

LOOKING IN
By Rachel Loveday

She looked in the window...

Annie liked to look out the bus window each time she rode it to do her grocery shopping down town. She liked to get lost in everything she saw, the roads, the parks, the beaches and the houses.

Annie liked to look at apartments and dream about living in the glamorous ones, most of which had windows too big to be able put blinds and curtains up so she could *actually* see inside them, see the furniture that the residents have chosen to buy, the tables, cabinets, knick-knacks, etc. It made her wonder why they would choose pieces that were so plain/out-there/white/colourful, why there was so little furniture or so much. Annie often wondered how the residents could afford to live in apartments like those.

One apartment would always catch her eye; brick building, second floor, middle window. There were no curtains or blinds. It was a bedroom full of gym equipment, some new and shiny, others that reminded her of the gym equipment she use to own in the 80's. But what really caught her eye was the easel and canvas at the window-front and centre, she could only see the back of it. But it was such an odd thing to have in a gym/training room.

Who was this person? An artistic athlete? An artist who is conscious about his/her appearance?

What was their story?

He looked out the window....

It took a heart attack for Mark to start losing weight and take better care of himself. It took six months and a drastic change of diet made possible by a nutritionist for him to lose the twenty kilos that he has, he has another ten to lose.

He earned enough money in his old job as a receptionist to buy the gym equipment that he needed before he quit for a more active job-he would rather pay thousands of dollars to work out in the comfort of his own home than to pay the equivalent for a five year membership at a gym where people could watch and judge.

Mark's love lied in two places; with his girlfriend, Abby and painting. One requires more love and persistence over the other. Mark and Abby have been dating for two years-the last six

months have been draining-her workload, his health problems, she has been a great girlfriend to him throughout, but Mark thinks it has all dragged her down, he wonders if she will look at him the way she use to and if she still loves him.

His painting was a love that always came to him easily, he could get inspiration from anything and anyone, particularly after a workout and the endorphins would kick in, he could sit for hours and paint-he particularly loved painting beaches and the ocean, the smell of salt and the warm, soft sand would always provide serenity.

The shuttle bus would glide by every ten minutes like clockwork, Mark often wondered what it was like to catch the bus, what life was like for each one of those passengers.

What was their story?