

FATHER'S MIDDAY NAP

When my father has his midday nap he goes out like a light. You don't believe it? Then pay attention and listen to all the things that happen during

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Every day, after lunch, my father has a routine: he takes off his shoes, puts on his slippers, takes the same book and sinks comfortably into the armchair.

The proof that he has fallen asleep is that the book falls out of his hands and makes a noise (fiuuuu pluf!) but he doesn't hear it. He sleeps so deeply that at times I pull a hair from his beard (pling) and he carries on sleeping like a log. My mother can put on the dishwasher or the washing machine, which make an awful noise, but he doesn't hear a thing. The carpenter down below starts cutting wood just then, but as far as my father is concerned he might as well be singing him a lullaby.

At times I touch his tummy to see if that will make him stop snoring, but no, he carries on; then I put my finger under his nose and not even this works – he goes 'pluf, pluf, pluf' and carries on sleeping. He's dead to the world.

The postman arrives and rings the bell several times (riing, riing); the doorbell is really loud and it could rouse a battalion (riiiing), but it's useless: when my father is asleep he's as deaf as a post.

Some afternoons the singer in the flat next door starts practising her scales (Do Re Mi Fa So La Ti Do) and he just carries on sleeping and snoring.

What did I tell you?

He's oblivious to everything.

And I have to confess that as I believe noise is good for him, I take the opportunity to take his bongos (bom bom bom) or his trumpet (tuturutu tutu), which he never lets me do, and I start playing them as loudly as I can.

My mother says to him that he should lie down on the bed instead of always sitting in the same armchair, and he ... do you know what he says after half an hour in limbo with his eyes closed?

"No, it's only forty winks."