

it will all make sense
TOMORROW

No. 1



by Sanden Totten

Sight for
Sore eyes

I'm just tired...



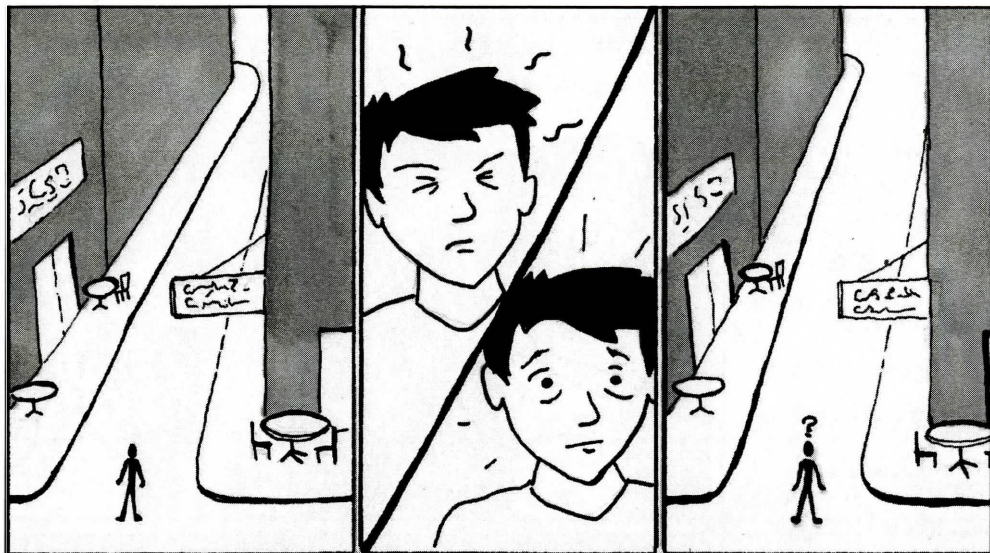
I've been spending too much time
in front of a computer today...



When was the last time I had a carrot?



I think I'm just tired.

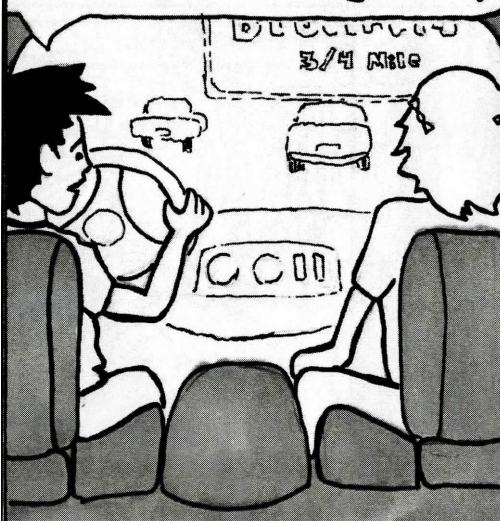


My dad always had perfect 20-20 vision.

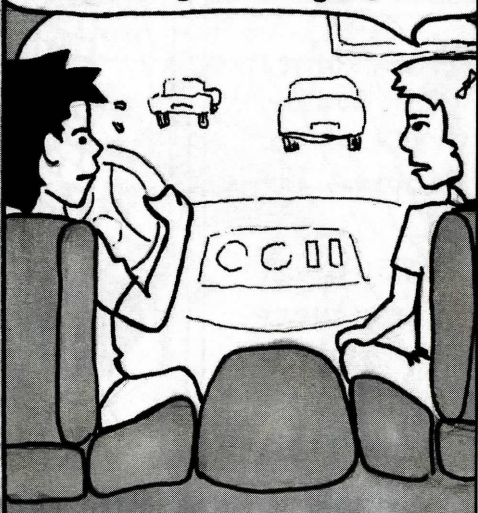
In the army they called him
"EAGLE - EYES"

I always assumed I'd be the same but
 eventually I couldn't deny what was happening.

Does that say
 Bloomington or Blurgmitten?



This is ridiculous, you
 need to do something
 about your eyes.



At first
I
thought it
wasn't so
bad...
I was a
lot less
superficial.

So, do you come
to parties often?



Well, call me and
we can hang out
...

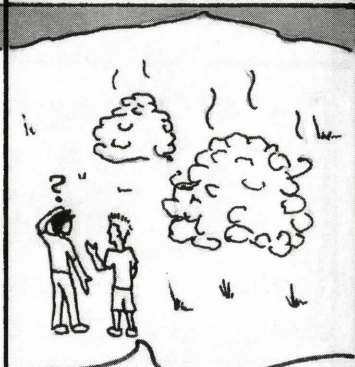


Actually it
was kinda
nice,
My blurry
vision made
everything
impressionistic
.....

like a Monet
Painting.

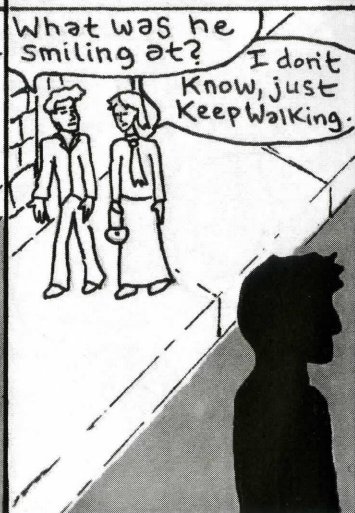
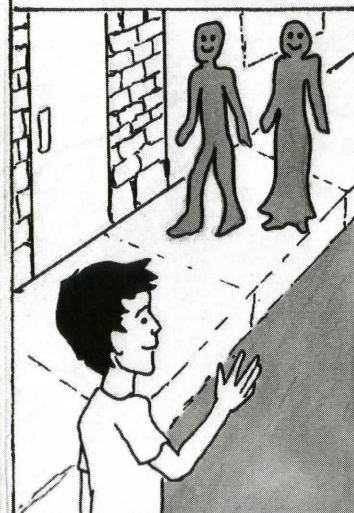


Boy those sure
are some pretty
haystacks.



Dude,
those are manure
Piles.

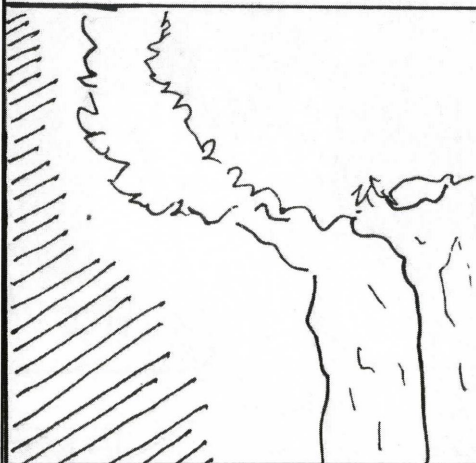
Plus, when
I couldn't
make out
people's faces
I just
assumed
they were
all
smiling
at me.



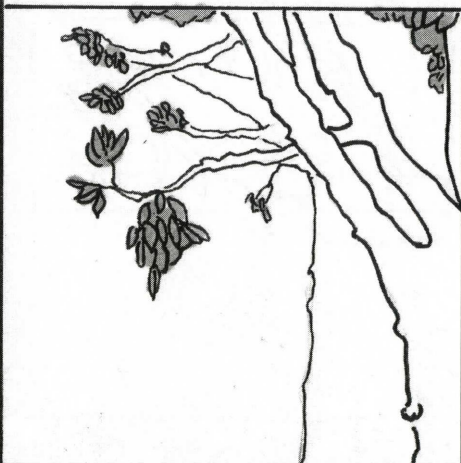


My Mom is half blind from Staring at a solar eclipse as a child. She needs glasses for everything. When I was a kid she told me to appreciate trees, because it's only with good eyes you can make out every leaf.

The difference between sketches...



...and *real life*.



Eventually I went in
for an eye-exam.

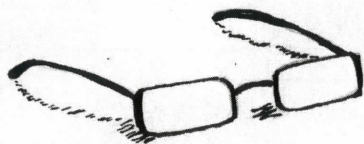
L 1
F P 2
T O Z 3
L P E D 4

Tell me what
is on the first
row.

E D F C Z P 6
F E L D P Z D 7
D E F P O T E C 8

Who said
that?!!

It was bad.



So I got glasses.
It wasn't so awful.
I looked smarter
I felt smarter...
like a "Sexy Librarian"

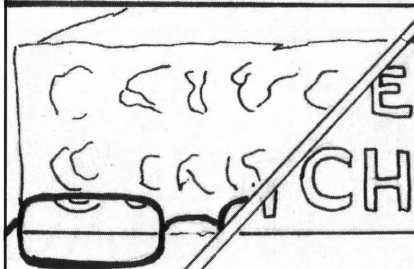
With improved vision life was
suddenly full of little surprises.

Blurgmutter
1 mile

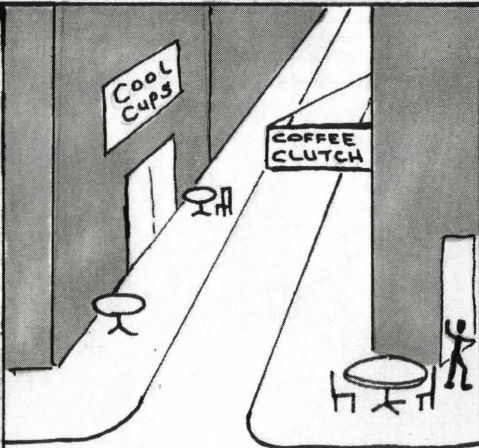


-Huh!

I didn't wear them always



Just when needed.



END

Where Sleep
comes from...

At first I was just worried about work.



But the thing with insomnia is that no matter what causes it, after a night or two it's the fear of another sleepless night that keeps you wound up and wide awake.

Eventually I forgot how sleep worked.



It started affecting my job performance.



Here's that report Sir.



Um, this is McDonalds.

My personal relationships took a hit as well.



and when he left he took the dog and his DVDs So now I'm alone and bored!

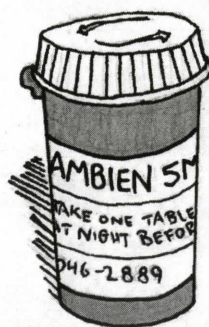
uh huh... that's great



You aren't even listening are you?

uh huh... that's great.

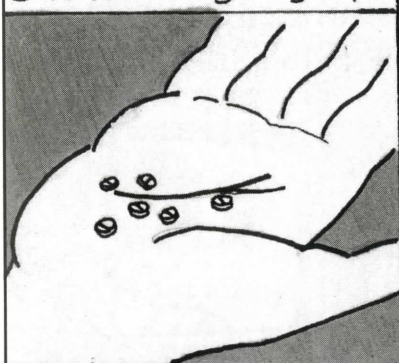
So I turned to the thing I can always count on for help: Prescription Drugs.



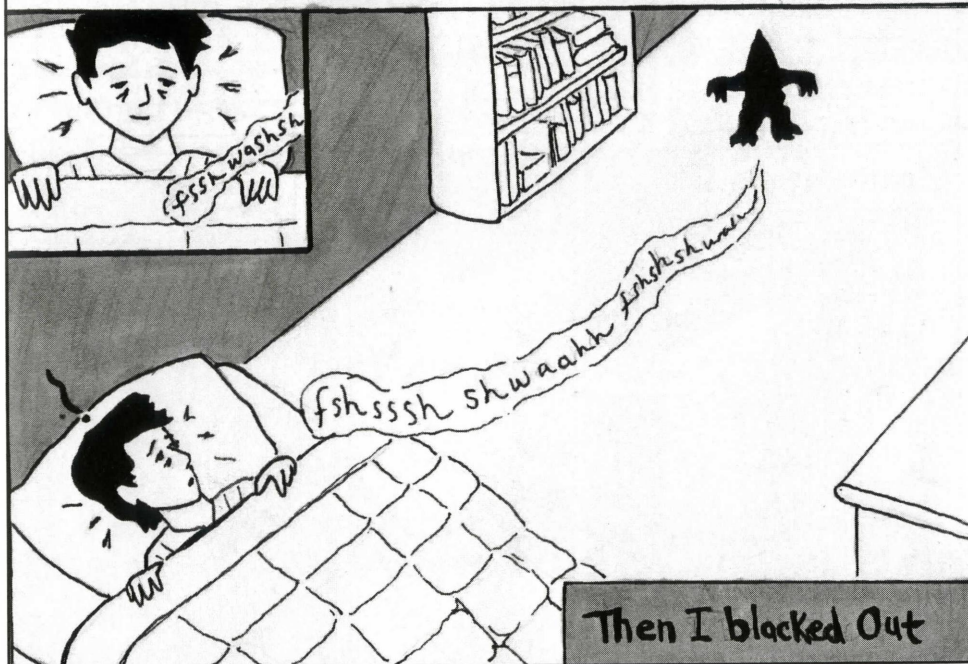
I'd heard of people using Ambien for fun. My friends said it will make you lose entire hours of memory if you take it without going to sleep.

The one person I knew who took it for insomnia said it gave him vivid dreams of chewing glass...

But it was my only hope



One pill later I was woozy and ready for bed.



Then I blocked Out

When I woke up
I felt great!



I had a ton
of energy...



and was totally
on my game.

then he said don't
Worry, the frog is
a ventriloquist!



I didn't think
at all about
What I'd seen
the night before.

But when the
time came to
take the next
pill, I got
nervous.

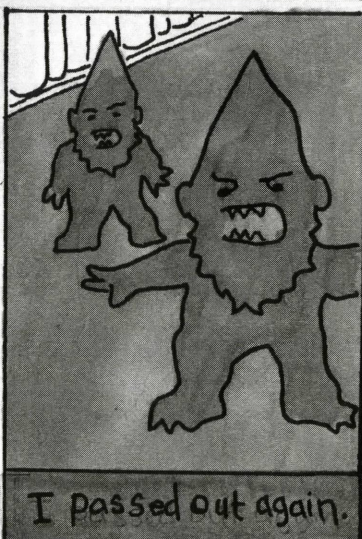
I needed the stuff
to sleep though...



and what I saw was
just a fluke, right?

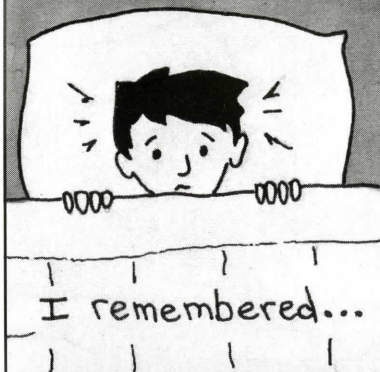


Really Wrong.



I passed out again.

The next morning



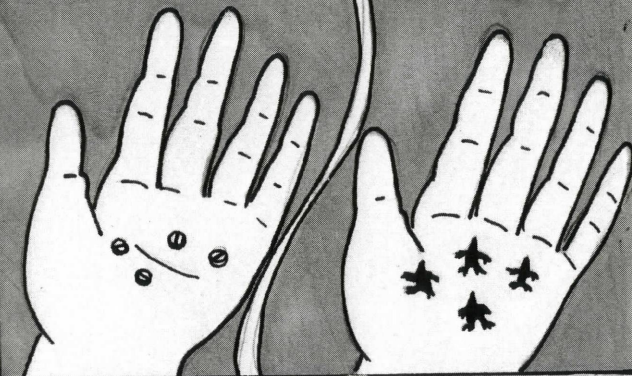
I refused to take any more Ambien for fear of seeing those things ... Of course my insomnia returned ...



With out the pills
I was miserable.
With them I saw
horrible visions.

My prescription
savior became
my tormentor.

from sleep pills ... to creep pills.



And why gnomes? ~ Why gnomes?!
What were they doing in my room?
And why did I always fall asleep
right as they reached my bed?
Then it dawned on me.

What if I had it all wrong?
What if I misread the situation?
What if these weren't
Ambien gnomes...

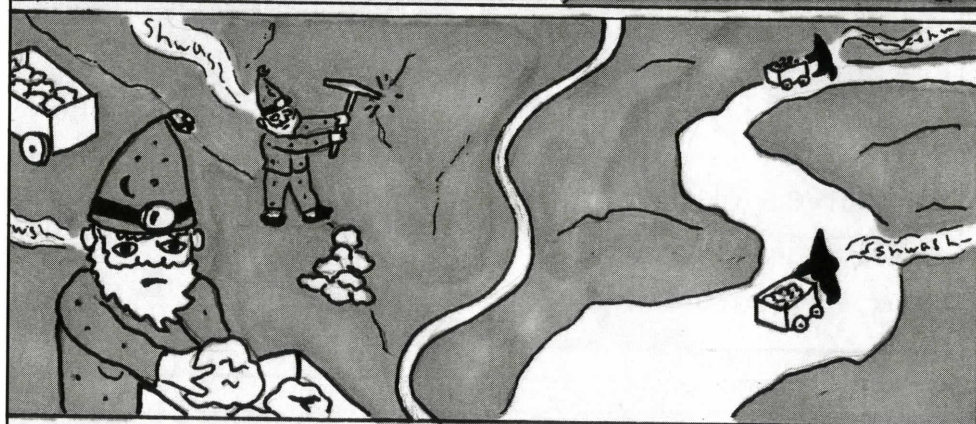
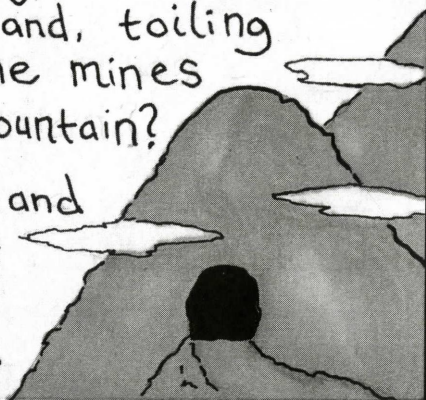




...They were Sleep gnomes!

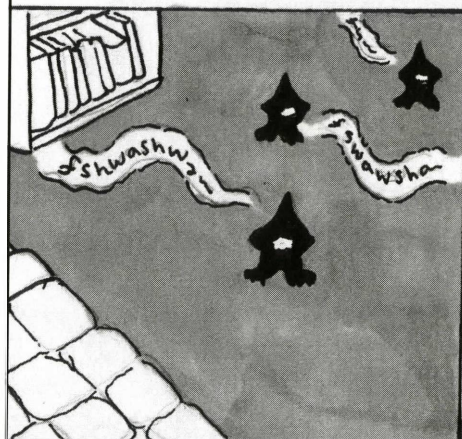
What if they were from
a far off land, toiling
daily in the mines
of Ambien Mountain?

Risking life and
limb to get
little chunks
of sleep...



and bring them to me

Just so I can rest.



Epilogue

After that I wasn't afraid
of the gnomes, I thought
of them as heroes.

I wanted to thank them
so I kept taking the
Ambien but I never
saw the gnomes again.
Go figure.



THE END

Words and pictures
by Sanden Totten

Special Thanks to
Ed Moorman

Contact:

Sandentotten@hotmail.com