

2017

## 4:00 AM

Jordan D. Crough  
jdcrough@calpoly.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.calpoly.edu/raw>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Crough, Jordan D. (2017) "4:00 AM," .RAW: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 8.  
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.calpoly.edu/raw/vol1/iss1/8>

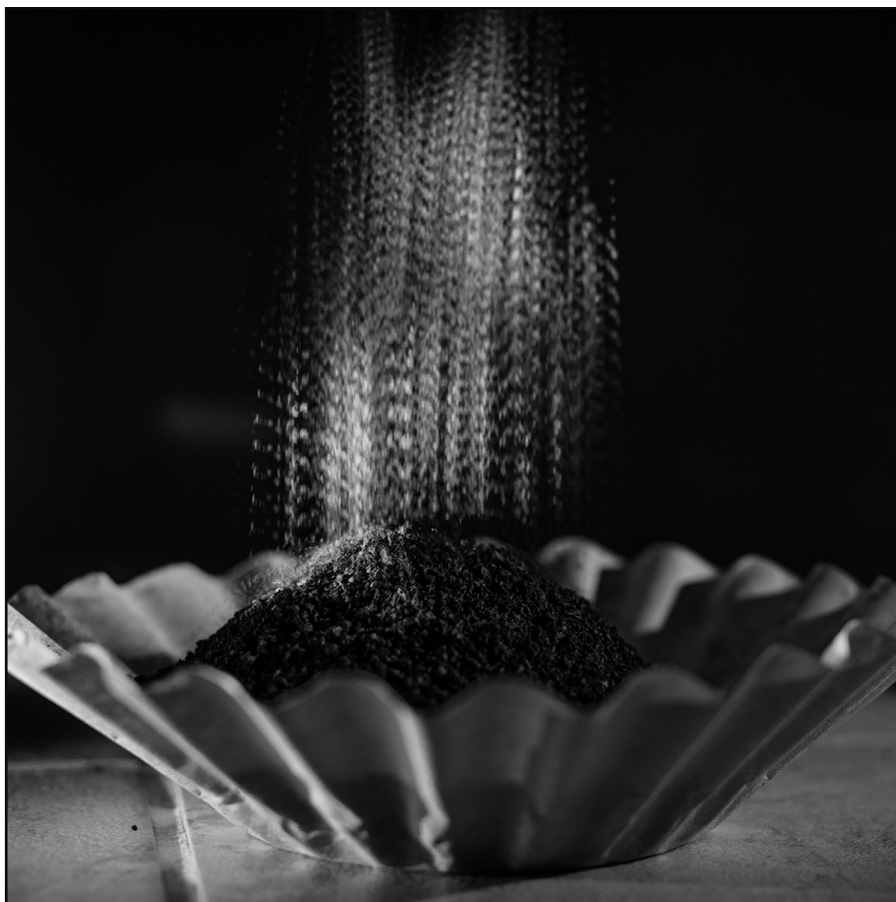
This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CalPoly. It has been accepted for inclusion in .RAW by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@CalPoly. For more information, please contact [pbleisch@calpoly.edu](mailto:pbleisch@calpoly.edu).



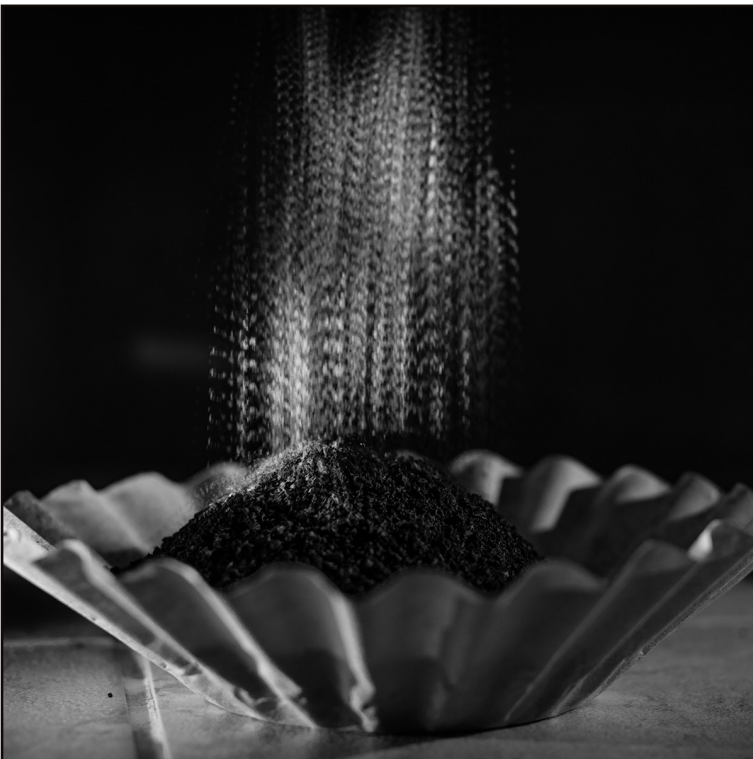
*The sharp, agonizing sounds of my alarm pound at me out of the darkness. I reluctantly look over at the offender only to see what resembles a 4 shining out of the black. Struggling I arise. As painful as it is, I recall that there is a remedy, an elixir, a cure for the lethargy that plagues my body. Stumbling, I navigate myself to the edge of a cliff. I do not seem to care for the danger as I descend, barely holding on to anything.*

# 4:00AM

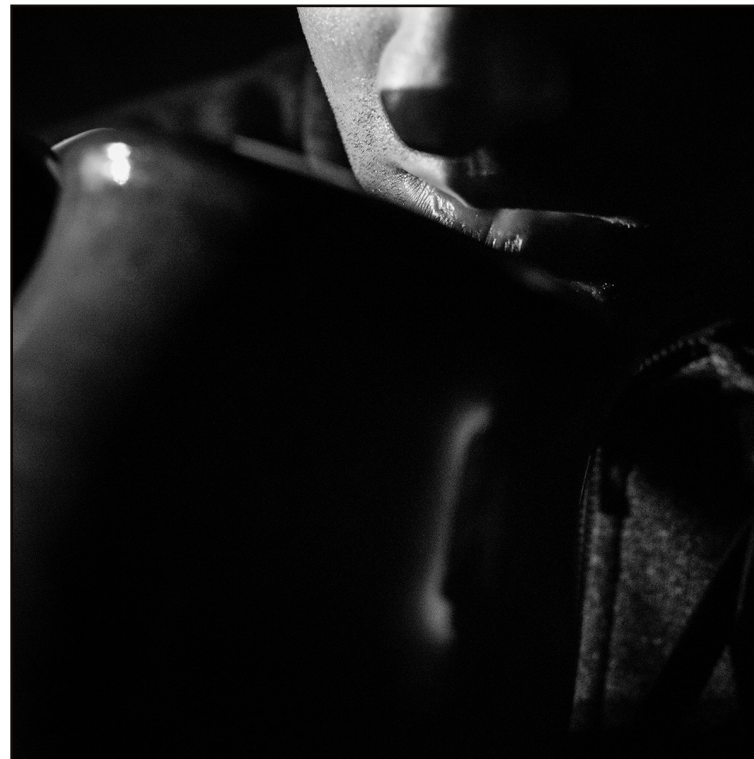
JORDAN CROUGH



*Then the most precious ingredient of all. Sealed in a sacred container and hidden from all light I carefully bring it to the device for which it is intended. Judiciously measuring the proportions, as this substance is rare and acquired from far across the globe, I add precise amounts to the machine.*



*Then the most precious ingredient of all. Sealed in a sacred container and hidden from all light I carefully bring it to the device for which it is intended. Judiciously measuring the proportions, as this substance is rare and acquired from far across the globe, I add precise amounts to the machine.*



*I bring the container to my lips. Ouch! It burns me. No matter. The substance begins its potent revival. At last, I begin to feel life.*



*I secure the doors and light the fire that drives the mechanism that will soon revive me to life. Now, agony, as I wait a minute, five, ten, an eternity until another alarm sound signals the completion of the all powerful substance.*



*I reach for a small vessel and extract some of the now steaming liquid. The floating aroma is about all I can stand now.*