

The Great Bathroom Escape by Zac Giger

The clock struck midnight, and fifteen minutes later I needed to use the bathroom. So, as per usual, I went in, locked the door, and did my business. I was just about to leave when I found, to my dismay, the door wouldn't open. I turned and rattled the handle, unlocking and relocking the door, even pulling and pushing at the knob, but nothing worked. Fortunately for me, I had come prepared.

This wasn't the first time the door had acted up, except all the other times it had opened again within a minute or two. However, not to be outsmarted by a door, I had placed a fork in the bathroom, with instructions (for whomever would eventually get completely stuck) to use it to take out the hinge pins. Satisfied with my ingenuity, I set to work removing the hinge pins with my trusty fork. It took me nearly ten minutes to get the first hinge pin out, but as I started on the lower hinge, I ran into a problem. The lower hinge was rusty, and nearly impossible to get out. At around one o'clock in the morning, I finally gave up and after ten more minutes of stuffing the hinge pins back into the hinges I started to contemplate just sleeping there.

I was making myself comfortable (as comfortable as I could be in a tiled room the size of a broom closet) when I remembered something: our bathroom has a window. Admittedly, not a very accessible one. It's indented a metre into the wall about two metres up, and is only slightly larger than an A4 page.

I hesitantly balanced on the edges of the toilet bowl and climbed onto the patch of wall where my exit stood, bathed in silvery moonlight. There I ran into another problem. Whilst the edge of the wall would hold my weight, the rest of the floor/wall unfortunately would not and me being the gargantuan behemoth that I am, I would undoubtedly fall through. And much as I disliked being trapped in the bathroom, being trapped in the wall wasn't exactly preferable. So I had to reach all the way from the edge of the wall to the window (which is easy when you're a giant) without breaking into the ceiling a mere 40 cm above me (which isn't).

After several minutes of contortionism, I made it to the window. However, now I faced four more issues:

1. The window was *very* small.
2. It was two metres off the ground.
3. The 'ground' was a corrugated iron wood shelter which wouldn't hold my weight.
4. The window was opaque and had nothing for me to grab onto.

I now had to find a way of squeezing myself out the window, lowering myself down two metres, with nothing to hang on to and no way to see where I was. I'm not going to tell you how I did it, as a magician never reveals his tricks and at this stage I was rivalling Houdini. But I did, and I could finally get back inside and go to bed.

Except for one small problem: the house was locked.