

The ring of the phone
made my head pound



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The ring of the phone made my head pound. I covered my ears as I walked towards the phone in a fragile manner. After a long night out in London, the sound of the phone was particularly what I wanted to hear. I scrambled over the edge of the sofa and clumsily grabbed the phone.

" Hello?" I said sleepily.

" Hi Chrissie, how are you? Feeling any better?"

" Oh hi Will, I actually feel terrible, I could do with some fresh air."

" Good because I want to take you out somewhere, I haven't seen you for ages!"

He was right. It had probably been six weeks since we had seen each other properly, and he oldest and best friend. I asked him where he suggested we went.

" I don't know, maybe I'll drive us out to my Aunt's old cottage in the country. Get away from it all."

It definitely sounded appealing. I needed it and so did Will. He had left for America and had been gone for three long weeks. When he got back I was working and couldn't meet him. Then I became ill.

" You're on!" I said excitedly.

" Can't wait, bye!"

He sounded pleased. Those few precious moments I had with him were fantastic. We had so much fun. I sprung up and bounded into my bedroom.

Five minutes later, I appeared, pulling on my jacket. I turned off the television. The buzzer rang.

" Delivery," giggled Will.

" Come on up."

Will had always been a joker, ever since we were in our earliest school days. I opened the door and I was greeted by Will. A huge banana grin spread across his face, he had a glowing tan. He had one of those smiles that lit up the whole room. I shut the door and locked it behind me. When we got to the bottom of the stairs, he turned to face me and opened his arms; I threw mine around his neck. He buried his face in my hair, squeezing me tight.

" Come on, we can catch up on the way." The tone of his voice was a happy one. I hurried into his mini cooper. " It's alright for some!" I thought to myself. I sat down and did up my seatbelt.

" What have you been doing since the last time I saw you?" he asked, turning on the radio.

" Not much because I've been off work, but Tom and I did go down to his mum's for a couple of days, but that's about it."

Will had always been uncomfortable about me and Tom. He thought that Tom wasn't good enough for me. But he lived with it, after all he was my best friend. As my boyfriend, Tom thought that I spent too much time with Will.

" What did you get up to in America?" I said, trying to change the subject.

" Erm...", he stalled for a moment.

" I did lots of photoshoots and recorded an interview for a chat show."

There was silence. My life seemed so boring compared to his. He was always bounding off somewhere or another flash.

" Do you know what?" I whispered.

" What?" replied Will.

" I want you to sing for me."

" Why?" said Will sounding rather shocked.

" Because the last time you did we were about eighteen."

He turned up the car stereo and skipped to track fourteen and doing as he was told, he softly began to sing: " Cut to the chase, your pretty face, search outer space, leaving no trace."

I closed my eyes, tipped back my head and let the words wash over me, like waves onto the sand. At school everyone had nicknamed him Golden Tonsils, and now he fitted that name more than ever. As his voice faded I flicked my eyes back open and looked at him.

" Let's play a game!" he squealed with a childish glint in his eye.

" Okay, let's play name that tune, you start." He began to hum.

About an hour later we pulled up outside his Aunt's old house. It was beautifully situated, at the top of a small hill. Will got out and opened the

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garden gate. I followed him round to the back of the house. I slumped into a patio chair.

" We can eat our sandwiches and stuff here," he said.

" Okay, I'll have chicken please!"

Will walked off into the house to make lunch. Suddenly my phone began to buzz on the table. I picked it up and answered it.

" Hello?" I asked.

" Is Tom there?" said the voice.

" No I'm sorry he's not here at the moment, can I ask who's calling?"

" It's Lucy, his girlfriend." I froze in shock.

" Alright I'll tell him to call you."

The phone dropped from my grip and my eyes filled with tears.

" What's wrong?" questioned Will concerned, as he appeared in the doorway.

" That was Lucy, Tom's girlfriend," I mumbled.

" But what?"

I broke down in tears.

" Oh Chrissie," he said coming over to me. He understood and knelt by me to put his arm round my shoulder. I felt safe in his arms, they formed a protective circle.

" I should have listened to you Will, you were right all along."

" Shhhh, don't say that," he cooed. I sobbed, letting my head drop onto his shoulder. He lifted me up as though I was a feather and sat me on his lap. I cried for what seemed like hours. I was interrupted again by my phone ringing. I turned to look at it, it said: " Tom mobile." Before I got chance to answer it Will cancelled the call.

" I don't want him to spoil our day," he said firmly, " I'm glad you told me everything instead of bottling it all up."

" If you say so."

" Well what do you want to do?"

" I want to roll around on the grass and get really mucky!"

" You asked for it!" he yelled standing up and throwing me onto the grass. I screamed and tugged at his leg. He tumbled through the long grass, down the sloping garden. We landed in a patch of overgrown plants at the bottom of the hill. As he turned around I grabbed a handful of mud and threw it straight at his face, it dripped down past his nose. He gasped and fell about laughing. The phone rang again. I had to answer it.

" Hello," I said slightly out of breath.

" Chrissie, why did you hang up on me?"

" Just leave me Tom," my eyes filled again.

Will grabbed the phone and hung up on him. Tears slipped down my cheeks and plopped onto the grass.

" It's alright Chrissie, you don't need him, and I always knew he didn't deserve you."

" I should have listened to you Will."

" It's alright." He encircled me with his arms again. After a short while he suggested I went to wash all the mud out of my hair.

" There's a shower in the main bathroom, you can use that, I'll use the ensuite." I walked into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

When I got out, my clothes were no where to be seen. I wrapped a towel around me and stepped out into the hall. I was face to face with Will.

" Just thought I'd tell you that your clothes are in the washing machine, we'll have to find you something to put on." We scrambled through a wardrobe. There was one of his infamous sleeveless tops and some of his Aunt's skirts.

" Thanks," I said waiting for him to leave. I got changed and walked into the kitchen. Will roared with laughter, the top almost reached my knees.

" How can it be dark?" I asked sliding onto the worktop.

" Well you were in there for half an hour!

" You're kidding!" I said, shocked.

" Nope, do you want coffee?"

" Yeah, sounds good."

I followed him with my steaming mug into the living room. We sat on the sofa and sipped our coffee.

" Will, if you don't mind me asking, did you meet anyone in America?" I asked cautiously.

" Of course I don't mind, I tell you anything and everything! There was one, but we just had a couple of drinks."

" What was she like?" I asked turning to face him.

" She was really nice, I wish I got her address so I could write to her."

" Didn't you even get her phone number?" Will was normally more organised than that, I was surprised.

" No, I was going to get it but she had to work on the last day." I felt sorry for him.

" Anyway, tell me how the article went."

" Great, the editor loved it, I was really happy with it." We fell into silence. He looked at me with sympathy in his eyes. We talked late into the night, until I drifted off.

The crash of thunder echoed around my room. I sat bolt up right in bed. I gasped as the thunder struck again. I ran from my bed and opened the door. I knocked on the guest room door.

" Come in," whispered Will a few moments later.

I tip toed in and stood at the side of his bed.

" I'm scared of thunder," I quivered.

" Come in here," he said lifting the covers back. I slid I and his put his arm around my shoulders.

" You're shaking! Why are you so scared of thunder?" he asked after pausing.

" One summer when we were all on holiday abroad and I was only five, I was outside and it started raining. All I can remember is not being able to find my mum. It began to rain hard and I hid in a corner. The thunder was booming so a man took me to the rep. I was alone for hours and I was so scared that something had happened to myfamily."

The thunder clapped again, but louder.

" I hate this," I said over the roar of the thunder.

" You need to ignore it."

" How can I do that?"

" Close your eyes."

" Why?"

" Just do it," he said gently. " Now you just need to calm down and relax." He pushed my head back against the pillow. I felt his hand on my forehead as

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he massaged my temples. The thunder rumbled again but I didn't jump as much.

" That's better, ignore it." I yawned. " Go to sleep," he whispered. It wasn't that hard.

As his lips pressed against mine I shivered.

" What are you doing Will?" I asked as he kissed the side of my mouth.

" Don't you want this?" he asked. I felt intrigued. I nodded

" Kiss me," he whispered." He didn't waste a second before kissing me again..... Suddenly I was awake, sweating slightly.

It had seemed so real, I couldn't believe what had just happened. My feelings had been so muddled recently I didn't know what to make of it.

As the first beam of sunlight hit my face, I jumped up. It was Monday, work again. Will had already gone. I dressed quickly and grabbed my car keys and headed for the door. It had been mad couple of days. I arrived late so had to get straight to work.

" Where are the questions I'm supposed to be asking that guy today?" I asked running clumsily through the office door.

" Over in your tray."

" Right, thanks." I picked them up.

" Room two," said someone walking past. I hadn't really got over the shock of my dream. I pushed open the door and the guy stood with his back turned, having his make up done.

" Typical," I muttered under my breath. He turned around. It was Will!

" Oh my Will, what are you doing here? I didn't know it was you I was interviewing."

" Hello Chrissie." I was not impressed. I looked at him and remembered why it felt weird. I blushed.

" Um, do you want to sit down?" I asked, not taking my eyes off the paperwork in front of me. He nodded. His huge eyes sparkled and he was smiling slightly. I had butterflies. He sat down in a large chair in front of me.

" So, Will, what's the title of your new album?"

" It's called 'From Now On'." I wrote down every word he said.

" What's your favourite song on it?" I asked still not taking my eyes off the paper in front of me. A door somewhere clicked, and closed. I could sense we were alone.

" When is it released?" he sighed.

" Chrissie look at me." I didn't. His finger slid under my chin and he pulled my face up to look at him.

" What's this all about? Why are you acting strangely?"

" Nothing," I said, but my voice shook. He was beautiful in the dim light of the room.

" Chrissie, what's wrong," he repeated quietly and I stared at the floor.

" Answer," he started But I silenced him with a finger to his lips. I put my head forward and captured his lips in mine. My eyes fluttered closed as I kissed him gently. I thought: what am I doing? This could ruin everything. I wondered whether to tell him about my dream. It might unnerve him to discover that his best friend could quite possibly be in love with him.

" Will." I managed to look him in the eye.

" Yes?"

" I've got something to I think you ought to know," I said nervously. I took a deep breath.

" After some of the awful experiences I've had in relationships recently, it made think...."

" Go on," he said cautiously.

" I think, no I know that I want you." He looked away, and seemed confused. My heart sank. I knew I would regret telling him because I could now lose him as a friend.

" I'm sorry, I was crazy to ever think you would feel the same."

" Well as it happens I've got something to tell you too Chrissie. I wanted to tell you before but I thought it would break you."

I felt awkward and tense, wondering what he had to tell me. Whatever he was going to say, looked like it was going to be bad news now.

" While I was over in the States, they offered me a fantastic contract; working over there with a fantastic manager and a tour of my own. It's always been my dream to break America. But I came back here to think it through before making any decisions. It's such a huge step to take, to move away from all my friends and family because it means living there for three years."

" Oh." I was so sure he'd take it.

" I've thought long and hard about it and I've decided that I'm going to do it, it's a once in a lifetime opportunity."

I felt myself well up. Not only had I ruined my friendship with my best friend but I wouldn't see him for three years.

" But," he took a deep breath. After what you've just said....."

" Yes?"

" I want you to come with me!"