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Dear OIMH,

If you say your initials out loud over and over again, it almost sounds like a mantra that I have heard people use while meditating. Meditation is really just a form of self hypnosis isn't it? I bet you guys chose the acronym OIMH on purpose, didn't you? I like acronyms too. I made one up myself.

I have trouble sleeping at night. I also occasionally wet my bed and my urine soaks through the sheets and mattress when I actually do fall sleep. I am not sure if these problems are related, but I wonder if you can help me with my sleeping problems.

During the daytime, I like to go around doing weird goofy things: I like to cluck like a chicken and scratch the ground for food. I like to shadow slow dance with myself to imaginary music, and I have experienced a strong desire to engage in what I call Blind Acrobatic Somersault Falls, where I randomly fling myself off of elevated surfaces without warning and execute acrobatic tumbling of sorts onto whatever surface is below. While dangerous, I have never suffered serious injury doing any of these activities.

These are things that I sincerely enjoy, but I am always afraid that I will get strange looks at the market or in the commons at the dorm where I live. For that reason, I always try to resist the urge to act in these ways, even though I absolutely love to, whenever there are other people around. To this day, not even my best friend knows that I like to act like a chicken or dance or BASF, but the urge to break loose right in the middle of public is tremendous.

I know that you guys always hypnotize people by making them go to sleep, so I devised a plan which I believe is ingenious. See, I really don't have trouble sleeping normally. I just wrote the second paragraph of this letter to throw off anyone else who happens to read this letter. Sometimes my friends in the dorm intercept my outgoing mail before it goes out to the post office. I figure after reading a few lines about my problem with insomnia, a full second paragraph into the letter, that most normal people will think the rest of the letter is just boring babble about the strains of sleeplessness. They will think that I am writing to you for help with my problems

and won't bother to read the rest of my letter.

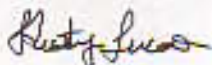
Yet I have everyone else in the dorm convinced that I have a sleeping problem. To make it as authentic as possible, I always drink about 3 or 4 gallons of Mountain Dew just before I go to bed. That caffeine really packs a wallop and keeps me awake for hours and sometimes all night long. So everyone else really believes that I have difficulty sleeping. The few times that I actually went to sleep for more than an hour or two I peed the bed a whole lot. The way I see it, I can just piggyback the bed wetting problem onto my insomnia. I know this is confusing, but you will see my master plan as it unfolds.

I finally had someone suggest to me that I should try hypnosis to get past my insomnia and bed wetting dilemmas. This friend of mine is from Thailand and he said that his younger cousins, Mao and Frank, used to pee their bed all the time, until they went to a local hypnotist who was able to recondition them to hold their bladders while they napped. Sleep hypnosis worked wonders for those Thai teens, and so now I want to make an appointment so that you can do the same thing. (By that I mean I want you to literally put me to sleep -- I am NOT talking about youth in Asia). Then I will be able to convince everyone that I simply went to you to fix my insomnia and bed wetting problems. I will even have a receipt to prove it.

When I get back to the dorm (and when I stop drinking 3-4 gallons of Mountain Dew each night), I'll have been "miraculously" cured of my insomnia and bed wetting through the magical power of hypnosis. I will also start acting out in strange ways: clucking like a chicken, slow dancing with myself, and BASFing on a regular basis. This will coincidentally coincide with my visit to you when my other sleeping problems stopped. Everyone in the dorm will assume that while I was hypnotized that you guys just had a little bit of fun and programmed me to act like a chicken and slow dance with myself and BASF seemingly at random. They will think that I have no control over it and I will just deny any awareness of my strange behavior. This will be our little secret and big joke on them! And most importantly, I will be free to act out in ways I have only dreamed about which satisfy my unique desires.

Please help me with my master plan!

Sincerely,



Rusty Lucas

p.s. Do you have any baseball caps? I like to wear them really tight at night to help me stay awake as the caffeine wears off. That also helps to curb the incredible caffeine headaches that I have been getting lately. Please send me a free OIMH baseball cap.