

Jon Faustman

Newspaper Muse

“9-1-1, what’s your emergency?” Nancy had just started her shift at the Harcome Police Department, she wasn’t ready for what she was about to hear.

“Please help me.” Nancy could barely hear the voice coming from the receiver.

“Please, I’m dead.” The voice on the other end was so shaky. Whoever it was sounded young. It was five minutes past midnight. Nancy thought this was just another prank. She had started to hate the high school kids.

“I’m sorry. You’ll have to speak up. I can’t hear you. Did you just say you were dead?”

“Yes, my daddy killed me with a butcher knife. I’m dead.” The voice on the other end started to sound more childlike.

“What? I don’t understand. How can you be dead if you are talking to me?” Nancy was confused, but something about the voice on the other end made her feel uneasy. She was starting to think this wasn’t a prank; that thought terrified her.

“I’m still alive. I kind of survived. My daddy killed me with a knife and I’m gone. Can you please send the Army men or the ambulance.”

Nancy was really terrified now. She pictured her own boy at home. He was obsessed with the Army. He wanted to be a soldier when he grew up. Over her dead body, she thought.

“How old are you?”

“I’m seven.”

Nancy’s fears grew worse. He was only two years younger than her own son. “What’s your name honey?”

“Andy.”

“Ok, Andy. I’m trying to send help but I don’t know your address. Can you tell me your address?”

“Uh, yeah my mommy taught me. It’s 1, uh 9573 Massachussetts Street.” The phone line went dead.

“Andy? Andy, are you there?” Andy wasn’t there. The only response Nancy got was dial tone. “SHIT.” Nancy’s scream made everybody look. Nancy tried to pull it together, but it was hard. She kept picturing a poor little seven-year-old boy. Scared, alone, dead. The news from the police officers didn’t help – the address was wrong. There was no house at 19573 Massachusetts Avenue. Nancy hit call back. It was a new feature for their police department. Nancy was glad they had it.

<<Ring>> <<Ring>> By the sixth ring, Nancy had almost wore down her fingernails by banging them on the table. It was a nervous habit, and she was definitely nervous.

“Hello.”

“Andy? Oh thank God. Are you all right?”

“I’m bleeding. I need somebody to help me. My mommy won’t wake up.”

“Your mommy is there? Is she sleeping?”

“No. She’s dead. Daddy killed her.”

“I’m sorry Andy, I don’t understand what is going on. Can you tell me what happened?”

“Mommy and daddy were fighting. It’s scary when they fight. Daddy starting stabbing mommy with a big knife. He told me to go to my room and wait my turn. I do what daddy says. He gets mad when I don’t.”

“Andy we are trying to send help. What’s your address?”

“I told you. It’s 195730 Massachussetts Avenue. I live in a red house. My bike is out front. Please, it hurts. Hold on, I think I…”

Nancy could hear sirens over the phone. She just prayed they found Andy in time.