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hacker's insomnia

by alienbinary

It's late. It's always either too late, or too early. I was on a home visit, earlier today. If you don't know, I went to a "therapeutic" boarding school. I'm back there now. It's late. I'm sitting in my bed, typing on my small appletalk network's server. I'm using a shared copy of bbedit lite. My eyes want to shut, but when they do, they want to open again, immediately met with the harsh scenery of the world. I tried to make this place look good. I wanted it to be a good place. After all, once the internet is up here, I'll be here all day. The cpu monitor in the lower left corner of my powerbook 3400 screen displays a spike of data that shouldn't be there. Figures, nothing's working. The ambien they put me on isn't working. All insomniacs will be insomniacs sometimes. A hacker, is always an insomniac. That's why I smoke weed. The familiar smell of marijuana and tobacco waft through the room. Perhaps it's not so much there, as it is in my mind. My mind can produce a smell. It's late, too late. Cheezi isn't back yet.

I met Cheezi when I first came here. He was a member of the phr0zen crew. He used to idle with saltine, tkc, and didjital. Didjital's a phreak. Why hasn't error called? Why is it late. I just had a lapse in conciousness. A blackout. The mind melds into fatty tissues and amino acids. The electrodes wink out, and cease. A small murmur goes away, and there is nothing. Conciousness is regained only milliseconds later, but it took the past few minutes with it. I forget what I was doing. I was writing. The electrodes start to flow through my body again. But by now, all the toxins that keep me stable went with the stability itself. I have no nicotine or THC to calm me. All is bleak. The only traces of marijuana are on the other side of the campus. This bleak sanitarium. The asshole who rooms alone with me, Cheezi's upstairs, snores so loud.

I wish a waft of cold air come in. It would wake me up. Nicotine. I have a newport 100, and no matches. I used to use my grey box as a taser, and consequently, a lighter, but it's missing a couple of flash capacitors. There's upstairs. It's okay. I'm not gonna smoke them all now. I will probably wake up tomorrow. I think half assedly about how I want to wake up tomorrow. Who care's? It's too bleak. Too late. There's no point. The happy meal toy I convinced some girl at a mcdonalds to give me is on the brink of falling over. I have to fix it. He seems to make a face at my old PB150, which is now acting as a temporary server because it has shit on it that I need.

Some doubt comes into my head, as to whether I need any of that shit. All the sudden, the cpu monitor goes flat, and blueBox CPU goes low. Does it matter? It's too late, and I'm too tired. Tommorrow's gonna suck. As if you can have a good day in a sanitarium? Breakfast is nothing but bad food and restraints.

A sanitarium is a perversion of society. It recreates society, and then picks at it. It puts it in it's padded walls, and let's it rot. It pushes out, and smashes itself inward in the process. The sinews of the core tissues that make society stay together, are torn. This leaves society bleeding. The structure is destroyed. Next, the bones are broken, and the mind is mangled. The sanitarium observes, the doctors take note,

and society is removed from this perversion of science. Years later, the infrastructure hardens, the patients increase, and then I am thrown in. I am sent into the sanitarium. I can no longer sleep. At least I got an hour at home. I'm running off the 15 minutes in classes that I get here during the week.

It's late. I look through a past issue of the midnight raid. I read error.type.eleven's article entitled "sex_drugs_n_drums_'n'_bass.txt". I decide to write. It's been a while since I wrote a long stream of consciousness like this. It sounds like a good idea. The night watchmen come's around, to do his rounds. He tells me what I already know. It's late. I don't know how late. He tell's me that it's ten till midnight. It's late. I try to rest. It isn't happening. No sleep for the hacker. I wonder if ete will call. I miss you man. Why won't the phone ring?

It's late. I'm tired. Perhaps I'll get some sleep.

I'm awake again. I wish I was asleep. The cruel reality of the walls of my asylum. The world reveals itself to be uncaring and unfeeling. Help me, I'm in hell.

I got like two hours of sleep. My mind is jelled. I can't feel my arms. My fingers are typing, but no feeling is relayed. Only a dull echo that let's me know that I am alive. It's been long. Too long. I don't know what to make of the sound that's in my head. I feel nauseous. A deep neausea that comes from being overtired, and overworked. I'm not doing shit today. They can't make me. This asylum tries to assimilate me into it's infrastructure. Fuck them.

I missed half of school today, do to my overtiredness, and my ability to social engineer my way into getting what I want. In that time, I tried ete's recipe for extracting codeine from a common over the counter painkiller. My head Doesn't hurt anymore. I feel great. Except for the new feeling of neaseua that codeine or cytomorphone (unbroken morphine) can't cure. I'm in a daze. I can't figure out the clock. From what parts of it aren't distorted beyond reconciliation, due to the drugs and the lack of sleep, it's been three days since I slept, I can't see shit. Logically, the reading on the clock should be the time. But I don't know if I trust it. It's the iClock. It was a timex clock shaped like the iMac, and sold without the license. It's one of my more amusing possessions chaotically strewn throughout the dorm.

The sounds and beats of the crystal method play strange sounds into the earbuds that I bought specifically for school. They're inconspicuous, and unlike most earphones, they're digital, not analog. It's great. The familiar sounds of filter are played as soundclips on the CD. This reminds me. Where's ShaShi? Cheezi's back. ShaShi isn't. Maybe she is, and is awake. Maybe it's late. I don't know now. I took care of it. Five standard doses of extracted morphine will do that to you. I can't feel my head. Perhaps that's what I wanted.

It's soothing to know that somewhere, a young child sleeps that will never be locked up, and will know true freedom. No psychologists telling him how to be, no cops arresting him for being different, no social workers telling him he needs to improve. His own life. I guess that's what I sort of hoped for myself. I suppose it's better this way. But I punish myself alot. So does that make it better? I close my eyes, and feel a floating sensation. The burn in my throat manifests itself in small spurts of acute pain, the inevitable erosion of the esophegous, if I continue to chug codeine. It's okay. It'll go the way my nose did. It'll be a casualty that I only miss until it's completely gone. It's late.

I want to sleep but can't. It's been too long since I really slept. I need to get better sleeping medication. The ambien has been in my system too long. I have developed a tolerance. Perhaps I'll get the dosage increased, so instead of going to sleep, I can get shitfaced every night. Ambien. Sleep. It's late.

It's so goddamned late. There's a point in time where you know that theoretically, no person should be awake. Which means you are the sole awake person. It's your world. Yet I choose the world of MacOS and Linux and BSD. I choose the world of phones and hotline. Of code and text. Where the only thing that separates the awake from the sleeping is the shade of the username on the users list. I'm almost never idle. I don't sleep. It's late.

My sleeping medication has been increased. I'm going to allow the dopamine levels to stabilize, let the ambien take its toll. I've been taking codeine a few times a day. The world is a much brighter place on codeine. It's happier. My inability to move is what makes me happy. No more ocd while the codeine is there. No use worrying about something that can't be dealt with. It's late, but a happier late. The calmness of midnight sets in. I'm almost ready to sleep. Not yet. My hormones are raging. Well, I hate to say it, but it really isn't the place to masturbate. Oh well. I played quake three today.

All the bots, running around with rocket launchers, and me, sitting 5 levels above them, with a railgun. I picked them off one by one. The surround sound system shakes the room with each blow. It's a great day to die. I can't recall where I heard that. My memory isn't working so well anymore. The drugs. They get to you. After a while, it's not enough to just smoke. Sometimes, I need energy. Grin Reaper got a bottle of ritalin. Ritalin is basically comprised of two essential ingredients. Methamphetamine, or dexidrine, and sodium sulfide. The methamphetamine triggers increased brain activity, and the sulfur is the filler. I let the meth take its toll. After a while, I could feel my heart race. The techno pulsing, making me move. After a while, I start to crash. I don't feel so good. It's time to sleep.

I can't sleep. Shit.

I'm still awake, and I'm obviously not sleeping soon. Well, there's only one thing I want to do now. Speed. I go to my jeans, far too big for me, they're laying on the ugly green carpeting in a heap. I have to search through my pockets before I find what I was looking for. Two yellow pills, with the letters "CIBA" scrawled on them. The ritalin is put next to my computer. I then look around for a suitable crushing surface. I decide upon the zip disk holder that I got from Grin Reaper. It's time to crush. The key to crushing is to get it as fine as possible, without losing a fuckload off the powder. I leave a few extra chinks to dissolve later. Next I use a small container I mix drugs in. It's become a mixing bowl for me. I can see a little codeine residue on it. That's okay. I like speedballing. The yellowish powder is dumped into the bowl. I need some water. A large bottle of water is at the other end of the room. It should suit my purpose. All I need is a cap and a half of lukewarm water. After about half an hour, there's a very yellowish nasty colored solution in the bowl. I take a tiny bit on my finger, and place it on the crushing surface, and taste it too. It's cloudy enough to be potent, and tastes like ritalin, meaning that it has enough ritalin to be the effective ingredient. Now to apply it. This is the wierd part. I take a qtip from my

drawer, and take a cigarette from my pants pocket. I dip the qtip in the solution, and let it sit. Next I apply the solution with the qtip to the cigarette, gently. I put the cigarette and swab on the crushing surface to dry. Had I had more ritalin, I would have only had to apply once. But hey, it was free shit.

This is taking a while. I decide to turn on my lamp. It's one of those black and white desk lamps. You get them cheap at office supply stores. It has my handle written on the side, because I always use it for hacking/phreaking/drugs. It's almost ready for another coat. I apply the second coat under the lamp. I want it to soak deep into the tobacco. Fuck it's not close enough to the lamp. I prop it up under a book I plan to read. The forth coat. The final coat. It's ready. All I need is for it to dry. It's really fucking late.

Shit. My pupils are fucking huge, and I'm shaking. This is fucking cool. I'm gonna put on some Cypress Hill and sit in muh bed.

The lights are out, and my brain is tired. I have a dose of ambien twice as high as normal to get me to sleep. I don't know if it's going to work. I was hitting off the pipe today, and I smoked some nasty crack shit. It tasted so nasty. She told me to lick her finger. I was a little talken a back. Then she said to lick it more. I did. She said I'd get high if I sucked on her fingers. I still haven't recovered from that. My screen is changing colors, and the light is dancing. The bulb appears to be dripping. An eery light is dripping from my lava lamp. It's iridescent, and cold light. The warmth is going away. I am cold. It's cold. No heat, just my laptop. I am fucking tired. It's late.

My eyes are stuck at a sort of half awake stage. They refuse to focus. It's good I can type without looking at the keys or the screen. I am almost asleep. It's been so long. I am so tired.

Grin reaper's away, spliff's asleep, and Cheezi is upstairs. I'm bored, high, and depressed. Shit. This fucking sucks. It got dark so quickly. The sun was up, and then a flicker and it was out. that's all I remember of the contrast. No sun set, just an abrupt harsh inversion of light. I read a poem by ginsberg. The angry poetry helps me to reinforce my beleifs. I don't have to sleep! Why should I sleep when I could be doing so much. Reading so much. In fact, I could go scanning right now. But there's someone waiting for me. Those fucks. They always want to catch me. That sucks for them. I know what to do. A couple more hours, and I can start scanning at midnight. It's a great range to scan. In a bowl on a make shit shelf next to my bed is the residue of the crystal meth I made. I might need that later.

Hacker's Insomnia Part Two
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I missed half of school today, do to my overtiredness, and my ability to social engineer my way into getting what I want. In that time, I tried ete's recipe for extracting codeine from a common over the counter painkiller. My head Doesn't hurt anymore. I feel great. Except for the new feeling of neaseua that codeine or cytomorphone (unbroken morphine) can't cure. I'm in a daze. I can't figure out the clock. From what parts of it aren't distorted beyond reconciliation, due to the drugs and the lack of sleep, it's been three days since I slept, I can't see shit. Logically, the reading on the clock should be the time. But I don't know

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