



Paranormal Wilton Pagers

By Chris Sweeny, MD

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WHEN I FIRST MOVED TO WILTON, the pager sang merrily all hours of the day and night. There was a pager company change a few years ago and I had to turn in my old, reliable, constantly whining pager for a new one.

That was the end of my wireless connection from the hospital to my house. I went through a few pager changes without success until I was handed my current pager which is so large it has been tested for illicit steroid use twice. It has so many functions and buttons on it that it requires a bound manual in three languages to explain its many wonders.

I must confess that just the last two weeks I have been experimenting with the function buttons on it very much at random; I fear these manipulations are the underlying cause of the current national financial crisis and market crash.

I can now get about 50 percent of my pages at home. The remaining 50 percent go zipping by my house at the speed of em waves and are hitting cows in Nebraska. This constant bombardment of the cows by my pages is probably what is making them all face north, so that the pages hit them in the flank rather than the face.

For a while I was mystified as to why I could get pages in San Francisco, but not in Wilton. Even more intriguing was that my very large new multifunctional 1080i high def 7.1 surround sound mp3-ready blue ray pager would not work in the hospital.

I was forced to obtain a second pager for the hospital, while using my giant pager at home. Even after 25 yrs of carrying one of those little plastic sadists around, I still get an adrenaline surge whenever it goes off, and it takes 10 minutes for my vital signs to return towards normal.

Now I have two of them which has led to a host of comical situations. I have my home pager at work and my work pager at home, or both pagers or neither, or one going off in my locker in the OR all day while the other sits mute and smug in my pocket like a wicked step sibling determined to get me in trouble.

I am highly overeducated and reflect the Peter Principle to its extreme by rising well beyond my level of competency mostly through guile and hush money. So I'm beyond the extremes of my coping abilities.

I finally took a final drastic step, the step which has never failed me in any situation, any crisis, any problem. I gave up.

I live with my two pagers and they constantly play their tricks on me. I no longer complain about them. After six months other people also stop complaining. This still doesn't explain why I could probably get pages on the Sea of Tranquility, but not in

Wilton.

I have concluded that the problem is not the pager system at all.

The problem is Wilton. It is either paranormal in its origin, (a curse, a hex, an ancient burial ground); or infested by extraterrestrials practicing shutting down earth communications before invading, (Dave Manske comes to mind); or quark leakage from Rancho Seco, the reportedly decommissioned nuclear power facility, splicing together humans and animals creating scorpion creatures with anger management issues.

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