The Telephone

There were two children: John and Matilda. They had been sent to live with their grandma (because of the Blitz). They arrived at her house at dusk. Her house was a rather big manor with vines growing around the two pillars. The kids were shown into the presence of their grandmother. She called them into her living room and gave them both a kiss on their forehead.

“Oh my dears how wonderful to see you.” She said in her kind, soothing voice. ”I only have one thing you are restricted from doing and that is touching the red telephone in the spare bedroom, other than that do as you please.” As they walked off to their bedroom, Matilda gazed at the giant chandeliers above her. John and Matilda walked past the telephone in the spare bedroom and it was strangely fascinating. All John wanted to know was from whence it had come and why they were restricted from touching it. Even Butler Tim was intrigued!

As Matilda was downstairs busy chatting away with her grandma, John’s curiosity got the best of him; he could not get the image out of his head. He stepped into the room and smirked at the bright red telephone. He took the phone off the phone set and as soon as his hand gripped it he felt a great sensation alongside a great amount of guilt. The phone cut off. The receiver dropped and hung off the edge of the drawer swinging back and forth and side to side. Matilda and gran heard the thud, but did not acknowledge it and carried on chatting. It was the next day when Matilda realised her brother was missing. She went to tell granny.

“We’ll find him, in the meantime go and play.” Grandma said. Matilda wandered off to her bedroom still questioning where her brother could be, she was dying to play a game of hide and seek. The day went by and Matilda’s curiosity grew. She strolled into the spare bedroom to view the phone. It rang. A shiver ran down her spine. She answered. “Ring ring” came from the demonic crackled voice on the other end of the phone. Matilda cut the phone and walked away. She turned around and realised the phone wasn’t plugged in.

The voice from the phone played in her head like a song on repeat. Bedtime came around. Matilda tucked into bed and dozed off. She dreamed. She could see John in the darkness of her dream. The telephone was next to him. She could tell by the fear in his face he hated it. Grandma called Matilda to have breakfast but she lied and said “I’m not hungry.” That day, the phone was constantly ringing. It was at dawn when Matilda chose to pick up the phone. She looked behind the drawer to see if it was plugged in but it wasn’t, knowing that she still picked it up. As her hand wrapped around the phone no feelings hit her. The same voice as last time answered. Hearing the crackling, faint voice caused her heart to drop. For she had never been so traumatized by one’s voice. The phone dropped and was left swinging back and forth hitting the drawer.

Grandma’s constant tiredness caused her to miss the thud. Matilda was in a place of torture that she thought she could only dream about. Her white dress faded away into thin air as the door closed slowly, but with some sort of force.

Grandma was asleep. The next day she woke up and had her breakfast without any suspicion. That morning she decided to check on the telephone. Grandma went to the phone and played the voicemails on the phone, it skipped through many faint and crackling voices, but stopped on one: it was Matilda. “Help, please” is what she said through her inconsolable tears. Grandma turned it off and sat at her bay window - staring out at the admirable movements of the willow tree. The wind: wistful like memories soaring through her mind because she knew where John and Matilda were. She knew they could never come back and if they were to come back they would not be the same.