

Jeremy licked his lips as he lifted the phone to his ear. He looked at the number again, and reached to press the seven buttons. His hand was shaking, so he set the phone down and took a few deep breaths. He felt his nerves go down some as he did, and he smiled. It was exhilarating, in a way. He was embarrassed that this was his first time doing it.

He picked the phone back up, more determined this time. The cool plastic, pressed into his ear by his shoulder, echoed with the dull buzz of the dial tone. One finger trailed the phone number as the other punched it in. The melodic beeps cut through the pounding building in his ears. As he depressed the last digit, he sucked in a breath.

As the phone rang, his mind drifted from the receiver cradled against his face. He couldn't fuck up this time. No more entering the number only to hang up as soon as she picked up. His face burned as he remember the other nights he'd tried. The disappointment in his friend's faces when they heard what he had done, he couldn't deal with a repeat performance.

Suddenly the phone picked up. "Who is it," the female voice asked.

Jeremy froze, a lump the size of a baseball in his throat. His eyes flicked to the cradle on the wall; the urge to hang up was overwhelming. But pride drove him on.

"Is your refrigerator running?"