



## Theme : Any Original Story

### An Unknown Phone Call By – Aishwarya S. Rathore

Trishanth was alone at home. Suddenly, the phone rang. It was a humid evening of the rainy season at the shores of Juhu Beach of Goa. Trishanth had come to his farmhouse along with his family to enjoy his vacation. That day, he was all alone at home as his parents had gone out for a small walk in the breezy evening. But Trishanth had wanted to stay back for he had a taste for having a solitary time. And this twilight hour was just perfect for a workaholic like him who everyday yearned to find solace in silence. Swinging on his rocking chair in the balcony, sipping hot coffee from his favourite cup and gazing at the glimmering stars in the endless sky enhanced with a touch of purplish glow, Trishanth thought it to be an ordinary phenomena but still it had something special which aroused in him a curiosity of looking beyond the horizon. He let himself feel the bliss of this stress free state far away from his hectic schedule in town.

But the ringing of the phone became a diversion and deviated his attention. While walking up to the phone, various thoughts struck his mind which included questions like who the caller might be, is there an emergency or is it simply an advertisement call. An eerie feeling got over him at the moment. Now you call it Nature's sign or Trishanth's sixth sense, the phone displayed the name – "Unknown Caller" which made him more susceptible. He picked up the call but waited for the caller to take the initiative of starting the conversation. Well, it seemed as if the caller also expected the same from Trishanth and this way a two minutes silence prevailed. Finally the caller gave up and someone in a techno voice answered, "There's a bag at your door with a ticking bomb inside it. And don't you try to act smart cause I'm smarter than you. I hope you get it, Mr. Trishanth?" And with this mysterious question the phone call hung up.

Initially, Trishanth thought it to be a prank but the ringing of the doorbell supported the caller's words and it turned out to be true when he saw a black canvas kit bag at his doorstep. He brought it inside but hesitated on opening it. He was way too scared to contact anyone as the caller had warned him that if he did so, the bomb would explode.

Trishanth had always been a huge fan of thriller movies and a keen admirer of mystery books but he had never ever imagined that he would be stuck up in this situation of total suspense. He found his situation more frightening than what he saw in films. He sat on the couch and, having nothing better to do, began weaving the rest of the part of his own real-life suspense story. The dreamy facies came into his mind thick and fast and his subconscious mind soon overpowered him and he began thinking what if the bomb exploded, what if the police came and the bomb detectors failed at defusing the bomb, what if a "hero" makes his superb entry and rescues him and what not!

Trishanth was so entangled, thralled and caught up in his own imaginary thoughts that he didn't pay attention to what had been happening around him. Suddenly a voice came from inside the bag which read aloud the most twisting climax and suspense line of Trishanth's favourite film. Although he was well aware of the actions and consequences and risks, he couldn't combat his desire of opening the bag. His curiosity got the better of his scruples and he finally opened the bag with his irresistible, shaking hands. Trishanth could hear his heart pounding at the highest pace it was capable of for death lurked inside the bag which he would be holding in his hands in a few seconds.

To much of his astonishment, he found a tape recorder from which the voice came and beneath it was something which made Trishanth jump with glee and excitement. It contained the cassette of the latest and just released suspense movie which Trishanth was eagerly looking for in the market. Now the only question which lingered in his mind was, "Who's the mastermind behind all this?" But it just took two seconds to figure out the solution. The bag also had one letter written in a secret language which only Trishanth and his little brother knew for they were themselves the creator of this language. After decoding the letter, it turned out that the brain behind this brilliance was none other

than his younger brother, Keshav. Trishanth thanked him for such a wonderful gift as well as for giving him a fantastic lead to build up a story based on this plot. Henceforward, Trishanth answered the phone call without any fear yet cautiously...

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