

You Are Getting Sleepy



“You ... are getting ... sleeeeeepy,” crooned Morpheus the Magician to Vlad the Volunteer from the Audience. Morpheus had boasted that he could hypnotize anyone in the theater, and he’d back up that claim with a thirty-dollar bill (which he deftly plucked out of thin air). Irrked that he’d paid exactly thirty bucks to see this show with Luella, then at the last minute she’d canceled to go window shopping, Vlad decided to challenge him. He figured he was pretty safe since he’d had a double espresso in the lobby during intermission. Actually, he wasn’t sleepy so much as he was getting a terrific headache. It felt like someone was drill ... but no, that was silly. Meanwhile, what in the world was that gnashing noise? Was his bruxism acting up again? Vlad tentatively touched his tongue to a lateral incisor. Nope, no grinding there. Well, *that* was a relief! But then, what was that awful sound? And – hello! – where’d that extra pair of hands that were cradling his head come from? “Sleeeeeep ...” continued Morpheus. ‘Oh, give it a rest, ya big phoney,’ was what Vlad meant to say. But he suddenly couldn’t say *anything*. His tongue had gone numb, just like it felt the time he’d had it lanced at Bob’s Body Piercing Clinic! Vlad tried to open his eyes, but now he couldn’t do *that*, either. Beset by these four worries (with a fifth on the way), Vlad’s body dropped into Safe mode, and he (*nerzz!* there goes my \$30!) fell asleep.