Dear Late Nights,

You and I have a long history, beginning in my very infancy. Although I cannot recall the occasion, I am told my mother discovered our relationship when I had reached the mere age of one and a half. Despite years of her best efforts in curtailing naps and enforcing strict bedtimes, our relationship has continued on for decades. But now I have reason to question the grasp you have had on my life.

You see, I believe in being able to pursue happiness. I believe in fostering good health. Above all, I believe in being alert, responsive, and fully engaged with life. Increasingly, I am realizing that you are detrimental to my efforts to achieve these things.

* You prevent me from enjoying the beauty, solitude, and productivity of early morning hours.
* Whenever I spend time with you, I feel quite exhausted for days to come.
* You throw off my ability to perform well in my classes and at home.
* You affect my mood, leaving me cranky and uninspired.
* Worst of all, you make false promises. You are almost never as fun as you promise to be. All I sacrifice for you is rarely paid for with a good enough reward.

I have tried to negotiate with you, to allow you some space in my life without giving you everything. I have told you I can see you on the weekends as long as you let me spend weeknights with my bed. But you are too demanding. Your charms are too powerful. It can take me several days to recover from a single night with you.

Since our negotiations have failed, I have decided. I cannot allow you in my life any longer. We are done. Please don’t try to tempt me to spend time with you anymore.

With regrets,

Julianne Craft