

JUST DO IT - by J Bradley

comic adaptation by Nathan Holic

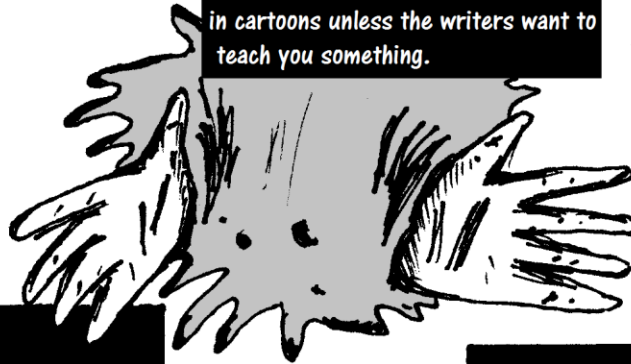
The man in the Marge Simpson wig looked so cool on t.v. doing cocaine off the blade of a knife.

I wondered how he didn't stab himself in the face...

how he fought the anticipation off of his wrists...

but I remembered it was a cartoon...

and there are no wounds or addiction in cartoons unless the writers want to teach you something.



While my mom was asleep, I grabbed the open box of baking soda from the fridge...

...then a teaspoon and butter knife out of the silverware drawer.



Everything smelled like ozone and wet plastic after. I told my mom I cut myself from practicing shaving.



A week later, I tried again but with sugar, also from the fridge.



No serrated mustache this time...



But each inhale felt like icebergs colliding against my nasal cavities.



I then worked up the courage to do it with a Pixy Stix. I picked orange.

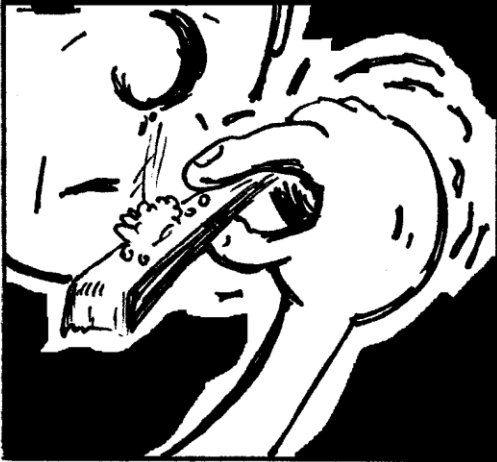


If it all went wrong, I could just tell my mom I was getting my allergies again.



Red or blue would have looked much more obvious, plus I've seen people taste cocaine like in Robocop or something.

I did some off the knife, then straight from the Stix itself to celebrate how steady my wrist was; all that practice and masturbation finally paid off.



I felt like Willy Wonka's idea of lung cancer the next morning.



My mom caught me one night practicing with powdered sugar and a steak knife. That's how I got this after-school special dimple on my right cheek.

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