

Hangover

Business



There are few feelings less droopy than the hangover that descends the morning after writing an essay until 1: 00am. Not only have you stayed up late, your creativity is as dry as a desert at high noon. Every agonizing point you slowly drew out, hoping, praying, pleading with God that somehow you'll squeeze 352 more words from your thesis; every tangled sentence you spent twenty minutes unraveling; every bruise on your forehead and every dent on the desk; they have siphoned out your creative juice.

And your pride. Oh. Will it ever survive the beating it received? And I'm not just talking about your purple forehead, I'm talking about the endless abuse in your head, the patronizing stream of insults you hurled at yourself as you leaned over Boring Whoever's use of a very boring element in their essay "Beyond Boring." Why can't I write a measly 750 word essay? Where has my brain gone? Maybe you hadn't noticed, but all your your words carry little stripy straws and they've been sucking it away. The sugar hangover is there too, of course.

You've been snacking on extra mini dark chocolate Hershey bars to keep awake and remind you that there's something worth being alive for. When the bowl was half full you wondered what you're going to feed the kids at Halloween now, but your battered pride was too angry to care. You reached for another one. Yum. By the time you've gathered up the shreds of your pride and sewed them into a neat little pot-holder (it used to be a stunning quilt, but hey, at least you have some) and your bones have mustered some new creativity juice – the next essay is due.

Hallelujah.