Take a sleep of faith

DAVID JOHNSON

he storm is coming soon. It rolls in from the sea, threaten- ing to lose all of us from our bearings and send our very souls into a maelstrom of discowrence and chaos. I'm talking about maelstroms, obvi- ously. The actual weather's pretty damn hail-free for this time of year. But October's maelstroms are a trial for all of us as we come up against a brick wall and begin questioning the unnecessary aspects of life. I'm pretty sure sleep tops this list, as we convince ourselves that staying awake through their willpower is the best way around our time storage, and even though we've been awake for 44 con- secutive hours, maybe we'll make more room in this paper will bring us from a C+ to a B-. Oh, look, the computer screen is glowing fluorescent dancing hiphop — aren't they ob-scenely? Have the hallucinations passed? Good, because those are clear indi- cations that you need a lot of help. Luckily, that's what I'm here for. As the son of a) a licensed medical pro- fessional, I've got everything you need to fight insomnia. My advice shall be your shining star, my voice, a beacon in the night; my words will be your light to carry you to me and my brilli- ant mind's eye. It's just possible I'm exaggerating my abilities just slightly here, but I do apologize for such depredations, so everyone's good.

The first thing to do is to get rid of all your artificial stimulants. No, seriously, all of them. Caffeine, sugar, methylphenidate, and hence pla- centa (also known as "Red Bull") have been fueling you for years, and I doubt they're doing any good at this point. Not because they don't work — they did work for awhile — but we as a species have begun developing an immunity to these garden-variety stimulants, the same way that one out of every 10 breast cancer patients manages to survive the terror of laboratory-based insulin, right before getting slammed by a laboratory-based hacking boot.

The point is, until we switch to harder drugs, we're not going to get any serious benefit, so you might as well free up your shelf space for valuable other tools — like tensor devices. The ancient Romans used tensor maidens and tensor clamps to keep their breasts and abdominals. At least, I think that's what my history notes say. At any rate, pain and personal danger are wonderful incentives towards accomplishing any feasible goal.

So we've exhausted chemical and physical methods, and Frankly, I'm out of ideas. I'm not sure how this happened, but hopefully you've fol- lowed my instructions to the letter, perhaps horribly injuring yourself in the process. It's almost as if a fellow student decided to mitigate the dis- advantages of the bell curves by instructing his classmates, under the guise of a helpful advice column, to do great bodily harm to themselves. I can't imagine anyone in the media who would abuse their power in such a blatant manner, but you know how people are.

THE MARBLE PEDESTAL

Normally, I'm not one to support group organizations of any sort; hell, I think the Canadian Union of Postal Workers is a cult. However, there is one group in particular who always works their way into my heart. Of course, I'm talking about the noble Girl Guides and their famous cookies. Of all of my favorite bi-annual events, Girl Guide cookies season is the best by far, cer- tainly much more delicious than, say, the equinox. I'm not addicted yet, but I'm hoping there's a support group out there, because sooner or later I'm gonna get hooked.

Girl Guide Cookies have played a number of huge roles in Canadian history. The first box was sold in 1937 in Regina, Saskatchewan. This monu- mental event in Regina's history is rivaled only by the time that Uncle Jim got his tractor stuck in the mud. Girl Guide cookies have also been to space where Canadian astronauts used them to demonstrate to their international partners that space food isn't really that bad.

Alas, during the 1991 Gulf War, every member of the Canadian forces was given a free box of Girl Guide cookies. They functioned remarkably as handy day-to-day rations, with the added side effect that our brave troops quickly learned to use the aromatic mint cookies as an effective form of prison torture.

We also mustn't forget the staid- vest young women who work so hard to deliver these cookies to the public. Remember, they face letterby cold, snowy, neighbourhoods, uncar- ring automobiles, and vicious hound attacks — all in the name of junk food. Unlike those tiny Boy Scouts who do nothing but learn to tie knots and build campfire, whatever the hell those are.

So, to forever embody the Girl Guides' valiant efforts and the cookies' role in our country's history, I proudly raise a box onto the pedestal. Except the mint ones — those things are ten- dency natty.

Mike Chafe

The Marble Pedestal is a semi-imagi- nary feature whose persona or group who does something particularly noteworthy and awesome is elevated temporarily to a pedestal of praise, and polished. No actual instillations are performed.

readerpoll

“To solve their $59-million deficit, what should the University administration cut?”

- Construction of the Centennial Centre for Interdisciplinary Science (39)
- Athletics funding (37)
- The show-stopping budget (37)
- Facility subsidies (39)
- Administration salaries (39)
- Just get rid of it all (no preference) (19)

TOTAL RESPONSES: 96

THIS WEEK’S QUESTION: “Did you attend the Students’ Union’s much-touted Carbon Capture debate?”

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