

Sleep, 7.28.99

By Karin McKie, Karin@treefalls.com

Hi, my name is Karin and I'm a sleep-a-holic. But I don't have a problem - really, I don't. I can stop whenever I want to.

Well, maybe not. Sleep is the *real* opiate of the masses. Sleep is better than a Dorito and chocolate pie in the Caribbean after a night of passion with Liam Neeson. It's more addictive than crack. And I'm a junkie. I sleep the sleep of the dead. I've slept through ringing phones, garbage collectors outside my window, and smoke detectors. I'd make a bad watchdog.

I'd rather be a cat. I think. On a bad day they get 21 hours of sleep. On a good day they probably get about 23 hours. No wonder they're so fast and have great reflexes. They spend their whole life resting up for the big event.

Even more adept at the lost art of sleeping are animals who hibernate. Those bears really have it made. I mean, they just load up on fatty foods (something else I'd be happy to do), and then go to sleep for three or four months. Then you get up, run around, kill things, procreate, eat some more, and do it all over again. Sign me up.

They say that many accidents and illnesses are caused by lack of sleep. Well, Dr. Drowsy has a prescription for what ails you - not No-Doz, just good old fashioned sleep. It's amazing how well it works. They say it's the closest thing to death, which isn't such a bad thing, because it makes me less afraid of death. After all, dying is just a dirt nap.

Sleep is also a noble vocation because you don't beat yourself up. When you're awake, it's "oh, I'm no good" or "I'm too short" or "How will I date Liam Neeson when I've never even met him". And sure dreams are weird, what with the running in wet cement and going to school without your pants and all, but they're usually better and certainly more entertaining than being awake.

I'm sure I'll be branded as sexist, but I'm very much the guy when it comes to feeding my sleep habits. You're with your guy, you're doing your nocturnal activities, and then when it's all over, it's "Go away" - no cuddling. I need to sleep. I need my space - whoever invented the king-size bed should be excused from jury duty and parking tickets for life. Because then you can have your moments of 'partnering,' your, as Shakespeare said, "making the beast with two backs," and then, "ding," it's over, go to your two separate corners, towel off, sip some Gatorade, and just sleep. Achieve that snow-angel sprawl and make your own Shroud of Turin with sweat. And Liam knows I like a very accommodating mattress.

Sleep is a grand lesson for death - 'the big sleep.' It's passive, honest, delectable. You should be thankful I'm well rested when you cut me off in traffic. People spend a third of their life sleeping - well, I'm shooting for half. Goodnight, Liam - and get back over on your side.