *and* half my Pog collection to spend one day in your shoes.

MT: What do my parents have to do with anything? Is this some prank phone call?

YR: No. Not at all. Ok, prepare your crystal ball. I'm about to ask you something really important.

MT: Ok, Miss Theo is-a ready.

YR: Ok...what number am I thinking of right now?

MT: I...um...have no...

YR: Just guess. You're a psychic. This should be like patty-cake for you.

MT: This is the stupidest thing...um...ok, is it 2,047?

YR: Holy shit.

MT: What?

YR: You got it.

MT: I did?

YR: Nope. But you were close. It was 32. But you did guess another number.

MT: You know this call is \$3.99 a minute?

YR: Damn, you are psychic. [ba-dum ching]

—Robbins