

THE DREAM-PHONE CALL

by

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I had my head under the blanket, on my soft pillow completely sleeping when the stupid phone rang! I thought I was still dreaming because it was not the alarm clock but someone calling me on my phone. I picked it up and I heard someone screaming from the other side. There was a lot of noise, was someone on the streets, the call was on and off and I could for a second hear my name and the word "Help". Then, suddenly the call ended. I immediately understood my phone was out of charge so I jumped from my bed pick up the phone charger, switch on the light, put my clothes on and wait those long, long minutes until I could switch on the phone again and see who was calling me. When finally I saw the received calls menu on the phone I realise that my friend Olivia was the one calling for help. What could have happened? I run to my bedroom door and I was so preoccupied I swung the door handle so hard it stayed in my hand. So, I was definitely stuck in my own bedroom. So I screamed very loud and finally my mother came and opened the door from outside. I went to the toilet; I washed my face in the sink, brushed my hair and used the straightener, painted myself with the make-up brushes, used the cotton pads, and washed my teeth with my toothbrush and toothpaste and cleaned with the towel. Even with Olivia in trouble I could not leave the house without being presentable. Grabbed my school stuff and backpack, keys, Jacket, put my shoes on, grab my mittens, I switch off the light of my leaving room and, with careful this time, I turned the door house handle and got out as fast as I could to school. I couldn't stop thinking about what could have happened to Olivia...

When I was outside I took out my phone and tried to call Olivia. I heard the short beeping noises but no voice. She didn't answer. Maybe she had been taken by someone or maybe she had just lost her phone. I prayed for the latter. I tried to think back to the call that I received before. I remembered that there were noises from a busy street. The conclusion that I drew from that was that she must have been near the city plaza because that is the only busy place in this small city. Thankfully, I didn't live too far away from that so I could just easily grab my bike and ride down there in a few minutes.

I arrived at the town square and was immediately met by blue flashing lights from police cars. I got off my grey old bike and walked over to the yellow fence that was keeping me from taking a closer look. An officer was close so I asked what was going on. The officer responded by saying that there had been a murder on the plaza. I was terrified. It could have been Olivia! I panicked and ran over the yellow police fence and closed in on the crime scene. The officer told me to stop but I didn't care. I had to know if my friend had been murdered. There was a tent that covered the crime scene and I entered it. What I saw inside was something that I would never forget...