

## The Prank Call

By A. C. Zito

"Hey. Let's prank call that kid that draws My Little Pony pictures all day long!" I looked at my two friends, Harry and Greg. Harry looked at the two of us wondering what we were going to say

"Sure," I said. Not really seeming to care. But Greg seemed to be more concerned with Harry, saying:

"Wait. Hold up, dude? How do you even have his number?" Harry shrugged, replying:

"I stole it from my mom's phone. She's his therapist." This, suddenly, had me concerned. How did Harry even know that with confidentiality and everything, but Greg seemed to be content with his answer, replying:

"Sure, call him. Whatever; what else are we supposed to do? I mean, this town is boring enough as it is." Harry got out his phone and went into his contacts where he clicked on a number without a name.

Ring ring ring

We waited in silence to see if he would pick up. Nothing; it went to voicemail. We looked at each other, quietly, until Greg spoke up:

"Well... try again goddammit!"

"But..." I interrupted, feeling uneasy about the situation.

"But what, Kyle? Have you ever looked inside that kid's backpack? He keeps shit in there like razor blades and nudey magazines. And not the good pornos either."

"What's a porno?" I asked, feeling scared now; he googled it.

"That's porn," He showed me. I looked away, horrified.

"Oh, god," I replied, scared for my life.

"And you know how we live up north?" Greg chimed in.

"Yeah," I said, wondering what he was getting at. Greg then said:

"Well the rednecks, hillbillies, racist people who live in the South. All they do, day and night, is look at porn. They're freaks! That's why Abraham Lincoln, in the 1860's, sent them all down there. Supposedly, that's where the devil lives. That's how they came up with the song Devil went down to Georgia." I never really got that song until now once Greg said that.

"Is Caleb the devil then?" I had to ask. I never really understood why he liked drawing that type of stuff. I've never really been into cartoons myself. My dad and I have always watched shows about people fixing up cars and stuff like that. Not Looney Toons or Mickey Mouse or whatever.

"That dude probably wishes he was the devil!" Greg laughed at that.

"Call him again," Greg chimed in. "Let's see if he answers this time!" Caleb clicked the number in his contacts and waited until a voice answered.

"Hello," the voice rang out. I could tell it was Caleb's.

"Caleb? The one who ordered a pizza?" Greg began snickering. Harry smiled at him and shoved his shoulder jokingly, putting a finger to his lips, hoping he'd quiet down.

"I didn't order a pizza," Caleb replied, his voice sounding a bit unsteady.

"It has salami," that did it for Greg. He burst out laughing and ran into the other room. I stayed, feeling a little queasy.

"But I don't even like salami," Caleb's voice came out saying over the phone saying. Harry began nudging me at that. I told him to stop it, but he kept insisting, saying:

Watch this, watch this he mouthed.

"Not even if it's your mom's salami?" He covered his mouth, and then looked at me, smiling, waiting for a response.

"I think he hung up," He said, looking at me disappointed.

"Good," I said. I couldn't go on with that prank call a second more.

"What prank call?" Greg asked, coming into the room with a bag of Doritos in his hand.

"Shut up," I said, harshly. "Don't try to mess with me. You know what prank call. The prank call..." I look over to see Harry not there anymore.

"Where'd Harry go?" Greg sat down next to me, a worried look on his face.

"Harry? Kyle, Harry's been at that boarding school for two years now."

"What?" I reply to him. My face feels flushed. He then gets up and goes into a box on my nightstand. "Hey! What are you doing?" I ask, feeling angry. He pulls out a card and gives it to me. It shows Caleb's face on the cover. He looks so happy, but I, on the other hand, feel terrified. Why do I feel so terrified? Why do I have this in my room? I can't stop crying. The tears are flowing down my cheeks as I ask: "What is this? What is a picture of Caleb doing in my room?" Greg took it from my hands and frowned at it as he replied:

"What do you think it is? It's his eulogy; I keep one too in my house. I wouldn't ever want to forget what our actions did to Caleb. And how we were there with Harry; there with Harry that night."

"There with Harry what night?" I asked; my face feeling drained of all life as I gasped my mouth open as he said:

"The night we prank called Caleb. The night after he hung up from it he killed himself; the night we killed him."

He got up and walked around the room.

"Well, Harry doesn't think of it that way. He wouldn't go and apologize to Caleb's parents. They say Harry is haunted by Caleb. I think he haunts me too," Greg added. "Does he haunt you," I felt worried now.

"Who are you?" I asked; feeling scared now. I looked at the bag of Doritos more closely and saw what was written on it.

Rat poison I then looked up.

"Caleb?" I asked. Caleb smiled down at me sitting on the floor and then lifted the bag to mouth, tilting it up and letting a white foam slide down the edges of his mouth as he consumed more and more rat poison into his body.

Mmm mmm he said, smiling down at me.

"Salami,"