

Coffee Talk: Two Sugars One Life

The Battle of the Snooze Button

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I missed my daughter's first soccer goal because of the snooze button.

Not directly. But the chain of events started at 6:47 AM when I decided nine more minutes wouldn't hurt. Then nine more. Then nine more. By the time I lurched out of bed, showered at a pace best described as "aggressive," and drove to the field with wet hair and no coffee, the first half was over. She'd scored in minute twelve. I arrived in minute twenty-three.

"Did you see it, Dad?"

I lied. Of course I lied. What was I supposed to say? "Sorry honey, I was busy negotiating with a button on my phone like it was a hostage situation"?

That's the thing about the snooze button. It doesn't feel like a choice with consequences. It feels like a gift. Nine minutes of borrowed time. Except time doesn't work that way. Time doesn't get borrowed. It gets spent, and the interest rate is brutal.

If you've hit snooze so many times you've lost count, you're not lazy. You're human. You're also probably running late right now.

Here's what kills me: we know. We know those nine minutes won't help. We know we'll feel worse, not better. We know we're trading real time for fake rest. And yet.

Every night I set my alarm with the conviction of someone starting a new diet. Tomorrow will be different. Tomorrow I'll bound out of bed like those people in mattress commercials, stretching luxuriously in golden morning light. Tomorrow I'll have time for breakfast and maybe even read something.

Then tomorrow comes, and that alarm sounds like a personal attack. The snooze

button isn't a button anymore. It's a negotiation. A promise I make to myself that I have no intention of keeping.

The snooze math is where it gets truly delusional. "If I skip breakfast, that's one more snooze." "If I wear yesterday's shirt, that's two." "If I don't dry my hair, three." We're doing complex time-budgeting while half-asleep, trading dignity for nine-minute increments.

I've tried the tricks. Phone across the room? I've sleepwalked to it, turned it off, and returned to bed with zero memory of the journey. It's like my body has developed a snooze autopilot. A nine-minute zombie mode.

Why nine minutes, anyway? Not ten. Not five. Nine. Someone made that choice. Some engineer in 1956 looked at human weakness and said, "Nine. That's the number that'll really mess with them."

The snooze button is a tiny monument to the gap between who we want to be and who we actually are at 6:47 AM. We want to be the person who rises with intention. We are the person who treats consciousness like a negotiable concept.

So here's to us, the snooze champions. The ones who've turned "five more minutes" into a lifestyle. May your coffee be strong enough to compensate, and may the things you miss be less important than a first goal.

I don't hit snooze anymore, by the way.

Okay. I still hit it once. But only once.

...Usually.

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