

THE WINDOW

By Jean Teeling

The 30 something woman (no lover, no job and three babies that never made it through birth) looked through the grime on the outside of her window, eight floors up, over looking the trash filled alley.

She had tried many times unsuccessfully to clean the glass, but that didn't matter anymore. Today she was going to die. All she had to open the window and jump.

Maybe I should leave a note she thought, but what would it say and to whom.

Her fingers turned the sash lock and she slowly raised the framed avenue of her escape.

No more pain or loneliness. She pushed the top half of her body through the opening

to get a better look at her destiny. She tried to concentrate on her objective, but music – exciting, lively music swirled around her.

Her eyes scanned the brick wall opposite her building. The music was coming from a window a little to her left and one floor down. She could see a young man directing the invisible orchestra. He was smiling and the woman could tell that he was enjoying himself.

She leaned on the window ledge and let the sounds surround her—fill her caress her. A smile played at the corners of her lips. A contentment and pleasure washed over her.

The music ended. She stepped back into the room and lowered the window. Life was hard—almost too much to bear. But not today. She could make it through today.

She saw her reflection and thought, HAPPY NEW YEAR, Rose Marie.