

The bathroom window

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It is one of the worst places to put a window: in the bathroom.

Now, you may be wondering why. There are windows in the bathrooms all the time, right? But you see, in my bathroom, our shower and tub are combined, and our wonderful window is right there in that space, above the tub and below the shower. Now if the window were frosted glass, there would be no problem, but our window was as clear as possible, basically a normal window. And since we couldn't put a curtain over it, my parents decided on a sticker that simulated the effects of frosted glass. But still, there were small pieces of clear glass on the edges that could be seen through. And the fact that the window looked out into a parking lot and another apartment building didn't help at all.

While I was growing up, that window was something that haunted my nightmares. I guess it didn't help that I had a morbid fascination with horror stories, even though I couldn't sleep for days after reading one. I used to shower as fast as I could, imagining a tall, dark figure pressing his face against the windowpane, or a decrepit old woman banging on the glass, or a disgusting guy peering through the cracks of the transparent glass.

Of course, I tried to calm down after such imaginations. The small slits of transparent glass couldn't show anything. The window was fourteen stories above the ground, so our bathroom was unreachable from the outside. And furthermore, even if the mysterious creature were a climber, a child could barely fit through the window. The monsters of my imagination could not enter

through that small space. And besides, there were many other larger windows in my apartment to worry about.

Time passed, but that window never forgot me. I think it was the fact that I had nothing to do while washing my hair other than staring out the window into the darkness and imagining twisted tales to entertain myself. When I grew up, and realized those monsters were not real, I consoled myself with the idea that everything that threatened me through the window was impossible. If my body can't go through that space, what can? You know.

Now I can't help but poke fun at the fears of my younger self. As I sit in the bathtub, staring at the closed door and listening to my mother's gurgling screams and the furious gunshots of the man who broke into my house, my mind is once again filled with thoughts about the bathroom window.

A window too small to fit, fourteen stories above the ground.