

* The whole paper is an extended metaphor of my aversion to sleep as a war.

2nd Draft

Donald Guy
Magnet English 10 1B
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The Slumber Struggle

The warning sirens blare ("whereeerrr") and all run for cover. The drowsiness is incoming and only those with the defenses in place can survive this offensive. The sleep makes no distinctions between the rich and the poor, the beautiful and the ugly, or the greatest leader and the lowliest pawn. The drowsiness doles no mercy and the sleep serves no sympathy. An attack of exhaustion comes on like an army, REM comes on like an APC, and forty winks comes like a hundred bricks.

Simile x3; Repetition

Semi-colon

It would be inaccurate to say I am at war with sleep, in itself it can be quite restful and fulfilling at times. My real distaste is for the forces of fatigue that sleep commands to impose its views on the world. This year, due to my chosen load of classes and other responsibilities, I have a large amount of things I have to do that I would be hard-pressed to justify as enjoyable. If it were not for sleep's ruthless mercenaries, I would only have to sleep by choice. If this were the case I could handle all my responsibilities and still have plenty of time to have fun too. This, however, is not the case and that fact causes me much annoyance. Therefore, I have enlisted myself in this war against such tyranny. The Snoozers are now my arch enemies. I swear myself to protect everyone, for there is truly no one who can not avoid the merciless campaign of the snooze soldiers, me included.

Hyphen

Anecdote

from here (Take this week, for example. Though I managed to be fairly well rested by Sunday morning through an extra long armistice with the forces of sleep on Saturday evening, the peace was short lived. On Sunday afternoon all seemed peaceful on the front as I finished my obligatory paperwork. Then, suddenly, when I thought I had finished it, a message arrived in the form of a note scribbled in my planner — or maybe from "Homework Live", and thus began Operation Folder Adornment. The battle was long, but finally when the smoke cleared I stood victorious. Thus exhausted from my struggle I collapsed into my cot and slept. The following day as usual I awoke at 0630 hours and reported to the academy for my training. At 1440 or so, my training complete, I returned to HQ and began my newly assigned reconnaissance and evaluation operations. Throughout the work, however, I was besieged by units of Snoozers. I shook off the offensive and completed the various time sensitive matters. At this point I would have gone to sleep, but for two reasons: a) my CO's (General Mom and Major Dad) were off on assignment escorting my contemporary, PFC Maggie, to operations in Harrisonburg; b) Due to

Dash

Colon

Colon

Semi-colon

Hyphen

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← anecdote
→ tone

this fact the K9 unit on watch signaled several false alarms.) When the officers finally returned to base I went to sleep. Today while at the academy, and later filing this report I have been constantly assaulted by battalions of Snoozers and not to scare anyone, but the rumor is that if we don't get our defenses up well enough tonight, tomorrow they are bringing air support. So you may be asking why I am complaining; this sounds like the account of any soldier in the War on Biological Processes. The fact is these extended periods of conflict tax my abilities greatly and the only way to hold them off is to build greater defenses. If I take the time to build such emplacements, however, I am left with no time for R&R.

Semi-colon

What is a poor soldier to do in this world? I have almost no time for fun because of my need for work. I spend all day doing paperwork and all night working on emplacements. The only true solution is to leave my intended study to join the Corp of Engineers, but it is what I really want to do. At this point in my career it is probably too late to make a change, but still there are times I wish I was more distant from combat. Maybe I should have just stayed in the band.

⊙ = words people might not know