

THE LAST CALL



The Last Call

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AZAMAT



Azamat jolts awake, his eyes wide as he stares at the clock showing he is dangerously late for his final exam. He scrambles out of bed, grabbing his backpack with trembling hands and rushing toward the door.



He sprints through the narrow city alleys, his breath coming in sharp gasps and his heart thumping against his ribs like a trapped bird. Every second feels like an eternity as he races against the ticking clock.



As he nears the main road, the city noise blurs into a chaotic hum, and he prepares to dash across the busy intersection. His mind is focused entirely on the university gates visible in the distance.



Suddenly, a sharp vibration in his pocket makes him flinch, and his phone begins to ring with an eerie, persistent tone. He slows his pace just enough to reach into his pocket and pull out the buzzing device.



He presses the phone to his ear, expecting a classmate, but instead hears a whisper that chills him to the bone. A quiet, hollow voice says, "You won't make it anyway," before the line abruptly goes dead.



Deeply unsettled, Azamat comes to a complete halt on the sidewalk, staring at the dark screen of his phone in total confusion. The strange, ominous message echoes in his mind, making his skin crawl.



At that exact moment, a dark car streaks past him like a blur, missing him by mere inches as it barrels through the intersection at a lethal speed. The sudden rush of wind from the vehicle's passage nearly knocks him off his feet.



0.7:1

Azamat stands frozen on the curb, realizing that if he had taken just two more steps, he would have been directly in the path of the speeding car. He watches the vehicle disappear into the distance, his body shaking with adrenaline.



TENSION

With trembling fingers, he unlocks his phone to check the call history and see who had reached out to him at such a critical moment. He expects to see an unknown number or perhaps a prank caller from his contacts.



His heart skips a beat when he sees the most recent entry: a missed call from his own phone number. He looks up at the quiet street, wondering how he could have called himself to save his own life.