

## Life Note

“What kind of person just throws a package at your face and runs away?” Asked Will, talking to himself at the front porch of his house, “What a Jerk!”

Will then grabbed the package and went inside. Without further ado, he opened the flat, rectangular shaped mystery object; and for his surprise it was a book, a notebook. *I hope it's not someone's diary.* The notebook was white and had ‘Life Note’ written at the cover, “what the heck?”

“What were you expecting? A box full cassette tapes of a teenager who committed suicide?” said a strange, yet oddly charming voice.

“Who? Who said that?” asked Will, confused.

“I did. Hello, William,” said a man seated in a chair.

Will couldn't see his face, but his body was visible. The man was wearing a blue suit, with fancy shoes. “Who are you and what the hell are you doing in my house?”

“First of all, it's your mom's house.” The man stands up, Will recognizes him immediately, “and second, I come with the book.”

“Morgan Freeman?”

“I am the god of life. But I can be Michael Caine too, if you prefer.”

“I don't understand-”

“Let me go straight to the point, kid. You received the Life Note, which means you can revive whoever you want. You just need to write the person's name on the book,” said Morgan Freeman.

“Really? Like, whoever I want?”

“Whoever the hell you want!”

“Even Michael Jackson?”

“You can’t revive the living, son. Oh, and I must tell you this because people ask me all the time... You cannot revive Hitler.”

“Can I revive my dad?”

“Is your father Adolf Hitler?”

“No!”

“Then yes!” Morgan Freeman starts to whistle and walk around the living room.

Will looked at his father’s picture on the table. “I miss him so much, I would give anything to see him one more time,” *What should I do?* “You know what, I’m doing this!” So, Will grabbed a pencil and wrote the name of his father. They waited for a few seconds, but nothing happened. “What now?”

“Strange. He should’ve popped up right away. Oh...I don’t want to be the one to tell you this but... Looks like your father is alive,” said Morgan Freeman while smoking a pipe, “may I ask you how he died?”

“He went to buy some cigarettes and never came back. Mom said he was hit by a truck.”

“I see... Sorry, William, it’s not the first time this happens to someone.”

Will seated on the couch, with the book and pencil still on his hand, “Goddammit, dad!” Almost desperate, Will looked at the family’s portrait and quickly wrote a name. It was then that an old man holding a Margarita appears on the other side of the living room, “Grandpa!”

“What the fuck is this? What’s happening?” Asked Will’s Grandfather, looking around the place.

“Grandpa, I brought you back to life!” said Will with excitement on his voice.

“Oh shit! Why did you have to do it? I was having a nice conversation with Don Rickles and Frank Sinatra!”

“I thought that you would be glad to see me,” said Will disappointed.

“I’m sorry, Bill, but I really need to go now,” said Grandpa.

“Okay, I get it! Can I send him back to heaven?” asked Will to Morgan Freeman.

“Yes, you can. You just need to wash the page from the notebook,” said Morgan Freeman, proposing a Margarita toast to Will’s grandfather.

“Heaven?” Grandpa laughed, “yeah, sure, Heaven. Wait, before I go, can you say ‘hi’ to your grandma for me, huh?” said Grandpa, spilling the Margarita.

“She died ten years ago,” said Will, sadder than ever. He rips the page off the notebook, throws it on the toilet and flushes. When he goes back to the living room neither Grandpa or Morgan Freeman were there.

“Funny guy, your grandfather,” said another man standing in the corner of the house.

“Who are you? What happened to Morgan Freeman?” asked Will.

“It gets boring sometimes. You can call me Stevie, by the way,” said the god of life, this time impersonating Steve Buscemi.

“I don’t care who you are, listen, I don’t want this anymore,” Will gives the book to Steve Buscemi, “here, take it away from me.”

“I’m sorry but I can’t William. You have to do it yourself.”

*Dammit!* Thought Will, “how do I get rid of this thing?”

“Just leave it somewhere. Oh, but please, make sure it doesn’t fall into the hand of the terrorists.”

“Wait! I think I have an idea...” Will grabbed the book and went straight outside. He knew exactly where to leave it, “see you, Stevie!”

It was almost night by the time Will arrived at the park. He knew for sure that a lot of companies would tear the whole place apart, due to the high concentration of fossil and natural gas

under the ground. They were just waiting for the government permission, which will only happen in one hundred years.

Will dig up a hole and buried the chest in the ground. With a note written 'whoever finds this book, just write the name William Thompson, thanks!' On his way home Will couldn't stop thinking, *it will be nice to be back in the future...*