

## Creating Reality

*By Donna Bishop*

After a stressful business day, the Single Mom tries to relax with a cup of tea and the novel she is currently working her way through. Dosing over the book she decides to head to bed. Awakened sharply by the ringing of the phone, she is startled into action and races down the dark hallway towards the phone beside the kitchen wall. Her mind has registered that the bedside clock is on 3:15. In split seconds scary thoughts take form. "Who could be calling?" "Are the children in danger?" "Is it an accident?" "Is someone hurt" "Could there be a death?" "Oh, not the police!" "Surely Brandon is not in trouble again." "If I have to catch a plane tomorrow, who can I call to cover my work schedule?" Breathless. Single Mom reaches for the phone. "Hello" There is no one on the line. Again "Hello" A man's heavy voice inquires "Mary?" Single Mom sighs, "You must have the wrong number."