

Simple Pleasures

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In the words of our dear Paulo Coelho, it is the simple things in life that are the most extraordinary. And who could ever disagree with this statement knowing that simple pleasures are those which, costing so little, can amount to such rewarding feelings! I cannot help but think, though, that while having the possibility of being the most rewarding, they can also be the most dangerous. As in the case of a double-edged sword, when it comes to indulging ourselves, things could go as right as they could go wrong.

Take, for example, the ordinary sin of binge-watching. Once in a while, we all enjoy escaping our everyday lives and simply immersing ourselves in our favourite series' parallel world, and, in doing so, following our heart's very own desires- obviously ignoring the fact that we will regret this impulsive decision in the morning, or worse: choosing to enjoy this moment at its fullest and promising to endure the consequences of our actions when the time comes. The scary thing about this is that we actually believe we have some control over this situation when, even if we wanted to, escaping would not be an option. As soon as the next episode comes to an end, Mr. Netflix grabs us gently by the wrist begging with irresistible puppy eyes not to turn off the TV. I mean, it's not like we have to press a button to watch the next episode...

However, we know this ends up in us programming a couple more alarms in the morning to make sure we actually make it out of bed, leaving us vulnerable to our unconditional and yet ill-winded friend Snooze Button... Oh, how weak art we when having to abandon our beloved arms! Such is thy weakness that we would take anyone's word for a couple more cherished minutes in heaven. Still, parting is such sweet sorrow knowing another rendezvous could take place as soon as the clock strikes nap-time to, once and for all, satisfy our every need. Naps always seem to be the cure to every aching, the ultimate solution to a life of problems.

Having been a napper all my life, some think I should be regarded as an expert. Were logging miles the requirement for a degree, I would be a PhD. But, here is the thing about naps: no matter how many research hours we may accumulate on our backs, naps continue to be a treacherous, absorbing and yet excruciatingly attractive phenomena. Although we know there is a 50-50 percent chance that we will meet our heart's desire, we still engage in this Russian roulette hoping that Lady Nap may choose to delight us with a short and sweet refreshingly-renovating-30-minute nap rather than drag us down under a consuming "I-don't-know-who-I-am"-3-hour slumber from which few recover. As a weak but faithful devotee of Lady Nap I warn you: napping is a one-way road with uncontrollable destination. Beware of her charms!

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