The Babysitter

It was nine o'clock in the evening. Everybody was sitting on the couch in front of the TV. There were Richard, Brian, Jenny and Doreen, the babysitter. The telephone rang. "Maybe it's your mother," said Doreen. She picked up the phone. Before she could say a word, a man laughed hysterically and hung up.

"Who was it?" asked Richard. "Some nut," said Doreen. "What did I miss?" At nine-thirty the telephone rang again. Doreen answered it. It was the man who had called before. "I'll be there soon," he said, and he laughed and hung up. "Who was it?" the children asked. "Some crazy person," she said. About ten o'clock the phone rang again. Jenny got it first. "Hello," she said. It was the same man. "One more hour," he said, and he laughed and hung up. "He said, 'One more hour.' What did he mean?" asked Jenny.

"Don't worry," said Doreen. "It's somebody fooling around." "I'm scared," said Jenny. About ten-thirty the telephone rang once more. When Doreen picked it up, the man said, "Pretty soon now," and he laughed. "Why are you doing this?" Doreen screamed, and he hung up. "Was it that guy again?" asked Brian. "Yes," said Doreen. "I'm going to call the operator and complain."

The operator told her to call back if it happened again, and she would try to trace the call. At eleven o'clock the telephone rang again. Doreen answered it. "Very soon now," the man said, and he laughed and hung up. Doreen called the operator. Almost at once she called back. "That person is calling from a telephone upstairs," she said. "You'd better leave. I'll get the police." Just then a door upstairs opened. A man they had never seen before started down the stairs towards them. As they ran from the house, he was smiling in a very strange way. A few minutes later, the police found him there and arrested him.

LIVEWORKSHEETS