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 Burgmitten? 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.

What was he smiling at? I don't know, just keep walking.
Hey, Which café are we meeting at again?

COFFEE CLUTCH

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.

Tell me what is on the first row.

Who said that?!!!

It was bad.

With improved vision life was suddenly full of little surprises.

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

I didn't wear them always... just when needed.
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 blacked out.
When I woke up, I felt great! I had a tan 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? Wrong!

Really Wrong.

$\text{Shwash, Shwash, Shwash}$

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

Without the pills I was miserable. With them I saw horrible visions.

My prescription savior became my tormentor.

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

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