

Julian

## Sleep Sounds

As I stumble in my house, exhausted from soccer practice, all I can think about is getting into bed and listening to the soothing, familiar sounds out my window. I wonder if everyone feels a comfort from sounds, either in their head or from outside. My sound comes from the outside world; and I love it. When I hear those sounds a picture always comes into my head.

When a truck roars by I always wonder what it is delivering. I imagine there are tons of fruit boxes bouncing around inside waiting to be delivered to the grocery store. Sometimes I hear the beep of a bus when it stops. I always imagine people in suits coming home from work late frequently looking at their watches getting very impatient because the bus isn't there. I love hearing and feeling the city in motion. All the sounds combined are what puts me to sleep.

What amazes me is how much the sounds change in Fire Island. They change from city sounds to nature sounds. I hear the chirping of many birds but I have learned to love one special call and wait for it every night. It is the slow, steady song of the Red Cardinal and I wonder if he is singing just to put me to sleep. I hear the crash of a wave on the beach and imagine myself surfing and getting the best wave of my life. But my two favorite sounds are when it is windy and the tree tops are rattling against each other, or when the wind just howls by itself. In Fire Island it is so quiet that when it rains it sounds like someone is tapping repetitively on our roof.

Even though city sounds and nature sounds are so different I look forward to them every night as I drift off to sleep.

*Julian's writing.*