

The Telephone in Love

By

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Characters:

John, the telephone

Irene

Michael

These are Irene's jeans and her neckless.



This is Michaels library (a part of it)



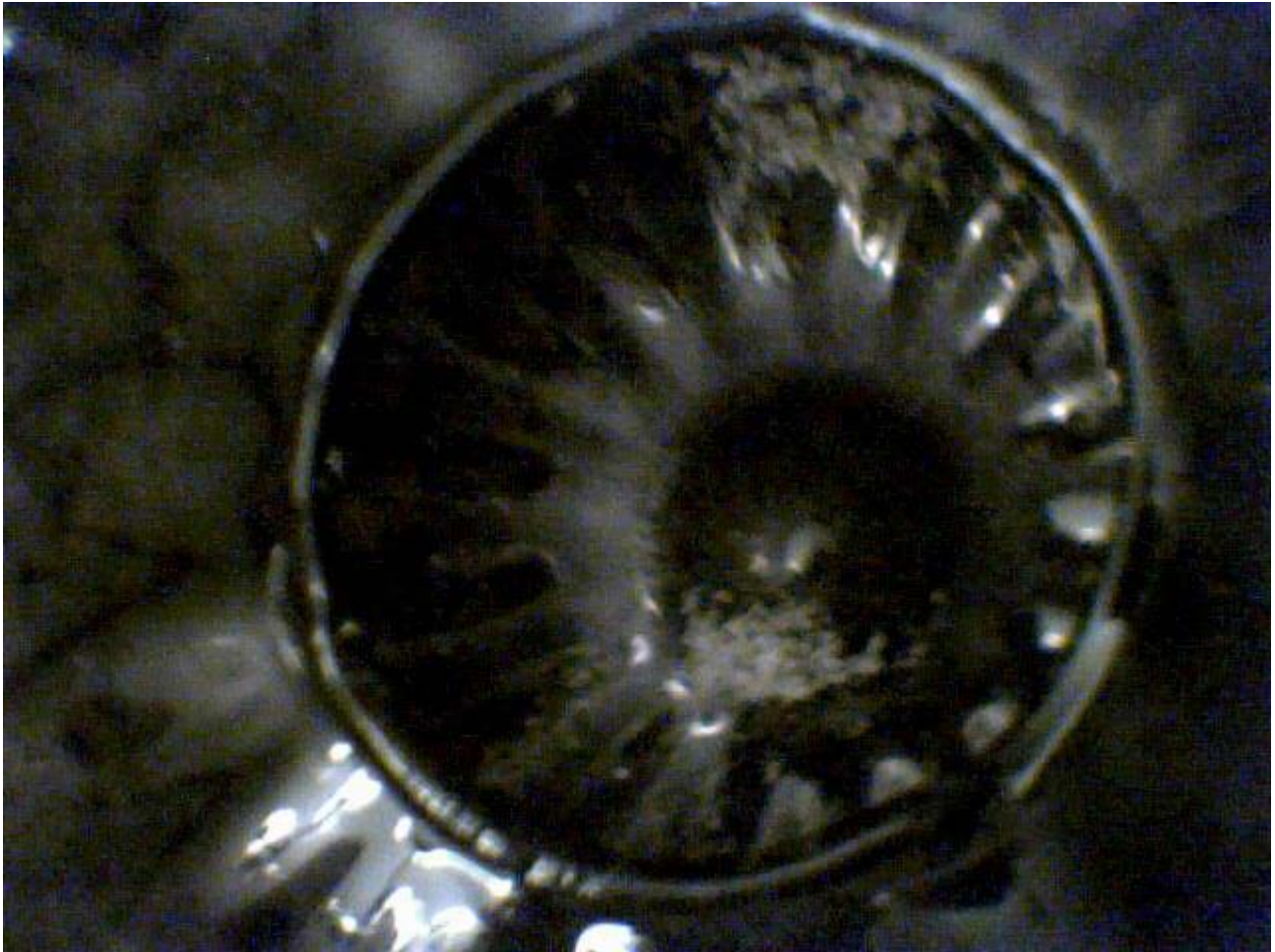
This is a true story, as you will see when you will read it.



If you don't believe it, you are not a dreamer.



So, if you listen carefully you will see I'm telling the truth.



It will take me a minute to prepare my pen (or my laptop) and



my camera...



**It may be that I'm an ugly duck if I believe this story is true, but it may be
I'm a swan....
So lets start!**





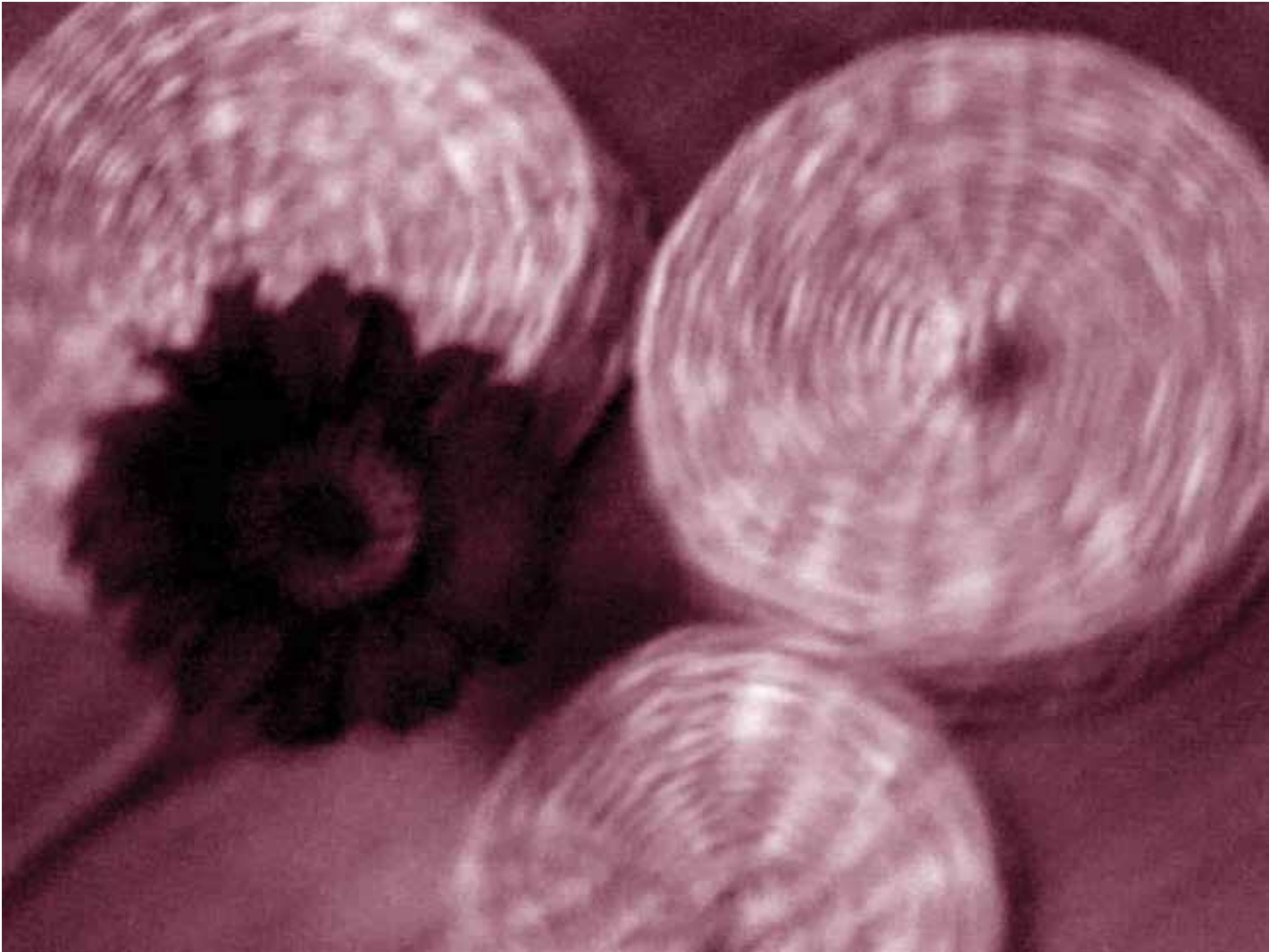
Very important: the hour on the clock!

There was once a telephone whose name was John. For some weeks now, John had noticed that a very nice young lady called his master very often and he began to have the impression that this young lady was in love with the later one, whose name was Michael. John knew that Michael was a very nice person, but also a person which proved to be severely in many occasions and which pretended for everyone to be perfect. Well... almost perfect.



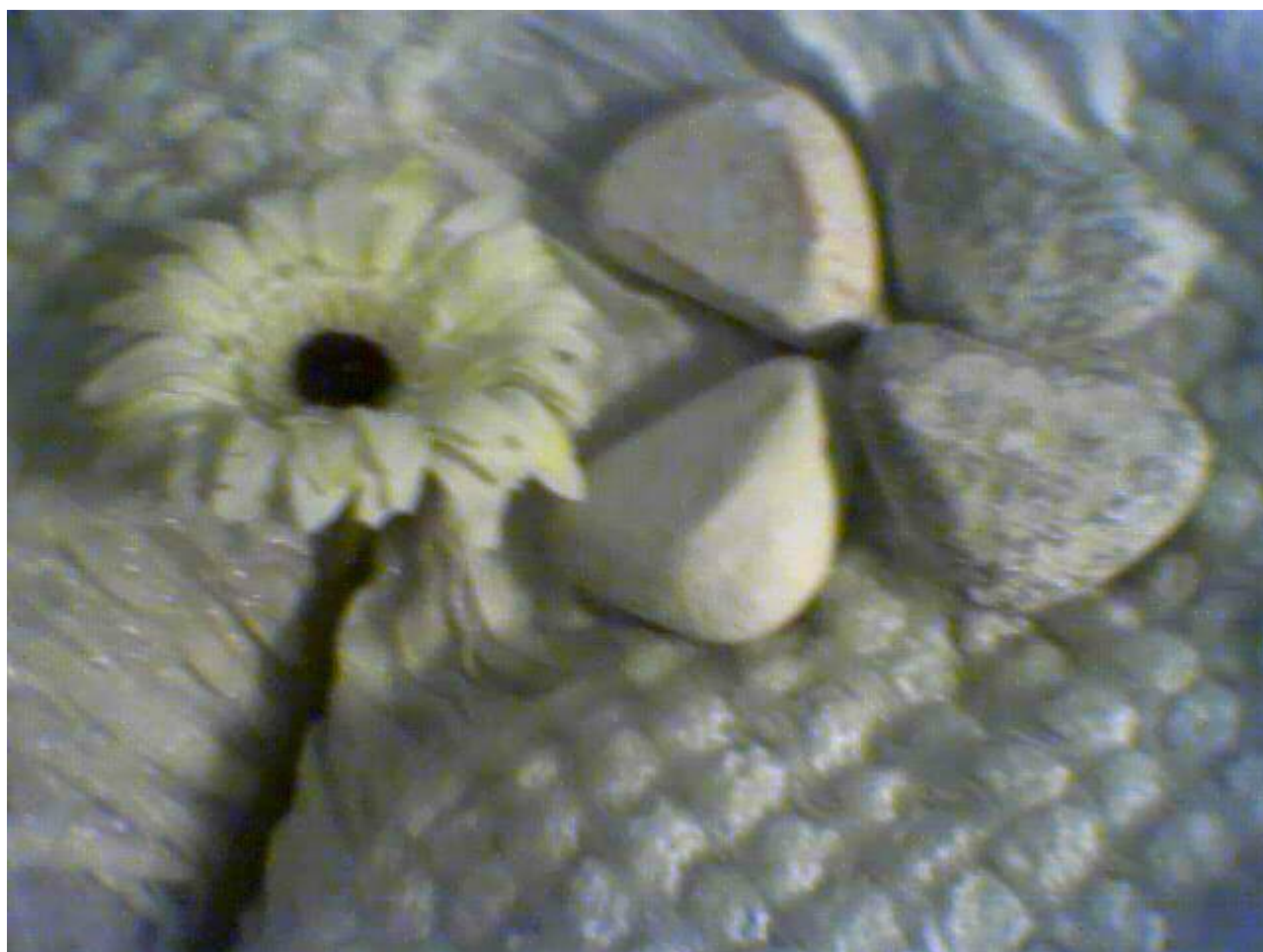


Same hour on the clock.



John was very curious about what will happen and he noticed that Michael was aware that this young lady, Irene was her name, liked him. Michael took very much pleasure to answer to Irene very briefly, in order to notice her reaction. He didn't answer her calls until 9 PM, although he usually got at home before

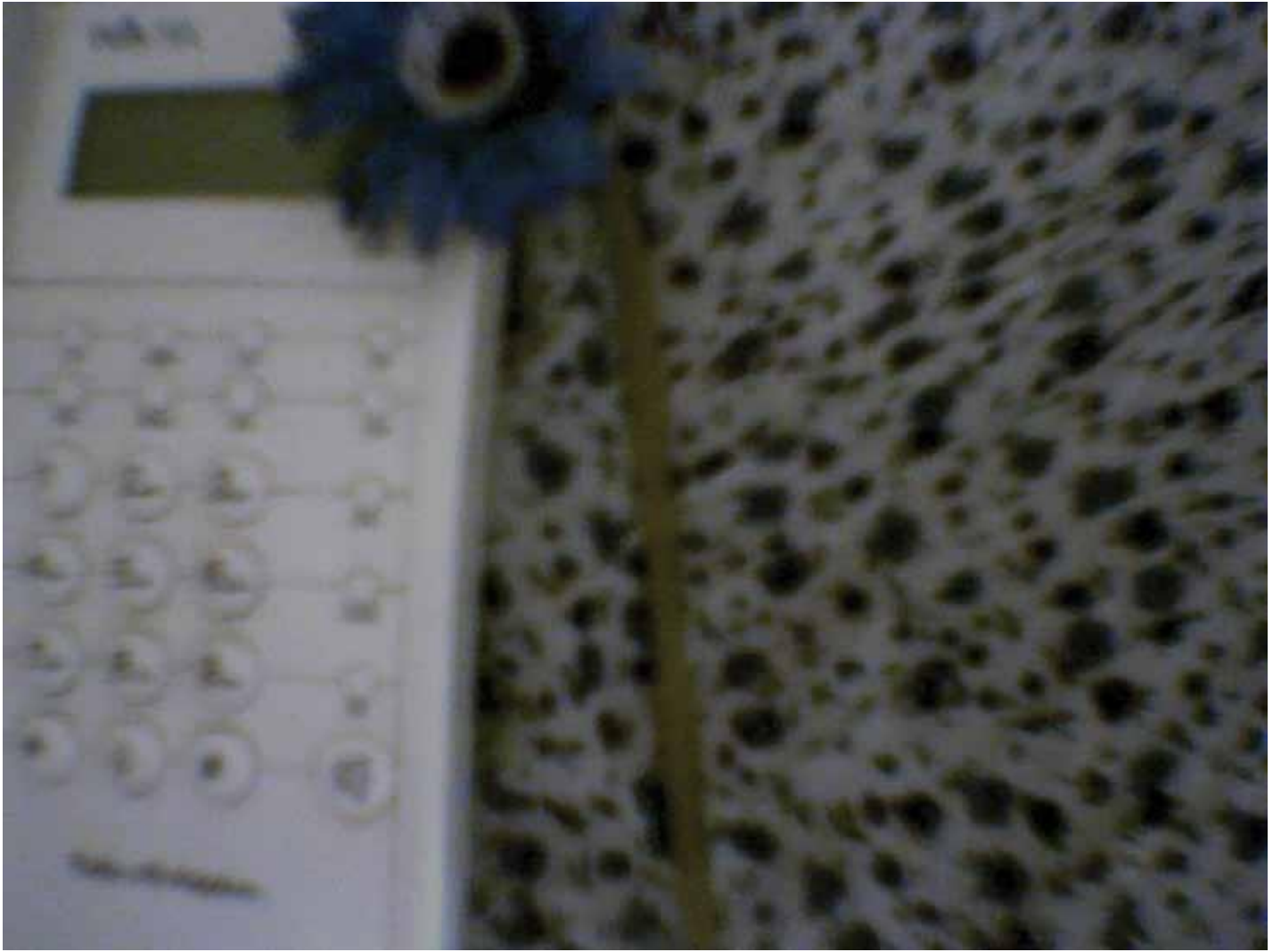
this hour and he let the impression that he was very busy, which was true, but not entirely. Irene was a very intuitive young woman, but after some months of calling she began to feel discouraged. Michael hadn't even once returned her calls! John, the telephone, thought, at the end of all their conversations, which were rather short thanks to Michael, that Irene's voice became trembled and he also thought that perhaps she was ready to cry. One day he couldn't bear this situation any more and at 9 PM precisely he started to ring at Irene's place and at Michael's place in the same time.



-Hello, Irene! answered Michael who now took for granted that Irene would call him at this hour.

-Hello..... Michael ?? answered Irene and the spring and the summer seemed to blossom in Irene's voice in the same time.

John felt something new, something that he had never experienced before in his whole life, a long telephone life. He repeated this operation the next day, and the next day after this, and he was so glad to listen to Irene's beautiful and now happy voice that he almost managed to picture her in his mind. She had to be tall, but not very tall; she probably had brown eyes, brown hair, beautiful thin hands and a very elegant walk.



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