

THE WINDOW BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN

Translated by Paul Lazarus

I don't remember the year, but it was when I lived on Franklin street, in a converted loft with roof access. It was an amazing time. That street... that roof...

Food was an infrequent visitor to that apartment, so I would often go out to hunt for sustenance. There was a bar next door, where I convinced myself beer and brats was a nutritious meal. It was a small place, where all the regulars knew each other. That's where I met Bingo. He got his name because he was always shouting "Bingo" to everything. Be it beer or a shot of whiskey. To be honest, I can't even remember his real name. It's not important. He was my age but taller than me, narrow in the shoulders but with a much broader mindset. He thought in centuries. Once we were having drinks on Irving Place.

"I was thinking; do you ever wonder if Washington Irving cares about how much he means to us? For real, he's probably busy drinking it up with someone important up there."

"Why do you care?"

"Why do you think?"

"I don't know."

"It would make my life simpler. If Irving doesn't care about his legacy why should I try to leave a footprint in the sand?"

He downed a double whiskey. I skipped this round. I suddenly felt uncomfortable talking about leaving something behind.

"You want to go down in history?"

"It has occurred to me."

"Since when?"

"Since this morning."

"Tough morning?"