

The Open Window

by Matthew Philip Figueira

Who calls a college “The Open Window”? Honestly? This was definitely one of my thoughts when I first heard about it. My first thought was of a college maybe involved in architecture, but clearly I was wrong. It was the college of everything. Enter my two best friends, who coincidentally both found about The Open Window, both applied very late, and both got accepted. If I wasn't artistically retarded, I probably would have totally jumped onto the bandwagon and joined them. Unfortunately my creativity only spreads to the kinds of toppings I would put on a pizza.

They were both extremely excited, studying exactly what they love. I couldn't help but feel excited for them, I mean if they are happy, I should be too? Right? Wrong. It wasn't long before they dropped off the face of the planet. Where did my two closest friends run off to? After some minor investigations and probing (facebook — a stalkers dream program) I discovered that my friends were buried underground! Wait, that's not earth they are covered in? It was books, projects and empty coffee cups! Upon visiting one of them, I managed to procure a bulldozer from an unsuspecting construction worker, and I proceeded to shove this huge pile off. “I'm here! Don't worry!!!” I yelled reassuringly. “I have come to rescue you!”

The face I saw wasn't one of anguish or pain, not even the slightest. What met me was a huge smile. “Er... what happened to your face?” I asked, taken aback.

“I'm busy designing a 3d model and I have such huge ideas. I'm loving it!”

“Some friend you are, I haven't seen you in weeks!”

“Has it been that long?”

“You are sporting a hillbilly beard man...”

He looked at me, shrugged, and got back to what he was doing. I picked up the nearest book attempting to get some insight into this

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/matthew-philip-figueira/the-open-window>»

Copyright © 2010 Matthew Philip Figueira. All rights reserved.

monster eating my friend's existence.

"Philosophy?" I asked surprised. "I thought this was a design college."

"Of course it is. We are just learning everything in our first year, then branching out and focussing on what we want to major in thereafter."

"Oh." Was all I could muster. "Well, I'll leave you to it."

I drove around the city that evening, beyond lonely. What was I to do? My friends were gone! I hit the nearest bar and ordered myself a strong drink of concentrated Oros. The barman was a tad gobsnacked, but he saw the dismay in my eyes. After filling him in on my crisis, he just merely shook his mangy hair while he polished a dirty glass.

"My only real question to you mate, is have you ever seen anybody smiling while studying or doing work at the same time?" he asked. I dropped my glass onto the floor with an ear splitting crash. "You're right! I'm being a selfish bastard! Why should I get in the way of their life? Why should I be the one to stop this huge mountain of work when I know it's putting them on their way to a good future? And on top of that, they never stop smiling!"

"Meaning that although they are probably stressed, they love what they are learning."

I slumped out of the bar into the cool night air. I pulled out my phone and initiated the conference call to the two most important non family members I have in my life. Ironically the call hit both of their voicemail boxes. They were too busy working most likely. "damn you phone!" I yelled as I threw it across the street.

After letting the traffic pass I went to claim my phone before climbing into my car. After my quick drive home I decided a Facebook message would be the best way to communicate. Who doesn't make time for Facebook? Nobody... so they would get the

message eventually.

"I know you guys are too busy at the moment. Just to let you know, I still exist, and when you finally hit holidays, I'm ready to live this friendship between your breaks. See you at the end of the year."

I drove home smiling, knowing that The Open Window would loosen its grip on my friends one day, and at the same time, they would tighten their grip on a shiny new Open Window Degree.

