



## SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY

Kathlyn Q. Barrozo  
Class of 1991, University of Santo Tomas  
B.S. Medical Technology

Watching the trailer for a new local TV show once, I got reminded of a film starring my favorite pretty woman: *Sleeping with the Enemy*. The 1991 opus was about a woman who had been married to a wealthy, abusive and controlling husband, and who decided to fake her own death by, you guessed it, drowning. The female lead character changed her name and her complete identity to elude her abusive spouse. Eventually, the husband caught up with her in her new home. He even endangered the woman's new guy friend. In the end though, the woman was able to bring an end to her husband's threat of danger, and hopefully, to find a better and more respect-filled relationship.

Many of us have had to 'sleep with the enemy'. That enemy could be one of our friends or relatives. They are usually people we trust. However, we fail to see those people as they really are: vile, pernicious individuals out to draw first blood when they see us all helpless and at our most vulnerable. Many of them are hard to detect because they've become so good at keeping their ugly interior hidden from us. But watch out! During those periods when we least expect it, they will come and snatch our self-respect away and undermine our credibility. Yes, the world is filled with hypocrites, but the good news is, in Dante's *Inferno*, such people have a place under the mud with their heads driven down and their legs flailing wildly up in the air. But we also need to take care that we don't end up where they will.

We have been taught to do unto others as we want others to do unto ourselves. Perhaps, that is the most effective way to gain more friends and not to drive enmity between others and ourselves. No matter how it can be difficult to do that, we are duty-bound to still observe that rule. It's a way of ensuring harmony in our relationships, and of instilling trust on us from others. We surely wouldn't want to have a larger collection of haters and bashers than of people who genuinely like us. We work hard for our reputation and to take care of the good name that we merely inherit from our own parents. My late father once told me: Your name is your honor. Once you lose that, there will be nothing left of you. My father died an honorable man, perhaps not having a battalion of friends, but with his good name intact. I can only hope that what name he has bequeathed me with will be something I can manage to nurture and protect for the rest of my days, whether I have to sleep with the enemy or not.

## QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. Do you have friends or relatives who you think might not be all that sincere? Without revealing their identities, be able to elaborate why you think they are so.
2. Our best friends turn out to be our worst enemies. Why is that so?
3. Do you consider yourself a true friend? Why or why not?
4. With an honest look at your own self, do you believe you are your own worst enemy? Why or why not?
5. Why is it easier to find fault in others than to praise them? Which are you, a fault-finder or a flatterer? Justify your answer.