

Mr Grumpy

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I HAD a good kip on Monday night ...

By normal standards, that's pretty unremarkable news. About 99.99 per cent of the world's population can expect the same result when they hit the sack.

But for me it was a memorable moment. I had not had a proper night's sleep since something clicked in my brain about six months ago and turned night into day. Regrettably it didn't do the reverse with day consequently I have been becoming progressively more zombieified as the weeks tick by.

At first, I tried all the home remedies. Even lots of strong drink ... which knocks you into a coma but leaves you with such a nasty hangover when day breaks that it's not worth it ... then I went to the doctor. Quite a few of them in fact.

Getting something as simple as a sleeping pill is, it turns out, not as simple as many of our professional athletes and footy players would have you believe.

No luck. I was told by various medical practitioners to, among other things, try reading a boring book in bed, count back wards from 1000, go to bed later, get a herbal remedy from the supermarket ... the list goes on! But no sleeping pills.

Then came what may be my salvation in the unlikely form of my stepson who's well in touch with the esoteric side of life.

'Try Japanese acupuncture', he suggested as I was teetering on the brink of hitting myself between eyes with a meat mallet.

The cynical side of me ... and there's a lot of cynicism there ... laughed off the suggestion. Then, at the insistence of my beloved, I surrendered and agreed to give it a go.

Two treatments later ... they involve sticking needles behind my ears and one in the top of my head (for relaxation, I'm told) ... and bingo! I slept like a baby.

But wait there's more. A little over than a year ago I had a stroke and this was followed up with a brain haemorrhage in June. Consequently there have been a few nasty side effects which, the Japanese acupuncture lady says, can be controlled despite what the doctors say.

And that's where my cynicism kicks up a gear but, nothing ventured, nothing gained, I'm giving it a go anyway.

Apparently, everything revolves around the function of three principal organs



and they're governed by whether they're, in acupuncture-speak, hot, cold, wet damp and various other internal climactic conditions.

The main men are the spleen, kidneys and liver and it's a bit like a footy team. Take Billy Slater out of the equation and Cam Smith and Cooper Cronk don't work together so well, so to speak.

Anyhow, apart from being perforated by a lot of needles, diet helps the healing process and this is where conven-

tional wisdom goes out the window.

For instance, brekky for me is most often oats, milk and honey. Not on says acupuncture lady. The honey's got sugar in it and that's a no, no because (I think) it's hot. Dairy products like milk are also out because they're a different temperature.

Raw vegies in a salad are also on the hit list as are a long list of other goodies I always thought were good for me.

But it was when we came to beer that I staged an early rebellion.

"Do you drink alcohol?" she asked.

"Yep, love a coldie at the end of the day," was the reply.

"Well that'll have to stop. Beer's hot!"

"My beer's not hot. In fact I've got one of the best beer fridges in Queensland and it's always very cold."

"It's not the temperature of the beer. It's the ingredients. Hops are hot."

That's where I put my foot down. I am prepared to make all sorts of sacrifices in the name of recovery but banning my evening beer is not one of them. So we'll see what happens.

And all of this brings me to the Queensland Budget. I suggest some of the \$800 million the LNP are getting set to chuck at our health services should be spend on Japanese acupuncturists. Because if it works, they can indeed bring about miracles!