



# Windows

Author: Molly Quell  
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The windows begged you to look out them. When I bought the house, I was told just how much sunlight they would let in, how bright and cheery the rooms were, what a great space it was. And the house was those things.

But the windows let in other things as well. The curious glances of the neighbors. The sounds of the children playing in the courtyard. The flashing lights of a passing siren. I didn't like those things so I bought drapes.

I envisioned myself dramatically tossing the curtains open in the morning, and staring out into the morning sun, awash

with the newness of the day. But I was often late for work, my alarm sounding again and again and there was barely time for coffee, let alone curtains.

There was art from my old house, wrapped in bubble wrap and brown paper leaning against the walls. And boxes filled with paper weights and candles and knick knacks. Without light, you couldn't really see these things anyway so they stayed packed away.

Without things to show people in my new house, there was no reason to invite them over. No one comes to look at a house, at walls and windows and a staircase. They come to look at your things, how you arranged the furniture

and what hangs on your walls and to take in the sunshine through your windows. I didn't invite anyone over.

Since no people came, there was no one to make fancy meals for. That was fine, because food is expensive and it takes a lot of time to cook complicated recipes. Simple foods were easier. I stopped buying spices and herbs and fancy cheeses. Then my food was dull and I didn't want to eat it.

Eventually, it seemed silly to get out of bed. After all there was nothing nice to look at, there was no sunshine and were no people and no delicious food. Curled up in bed was comfortable and warm. There was no work to rush to and no boxes to stub toes on. Why would I ever leave the comfort of the bed?

People were angry then and disappointed. They were upset that I wouldn't get out of bed and go to work and cook dinner. I never wanted to be a bother to anyone else. I didn't like to make them upset so I stopped answering the door and didn't take their calls.

When there were no calls and no callers, I no longer had anyone to talk to or anything to talk about. No fancy meals to share with friends, no discussions of politics or movies. There wasn't anything left to say. I no longer used my voice.

With nothing to do and nothing to say, with no one to see and nothing to discuss, there was nothing left to think about. There were no dreams. No nightmares. No thoughts or considerations. There was no reason to move at all anymore.

So I stopped.