

The Lost Phone

Last night, my husband and I were having dinner in a nice and cozy restaurant. We had driven the children to their grandparents' house, and the evening was all ours. I suddenly realised my phone wasn't in my pocket. I checked the table we were sitting at, the floor, the bathrooms. It was not there. I used my husband's phone to call mine.

After two rings someone answered, gave out a raspy giggle, and hung up. They didn't answer again. I eventually gave it up, convinced my phone had been stolen and I would never get it back. I was really upset, for all my photos and friends' numbers were lost with my phone.

We decided to head back home. I entered the kitchen and... I saw my phone lying on the table. Who had answered my phone calls?