

the sleeping sickness

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he was convinced she had the sleeping sickness. he was also convinced that he was a paranoid schizophrenic in his youth, but cured himself of that by learning self-hypnosis. but really, he thought she had the sleeping sickness because she was asleep almost every time he saw her these days. "wake up!" he shouted at her. "you can't sleep forever!" but she only mumbled syllables and rolled over on the couch, her face flushed red and her eyelids twitching.

in reality, she didn't have the sleeping sickness, but she just pretended to be asleep all the time so she wouldn't have to deal with him as much. if she was asleep, he couldn't possibly expect her to provide conversation, dinner, or sexual pleasure, she thought.

"why don't you wake up?" he shouted at her again. "you are ignore me! i will go out to dinner without you."

and he would leave and do as he pleased and she would be left alone to do as she pleased. as long as she could guess when he'd return and return to bed by then, her life was pleasant, quiet, and free from intrusions, she thought.