

## THE CALL

A sharp noise broke the silence. The alarm clock had gone off exactly at midnight. The already sleepy boy, jumped out of his bed and listened intently. He could hear his father snoring. The entire house was tranquil.

He put on his robe and sat at the table. With rapid movements, he spread out the cards, and lit the candle next to the empty glass. He then checked the old book borrowed from the library. All its instructions have been followed carefully. Now everything was ready for Ouija.

All of a sudden, he heard a horrifying noise. Where had it escaped from?. It took him only 5 seconds to discover the source: the glass was shaking!. A terrible thought crossed his mind. A wicked spirit was there in the room with him! His heart started to beat furiously as his blood pumped through his throbbing head. The following seconds seemed to go on forever. The noise had stopped. Slowly but surely, he calmed down. Nothing happened in the next interminable moments so he blew out the candle and went back to bed. Under the warm blankets, he peered fearfully into the blackness for hours. Eventually, he fell asleep: too many emotions for a night.

As soon as the first sunlight brightened the room, he woke up. He felt absolutely exhausted and all his muscles were both stiff and aching. With the light of the new day, the previous night's event seemed unreal and ridiculous. Everything had definitely been an awful nightmare.

Calmly, he looked over the room. The wax of the candle had poured on the table. The drops had formed random lines. Actually, they were almost words. Gazing at the lines, the blood froze in his veins. A scream tried to exit his throat. There was no doubt. A word was clearly written: HI!