

Transmitter/Receiver

by J.D.A. Winslow

Valerie had purchased a new cell phone in late 2007, and, say a few months afterwards, in the beginning of 2008 a demon briefly took up residence in it. She had just returned home from running a few errands, and set her phone down on her desk. She had been focusing on nothing for about 10 seconds when a small black cloud-looking substance hovered into her bedroom, over to her phone, then disappeared into it.

She didn't pay any attention to it, thinking it was a glare or something, so went on with her day. From that moment on, she started having problems, she had a hard time reaching people she wanted to reach as she would get a lot of static when trying to call out. She assumed this was mostly just down to bad signal but she worried nonetheless. Eventually all those calls had stopped. No one would call her and she never got any "missed call" messages on my phone. This went on for about one to two weeks. Then, one day, out of the blue, someone called her. When she answered, she said, "Mya?" Valerie said "That's not my name". The caller seemed concerned, but she didn't say anything. She just went on with a normal conversation, asking about her job, and the lights they used to watch up on Blackford Hill.

Other people started calling and telling me that they had been trying to call me for last several days, but just couldn't get through. Her phone had become charged, and kept on whispering facts she didn't want to know:

"It moves relatively quickly - it will move across the sky in a max of 4 minutes, and is quite bright"

One caller said it kept saying it over and over, until the phone went dead. Val couldn't find her charger. It didn't seem to matter. There were more and more callers. The voices would overlay, intermingle. Valerie would lie awake at night and listen:

"a blue light seemed to soar up from behind a mountain in the north

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of the country. It stopped mid-air, then began to move in circles. Within seconds a giant spiral had covered the entire sky..."

"It has come because the Sun has called it because of the balance of light levels..."

"...People I have never been wrong with all my visions..."

"...I have been taken since I was three and also watched I am Nobody the Son of absolute..."

She thought back to the day that she saw a sliver of a black smoke-looking thing zip into her phone. She walked to the nearest hardware store and bought a bag of cement and a bottle of mineral water. She mixed the cement in the car park. Once it was set she pried it up and threw it in the nearest river. The river started to talk too, words muffled, amplified, thrown up by chance. People began gathering at the banks, lining up, whispering their own stories to each other. The last thing the phone was reputed to say was as follows:

"the birds aren't home free: radiation harms wildlife in other ways, such as damaging DNA."

Eventually of course the phone experienced transcendence too, and began to make its way, piece by piece, molecule by molecule, up quark by down quark, into the sea.

