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The Window Upstairs

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The Window Upstairs

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"There's something about an upstairs window that always intrigued me. When I was growing up, my bedroom was a converted attic and I would sit at my window and watch the world below me. Voices would drift up from the street. I would see the people --friends and strangers alike-- walk by, living life each in their own unique way. And I would observe silently, unobtrusively taking it all in."

Cover Page Footnote

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Kristen's Window

Eric LoCastro

The Window Upstairs

by
Christina M. Pawelczak

There's something about an upstairs window that always intrigued me. When I was growing up, my bedroom was a converted attic and I would sit at my window and watch the world below me. Voices would drift up from the street. I would see the people --friends and strangers alike-- walk by, living life each in their own unique way. And I would observe silently, unobtrusively taking it all in.

At night there would be times when I couldn't sleep and then I would quietly creep (as quietly as was possible over those creaky floorboards) to the window at the end of the hallway, at the top of the stairs, overlooking the backyard. There the tall trees and the street lamps didn't interfere with the wonderful view of the stars. I was that much closer to being able to touch them. I could see over the house tops. Lights were reminders of the world below. But I was apart from it. My attention was focused on the treetops and the sky. It was calming, reassuring. Then I would creep back to bed and I could sleep --and dream of wondrous things.

But my experiences at those upper windows were not always related to the physical. There was an element of fantasy to it, too. Recall all those childhood fairy tales of the princess locked up in the tower waiting for her prince to rescue her. Or the king's sorcerer whose room filled with magical implements was always reached by climbing a long winding staircase all the way to the top of the castle's highest tower. I was that princess and I was that sorcerer. And should a winged horse ever happen to fly by, or perhaps a dragon, I would be the first to be able to reach out and touch its majestic wings. All because I happened to be looking out from the window upstairs.