

# Strange Caller

"Welcome back!"

The secretaries, the directors, the cleaners – all the office staff – stood in the office, waiting for Luke. As he walked through the door, they cheered and clapped. Luke's personal secretary, Mary, came up and kissed him.

"It's wonderful to see you. We've all been waiting for this day!"

Luke went into his office with Mary. She explained some of the things that were happening in the company, and showed him the files with all the information he needed. Then the directors came in for a short meeting. The company had managed very well without the two partners, but everyone was glad to have one of the heads of the company back in control. After he had spoken to all of them, Luke sat in his office. It was strange – he was alone now. There was no partner sitting across from him. Nobody to help him make a decision. And nobody to stop him doing whatever he wanted to do. Yes, the company was all his. He looked at the photograph of Megan on his desk. Suddenly he wanted to be with her. He went out and bought some flowers and champagne. Then he went home.

he didn't want



that they  
day

"Hello darling! You're early! What a nice surprise! Oh, what lovely flowers!"

Megan put the flowers into a vase. She carried the vase into the hall, and put it on the table under her favourite photograph. It was a photograph of Luke – handsome, happy, with kind smiling eyes.

Later that evening, they drank the champagne together.

"To a wonderful new start! Cheers, darling!"

"Cheers!"

"And to my next business deal!"

"What's that, darling? The new building for the children's home?"

"No. To the new office building I am going to build. Right in the middle of the city centre."

"Office building! But I thought you didn't want the office building!"

"Well, I do want the office building, now. I am going to name it after Jake – The Fulbright Centre – luxury offices."

"But you wanted the children's home so much! And the city is expecting you to build it."

Luke looked at Megan. His eyes were wet with tears.

"I must do this, Megan. It was Jake's last wish before he died."

"Well, I can understand those feelings in your private life. But, Luke, do you think you should listen to your feelings and emotions in your business life?"

"He was my partner, Megan. He died and I lived. I owe him this."

Just then the telephone rang. Luke went out into the hall to answer it. He picked up the phone and heard a strange noise. It was a voice – well, like a voice – but strange. It seemed very far away, but at the same time as if the speaker was



standing right next to him. He looked at the flowers on the hall table, and he tried hard to recognise the voice.

“Why? Tell me why?”

Luke didn't say anything. He waited to hear more.

“Why are you doing this? Why are you doing this?”

The voice got stronger as it repeated the question.

“Why are you doing this?”

Luke was frightened – very frightened. He put the telephone down. At the same moment he looked at the photograph above the table. Megan's favourite photograph of her happy, smiling Luke. The photograph moved. It clearly moved from side to side. Then it moved forward, away from the wall.

Luke stared in horror as it crashed down to the floor. Tiny pieces of glass and torn pieces of photograph flew across the hall.

Megan rushed out into the hall.

“What's that? What happened? Oh, my photograph.”

Luke was white, and frightened. But he answered Megan.

“I ... I'm sorry, love. I lifted my arm up – I knocked it off by mistake. I ... I'll clear it up.”

Megan looked at him. She was a bit worried.

“Don't worry. I'll do it. You look tired dear – go and sit down. Remember, it was your first day back at work for a very long time. I'll make us a drink and we'll go to bed early.”

