

DAVID ASKS: *Why*



R-R-R-R-R-I-N-N-N-G! The loud sound of the telephone cut through the dark room, causing David to stir in his sleep. He burrowed himself deeper under the covers, but the phone's insistent ring continued. Finally he reached over and picked it up.

"Hello?" David's answer was a click as the connection was broken and the line hummed a dial tone. A glance at the clock by his bed told him it was 3 a.m. A strange hour to get a wrong number, he thought, replacing the receiver and pulling his blanket over him again.

The next call came at 3:15, just as David had dropped off to sleep again. As before, the line went dead when he picked it up. Now he was sure there was no mistake. Fully awake, he propped up his pillow and sat back, watching the slow minutes tick by on the clock. Exactly at 3:30, the ringing began again, and David grabbed the phone quickly.

"Who is this? What do you want?"

His answer was a muffled giggle before he was disconnected again. David stared at the phone in helpless anger for a second, and then he replaced the receiver sideways so it couldn't ring any more.

Sleep was impossible now. Maybe a glass of warm milk would help. David walked to the kitchen, the floor cool under his bare feet. His movement awakened Sam, who had been dozing at the foot of David's bed. He followed close behind his master's heels, wagging his tail happily in anticipation of breakfast.

"It's too early to eat, you little nut!" David bent down to scratch Sam's ears. "But I suppose you can't go back to sleep now either."

He switched on the light and opened the refrigerator, taking out Sam's food and a quart of milk. While the milk was heating, he filled Sam's dish and put it down on the floor. Sam rewarded him with a big lick on the cheek before he started eating, and David had to smile.

"You're lucky, because you can go back to sleep! I've got to go to work in a few hours!" Sam's response was a more furious wagging of his tail as he kept his attention on his breakfast.