Your blissful daydreaming is rudely interrupted by the lecturer clumsily placing a new slide on the ancient, chalk-covered projector. His hands dance wildly above his head as he attempts to convince the class that failure to understand this topic will result in swift and unforgiving doom. Finding such disproportionate threats a little unsettling, you decide to quell your unease with an equally swift and unforgiving nap.

At some indeterminable time later, your eyes snap open, suddenly overwhelmed by the horrifying sensation that this last comment had been directed straight at you. With a flush of embarrassment, you look up from your soft, comfy sleeve-cum-cushion to meet the ocean of disapproving glares, but you find nothing but an empty room, and the same old portrait smiling at you.

A second, less drowsy take reveals that your lecturer has left that all-important slide behind. Since you’re wide awake now, you might as well figure out what he was ranting about about.