

# **The Window**

By Sasha Gabriel

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Chili Pepper Creations LLC Edition

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Whose idea was it to go to this godforsaken lodge out in nowhere? Not mine, I can promise you! I'm a city girl through and through. The only thing about nature that I like is the lavender in my shampoo.

To be fair, the view is breathtaking... spring flowers, lush pines. Okay... so nature has some things going for her.

Oh, yes... the idea belongs to my best friend, Lydia, with her auburn hair, green eyes and hourglass body.

I'm a bit jealous but I'm a good friend. Who else would stay in a room where I just killed one spider and two roaches just to accompany a friend who wanted to meet someone new but didn't want it to look so obvious?

I checked in before lunch, killed the unwelcome roommates and waited.

After lunch, I called Lydia to find she has car trouble but promises she'll leave tomorrow.

Great.

I decide to go to my room and read until dinner.

I make some instant coffee and turn to sit by the window.

And that's when I had my breakdown. What else could it have been?

*What happened to the window?*

It's only 1:30 pm... but the window is black. *How could that be?*

I peer closer and see movement... a shifting of darkness... and with a sharp cry, I fall backward as I see an explosion and fire.

I move closer and watch as the darkness fades faster. I see clearer movement... a figure is thrown backward as an explosion rips a room apart.

The figure is, no, it can't be... it's... Lydia! She's in the kitchen and turns to answer the phone. While talking, fire erupts in the oven and the kitchen... and Lydia... is blown apart.

I've never believed in portents... but this is real, I tell you!

I grab the phone, punching in Lydia's number. She answers.

"Lydia! Just listen to me..." I'm yelling.

"Susan...? Why are you shouting?"

Something stops me... Lydia is talking on the phone... the window...

"Lydia...where are you?" I sound demented.

"I'm in the kitchen, baking cookies to take for you – your fave – peanut butter ... what's the matter?"

"LYD-I-A! DO AS I SAY RIGHT NOW! GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN NOW!!!"

"Now? Why?" her voice is tremulous.

"NOW! NOW! GET OUT NOW!"

"Okay, okay! I'll change phones in the bedroom," and the phone clicks.

I turn to the window and see the explosion...

Time stands still. Lydia does not pick up the phone. I drop the phone and go to the window.

“No! No!” I pound on the glass as all I see is the damn outside beauty! I hate nature! “What’s happened to Lydia?” I scream.

I run back to call Lydia but all I hear is a busy signal.

I call the police and ask them to check out Lydia’s apartment and give them my name and number.

Forty-seven minutes later, Lydia calls. My legs shake from weakness when I hear her voice.

“How did you know? The gas line burst! You saved my life, Suzy Q...” she was as puzzled as I.

I had enough of nature and as I was checking out, the owner asked me how I liked my stay.

“It was memorable. I especially liked the view from my window, though,” sounding rather vague.

He looked at my key, then up at me. “Next time you come, I promise you’ll get a room with a view. I don’t know why... but that’s the only room with no window. Sorry ‘bout that.”

Next time... I might just ask for that room again.

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