

Once upon a time there lived a princess who was convinced that the king was up to something. She would sneak around the giant castle, never able to find her father after 7:28 pm. What a strangely specific time, she thought to herself. She figured that was the time, at least, given that she would part from him for two minutes to grab a piece of toast. Not that those two minutes made a difference... or could they... would she have to give up on her toast tomorrow to know the truth?! She did give up on the toast, and fiercely watched her father, who after 7:28 started giving his daughter a strange look.

She kept her cool though, following her father around as the minute passed, and then the next. Then, “ding ding ding” rang the bells, and the King’s chair started to lower itself into the floor. It raised a moment later and Princess Graham began looking around for the trigger mechanism. She started by looking around the table for a button, or a lever, anything that would lower the seat, but it was to no avail. Then she realized she had missed the obvious place: the chair. She always did find it weird how that one chair was the only one to have a lever built into it. And how the only explanation her father had given her was that it was built into the chair by his parents on his twenty-fifth birthday. She was told that she would get her own when she turned twenty-five. I suppose that means it’s my time in six years, she concluded, but should she risk the tradition and follow what she’d witnessed from her father?

She thought about it for about six seconds, then, in the simplest fashion possible, she pulled the lever. She always had been a quick decision maker. That’s what led her to get toast at 7:28 pm everyday for the last nineteen years. Given it started the day she was born, her parents were very confused when their infant daughter cried until they gave her toast. Yet not as confused as the king who now saw Princess Graham in the lair. He stared at her in shock, dropping his potato skinner with his mouth agape.

“Now how did you fall down here,” he exclaimed.

“I pulled the infamous lever!”

“Now I knew you weren’t gonna be a couch potato about not hitting the lever, but now you are on hot oil Misses.”

“Father, I don’t understand all these potato puns!”

“If you waited six years you would have!”

“It’s all good dad,” Princess Graham responded, rolling her eyes, “I’ll just take a bite of your time traveling potato chips.”

“How do you know those exist,” King Latke yelled as he moved the box of time traveling potato chips behind him.

“What? I always have them with my toast.”

“SO THAT’S HOW YOU HAD TOAST THE DAY YOU WERE BORN!”

“Obviously,” Graham confirmed, “that’s also how I knew I would be addicted to toast!”

“That’s actually what this place down here is meant to help with, you see, I’m also addicted to toast,” King Latke admittedly whispered as a ding is heard from the lone toaster in the room.

“IS MOM ADDICTED TO TOAST TOO?!”

“No, and she must NEVER know ab -”, King Latke gets cut off as the queen comes down the stairs eating toast.

“What? I was smart enough to hide my lair with a button! I don’t keep my collection in the basement of the house where anybody can come down the stairs either.”

Princess Graham bolted up in bed, heavily breathing, as she realized this mystery had gotten so intense it had taken over her dreams! She reached over to the box of graham crackers next to her bed, clearly disappointed it wasn’t toast.

But that didn’t matter, she had to find her father, for real this time. She walked down the stairs and found King Latke and Queen Sugar eating toast.

And with that, the end, with a permanently traumatized Princess Graham.