

INTRODUCTION



I don't sleep well. My mind races in a million and one directions, like stars tumbling through space. I try to focus on sleep but it rarely works. It seems weird that I would have to concentrate on sleeping but my Mom says a creative mind is hard to unplug. My Dad says that a tired, cranky onion always tastes bitter and never lends itself to any good recipes.

So we began to look for something to remedy this. My Mom tried a bunch of things to help me, but very few of them worked. She used Chinese herbs but they made me forget my name. She gave me some tea but I felt it only made me hyper. Her last resort was a counting method she learned in yoga.

“Lie down and get as comfortable as you can,” she said. “Breathe deeply and begin to count backwards from 26. You will find yourself relaxing, going on a journey to a place of deep sleep.” It was Sunday and I really was not in the mood to do this exercise, but I promised her I would do it on Monday night. She was understanding and agreed.