

Sleep is a Drug

Baxter George Stabbington

Think about it...

You lose time, have hallucinations, loss of consciousness, automatic and verbal motor responses, basic loss of mental control, everything you'd expect from your local neighborhood crack addict, and damn is it nice to get a hit when you've been off it for a while. Addictive, hell yes! We're all little crack babies started on this stuff only a few days after we're popped out of mommy's tummy. "Had a bad day baby, take a hit on some sleep. It'll make you feel good." Since then we've been hooked. Don't think so, well try to go without it, try cold turkey. Bet you're gonna end up with first, a general all-around crappy feeling, then starts the irritability, anxiety, inability to perform simple tasks, impaired mental functions, hallucinations, even death. Not a pretty sight. Me? I've tried cold turkey a couple of times... only made it a day or so before it got so bad I had to take a hit. So, you say, "it's a harmless pastime, I really don't care, it makes me feel good, and keeps me out of trouble. Things get too rough, take some sleep. It'll all be better in the morning." Well, let's talk social consequences. Think of the millions of lives lost to drivers taking a hit on the road, the factory workers taking a hit on the job, or the policeman taking a hit while he's meant to be protecting our children... the same children who are laying in their beds feeding a little habit of their own. Think of the man-hours lost as our great country shut down for a state-sponsored hit off the Sandman's crack pipe. Well let me tell you dammit, I'm sick of this. From this point forward we need to rise up as a campus, as a nation, and, dammit, "if it's good enough for Nancy Reagan it's good enough for me, Just Say No to Sleep." No, I doubt you can do it quickly. Cold turkey certainly takes a stronger man than I. But day-by-day, night-by-night, it can be done. How? There is help, like the Nicatrol Patch for the common man, the glowing grail for the slim percentage of us willing to step away from the dark side of night and embrace our missing hours... caffeine. So, I tell you now, go forth, take back the night, put cars back on the street, people back in the stores and stop the Sealy Posturepedic and Craftmatic Adjustable men from pimping out the conscious hours of your life. Reclaim the lost hours of your lives. Do it for yourselves, your children, your children's children. Give them back the 24 hours of consciousness they deserve. Join me as one campus, one nation, one people in saying... Fuck Sleep.



THE MUSHROOM
CLOUD IS YOUR
FRIEND



The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

10:15 am, cont'd— from the staff. Staff manages to mumble something before passing out in the corner.
10:48 am — Staff suddenly realizes Mac has been gone for an hour to, ummm, take care of some business. Staff also realizes he's not coming back. Collective snore from the staff heap. All Set.
10:58 am — Mandy walks by, and she must be feeling better because she mentions food.
11:09 am — Messinger woken up and advised to go home and sleep. Grumbled incoherently and implied agreement. Rachel Rosenblum shows up mysteriously. Second shift now in full-effect.